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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

I N D E X

for

VOLUME 240

January - June 1970

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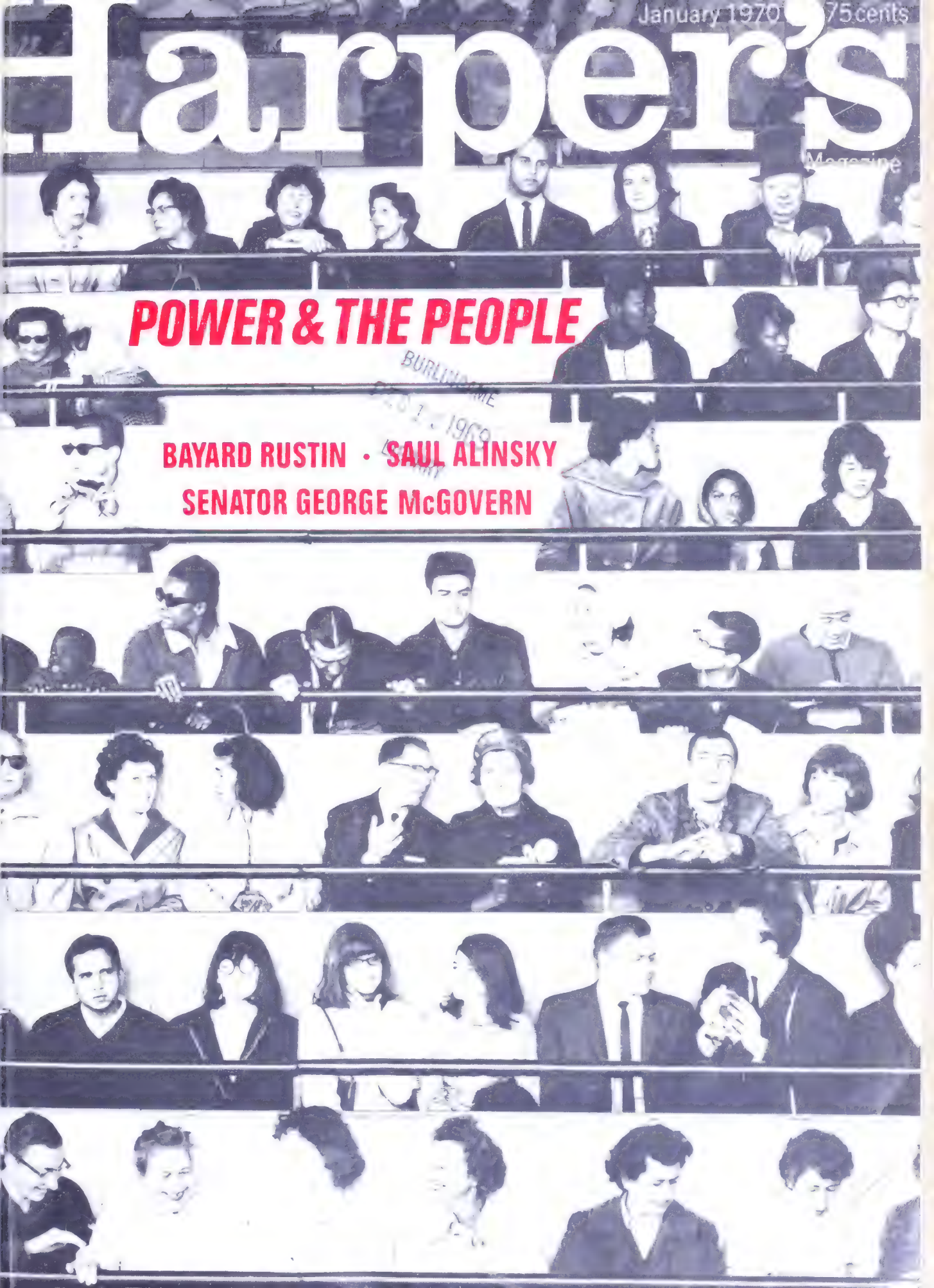
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ABOUT THIS ISSUE



BOB A

"With every new social phenomenon now being dubbed a 'revolution,' the term has in fact become nothing more than a slogan which serves to take our minds off an unpleasant reality. . . . Whatever there is of revolution today, in any meaningful sense of the term, is coming from the Right."

So begins Bayard Rustin, one of America's most trenchant Negro intellectuals and organizers, in "The Failure of Black Separatism" on page 25 of this issue. "The call for Black Power is now over three years old," Mr. Rustin writes, "yet to this day no one knows what Black Power is supposed to mean and therefore how its proponents are to unite and rally behind it." What has been the real effect of separatist rhetoric and black chauvinism on American Negroes and on the American political climate? Have the phenomena furthered significant reforms in our national life, or merely served to strengthen the present conservative mood? Have they prompted whites to acknowledge the human evils of racism in this country, or only reinforced the Nixon Administration's inaction? Is it indeed a mark of advancement among black militants and "progressive" whites to believe that integration is now passé?

Mr. Rustin argues that much of the black separatist rhetoric, buttressed by the romanticism of not a few "deracinated liberals" and "nihilistic New Leftists," has constituted a politics of escape rooted in hopelessness. "Ordinary Negroes," he writes, "will be the victims of its powerlessness to work any genuine change in their condition." In discussing such questions as black capitalism, the language of black rage, financial reparations, and the Negro and organized labor, he asks for an intelligent and broad-ranging strategy that would extend the "magnificent black struggle for freedom."

Bayard Rustin himself has devoted his whole life to that struggle. A native of Pennsylvania, he attended The City College of New York in the 1930s, where he supported himself by singing with Josh White and Leadbelly. He worked as a youth organizer for A. Philip Randolph and as a field secretary for CORE, participated in 1947 in the first Freedom Ride, was arre North Carolina and served on a gang, went to Montgomery to Martin Luther King in the first b in 1955, worked as special assis Dr. King for seven years, organi 1963 civil-rights march on Washi directed the 1964 school boycott i York, aided the striking san workers of Memphis, and led th sive march following Dr. King's a nation. While involved in this w has been arrested more than times. Currently he is executive d of the A. Philip Randolph Institu

In the February and later issues o *per's*, you will find *John Cor* George Meany and Organized . . . *Richard Pollak* on John G and the Urban Coalition. . . . *E Grossman* on American Girls a New Feminist Movement. . . . *Halberstam* on the President, th President, Vietnam, and Televisi *Larry DuBois* on Who Writes A Speeches? . . . *Maya Angelou* on ing Up in Arkansas. . . . *Igor Stra* on the Performing Arts.

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LETTERS

Nigeria and Biafra

I was particularly gratified to see Herbert Gold's article ["My Summer Vacation in Biafra," November], since so little material on Biafra appears before the public. As a member of the group that went there with Gold, I am painfully aware of the disparity between how little the newspapers tell us about the situation there, and how very much there is to tell. Staff reporters from every major newspaper in the United States are stationed in Israel, and enough reporters have converged on Vietnam for them to form their own syndicate. Only very infrequently, however, does one see a newsman in Biafra, although it is a country caught up in an especially brutal war and although the outcome of that war will have especially important consequences for the rest of Africa, and therefore for us all....

MIRIAM M. REIK
President, Committee for Biafran
Artists and Writers, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

...I like to concede that as a creative artist Herbert Gold was not preoccupied with the subject of politics. This is, perhaps, why his article on Biafra did not reflect that he appreciated that Nigeria, like the United States, enjoys or should enjoy sovereign rights: that Nigeria, like the United States, is a heterogeneous society in which the problems of minorities feature prominently; that the civil war in Nigeria is Nigeria's experience of an operation the United States went through in 1861-65 to preserve the territorial integrity of the nation; that Biafra (where you write Enugu for Ulli) is neither a geographical location nor an historical entity. Perhaps it is not the place of a creative writer or novelist to know all these facts, to be an expert on Nigeria.

If we turn now to some misrepresentations contained in Herbert Gold's short story we will again excuse them on grounds of the author's lack of facts about the Nigerian situation. First, the land which Ojukwu purportedly claimed by his ill-fated secession has an area of 30,000 square miles and a population of about 13.5 million people, of which 8 million are Ibos and 5.5 million non-Ibos. This territory, formerly known as the Eastern Region of Nigeria, which the Nigerian rebels chose to call "Biafra," contains three of the twelve states of the Federation of Nigeria—states which, like others in the country and like states in America, enjoy residual powers. The uninformed American may understand better if we illustrate with Oklahoma, Texas, and Louisiana.

Of the original 30,000 square miles Ojukwu claimed, what he has left is under 2,000 square miles. Seventy per cent of all Ibos in the world are on the Federal side; and the liberated area of the Ibo East Central State, headed by an Ibo professor of political science, Ukpabi Anthony Asika (graduate of UCLA), is being effectively administered within the Federal setup.

I find it hard to believe that Gold himself did not realize that continued support for Biafra could only serve one purpose, namely, ensure the deaths of many more ordinary Nigerians, particularly ordinary Ibos who long for peace and a return to their accustomed ways of life.

In 1861, when the United States had to fight a bloody civil war, the Confederate States had claimed to be fighting for their survival. True enough you can't lose such a war. The victory of the Union ensured the survival of America as a nation which included advocates of the Confederacy.

The collapse of Ojukwu's dream empire of Biafra will not be a defeat for the dynamic Ibos of Nigera. It will only have assured the survival of the Nigerian nation in which Ibos, Efiks, Edos, Hausas, Yorubas, Kanuris—and other ethnic groups of Nigeria—can enjoy equal rights and privileges of citizenship. That would be a victory for the Ibos or those left in the East Central State on whom Ojukwu has temporarily forced the cognomen of "Biafrans."...

M. O. IHONDE
Information Officer
Permanent Mission of Nigeria
to the United Nations
New York, N.Y.

HERBERT GOLD REPLIES:

Mr. Ihonde evokes the Amel
Civil War to support the Nig
bloodletting and starvation in B
By implication, then, all revolu
should be resolved in favor of the
inal central governments. The cas
Biafra doesn't suit this model, how
The reason the Biafrans are fighti
that they fear annihilation by th
gerians, and the reason they fear
a fate is that this particular civil
began with mass pogroms of those
Ihonde terms "the dynamic Ibos."

I am aware of the shipwreck of h
for a strong and exemplary federa
geria. I went to Biafra without pr
ception, and even, I grant, witho
great deal of information except
people were suffering and needed
nesses. I was convinced by Bia
courage, sacrifice, and determin
that these millions of people hav
right to live under conditions defin
themselves—not by Harold Wil
policies and arms, by Soviet hopes
Migs, or by the inertia and ten
within Nigeria which have cause
much misery.

As to the future relationship bet
Biafra and Nigeria, the possibili
eventual reconciliation is not forec
even yet. First, however, the killing
stop. And then the Ibos and
minority tribes must have struc
guarantees that they can live out
lives without fear of genocide. The
of Biafra is the guarantee they re
at this bitter stage in history.

Freedom in Gr

The reference to Governor Richa
Ogilvie of Illinois on page 81 of
Corry's article ["Greece: The Dea
Liberty," October] is one that
correction and amplification, pa
larly because it leaves an unjustifie
plication that Ogilvie somehow sup
the Greek regime.

Possibly in translation—or from
other cause—the original sens
Governor Ogilvie's letter was cha
to make it appear to be a commen
the situation in Greece. This was

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Twenty-five years ago we didn't hear much about the adverse effects of drugs, but we didn't have many effective ones at that time. With the advent of more potent and useful products, undesirable side effects sometimes become a problem. This will be true in the future,too. New cancer agents, antibiotics and drugs for hypertension, for example, will probably be even more potent. Many anti-cancer agents owe their activity to their effect on cells. Which means a balance must be drawn between the good work done by a drug and its unwanted effects.

Physicians often can affect this balance by adjusting the dosage, or by selecting a different form of an existing drug product potent enough to do the job. But that doesn't stop us from looking for improvements. Perhaps what we are learning about modifying molecular structures will help us to control side effects. We've already had some success. We expect to have more.

In the meantime, the physician needs the widest possible latitude in the choice of therapeutic agents to treat his patients. The pharmaceutical industry will continue to provide him with useful data—reliable and current information on favorable and adverse effects of drug products. Guided by this type of full disclosure, the most logical decision can then be made on whether the benefits outweigh the risks.

Another point of view . . .
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association,
1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

the Governor's intention. The ser
correctly, read as follows: "In a
when freedom is under attack a
the world, it is especially valuab
these young men will have an
tunity to see firsthand how coura
people have fought and died to r
free." Considering the intent of t
of the newspaper boys mentioned
article, the sentence quoted above
to me to be about as pointed a co
as the Governor could make.

FRE
Press Secretary to the Go
Springfie

The young

Professor John W. Aldridge
what I think is one of the most pro
studies of contemporary America
the Country of the Young." Octob
November]. Congratulations
thank you. JERZY KO
New York

Some of John Aldridge's ob
tions are superb, such as Americ
being frozen at the level of util
existence and "destination is th
reality in the vacuum of such tra

On page 58, subsection 7 of Pa
begin to part company with him
he could be so astute in his observ
only to adduce simplistic conclus
amazing. He quickly reduces a
generation to infantilism. One
diately wonders how this infa
was nurtured in the malcontent
ucts of the relatively severe an
permissive European and Asian
Spockian parents.

Mr. Aldridge moves toward c
sion of his article with what I co
his most tenuous argument. He
that the campus battles are the
of real life to the students. He g
to say that the students "view wit
ror the prospect of passing beyo
(i.e. confrontation) . . . .

STANLEY B. CA

Canyon

Professor Aldridge begins his
with the interesting and original
that the older generation is respo
for the present deterioration
country primarily because it tr
become middle-aged as fast as po
and thus its expectations for the
of life were lower than they ou
have been. He then goes on to sho
the environment which resulted

older generation's abdication of
es formed the thinking and be-
or of its children. But having just
n how the environment has com-
ly determined the behavior of the
g, which, of course, absolves them
l responsibility for that behavior,
uddenly blames them for what they
This is highly unfair, as well as
nsistent... In fact, according to
easoning, it is the older generation
ught to attack, since he has shown
be the party responsible for creat-
he unhealthy environment which in
spawned a deformed youth culture.
ıt the *coup de grâce* of Professor
idge's logical method occurs on
64 (Part I) as he sums up his ar-
ents against the concept of relevance
ducation. He states: "...what may
irrelevant at twenty may seem
iously relevant at forty and fifty."
"forty and fifty" does not describe
h but middle age. Thus youth ought
onsider relevant at age twenty the
erns of middle-aged men of forty
fifty. Professor Aldridge has now
e full circle in his reasoning. He is
ng today's youth to think and be-
as if they were middle-aged. But
is the same fault he attributes to his
generation, which he shows to have
devastating consequences on the
ity of our national life....

DAVID BRODSKY
Age 26
Long Beach, Calif.

n the Country of the Young" is the
intelligent piece on the subject that
ve read, and I have read, usually
disgust, a great deal. I hope Ald-
e's convictions provoke a contro-
y and that he is attacked frequently
ıat his ideas will get maximum cir-
tion. So much shotgun rhetoric and
ined wit has gone into the writing
praises the "revolution" that it is a
nct pleasure to read Aldridge's
l prose....

DAVID MADDEN
Baton Rouge, La.

eing under thirty, I was enraged by
ı W. Aldridge's article. He draws a
ıstatingly bleak picture of the so-
y his generation has created, then
ıtes the young for being less than
r to embrace it.

e seems to feel the greatest problem
country faces (other than the re-
itrance of its young) is the existence
o many garbage dumps and gas sta-
s. He does not view the bomb or
al injustice as problems serious
ıgh to merit real discussion. With



HUNGER IS ALL SHE HAS EVER KNOWN

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this kind of vision it is no wonder that he fails utterly to comprehend what the rebellion of contemporary youth is all about.

As he scolds the young for lack of interest in aesthetics he reveals himself to be something of a snob. He mourns the fact that Americans are not concerned about "the social amenities." He laments a reduced degree of emphasis on "the ideals of colonialism," "restrictions of a social hierarchy," and "a dependence upon the affluence of one's ancestors" which he says had occurred "by the time of the greatest influx of immigrants into the country." It appears to me that he would be happier if people were more interested in aesthetics than in such mundane affairs as feeding the hungry.... He evidently has yet to learn that people are more likely to be concerned with such matters when their stomachs are full, or perhaps his interest does not extend beyond the young students to those they wish to help.

He offers evidence that this may be the case when he writes of a "race of generalized others who do not exist except as embodiments of the inequities or injustices which first called them to our attention." (By "us" and "we" he usually means white Americans.) In other words, he was not aware even of the existence of black people until they began demanding their rights. He continues, "...we have lost the power to offer them the *felt* sympathies—or even, for that matter, the felt hostilities" because they are not "real to us as persons." I would like to assure Professor Aldridge that he is not speaking for me (I happen to be married to a black man) or, I am equally certain, for my generation, and I doubt that he is speaking for much of his....

BARBARA S. HORTON
Evanston, Ill.

...John W. Aldridge insists that we act out of a compulsive need to have our self-importance recognized. He seems unwilling to believe that we *ever* act out of higher principles, for instance that sometimes we simply want our government to stop burning children....

It is not true that we have "very little sense of a personal life and an overwhelming sense of a collective life." Expressions like "doing your own thing" and "individual life style," as overused as they may be, are wrapped up intensely with the idea of a personal life. Indeed, one of the founding principles of SDS (a now-defunct organization) was that people should be free to m the decisions affecting their own l Certainly it isn't our love of the " lective life" that leads us to shun Army, pep rallies, and enforced s dards of dress and behavior. If, l ever, by collective life he means le ing to live together peacefully and ingly, well then, that's something In any case I would be very intere in having Mr. Aldridge explain t the higher cultural standards espo by our immediate predecessors, panty-raid generation....

THOMAS WAG
Austin, T

...By portraying students as pe with no patience, who have never fered greatly, and who do no deep th ing, Professor Aldridge runs the of touching the real truth only ra He starts with half-truths and w them over so insistently that the result is just one more myth concer the "young," who never asked in first place to be characterized as a m lithic phenomenon. That characte tion was largely the work of adverti and the media.

Aldridge is convinced of the si icance of total permissiveness: I thi different generalization can be m We *did* live under repression, social educational and parental. It was n disguised but ultimately just as hei as the old forms. And it is reasonab suggest that the "righteous indi tion" of the Sixties was frequently q tative, not just procedural, well-proportioned, not just a susta demand for instant gratification. economic, political, and moral pe sions in the world were perhaps r enormous and unquestioned than before.

JAMES MALC
Milwaukee, W

1929 and 19

TO THE EDITOR:

I'm not sure that your explana note in the November *Harper's* on article on the 1929 crash made it wh clear that it drew on my 25th ann sary piece in *Harper's* and the resul book. And the explanation may not been seen by all readers. So perha would be well to explain that such the intent. I assume that an hones print is permissible: that sneaky plagiarism is not so good.

JOHN KENNETH GALBR

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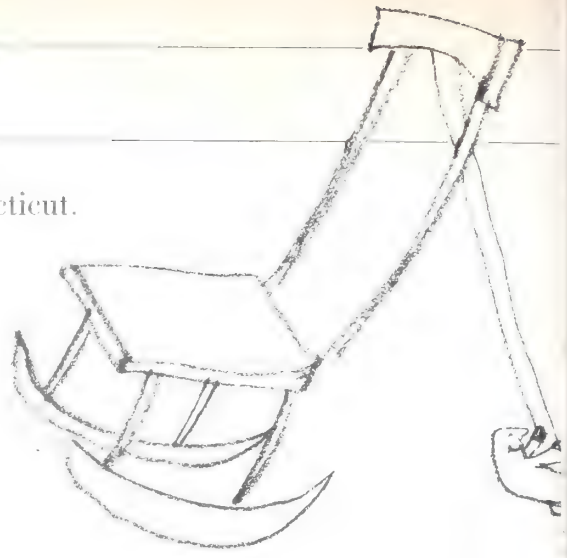
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John Fischer

THE EASY CHAIR

Letter from Leete's Island: The puritan ethic is alive and hard at work in Connecticut.



that stern and rockbound coast
felt like an amateur
when it saw how grim the puritans
who landed on it were.
—*From* archy and mehitabel
by Don Marquis

Those lines indicate how hard it is for playful and flamboyant types such as archy and Don Marquis to understand the New England character. I can't pretend to understand it fully either, since I've been living among the Yankees for only a couple of years; but I'm beginning to get a few glimmerings. Puritans they may be, but grim they are not.

You will not find many of them in Western Connecticut. That part of the state, where the brokers and advertising men gambol and the Bloody Marys flow, is really a suburb of New York. Its towns—Greenwich, Darien, New Canaan, and their neighbors—have been so overwhelmed by commuters that the native Yankees have long since been deracinated, or driven beyond commuting range. Today New England begins somewhere east of Bridgeport.

In the villages of Eastern Connecticut—Stonington, Haddam, Deep River, Ivoryton, and scores of others, including Guilford and its Leete's Island minisuburb—the puritans still have the situation well in hand. "What you have to understand about this town," one of my neighbors told me, "is that it is run by the same people who have been running it for three hundred years." As I have slowly got acquainted with our local ruling class, I've come to realize how right she is. Not only do the Old Yankees generally have the last word on most political and economic matters; they also set the cultural and spiritual tone of the community. Today most of Guilford Township's residents are newcomers—Italians, Jews, Puerto Ricans, Slavs, Negroes, and Middle Westerners—who have arrived within the last two generations. Yet nearly all of them, within five or ten years at the outside, find themselves engulfed by the puritan ethic: they think, talk, and behave as if their families had come over with the first shipload of Congregationalist refugees in 1639.

For example, when Dr. William Arthur Holley died last April he was buried in the Leete's Island Cemetery, the only really exclusive institution hereabout, with the pastor of the First Congregational Church conducting the ceremony. To the friends who came to stand in the rain by the grave, this seemed only right, because Doc Holley was as pure-quill Yankee as any of them. Although he was born in North Carolina of Negro parents, he had lived in these parts since 1917. All his life he worked hard, got himself an education, acquired his own business—a pharmacy in New Haven—paid his debts promptly, raised his children to be doctors and teachers, saved money, kept up his property, carried his share of civic duties, and observed the local rituals. (More about these rituals in a moment.) If anyone had ever called Doc Holley puritanical—a term I've never heard used around here—he would have taken it as a compliment.

Only the Puerto Ricans have managed, so far, to hang onto their own life-style, but since most of them came here only within the last few years, its durability really hasn't been tested yet. My hunch is that they, or their children, eventually will turn into assimilated Yankees too. But for the moment they provide an into contrast in values. They also p our only ethnic confrontation.

Usually the Puerto Ricans car first as migrant farm workers, li place, and settled down to stea —in the little factories scattered th out the countryside, or in the orchards, or the William Pir greenhouse, which ships out an of 6,500 cut roses every day. Th earned a reputation for hard w good behavior, going to mass re and seldom getting into any h trouble. It is true that their you are conspicuous customers of the on the south side of the green, h doesn't necessarily mean they more than anybody else; it just that the typical Yankee buys his the grocery and drinks it at ho cause it's cheaper that way. A Puerto Ricans are about the only in town—aside from an odd s vacationer—who wear bright- sport shirts. And their womenf the only ones who spend a lot sitting on their front steps, whe can chat with anyone passing by shell peas or darn socks. Their difference, however, is a fierce s collective dignity. That is what the confrontation.

One Sunday last August a pol picked up Silvario Diaz about 1 and persuaded him—apparentl some difficulty—to go to the house, where he was charged wit ing under the influence of liquo evening some sixty Puerto R

Mr. Fischer, a latecomer to Conn was born in Oklahoma and has Amarillo, Texas; Oxford, England, ington, D.C.; White Plains, New Y elsewhere.

Whatever your cause, it's a lost cause unless we control population.

At last an American President has acknowledged that it is his Administration's "clear responsibility to provide essential leadership" to control the flood of humanity that threatens to engulf the earth. President Nixon's July 18th message to Congress on the hazards of unchecked population growth brings the U.S. one step closer to meeting the most far-reaching crisis of our time.

"Today the world population is three and a half billion persons," the President told Congress. "It took many thousands of years to produce the first billion people; the next billion took a century; the third billion came after 30 years; the fourth will be produced in just 15....Over the next 30 years...the world's population could double!...With birth rates remaining high and with death rates dropping sharply, many countries of Latin America, Asia and Africa now grow 10 times as fast as they did a century ago."

There will be a hundred million more people in *our own country* in another 30 years or so. Whatever our present cause, it is a lost cause unless we check the population explosion. Good causes such as schools, churches, colleges, hospitals, museums, libraries, community chests, heart funds, and conservation will inevitably be swamped by too many people.

President Nixon's Proposals

The President has proposed that Congress set up a commission on "population growth and the American future." He has directed government agencies to:

1. Undertake additional research on birth-control methods of all types.

2. Train more people to work in population and family-planning programs, both in this country and abroad.

3. Give the highest priority to new techniques that can help safeguard the environment.

4. Establish as a national goal the provision of adequate family-planning services in the United States within the next five years for all those who want them but cannot afford them.

The President pointed out that we will, therefore, "have to increase the amount we are spending on population and family planning." Our Government currently spends on population programs less than 3% of the amount it spends on space explorations. And far less than 1% of the amount it spends on the military.

We will also have to break down barriers of illiteracy and misinformation by utilizing fully the modern communication techniques of television and other mass media.

Write President Nixon in your own words telling him you applaud his plans and *ask him to implement them without delay.* Also contact anyone else in Washington you think might be helpful. Write your newspaper editor and talk to your friends, asking them to help. Your Government needs everyone's support in taking this courageous step in controlling population.

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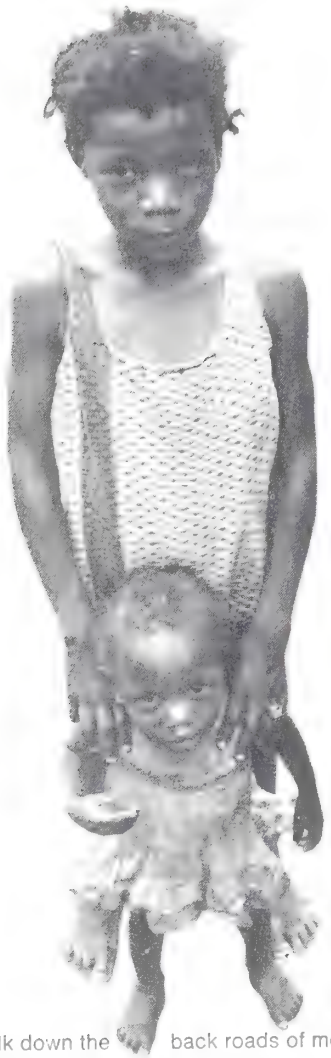
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Walk down the back roads of most any Mississippi Delta town and you'll see children with stomachs bloated, eyes dulled, feet swollen, arms and legs matchstick thin. They subsist day after day on a few greens around noon and some pinto beans in the evening. Nothing more. Nothing different. And not even enough of that.

The irony is that they aren't starving at a rate dramatic enough to arouse the indignation of the world. Otherwise something would have already been done.

The NAACP Special Contribution Fund is conducting a nationwide drive to provide Federal Food Stamps for these families. Under this program, a needy family can convert $10 in Food Stamps into as much as $240 worth of meat, milk and bread.

To help us in this effort, please send your tax-deductible check to the NAACP Mississippi Emergency Relief Fund.

Thank you.

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ranging from grandfathers to six-year-olds—turned up at police headquarters to protest. Mr. Diaz, they felt, had not been treated with sufficient dignity. Nobody suggested brutality, but had not the arresting officer been, perhaps, unnecessarily rough and disrespectful?

"The demonstration," as our weekly paper, the *Shoreline Times*, later described it, was entirely orderly and courteous. Captain Charles Collins agreed to meet the next day with the group's spokesman, Roque Ruiz, to discuss the matter further. On Monday, however, he remembered that he was scheduled to play softball that evening, and called Mr. Ruiz to ask for a postponement. "Oh, I was just going to call you," Mr. Ruiz said. "I want to change the meeting time. I have to umpire a ball game tonight."

The police team lost to the Country Tavern softballers. Nobody challenged any of Umpire Ruiz' calls, and by the ninth inning everybody had sort of forgotten about the confrontation.

I can see why our puritan Establishment might look, to an outsider like Don Marquis or to a Puerto Rican, just a little grim. It does lack something in surface gaiety.

The typical pillar of the Establishment is a WASP, and (in David Halberstam's phrase) he is not self-conscious about it. It has never occurred to him that he should be. He probably carries the name of Hubbard, Dudley, Leete, Bishop, or one of the dozen other clans which have been proliferating in the neighborhood since the eighteenth century. He drives a pickup truck, wears denims and Sears, Roebuck boots, and earns his living as a farmer, machinist, carpenter, or proprietor of a small shop such as Benton's Market which has been in the same family for generations. More than likely he also owns stock in one of the local banks, and a little timber acreage in the north part of the township, which is appreciating steadily in value. On the other hand, he may be bone-poor. From the externals it is hard to guess which, since both ostentation and self-pity are considered immoral. Owning a yellow Cadillac convertible may be a status symbol in Hollywood and Houston; here it would be taken as proof of thriftlessness, bad judgment, and worse taste.

Because he values independence above almost anything, he runs his own business if he can possibly manage it, even though he might make money working for somebody else. friend Elmer Reff, better know Yammie, left a secure job with E erd's boatyard to launch out as a purpose entrepreneur. During W War II he had served in a Seabee talion, where he learned to do tically anything, from building airstrip to fixing a bulldozer. No profession might be described as dent Guardian Angel for muc Leete's Island and Stony Creek takes care of whatever needs to be whether it is hauling a boat for the ter, repairing a pump, laying out a garden, or improvising a piece of e ment out of the bits of lumber, and sheet metal he carries in his t A blizzard marooned Dr. John H household for three days last wi since the phone line was down, couldn't summon help, but Yan turned up anyway with a snowplo open their road—as they knew he w He is by no means unique. The ber of one-man enterprises oper around town—some of them margi —is astonishing to anyone who c from the corporate world.

Crime in rural New England see fall into two distinct patterns for land the other for sea. Burgl and petty thefts are rare. Many fam never lock their doors, even when are away on vacation. During s berry season the Bishops are too to tend their fruit stand; they jus out boxes of berries on a table w sign, "Help yourself, 75 cents a b and a bowl of coins for customers need to make change. So far their l have been negligible. I have never h of a mugging or robbery on the s —although two men with a shotgu hold up Noreen Contois's liquor a few months ago. (She is pretty they were outsiders, since she k practically everybody here.)

Piracy, on the other hand, is mon. Nobody in his right mind w leave an outboard motor in his overnight, and the prudent moor boats with chains and padlocks. W Bill Whiting put out a dozen lo pots last spring, five of them were s within a week. He doesn't suspect one in particular, but everybody k that the old established lobste don't welcome new competitors.

A local amateur of Jungian psy ogy has a theory about this: somew in the collective New England un

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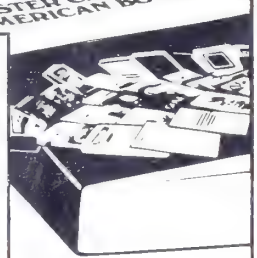
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that theft at sea isn't quite so wicked larceny ashore. Perhaps it goes back the old days of legal privateering, wh so easily slid over into piracy, as in case of Captain Kidd. He is reput incidentally, to have cached a treas chest on Money Island, about five mi from my house. Search parties look it nearly every summer, but if anyo has ever found anything he has k mum about it.

What might be considered sha dealing elsewhere often seems to morally acceptable hereabouts. For ample, a number of undertakers deal antiques and real estate on the si When he presents a bill to a gri stunned family, your friendly neighb hood funeral director is likely to something like this: "Yes, I know looks pretty steep, but the cost of fun als is going up these days like eve thing else. But I'll tell you what I'll If it isn't convenient for you to pay whole thing in cash, I'll just take t little rosewood table in the corner o there and knock $25 off the bill."

If he doesn't sell the table to a c lector next week for $300, he will disappointed. He also is apt to be first to know when an estate is goi to be forced onto the market, and may pick up some acreage or a ho at a distress price, with no visible si of compunction.

The puritan attitude toward fles pleasures clearly has relaxed c siderably in recent generations. W into the last century a whipping p stood on the village green for the p ishment of such crimes as lewdn blasphemy, and drunkenness. Even day Guilford is far from being a Pey Place, but it has developed a cert tolerance. Everybody knew, for exa ple, that a former police chief, n dead, kept a mistress for years, but t didn't seriously impair his public teem. Perhaps because she was no girlie type: I'm told that she was a f midable, mono-bosomed matron w looked like a chapter president of t DAR.

Nobody feels compelled to be asce about food either. If Michelin ever co piled a guide to New England cooke at least three of Guilford's restaura would rate two stars, and local ho cooking strikes me as over-robu Breakfast is a meal I can take or le alone, but my neighbors consider misguided. One of them put it this wa

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"If you just have a light breakfast of ham and eggs and pancakes, it will go and digest on you. But if you take a solid meal—steak, say, or calf's liver with baked beans on the side and a few biscuits and a piece of pie to tamp it down—then it will lie there and nourish you all morning long."

Nevertheless, the Establishment still does not hold with idle amusements. Its members all hunt and fish, since these sports contribute to the family larder, but few of them ever played a game of golf or tennis. In fact, the town's only country club is all-Negro. Our one movie theater is sparsely attended and no summer theater has ever taken root. Sparkling conversation is not a widely cultivated grace either, although when a Yankee does speak he is likely to have his facts right. His leisure time, such as it is, largely goes into work for the innumerable volunteer organizations—from the Keeping Society to the community-development planning committees—which handle most of the town affairs. Together they form the skeleton of its power structure, and their rituals provide much of its social life.

The purpose of these rituals ostensibly is to raise money. The Yankee supports civic causes with notable generosity, but he hates to do so directly. A straightforward donation would smack of charity, which undermines the character: besides he likes to get something for his money, even if it is only a raffle ticket. He is glad, however, to contribute a piece of furniture from the attic to the Ladies' Aid rummage sale. With luck, it may be snapped up by an out-of-town antique dealer for a good price, but more often it goes for two dollars to a neighbor, who later finds he has no place to put it. Thus it turns up at another rummage sale next summer. One old chair has been passed around this way for nearly twenty years.

He also donates his labor and pickup truck for a Sunday afternoon of collecting old newspapers from door to door: the haul goes to the volunteer fire companies, which sell it to a wastepaper dealer. But the most popular, and lucrative, variety of ritual is the outing: the Boy Scouts' annual Spring Strawberry Festival on the village green, the Knights of Columbus turkey shoot, the handicraft fair, or a clambake. On these occasions you may discover that the puritan Establishment actually isn't as grim as it looks: in its peculiar way, it has a talent for throwing a hell of a party.

Such as the clambake given last August 24 by the Guilford Sportsmen's Association in its tract of forest off Hart Road. The Association is a sodality dedicated to the protection of wildlife and woodland, training youngsters to handle guns safely, and having a good time. Additionally, it is dedicated to the preservation of the classic New England clambake, which is in danger of becoming a lost art because it demands so much work. For the sake of future historians, therefore, I had better record the only hallowed and authentic recipe. The name, incidentally, is misleading, because clams play a minor role and they aren't baked.

First, dig a trench about ten feet long, three feet wide, and three deep. Fill it with rocks as big as your head, making sure that you pick only granite or some other igneous stone; they hold heat better than slate or other sedimentaries. Collect a cord of seasoned hardwood, light a fire in the trench at 5:00 A.M., and keep it roaring for five hours. Meanwhile, fetch a truckload of seaweed, fresh-gathered and wet. Shortly before noon, rake the embers out of the pit. Spread eight inches of seaweed all over the glowing rocks, and scatter a couple of bushels of potatoes on top of it. Then add another layer of seaweed and spread on it as many roasting ears, in their shucks, as you are likely to need—say, two hundred. Build up successive strata of weed and victuals: lobsters, chunks of bluefish and striped bass (wrapped in cheesecloth, to keep them from falling apart), halves of chicken, whole onions, and crabs if available. The top layer should contain several bushels of quahaug clams. By this time the mound ought to stand about two feet above ground level. Heap on whatever seaweed you have left, and cover the whole thing with two or three layers of wet tarpaulin. Let it simmer until 3:00 P.M., while you drink a pitcher or so of beer; you will need it, since you will be thoroughly dehydrated.

The Association's *fête champêtre* opened at about noon, when members, their wives, children, and guests began to straggle into the picnic clearing. Each wore a tag ($10 for grownups, $1.75 for children) entitling him to eat and drink until his ribs popped. Everybody helped himself from the beer kegs lined up in the back of a pickup truck, or from the iced tubs of soft drinks, and then stood around the steaming pit criticizing the cooks. At 3:00 P.M. James Manley and his assistant Masters of the Revels stripped off the tarps and began to rake out food—the clams first, since they are regarded as mere appetizers, then the chicken and corn and lobsters. It all emerged, not baked, but steamed in briny essence of seaweed, with a flavor impossible to duplicate in a kitchen.

For the first hour everybody gnawed away in workmanlike silence. Then, with the first edge off our appetites, we refilled the beer pitchers, leaned back against trees, and began to talk—about politics; or Robert J. Pleasure, the first assistant high-school principal and first Negro to hold that job; or the woes of John McClees, who was groaning under the iron heel of tyranny. (The Zoning Board had just turned down his application to build a marina on his West River property. "Next thing they will be telling me what color I can paint my house.") From time to time we wandered back to the trench for refills and for a change roasted a hot dog at the barbecue pit or toyed with a slice of pecan pie. Children got lost in the woods, and the teen-age couples who went looking for them promptly got lost too. By sundown the trench was nearly empty, and there wasn't a glum face in sight.

Succulent as it is, food is not the real point of a clambake. It also is an occasion for threshing out issues of community concern, patching up old misunderstandings, naturalizing newcomers to the village, and for reaffirming—and sometimes reexamining—the community value system. That is what tribal rituals have always been about, since Bacchus presided at the first harvest festival.

This time, for instance, there was a good deal of talk about Peter Willhead, who had just been sentenced to two years in prison for refusing induction into the Army. Not everyone agreed with Peter's views on Vietnam, but there did seem to be a consensus that he was right in standing up for his convictions and a credit to his family. After all, defying authority for conscience' sake is an old local custom. As long ago as 1661 William Leete, at the risk of his head, defied the officers of Charles II by hiding two of the Regicide Judges, Goffe and Whalley, in the cellar of his storehouse. (They had signed the death warrant of Charles I during Cromwell's time, and after the Restoration they fled to Connecticut to escape his son's vengeance.) The cellar is still there, on River Street in Guilford, a forbidding reminder of the relevance of history and of the puritan ethic.

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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Moderns

A definition of contemporary music has to include, for example, Roger Sessions and John Cage; Benjamin Lees, Iannis Xenakis, Hans Henze, Luciano Berio, Lukas Foss, Dmitri Shostakovich—and folk rock.

Contemporary music is all things to all men. To the reactionary it conjures up a fearsome complexity of unrelated dissonant sounds. This is *music*? To many professional musicians, it is all brain and no heart. To some of the younger experimenters it is an investigation of new sounds. To a lot of kids, it is folk rock. And so it goes. Never in history has such a bewildering variety of unconventional and often near-incomprehensible music been produced—music that varies from pure electronic states of being to the pointillism of the post-serial school, to the random music of John Cage and his school, to the rooted-in-tradition music of such composers as Britten and Shostakovich.

And there is an academic modern wing, too. Some composers create recognizable symphonic structures while still working in a tonal language stemming from Schoenberg and Berg. Roger Sessions is one. He is the great American academic, a teacher who has trained an enormous number of composers who went on to fame, and a composer who has moved with the times, changing his style as the times changed. There was a period when he was writing Stravinsky neoclassicism. Then he was (as in his Violin Concerto) somewhat influenced by Hindemith. Then he composed atonally, *à la* Bartók. Then came the Schoenberg period. Roger Sessions is taken very seriously by the American avant-garde, who see in him a sort of spiritual father.

The **Symphony No. 3** of Sessions has been recorded by Igor Buketoff and the Royal Philharmonic, along with a representative specimen of another "traditional" modernist, Benjamin Lees (Victor LSC 3095). The Lees work is the Concerto for String Quartet and Orchestra. Both works, the Sessions and the Lees, are a mixture of tonal and atonal writing. In the Sessions, one can all but touch the ghosts of Lulu and Wozzeck. Professionals are attracted to this score because of its craft. Sessions is a wonderful technician. But several hearings fail to reveal much outside of pure craft. Personality and originality are lacking, just as they are in the propulsive, large-scale work of Lees. Nevertheless, these are two dignified, serious statements by a pair of respected American composers.

Younger men have broken completely away from the kind of traditional organization represented by Sessions. One of the big names in the international avant-garde is that of Iannis Xenakis, who has come up with a mathematics-dominated kind of music that he has termed "stochastic." The theory is mixed up with Heisenberg, Poisson, and other scientists, and is, I am afraid, above my head. But the music itself can be examined on Angel 36560, a disc that contains **Atrées**, **Morisma-Amorisma**, **ST/4**, and **Nomos Alpha**. Here one can experience the famous "clouds of sound" developed by Xenakis, helped by a computer. Varèse's music is carried one step further. There is an emphasis on pure sound, on silences, on total dissonance and shimmering sonorities. It is fascinating in its way, but not very nourishing. In this sea of sound, too, it is very easy to drown. Perhaps that is what Xenakis wants: a slow sinking into the tonal depths, where at the end all faculties are suspended.

Two other international stars are the German composer, Hans Henze, and the Italian-born Luciano Berio, now resident in the United States and a teacher at the Juilliard School. Berio's **Sinfonia** has been recorded by the Swingle Singers and the New York Philharmonic conducted by the composer (Columbia MS 7268). It was composed in 1968 and caused something of a furor at its Philharmonic unveiling. Berio, like Xenakis, has left traditional music far behind, but he has done so with unusual flair and skill. Next to his Sinfonia, the music of most avant-gar sounds like kid stuff.

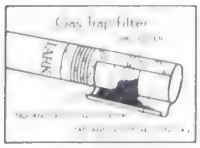
For some years Berio has been perimenting with electronic music. he has joined electronic sounds wi live orchestra, and the result is a cinating collage. In this four-mover work he manipulates the voices of Swingle Singers so that they soun though they had been taped. Sp fragments and non-pitched sp sounds play a part. Voices are hear the distance and up close. Someti the text is audible, sometimes it is jointed, sometimes it is a vague r mur, sometimes a loud whisper. Thr this cosmic cocktail party the orch is heard.

It was the third movement that ca most comment at the premiere. B intended it as an homage to Mahler used fragmented sections of Mah Second Symphony, and also thre quotations from everything in the m cal icebox—Bach through Stockhau This kind of stuff is in the air. L Foss previously, in his *Baroque V tions*, had subjected Bach and othe a strange metamorphosis in which music came out almost-Bach. B does this kind of thing with imm verve. It is Mahler seen through a dr or maybe a nightmare. An analogy be made with Francis Bacon's stu of Velasquez. The past is seen an terpreted through the eyes of the p ent. To some, this was desecration, Berio (Foss, also) was spanked fo To others, it was clever but merely c the idea being that a composer few ideas of his own could fall bac ideas of the past and make a smart lage. To a few, the movement was de tating—a commentary on music life, a Joycean stream-of-conscious that vitalized the originals. Listen and make up your own mind. thing safely can be said: there are dull moments in the Sinfonia, and of many contemporary works can tha said.

Compared to the Sinfonia, He long oratorio, **The Raft of the F ate Medusa** (Deutsche Grammop

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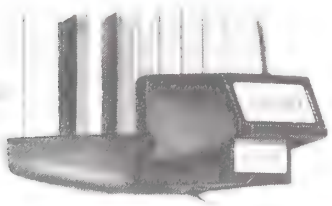
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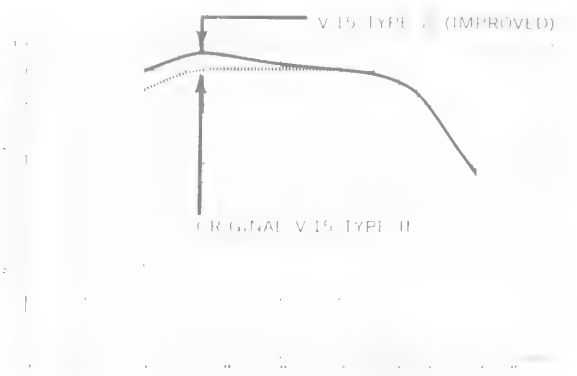


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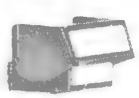


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139428/9, 2 discs) is a long, earn plodding and rather dull exerc Henze's work is based on fact (and Géricault painting), to which he added some social commentary. Hen politics are considerably left of cer Indeed, his politics are more rev tionary than his music. He started Schoenberg epigone and has mo backward in time toward the neocl cism of Stravinsky. But he has n dropped some of the vocal and mel formulas of the Second Viennese Sch *The Raft of the Frigate Medusa* su from this kind of bland eclecticism. score attempts a monumental statem but the language is too full of cli and platitudes. In this recording, baritone is Dietrich Fischer-Dies and the chorus and Symphony Orc tra of Norddeutchen Rundfunks directed by Henze himself.

Looking back a little: in the 19 one of the most-discussed of avant-gardists was Dmitri Shostako that fresh, perky new voice from Soviet. Those were the days when S takovich was eagerly reaching out everything, and he wrote some music until the ideological bureauc strangled him. A disc containing **Second Symphony** (Angel 40 shows what he was like in those d This symphony, named *October R lution*, was composed in 1927, but dropped from the repertory as an ample of decadent bourgeois formal and only recently has been restore favor. At that, it is seldom playe Russia, and even less in the West.

In this Second Symphony, Shost vich was really trying to write an i logical work, and its suppression is of the ironies of musical history. of the score is posturing poster m But through it comes a free mu spirit, a kind of life and élan, an perimentation with daring (but r ral-sounding) dissonance, that he n again was to attempt. Igor Blash conducts the Leningrad Philharm here, and on the disc is also Shost vich's Cello Concerto of 1959, pl by Mikhail Khomister, with the Mo Radio Symphony under Gennadi R destvensky (the best conductor in Soviet Union). The Cello Concert compositionally a surer and more fessional piece than the Second S phony, but it also is tame, pallid, conventional by comparison. Stalin his boys killed more than political sent.



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rd Rustin

IE FAILURE OF BLACK SEPARATISM

politics of race may foster the illusion of action and social progress, but the real being of America's Negroes depends on a revamping of the economy that bring benefit to all.

Ve are living in an age of revolution—or so they tell us. The children of the affluent s pay homage to their parents' values by re- g them; this, they say, is a youth revolution. discussion and display of sexuality increases— s disrobe on stage, young women very nearly the street—and so we are in the midst of a l revolution. Tastes in music and clothing ge, and each new fashion too is revolutionary. every new social phenomenon now being ed a "revolution," the term has in fact become ng more than a slogan which serves to take inds off an unpleasant reality. For if we were areful, we might easily forget that there is a rvative in the White House, that our country cially polarized as never before, and that the s of liberalism are in disarray. Whatever there revolution today, in any meaningful sense of rm, is coming from the Right.

t we are also told—and with far greater ur- and frequency—that there is a black revolu- If by revolution we mean a radical escalation ack aspirations and demands, this is surely ase. There is a new assertion of pride in the o race and its cultural heritage, and although ast summer was marked by the lack of any r disruptions, there is among blacks a tendency pronounced than at any time in Negro history gage in violence and the rhetoric of violence. f we look closely at the situation of Negroes . we find that there has been not the least utionary reallocation of political or economic r. There is, to be sure, an increase in the num- f black elected officials throughout the United s and particularly in the South, but this has ly been the result of the 1965 Voting Rights Act, which was passed before the "revolution" reached its height and the renewal of which the present Administration has not advocated with any noticeable enthusiasm. Some reallocation of political power has indeed taken place since the Presidential election of 1964, but generally its beneficiaries have been the Republicans and the anti-Negro forces. Nor does this particular trend show much sign of abating. Nixon's attempt to reverse the liberal direction of the Supreme Court has just begun. Moreover, in the 1970 Senate elections, 25 of the 34 seats to be contested were originally won by the Democrats in the great liberal surge of 1964, when the political picture was quite different from that of today. And if the Democrats only break even in 1970, the Republicans will control the Senate for the first time since 1954. A major defeat would leave the Democrats weaker than they have been at any time since the conservative days of the 1920s.

There has been, it is true, some moderate improvement in the economic condition of Negroes, but by no stretch of the imagination could it be called revolutionary. According to Andrew Brimmer of the Federal Reserve System, the median family income of Negroes between 1965 and 1967 rose from 54 per cent to 59 per cent of that for white families. Much of that gain reflected a decrease in the rate of Negro unemployment. But between February and June of 1969, Negro unemployment rose again by 1.3 per cent and should continue to rise as Nixon presses his crusade against inflation. The Council of Economic Advisers reports that in the past eight years the federal government has spent $10.3 billion on metropolitan problems while it has spent $39.9 billion on agriculture, not to men-

Bayard Rustin

THE FAILURE OF BLACK SEPARATISM

tion, of course, $507.2 billion for defense. In the area of housing, for instance, New York City needs at the present time as many new subsidized apartments—780,000—as the federal housing program has constructed *nationally* in its entire thirty-four years. The appropriations for model cities, rent supplements, the Job Corps, the Neighborhood Youth Corps, and other programs have been drastically reduced, and the Office of Economic Opportunity is being transformed into a research agency. Nixon's welfare and revenue-sharing proposals, in addition to being economically stringent, so that they will have little or no effect on the condition of the Northern urban poor, are politically and philosophically conservative.

Any appearance that we are in the grip of a black revolution, then, is deceptive. The problem is not whether black aspirations are outpacing America's ability to respond but whether they have outpaced her willingness to do so. Lately it has been taken almost as axiomatic that with every increase in Negro demands, there must be a corresponding intensification of white resistance. This proposition implies that only black complacency can prevent racial polarization, that any political action by Negroes must of necessity produce a reaction. But such a notion ignores entirely the question of what *kind* of political action, guided by what *kind* of political strategy. One can almost assert as a law of American politics that if Negroes engage in violence as a tactic they will be met with repression, that if they follow a strategy of racial separatism they will be isolated, and that if they engage in antidemocratic activity, out of the deluded wish to skirt the democratic process, they will provoke a reaction. To the misguided, violence, separatism, and minority ultimatums may seem revolutionary, but in reality they issue only from the desperate strivings of the impotent. Certainly such tactics are not designed to enhance the achievement of progressive social change. Recent American political history has proved this point time and again with brutal clarity.

The irony of the revolutionary rhetoric uttered in behalf of Negroes is that it has helped in fact to promote conservatism. On the other hand, of course, the reverse is also true: the failure of America to respond to the demands of Negroes has fostered in the minds of the latter a sense of futility and has thus seemed to legitimize a strategy of withdrawal and violence. Other things have been operating as well. The fifteen years since *Brown vs. Topeka* have been for Negroes a period of enormous dislocation. The modernization of farming in the South forced hundreds of thousands of Negroes to migrate to the North where they were confronted by a second technological affliction, automation. Without jobs, living in cities equipped to serve neither their material nor spiritual needs, these modern-day immigrants responded to their brutal new world with despair and hostility. The civil-rights movement created an even more fundamental social dislocation, for it destroyed not simply the legal structure of segregation but also the psychological assumptions of racism. Young Negroes w matured during this period witnessed a basic c lenge to the system of values and social relati which had presumed the inferiority of the Ne They have totally rejected this system, but in dc so have often substituted for it an exaggerated distorted perception both of themselves and of society. As if to obliterate the trace of racial sh that might be lurking in their souls they have braced racial chauvinism. And as if in reply to exclusions (and often in response to present securities), they have created their own patt of exclusiveness.

The various frustrations and upheavals exp enced recently by the Negro community accoun large part for the present political orientatio some of its most vocal members: seeing their mediate self-interest more in the terms of emoti release than in those of economic and political vancement. One is supposed to think black, d black, eat black, and buy black without referenc the question of what such a program actually tributes to advancing the cause of social jus Since real victories are thought to be unattaina issues become important in so far as they can vide symbolic victories. Dramatic confrontat are staged which serve as outlets for radical en but which in no way further the achievemen radical social goals. So that, for instance, mem of the black community are mobilized to pu the "victory" of halting construction of a s office building in Harlem, even though it is t to see what actual economic or social benefit wi conferred on the impoverished residents of community by their success in doing so.

Such actions constitute a politics of escape ro in hopelessness and further reinforced by gov ment inaction. Deracinated liberals may ron ticize this politics, nihilistic New Leftists imitate it, but it is ordinary Negroes who wil the victims of its powerlessness to work any gen change in their condition.

The call for Black Power is now over three y old, yet to this day no one knows what B Power is supposed to mean and therefore how proponents are to unite and rally behind it. If is a member of CORE, Black Power posits the r for a separate black economy based upon tr tional forms of capitalist relations. For SNCC term refers to a politically united black commur US would emphasize the unity of black cult while the Black Panthers wish to impose upon bl nationalism the philosophies of Marx, Lenin, Sta and Chairman Mao. Nor do these exhaust all possible shades and gradations of meaning. If th is one common theme uniting the various dema for Black Power, it is simply that blacks must guided in their actions by a consciousness of th selves as a separate race.

Now, philosophies of racial solidarity have n been unduly concerned with the realities that o ate outside the category of race. The adherent

philosophies are generally romantics, steeped
traditions of their own particular clans and
cupied with the simple biological verities of
and racial survival. Almost invariably their
ng cry is racial self-determination, and they
o ignore those aspects of the material world
point up divisions within the racially de-
group.

the world of black Americans is full of divi-

Only the most supine of optimists would
of building a political movement without
nce to them. Indeed, nothing better illustrates
xistence of such divisions within the black
unity than the fact that the separatists them-
represent a distinct minority among Negroes.
liable poll has ever identified more than 15
ent of Negroes as separatists; usually the
ntage is a good deal lower. Nor, as I have
ly indicated, are the separatists unified among
selves, the differences among them at times
so intense as to lead to violent conflict. The
n of the undifferentiated black community is
tellectual creation of both whites—liberals as
as racists to whom all Negroes are the same—
f certain small groups of blacks who illegiti-
y claim to speak for the majority.

e fact is that like every other racial or ethnic
in America, Negroes are divided by age,
and geography. Young Negroes are at least
stile toward their elders as white New Leftists
ward their liberal parents. They are in addi-
separated by vast gaps in experience, Northern
from Southern, urban from rural. And even more profound are the disparities in wealth among them. In contrast to the white community, where the spread of income has in recent years remained unchanged or has narrowed slightly, economic differentials among blacks have increased. In 1965, for example, the wealthiest 5 per cent of white and nonwhite families each received 15.5 per cent of the total income in their respective communities. In 1967, however, the percentage of white income received by the top 5 per cent of white families had dropped to 14.9 per cent while among non-whites the share of income of the top 5 per cent of the families had risen to 17.5 per cent. This trend probably reflects the new opportunities which are available to black professionals in industry, government, and academia, but have not touched the condition of lower-class and lower-middle-class Negroes.

To Negroes for whom race is the major criterion, however, divisions by wealth and status are irrelevant. Consider, for instance, the proposals for black economic advancement put forth by the various groups of black nationalists. These proposals are all remarkably similar. For regardless of one's particular persuasion—whether a revolutionary or a cultural nationalist or an unabashed black capitalist—once one confines one's analysis to the ghetto, no proposal can extend beyond a strategy for ghetto development and black enterprise. This explains in part the recent popularity of black capitalism and, to a lesser degree, black cooperatives: once both the economic strategy and goal are defined in terms

"Any appearance that we are in the grip of a black revolution, is deceptive."



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of black self-determination, there is simply not much else available in the way of ideas.

There are other reasons for the popularity of black capitalism, reasons having to do with material and psychological self-interest. E. Franklin Frazier has written that Negro business is "a social myth" first formulated toward the end of the nineteenth century when the legal structure of segregation was established and Negro hopes for equality destroyed. History has often shown us that oppression can sometimes lead to a rationalization of the unjust conditions on the part of the oppressed and following on this, to an opportunistic competition among them for whatever meager advantages are available. This is, according to Frazier, exactly what happened among American Negroes. The myth of Negro business was created and tied to a belief in the possibility of a separate Negro economy. "Of course," wrote Frazier, "behind the idea of the separate Negro economy is the hope of the black bourgeoisie that they will have the monopoly of the Negro market." He added that they also desire "a privileged status within the isolated Negro community."

Nor are certain Negro businessmen the only ones who stand to gain from a black economy protected by the tariff of separatism. There are also those among the white upper class for whom such an arrangement is at least as beneficial. In the first place, self-help projects for the ghetto, of which black capitalism is but one variety, are inexpensive. They involve no large-scale redistribution of resources, no "inflationary" government expenditures, and above all, no responsibility on the part of whites. These same upper-class whites may have been major exploiters of black workers in the past, they may have been responsible for policies which helped to create ghetto poverty, but now, under the new dispensations of black separatism, they are being asked to do little more by way of reparation than provide a bit of seed money for a few small ghetto enterprises.

Moreover, a separate black economy appears to offer hope for what Roy Innis has called "a new social contract." According to Innis's theory, the black community is essentially a colony ruled by outsiders: there can be no peace between the colony and the "mother country" until the former is ruled by some of its own. When the colony is finally "liberated" in this way, all conflicts can be resolved through negotiation between the black ruling class and the white ruling class. Any difficulties within the black community, that is, would become the responsibility of the black elite. But since self-determination in the ghetto, necessitating as it would the expansion of a propertied black middle class, offers the advantage of social stability, such difficulties would be minimal. How could many whites fail to grasp the obvious benefit to themselves in a program that promises social peace without the social inconvenience of integration and especially without the burden of a huge expenditure of money? Even if one were to accept the colo analogy—and it is in many ways an uninformed extremely foolish one—the strategy implied by fatuous and unworkable. Most of the experim in black capitalism thus far have been total failu As, given the odds, they should continue to be. one thing, small businesses owned and run by bl will, exactly like their white counterparts, suff high rate of failure. In fact, they will face greater problems than white small businesses cause they will be operating in predominantly income areas where the clientele will be poor, crime rate and taxes high, and the cost of l labor, and insurance expensive. They will hav charge higher prices than the large chains, a cumstance against which "Buy Black" campa will in the long or even the short run have l force. On the other hand, to create large-scale b industry in the ghetto is unthinkable. The ca is not available, and even if it were, there is vacant land. In Los Angeles, for example, the in which four-fifths of the Negroes and Mexi Americans live contains only 0.5 per cent of all vacant land in the city, and the problem is sim elsewhere. Overcrowding is severe enough in ghetto without building up any industry there

Another current axiom of black self-determ tion is the necessity for community control. Q tions of ideology aside, black community contr as futile a program as black capitalism. Assun that there were a cohesive, clearly identifiable b community (which, judging by the factionalis neighborhoods like Harlem and Ocean Hill-Bro ville, is a far from safe assumption), and assun that the community were empowered to control ghetto, it would still find itself without the mo needed in order to be socially creative. The gh would still be faced with the same poverty, de orated housing, unemployment, terrible health s ices, and inferior schools—and this time perh with the exacerbation of their being entailed local struggles for power. Furthermore, the con would ultimately be illusory and would do no n than provide psychological comfort to those exercise it. For in a complex technological soc there is no such thing as an autonomous commu within a large metropolitan area. Neighborho particularly poor neighborhoods, will remain pendent upon outside suppliers for manufactu goods, transportation, utilities, and other servi There is, for instance, unemployment in the gh while the vast majority of new jobs are b created in the suburbs. If black people are to h access to those jobs, there must be a metropol transportation system that can carry them to suburbs cheaply and quickly. Control over ghetto cannot build such a system nor can it vide jobs within the ghetto.

The truth of the matter is that community con as an idea is provincial and as a program is tremely conservative. It appears radical to s people because it has become the demand aro which the frustrations of the Negro commu have coalesced. In terms of its capacity to deal

ial and economic causes of black unrest, how-
ts potential is strikingly limited. The call for
unity control in fact represents an adjust-
o inequality rather than a protest against it.
mentally, it is a demand for a change in the
composition of the personnel who administer
unity institutions: that is, for schools, insti-
s of public and social service, and political
zations—as all of these are presently con-
d—to be put into the keeping of a new class
ck officials. Thus in a very real sense, the
of community control bespeaks a fervent
hat the poverty-stricken ghetto, once thought
a social problem crying for rectification,
now be deemed a social good worthy of ac-
ce. Hosea Williams of SCLC, speaking once
mmunity control, unwittingly revealed the way
ich passionate self-assertion can be a mask
ccommodation: "I'm now at the position
r T. Washington was about sixty or seventy
ago," Williams said. "I say to my brothers,
down your buckets where you are'—and that
there in the slums and ghettos."
re is indeed profound truth in the observation
people who seek social change will, in the
ce of real substantive victories, often seize
stylistic substitutes as an outlet for their frus-
ns.

case in point is the relation of Negroes to the
trade-union movement. In their study *The
Worker*, published in 1930, Sterling D. Spero
Abram L. Harris describe the resistance to
atism among economically satisfied workers
g the heyday of Marcus Garvey:

*spokesmen of the Garvey movement went
ong the faction-torn workers preaching the
trine of race consciousness. Despite the fact
Garveyism won a following everywhere at
s time, the Negro longshoremen of Philadel-
a were deaf to its pleas, for their labor move-
nt had won them industrial equality such as
ored workers nowhere else in the industry
oyed.*

e inverse relation of black separatism and anti-
ism to the quality of employment available to
es holds true today also. In the May 1969
elections, for example, black candidates won
esidency and vice-presidency of a number of
. Some of the most interesting election vic-
were won at the Chrysler Eldon Gear and
Local 961 and at Dodge #3 in Hamtramck
the separatist Eldon Revolutionary Union
ment (ELRUM) and Dodge Revolutionary
n Movement (DRUM) have been active. At
locals the DRUM and ELRUM candidates
nandily defeated by black trade unionists who
aigned on a program of militant integration-
nd economic justice.
s is not to say that there are not problems
n the unions which have given impetus to the
separatist movements. There are, but in the past decade unions have taken significant steps toward eliminating discrimination against Negroes. As Peter Henle, the chief economist of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, has observed:

Action has been taken to eliminate barriers to admission, abolish discrimination in hiring practices, and negotiate changes in seniority arrangements which had been blocking Negro advances to higher-paying jobs. At the same time, unions have given strong support to governmental efforts in this same direction.

Certainly a good deal is left to be done in this regard, but just as certainly the only effective pressure on the unions is that which can be brought by blacks pressing for a greater role *within* the trade-union movement. Not only is separatism not a feasible program, but its major effect will be to injure black workers economically by undermining the strength of their union. It is here that ignorance of the economic dimension of racial injustice is most dangerous, for a Negro, whether he be labeled a moderate or a militant, has but two alternatives open to him. If he defines the problem as primarily one of race, he will inevitably find himself the ally of the white capitalist against the white worker. But if, though always conscious of the play of racial discrimination, he defines the problem as one of poverty, he will be aligned with the white worker against management. If he chooses the former alternative, he will become no more than a pawn in the game of divide-and-conquer played by, and for the benefit of, management—the result of which will hardly be self-determination but rather the depression of wages for all workers. This path was followed by the "moderate" Booker T. Washington who disliked unions because they were "founded on a sort of enmity to the man by whom he [the Negro] is employed" and by the "militant" Marcus Garvey who wrote:

It seems strange and a paradox, but the only convenient friend the Negro worker or laborer has in America at the present time is the white capitalist. The capitalist being selfish—seeking only the largest profit out of labor—is willing and glad to use Negro labor wherever possible on a scale reasonably below the standard union wage . . . but if the Negro unionizes himself to the level of the white worker, the choice and preference of employment is given to the white worker.

And it is being followed today by CORE, which collaborated with the National Right to Work Committee in setting up the Black Workers Alliance.

If the Negro chooses to follow the path of interracial alliances on the basis of class, as almost two million have done today, he can achieve a certain degree of economic dignity, which in turn offers a genuine, if not the only, opportunity for self-determination. It was this course which A. Philip Randolph chose in his long struggle to build a

". . . community control as an idea is provincial and as a program is extremely conservative."

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Negro-labor alliance, and it was also chosen by the black sanitation workers of Memphis, Tennessee, and the black hospital workers of Charleston, South Carolina.

Not that I mean here to exonerate the unions of their responsibility for discrimination. Nevertheless, it is essential to deal with the situation of the black worker in terms of American economic reality. And as long as the structure of this reality is determined by the competing institutions of capital and labor (or government and labor, as in the growing public sector of the economy), Negroes must place themselves on one side or the other. The idea of racial self-determination within this context is a delusion.

There are, to be sure, sources beyond that of economic discrimination for black separatism within the unions. DRUM, ELRUM, and similar groups are composed primarily of young Negroes who, like whites their age, are not as loyal to the union as are older members, and who are also affected by the new militancy which is now pervasive among black youth generally. This militancy has today found its most potent form of expression on campus, particularly in the predominantly white universities outside of the South. The confusion which the movement for programs in black studies has created on campus almost defies description. The extremes in absurdity were reached this past academic year at Cornell, where, on the one hand, enraged black students were demanding a program in black studies which included Course 300c, Physical Education: "Theory and practice in the use of small arms and hand combat. Discussion sessions in the proper use of force," and where, on the other hand, a masochistic and pusillanimous university president placed his airplane at the disposal of two black students so that they could go to New York City and purchase, with $2,000 in university funds, some bongo drums for Malcolm X Day. The foolishness of the students was surpassed only by the public-relations manipulativeness of the president.

The real tragedy of the dispute over black studies is that whatever truly creative opportunities such a program could offer have been either ignored or destroyed. There is, first, the opportunity for a vastly expanded scholastic inquiry into the contribution of Negroes to the American experience. The history of the black man in America has been scandalously distorted in the past, and as a field of study it has been relegated to a second-class status, isolated from the main themes of American history and omitted in the historical education of American youth. Yet now black students are preparing to repeat the errors of their white predecessors. They are proposing to study black history in isolation from the mainstream of American history; they are demanding separate black-studies programs that will not be open to whites, who could benefit at least as much as they from a knowledge of Negro history; and they hope to permit only blacks (and perhaps some whites who toe the line) to teach in these programs. Unwittingly they are conceding what r whites all along have professed to believe, nam that black history is irrelevant to American hist

In other ways black students have displayed tempt for black studies as an academic discip Many of them, in fact, view black studies as nc academic subject at all, but as an ideological political one. They propose to use black-studies grams to create a mythologized history and a tem of assertive ideas that will facilitate the poli mobilization of the black community. In addi they hope to educate a cadre of activists w present training is conceived of as a preparatio organizational work in the ghetto. The Cornell dents made this very clear when they defined purpose of black-studies programs as enal "black people to use the knowledge gained in classroom and the community to formulate ideologies and philosophies which will contri to the development of the black nation."

Thus faculty members will be chosen on the b of race, ideological purity, and political com ment—not academic competence. Under such ditions, few qualified black professors will wa teach in black-studies programs, not simply cause their academic freedom will be curtaile their obligation to adhere to the revolutio "line" of the moment, but because their professi status will be threatened by their association programs of such inferior quality.

Black students are also forsaking the opportu to get an education. They appear to be giving thought to the problem of teaching or lear those technical skills that all students must acc if they are to be effective in their careers. We here simply another example of the pursuit of bolic victory where a real victory seems too dif to achieve. It is easier for a student to alter hi havior and appearance than to improve the qu of his mind. If engineering requires too much centration, then why not a course in soul mu If Plato is both "irrelevant" and difficult, the dent can read Malcolm X instead. Class will soothing, comfortable experience, somewhat watching television. Moreover, one's image wi militant and, therefore, acceptable by current lege standards. Yet one will have learned notl and the fragile sense of security developed in protective environment of college will be cra when exposed to the reality of competition in world.

Nelson Taylor, a young Negro graduate of M house College, recently observed that many l students "feel it is useless to try to compete order to avoid this competition, they build t selves a little cave to hide in." This "little cave added, is black studies. Furthermore, black dents are encouraged in this escapism by g ridden New Leftists and faculty members despise themselves and their advantaged lives enjoy seeing young Negroes reject "white mi class values" and disrupt the university. They encouraged by university administrators who fer political accommodation to an effort at se

tion. But beyond the momentary titillation may experience from being the center of attenit is difficult to see how Negroes can in the enefit from being patronized and manipulated s way. Ultimately, their only permanent satisn can come from the certainty that they have red the technical and intellectual skills that nable them upon graduation to perform signt jobs competently and with confidence. If fail to acquire these skills, their frustration ersist and find expression in ever-newer forms isocial and self-destructive behavior.

e conflict over black studies, as over other , raises the question of the function in general l by black protest today. Some black deis, such as that for a larger university enrollof minority students, are entirely legitimate; ie major purpose of the protest through which demands are pressed would seem to be not so to pursue an end as to establish in the minds protesters, as well as in the minds of whites, eality of their rebellion. Protest, therefore, bes an end in itself and not a means toward social ge. In this sense, the black rebellion is an enorly *expressive* phenomenon which is releasing ent-up resentments of generations of oppressed oes. But expressiveness that is oblivious to cal reality and not structured by instrumental is mere bombast.

nes Forman's *Black Manifesto*, for instance, ovides a nearly perfect sample of this kind of ast combined with positive delusions of gran- "We shall liberate all the people in the U. S.," ntroduction to the *Manifesto* declares, "and ill be instrumental in the liberation of colored e the world around....We are the most ne people within the U. S.... Racism in the is so pervasive in the mentality of whites that an armed, well-disciplined, black-controlled rnment can insure the stamping out of racism is country.... We say think in terms of the control of the U. S."

e might never imagine from reading the *Mani-* that Forman's organization, the National Economic Development Conference, is polit- powerless, or that the institution it has chosen ssault is not the government or the corpora- but the church. Indeed, the exaggeration of age in the *Black Manifesto* is directly propor- l to the isolation and impotence of those who ed it. And their actual achievements provide ccurate measure of their strength. Three bildollars in reparations was demanded—and 00 received. More important, the effect of this nd upon the Protestant churches has been to pitate among them a conservative reaction st the activities of the liberal national denomins and the National Council of Churches. For- s failure, of course, was to be expected: the effect of an attack upon so organizationally se and nonpolitical an institution as the church be the deflection of pressure away from the society's major political and economic institutions and, consequently, the weakening of the black movement for equality.*

The possibility that his *Manifesto* might have exactly the opposite effect from that intended, however, was clearly not a problem to Forman, because the demands he was making upon white people were more moral than political or economic. His concern was to purge white guilt far more than to seek social justice for Negroes. It was in part for this reason that he chose to direct his attack at the church, which, as the institutional embodiment of our society's religious pretensions, is vulnerable to moral condemnation.

Yet there is something corrupting in the wholesale release of aggressive moral energy, particularly when it is in response to the demand for reparations for blacks. The difficulty is not only that as a purely racial demand its effect must be to isolate blacks from the white poor with whom they have common economic interests. The call for three billion dollars in reparations demeans the integrity of blacks and exploits the self-demeaning guilt of whites. It is insulting to Negroes to offer them reparations for past generations of suffering, as if the balance of an irreparable past could be set straight with a handout. In a recent poll, *Newsweek* reported that " today's proud Negroes, by an overwhelming 84 to 10 per cent, reject the idea of preferential treatment in hiring or college admissions in reparation for past injustices." There are few controversial issues that can call forth greater uniformity of opinion than this in the Negro community.

I also question both the efficacy and the social utility of an attack that impels the attacked to applaud and debase themselves. I am not certain whether or not self-flagellation can have a beneficial effect on the sinner (I tend to doubt that it can), but I am absolutely certain it can never produce anything politically creative. It will not improve the lot of the unemployed and the ill-housed. On the other hand, it could well happen that the guilty party, in order to lighten his uncomfortable moral burden, will finally begin to rationalize his sins and affirm them as virtues. And by such a process, today's ally can become tomorrow's enemy. Lasting political alliances are not built on the shifting sands of moral suasion.

On his part, the breast-beating white makes the same error as the Negro who swears that "black is beautiful." Both are seeking refuge in psychological solutions to social questions. And both are reluctant to confront the real cause of racial injustice, which is not bad attitudes but bad social conditions. The Negro creates a new psychology to avoid the

"Protest becomes an end in itself and not a means toward social change."

*Forman is not the only militant today who fancies that his essentially reformist program is revolutionary. Eldridge Cleaver has written that capitalists regard the Black Panther Breakfast for Children program (which the Panthers claim feeds 10,000 children) "as a threat, as cutting into the goods that are under their control." He also noted that it "liberates" black children from going to school hungry each morning. I wonder if he would also find public-school lunch programs liberating.

Bayard Rustin

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reality of social stagnation, and the white—be he ever so liberal—professes his guilt precisely so as to create the illusion of social change, all the while preserving his economic advantages.

The response of guilt and pity to social problems is by no means new. It is, in fact, as old as man's capacity to rationalize or his reluctance to make real sacrifices for his fellow man. Two hundred years ago, Samuel Johnson, in an exchange with Boswell, analyzed the phenomenon of sentimentality:

> *Boswell:* "I have often blamed myself, Sir, for not feeling for others, as sensibly as many say they do."
>
> *Johnson:* "Sir, don't be duped by them any more. You will find these very feeling people are not very ready to do you good. They pay you by feeling."

Today, payments from the rich to the poor take the form of "Giving a Damn" or some other kind of moral philanthropy. At the same time, of course, some of those who so passionately "Give a Damn" are likely to argue that full employment is inflationary.

We are living in a time of great social confusion—not only about the strategies we must adopt but about the very goals these strategies are to bring us to. Only recently whites and Negroes of good will were pretty much in agreement that racial and economic justice required an end to segregation and the expansion of the role of the federal government. Now it is a mark of "advancement," not only among "progressive" whites but among the black militants as well, to believe that integration is passé. Unintentionally—or as the Marxists used to say, objectively—they are lending aid and comfort to traditional segregationists like Senators Eastland and Thurmond. Another "advanced" idea is the notion that government has gotten too big and that what is needed to make the society more humane and livable is an enormous new move toward local participation and decentralization. One cannot question the value or importance of democratic participation in the government, but just as misplaced sympathy for Negroes is being put to use by segregationists, the liberal preoccupation with localism is serving the cause of conservatism. Two years of liberal encomiums to decentralization have intellectually legitimized the concept, if not the name, of states' rights and have set the stage for the widespread acceptance of Nixon's "New Federalism."

The new anti-integrationism and localism may have been motivated by sincere moral conviction, but hardly by intelligent political thinking. It should be obvious that what is needed today more than ever is a political strategy that offers the real possibility of economically uplifting millions of impoverished individuals, black and white. Such a strategy must of necessity give low priority to the various forms of economic and psychological experimentation that I have discussed, which at deal with issues peripheral to the central pro and at worst embody a frenetic escapism. T experiments are based on the assumption tha black community can be transformed from w when, in fact, any such transformation mus pend on structural changes in the entire so Negro poverty, for example, will not be elimi in the absence of a total war on poverty. We therefore, a new national economic policy. We need new policies in housing, education, and h care which can deal with these problems as relate to Negroes within the context of a nat solution. A successful strategy, therefore, mus upon an identification of those central institu which, if altered sufficiently, would transform social and economic relations in our society: a must provide a politically viable means of achi such an alteration.

Surely the church is not a central instit in this sense. Nor is Roy Innis's notion of de with the banking establishment a useful one. the banks will find no extra profit—quite the trary—in the kind of fundamental structural ch in society that is required.*

Moreover, the recent flurry of excitement ove role of private industry in the slums seems to subsided. A study done for the Urban Coalitio called the National Alliance of Businessmen's to have hired more than 100,000 hard-core ployed a "phony numbers game." Normal h as the result of expansion or turnover was in cases counted as recruitment. Where hard workers have been hired and trained, accordi the study, "The primary motivation . . . is the for new sources of workers in a tight labor ma If and when the need for workers slackens, industry's performance." This has already curred. The *Wall Street Journal* reported in Ju 1969 that the Ford Motor Company, once pr for its social commitment, was forced to trim production earlier in the year and in the pr "quietly closed its two inner-city hiring cente Detroit and even laid off some of the former h cores it had only recently hired." There have similar retrenchments by other large compani the result of a slackening in economic gr grumblings from stockholders, and the realiz by corporate executives that altruism does not for high profits. Yet even if private industry fully committed to attack the problem of u ployment, it is not in an ideal position to d Private enterprise, for example, accounted for one out of every ten new jobs created in the omy between 1950 and 1960. Most of the remai were created as the result of expansion of p employment.

While the church, private enterprise, and

*Innis's demand that the white banks deposit $6 b in black banks as reparations for past injustices s prise. At least Forman had the benefit of the white ch man's guilt, an emotion not known to be popular a

V-8 makes the Bloody Merrier.



How to make a Bloody Merrier:

4 jiggers V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juice (one 6 oz. can)
1 jigger of your own thing
Squirt of lemon juice
Dash worcestershire or
1
Salt and pepper to taste.
Combine ingredients. Pour over ice cubes in glass.



"... it is the trade-union movement and the Democratic party which offer the greatest leverage to the black struggle."

institutions can, if properly motivated, play an important role, finally it is the trade-union movement and the Democratic party which offer the greatest leverage to the black struggle. The serious objective of Negroes must be to strengthen and liberalize these. The trade-union movement is essential to the black struggle because it is the only institution in the society capable of organizing the working poor, so many of whom are Negroes. It is only through an organized movement that these workers, who are now condemned to the margin of the economy, can achieve a measure of dignity and economic security. I must confess I find it difficult to understand the prejudice against the labor movement currently fashionable among so many liberals. These people, somehow for reasons of their own, seem to believe that white workers are affluent members of the Establishment (a rather questionable belief, to put it mildly, especially when held by people earning over $25,000 a year) and are now trying to keep the Negroes down. The only grain of truth here is that there *is* competition between black and white workers which derives from a scarcity of jobs and resources. But rather than propose an expansion of those resources, our stylish liberals underwrite that competition by endorsing the myth that the unions are the worst enemy of the Negro.

In fact it is the program of the labor movement that represents a genuine means for reducing racial competition and hostility. Not out of a greater tenderness of feeling for black suffering—but that is just the point. Unions organize workers on the basis of common economic interests, not by virtue of racial affinity. Labor's legislative program for full employment, housing, urban reconstruction, tax reform, improved health care, and expanded educational opportunities is designed specifically to aid both whites and blacks in the lower- and lower-middle classes where the potential for racial polarization is most severe. And only a program of this kind can deal simultaneously and creatively with the interrelated problems of black rage and white fear. It does not placate black rage at the expense of whites, thereby increasing white fear and political reaction. Nor does it exploit white fear by repressing blacks. Either of these courses strengthens the demagogues among both races who prey upon frustration and racial antagonism. Both of them help to strengthen conservative forces—the forces that stand to benefit from the fact that hostility between black and white workers keeps them from uniting effectively around issues of common economic interest.

President Nixon is in the White House today largely because of this hostility; and the strategy advocated by many liberals to build a "new coalition" of the affluent, the young, and the dispossessed is designed to keep him there. The difficulty with this proposed new coalition is not only that its constituents comprise a distinct minority of the population, but that its affluent and youthful members —regardless of the momentary direction of their rhetoric—are hardly the undisputed friends of poor. Recent Harris polls, in fact, have shown Nixon is most popular among the college educ and the young. Perhaps they were attracted by style or the minimal concessions he has mad Vietnam, but certainly their approval canno based upon his accomplishments in the area civil rights and economic justice.

If the Republican ascendancy is to be b passing phenomenon, it must once more com be clearly understood among those who favor s progress that the Democratic party is still the mass-based political organization in the cou with the potential to become a majority move for social change. And anything calling itsel the name of political activity must be conce with building precisely such a majority m ment. In addition, Negroes must abandon once for all the false assumption that as 10 per ce the population they can by themselves effect changes in the structure of American life. must, in other words, accept the necessity of c tion politics. As a result of our fascination novelty and with the "new" revolutionary fo that have emerged in recent years, it seems to s the height of conservatism to propose a stra that was effective in the past. Yet the political ity is that without a coalition of Negroes and c minorities with the trade-union movement and liberal groups, the shift of power to the Right persist and the democratic Left in America have to content itself with a well-nigh perma minority status.

The bitterness of many young Negroes t has led them to be unsympathetic to a prog based on the principles of trade unionism and toral politics. Their protest represents a refus accept the condition of inequality, and in that se it is part of the long, and I think, magnificent b struggle for freedom. But with no compreher strategy to replace the one I have suggested, i protest, though militant in rhetoric and inten may be reactionary in effect.

The strategy I have outlined must stand or by its capacity to achieve political and econo results. It is not intended to provide some wave of intellectual excitement. It is not inte to suggest a new style of life or a means to pers salvation for disaffected members of the mi class. Nor is either of these the proper rol politics. My strategy is not meant to appeal to fears of threatened whites, though it would those fears and increase the likelihood that s day we shall have a truly integrated society. not meant to serve as an outlet for the terrible f trations of Negroes, though it would reduce t frustrations and point a way to dignity for an pressed people. It is simply a vehicle by which wealth of this nation can be redistributed and s of its more grievous social problems solved. in itself would be quite enough to be gettin with. In fact, if I may risk a slight exaggeration normal standards of human society I think it w constitute a revolution.

l Alinsky/a conversation with Marion K. Sanders

HE PROFESSIONAL RADICAL, 1970

ough, uncompromising agitator trains his sights on suburban America, fident—as he has always been—that the right things will get done for the ng reasons.

nown today as this country's foremost organizer of community-action groups, Chicago-n Saul Alinsky was trained as a criminologist. ly in his career he was caught up in the radical ements of the Thirties and joined John L. Lewis ie tumultuous birth-throes of the CIO. However, ite his enduring admiration for Lewis (whose graphy he wrote in 1949), he was convinced his own role was outside of the labor move-t. His first proving ground was the grim slum re Chicago's stockyard workers lived in the -ridden squalor immortalized earlier in Upton clair's *Jungle*. In this unlikely setting, Alinsky ged a coalition of workers, small merchants, on leaders, and local churches. Using sit-downs, cotts, and other militant tactics, the Back of the ds Council won major concessions from City l and at the same time mounted a self-help pro-m which transformed the area into a model king-class community.

linsky's unabashed aggressiveness affronted the evolent liberalism which then, as now, dom-ed the social-welfare and the business establish-t. However, his effectiveness in combating both ive fascist and Communist influence won him the port of Bishop Bernard J. Sheil and other liberal holics in Chicago and millionaire philanthropist rshall Field. The latter provided a modest sub-for the Industrial Areas Foundation which en-ed Alinsky and a small staff of fellow agitators to ly the Back of the Yards strategy elsewhere. The ig proved rough. During numerous stays in local s Alinsky wrote his book *Reveille for Radicals* issued in a new edition this fall by Random use, which will also publish his latest book *Rules Revolution*).

Among his odder assignments in the 1950s was organization of anti-Communist labor unions taly at the invitation of the Bishop of Milan who sequently became Pope Paul VI.

first met Alinsky in 1964, when he had begun to face as a figure of national importance after arles E. Silberman, in his book *Crisis in Black White*, had characterized the Woodlawn Organ-ion known as TWO, which Alinsky nurtured in Chicago black slum, as "the most significant ial experiment going on among Negroes in erica today." I found him an extraordinarily aging personality, blessed with a rare combination of reckless wit and philosophic detachment. Our meeting resulted in two articles which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in June-July 1965 under the title "The Professional Radical," a sobriquet he and his public have since relished.

At that time, following a tragic race riot, churches in Rochester, New York, had asked Alinsky to go to work in their Negro ghetto. He accepted, and a community organization calling itself FIGHT (Freedom, Integration, God, Honor, Today) moved into combat with the city's industrial giant, Eastman Kodak. The battle was memorable for many reasons but chiefly because it was Alinsky's first opportunity to test out a weapon for which he sees a bright future—the use of stock proxies to challenge corporate power.

Following Rochester, Alinsky and his staff have responded to appeals for help from a dozen or more cities—Buffalo, Syracuse, and Kansas City among



HESS AND/OR ANTUPIT

Marion K. Sanders, a senior editor of Harper's, *was formerly editor of* Amerika. *She has written widely on poverty, women in politics, medicine in its social context, and other topics.*

The most celebrated Alinsky trainee is Cesar Chavez, organizer of California's agricultural workers and of a nationwide consumer grape boycott.

Saul Alinsky
THE PROFESSIONAL RADICAL, 1970

them—and from the California vineyards where two Alinsky-trained organizers, Cesar Chavez and Dolores Huerta, have formed a grape pickers' union and organized a nationwide consumers' grape boycott.

Perhaps because of his chronic intransigence, Alinsky has become something of a campus folk hero. Much of his time lately has been spent criss-crossing the country to prod, challenge, and often outrage college audiences. More surprisingly, corporate executives and church conventions, in increasing numbers, welcome his abrasive presence.

In the spring of 1968 Alinsky announced that he and the small staff of the Industrial Areas Foundation would no longer roam the nation stirring up trouble in person. Instead, they would set up an Institute where organizers from communities across the country would be trained to operate on their home ground. Some would, of course, be potential leaders of the poor and black. But a prime goal of the Institute would be to train organizers of the middle class. Within a few weeks, the Institute was swamped with applications.

Alinsky's homecoming evoked a mixed reaction from Chicagoans: for his announcement also included a message for the natives. "Chicago is too quiet," he cheerfully told interviewers. "It's become a desert so far as dissent goes." He forecast, among other things, that Mayor Daley's martial preparations for the Democratic National Convention would produce bloody conflict and hand the election to the Republicans. (Such statements led local right-wingers to burn him in effigy at the corner of State and Madison.)

Late in 1969 he launched an anti-pollution movement, which moved into high gear after the city was suddenly darkened by what one columnist called "a blanket of floating filth." When Mayor Daley denied that the pollution problem was serious, Alinsky rejoined, "What in the hell does he breathe with—his ears?" The movement will be known as "The Campaign Against Environmental Violence."

Recently Alinsky again visited *Harper's* office to talk about the cataclysmic events of the past four years and particularly about his new mission of organizing the middle class. Now in his sixtieth year, Alinsky still delights in jolting his listeners with unpredictable ideas and unvarnished language. The narrative that follows was distilled out of many hours of wide-ranging conversation. —M.K.S.



It doesn't seem like it's been four years since the last time we talked at length. It's all gone by like a shot. That's a hell of a way to put it when you remember Dallas, Memphis, Los Angeles, and other places. Well, I suppose these are rough times and anyone in a fight who is really doing something becomes a target. I've had my sticky scenes, a couple really up tight, but you don't worry about it because if you do you've got no business being in the arena to begin with, and after all, none of us are going to come out of life alive anyway. I get these threats all the time—from the Klan, the Minutemen, the Young Republican Clubs of Californi the Birchers, any time I land in what I call n kooky country.

Maybe with luck I still have ten good produ tive years ahead of me. So I keep thinking—what the best use I can make of them? I've come to s very clearly that this country is predominant middle-class economically. Almost four-fifths of o people are in that bracket, so that's where t power is. Hell, we would have to be blind not see that this is where organization has to go. Th became plenty clear when we were fighting Eastma Kodak and went into the proxy deal. We had to g to the churches and the other middle-class grou that owned stocks and had proxies they could tu over to us. That's where we found the strength carry on the fight for the organization of the poor Rochester. We saw the same thing when Ces Chavez staged the grape boycott—a middle-cla consumer boycott. So that's the job we've got take on and train organizers to do.

One thing I've learned in spades—though I didn want to accept it for a long time—is this: orga ization doesn't come out of an immaculate conce tion. It takes a highly trained, politically sophi ticated, creative organizer to do the job. And it can be done just on a local basis because the problem today are regional and national so you need a n tional power organization. But to build it you' got to have pieces to put together, local pieces. A to build them you've got to have trained organizer That's why I'm doing what I'm doing now—trainin the organizers.

Another thing that matters is that this is a co porate economy. That's where the power—the polit cal and economic power—is. Now where are yo going to find the strength to make the corporatio use that power for the things that need to be done Suppose you could get all the blacks in the countr all the Mexican-Americans, all the poor whites, a the Puerto Ricans organized. And suppose son genius formed them into a coalition. That wou be maybe 55 million people by the end of t 1970s. But the population will be around 225 m lion by then. So the poor will still be a minori who need allies and they'll have to find supporte among the three-quarters of our people who a middle-class.

I'm including here the lower-lower middle clas making up to about $7,500—the employed poor, t "have a little, want more" group. Then you have t lower middle class at around nine, ten, or eleve thousand a year. Like the working poor they're i hock up to their ears with time payments. So a the middle middle class, making $15,000 a year so. In some ways the middle-class groups are mo alienated, more out of the scene even than t poor. There aren't any special funding progran for them. They don't have special admissions universities. They don't have a special anythin except getting constantly clobbered by taxes an inflation.

These people are just thrashing around in the own frustrations. They couldn't be effective alli

anyone because they're overcome, completely used by their own problems. So they fall back wo common clichés. One is: "I don't care to ıvolved." Or maybe someone else will call him- a "concerned citizen." This is really saying the of the citizens are not concerned, so they're not ens at all. When masses of people disengage his way it's a perfect setup for the extreme ıt, for the dictators whose pitch is, "Just follow ınd all will be well."

ow do you organize these frustrated middle- s people? You find out what they care about, t they are worried about, and you organize ı around these issues. Now inflation is not an e. Crime is not an issue. *It only becomes an is- when you can do something about it.* That's t the organizer is for.

ctually there are very few real issues and every ınizer knows this. For instance, life itself is what ple want most. But it's not an issue because e's nothing you can do about it. We have to ept the fact that we're all going to die. I suppose could make an issue out of death in some spots ınd Los Angeles, but we're not talking about ınizing nuts. When people discover that through ınization they have the power to do something, t was just a big sad scene breaks down into ific issues.

ake the war. The Vietnam Moratorium has n millions of people a way to do something ut this. Of course, there are middle-class people are not against war so you don't talk about it to n. The issues for them would be a constellation ther things—maybe taxes, gun control, pollu- , schools, zoning, pornography.

ook at a community like Cicero, Illinois. An ınizer could draw a crowd there in a hurry if he t in and said, "Let's keep the blacks out of our hborhood." Well, you can't do that because can't compromise on the basic principles of a and open society such as equality and jus- . But you don't start out right off the bat by ng, "Racists are banned from this organization, we're going to fight for the right to bring blacks ere." If you do that, they'll all walk out on you you'll have nobody to communicate with. So avoid the race issue. You leave it alone. You w that once you have them organized on other es, the situation will change. This is not just ry. I've seen this operate ever since the early s of Back of the Yards. Sooner or later, even the -income whites in a black-hating community out that in order to get the things they want— e safe in the streets and their homes for instance ey've got to make a deal, they need support. So begin to say, "We're not talking about this race iness, just man to man. You support us for this, we'll support you for that." A deal is based on a ımon need for each other—you care for the other when you need him. Blacks and whites are going et together on common gut desires and not on t is called conscience. We've seen what con- nce has produced over the centuries, or specif- ly since the Civil War.

The whole concept of organizing people on an altruistic basis, the way white liberals tried to do something for the blacks, is a lot of crap. This just isn't the way life is. Invariably, the right things get done for the wrong reasons. So the organizer looks for wrong reasons to get right things done.

These are some of the things we're teaching at the Institute. I'd planned originally to locate it in Berkeley. But we didn't get the support—the financial support—from the churches out there that we'd hoped for. So we were more or less stalled when I got a call from Gordon Sherman, the president of Midas Muffler. I'd never met him. All I knew about him was that he was a big corporation executive in town whose hobbies include playing the oboe, raising rare birds and orchids, mountain-trout fishing, and the United Jewish Appeal. He offered us about a half-million dollars, no strings attached except it's got to be in Chicago. He wants things to happen in this town the way I do. He's what the kids call a beautiful person. He is that. He practically set up the whole Chicago Businessmen's Committee Against the Vietnam War and he's helping support the Ralph Nader operation, the war against pollution, the Moratorium, you name it. Then, the Rockefeller Foundation gave us a quarter of a million dollars, again without strings. And we got a grant of $35,000 from another foundation which doesn't want to be named. The Presbyterian Church gave us $50,000. Then we have the fees from my lectures which are quite substantial and all go to IAF—Industrial Areas Foundation. So we can give scholarships to the students who need them—the course runs fifteen months.

We're enrolling a very mixed bag of students. Right now we have a Roman Catholic priest, a Presbyterian minister, a social worker, and a former steel worker. We have a Mexican-American who has organized in California; a Puerto Rican from the lower West Side of New York; an Indian sent by American Indians United; a black who has been organizing from Virginia to Pittsburgh, both in and out of jail and in the Georgia State Penitentiary; a white middle-class Princeton graduate who majored in philosophy, received the Root-Tilden law scholarship, and worked in Mississippi; a white girl from Connecticut who has been organizing around Hartford; a white Jesuit seminarian from the Boston area, and so it goes. They're all as different from each other as could be and yet they all have one thing in common: they want change and want to know how to get it.

How do we find these people? Some of them come to us, of course. Then too, we operate like a major-league ball club—we scout the sandlots looking for the troublemakers. Maybe we'd find you agitating for better schools in your community. We'd watch you and talk to you to find out whether you have an open mind, whether you're a free person, not one imprisoned by a doctrine. We'd also want to make sure you have a very good sense of humor, that you're not one of those dour, dedicated people who long to wear a hair shirt.

Then one thing we'd want to be sure of is that

"A deal is based on a common need for each other—you care for the other guy when you need him."

when you finish training you have a scene to go back to. We're not going to waste our time training someone who's going to wind up at a foundation as a consultant. When I hear the word "consultant" I always think about the guy who had a castrated dog. Every time a bitch in heat would pass by, this dog would try to break the window to get out. One day this fellow had a friend over who saw this performance. The friend says, "I don't get it. Why does your dog act this way, because if he did get out he couldn't do anything." The dog's owner answered with great indignation, "You don't understand. My dog is a consultant."

Suppose one of our men is trying to organize a community on the issue of water pollution—that's got a lot of people very upset in the suburbs where you turn on a faucet and nothing comes out but foam from detergents. It's a good issue but I can't tell you what tactics he'd use because in organization you are always improvising. For instance, The Woodlawn Organization—TWO—in Chicago got Mayor Daley to deal with them after they threatened to tie up all the rest rooms at O'Hare—keeping all the booths occupied. O'Hare is one of Daley's sacred cows. Another time TWO people piled rats on the steps of City Hall. Daley got that message too. The Northwest Community organizations in Chicago filled an old truck with garbage and dumped it on an alderman's lawn. They got better garbage pickups after that.

The only thing the poor have as far as power goes is their bodies. When TWO has a bunch of housing complaints they don't forward them to the building inspector. They drive forty or fifty of their members —the blackest ones they can find—to the nice suburb where the slumlord lives and they picket his home. Now we know a picket line isn't going to convert the slumlord. But we also know what happens when his white neighbors get after him and say, "We don't care what you do for a living—all we're telling you is to get those niggers out of here or you get out." That's the kind of jujitsu operation that forces the slumlord to surrender and gets repairs made in the slums.

Let me give you another kind of example. I was lecturing at a college which is run by a very conservative, almost fundamentalist Protestant denomination. Afterward some of the students came to my motel to talk to me. Their problem was that they couldn't have any fun on campus. They weren't permitted to dance or smoke or have a can of beer. I had been talking about the strategy of effecting change in a society and they wanted to know what tactics they could use to change their situation. I reminded them that a tactic is doing what you can with what you've got. "Now what have you got?" I asked. "What do they permit you to do?" "Practically nothing," they said, "except you know we can chew gum." I said, "Fine. Gum becomes the weapon. You get two or three hundred students to each get two packs of gum, which is quite a wad. Then you have them drop it on the campus walks. This will cause absolute chaos. Why, with five hundred wads of gum I could paralyze Chicago, stop all the traffic in the Loop." They looked at me as though I was some kind of a nut. But about two weeks later I got an ecstatic letter saying, "It worked! It worked! Now we can do just about anything so long as we don't chew gum."

When you think about organizing today, especially the middle class, you don't think about community just in geographic terms. People are drawn together by common interests, not because they live near each other. Take the question of taxes—how do you make a real issue out of that? Well, one idea I have is that there should be a graduated sales tax just the way we have a graduated income tax. Why should the poor and the working poor and the lower- and middle-income classes pay the same sales taxes for the essentials of life as the upper middle class and the rich? I'm suggesting that the Internal Revenue Service issue special ID cards for people with incomes less than $10,000. When they buy something they show the ID card and pay no sales tax at all. There's no means test here. If you're too proud to show your ID card, why you can just pay the tax. People in the middle middle class would have a different kind of card and would pay double tax. The upper middle class and the rich would have no ID cards and would pay triple the regular sales tax. We plan to try out something like this locally in the spring, maybe in New York State.

There are plenty of other ways to use the tax issue. For instance, clergy, university, and foundation people are exempt from the federal tax on air travel. Why shouldn't other citizens in lower income groups be exempt too? At the other end, why not charge a much higher tax to people traveling on expense accounts—this would be one way for IRS to cut into the expense-account gravy train.

Another tactic which we've already tried out is Proxies for People. We started this in Rochester with Eastman Kodak. The leading churches in the city who held Kodak stock turned over their proxies to FIGHT—the organization we helped set up in the ghetto there. This turned out to be our major weapon in getting Kodak to deal with FIGHT and to set up a training and job program for blacks.

The Kodak story got considerable national press publicity. And suddenly we were deluged with mail bags full of stock proxies in different companies. People wrote saying, "I've got some money to invest; what stock should I buy? What proxies do you want?" This response gave us a glimpse of how the middle class could really organize to accomplish something instead of just signing petitions or buying full-page ads in the *New York Times*. People suddenly saw that you can do something with proxies besides throw them in the wastebasket or sign them and mail them back to the company.

We plan to get into the corporate arena by setting up a separate organization called Proxies for People. We will ask all the liberals in America to mail us stock proxies. Organized stockholders can actually go to annual meetings, not just to a

tions about profits and about hiring policies or to demand to know what the company is doing it pollution, but wielding proxy power to change orate policy and practice.

me corporate executives are getting to be y sophisticated. I was having a couple of hes with one of them the other day and he ed me the blueprints of a new factory. "Boy," aid, "we have a really 'with it' architect. On main floor he's designed a sit-in room for onstrations. It'll have a coffee urn and lots of rs that aren't too comfortable." Then he ed to me, looking quite serious, and asked, e you really going ahead with this Proxies for le thing?" I assured him that we are.

ve also thought of going to Ford and the other dations and saying, "Look, we're not asking a penny. But we notice your portfolio contains sands of shares in companies that have a lot to about how this country is run. You claim you're mitted to a better society. So give us your ties and we'll take care of the rest." The labor- welfare funds are loaded with stocks and ties, too. Let's put them on the spot.

d like to see the campus activists get into this instead of just chasing Dow Chemical recruit- off campus. Let them set up student-faculty mittees and demand control of all the proxies e university's investment portfolio. That would ly be a way to raise all kinds of hell and get e results.

he college kids, of course, are mostly the upper middle middle class. When you start thinking ut organizing the lower middle class, you're ling with something that's different in many s, so the tactics will be different.

he average policeman is typical of the lower middle class. He's married, he and his wife go hurch, he has a small house, a car, and a library of installment-payment books. His job and a man's are a little more romantic than a garbage ector's. Still he knows it's the kind of job most ple look down on. He has some opportunity for ancement. But he sees that in the last fifteen or nty years anyone who really went upstairs in department was a college graduate or a profes- al of some sort. So the fact that he never went ollege is very important to him. He hopes his s will go.

hen his whole world goes smash. The kids who rampaging on campus don't seem to know the ue of anything. They never had to work. They around yelling slogans about Che Guevara—and doesn't know who Che was, except some damn l—or some Chinaman named Mao. He thinks se kids should get their goddamn asses beaten. He finds he isn't respected anymore. In the old s he could walk any place, go into a dark alley, except in rare instances no one would dare ault him. If you were a cop-killer, then God p you. The department would go out and get . In Chicago, if a cop was killed the mobs would send the word back, "We didn't have anything to do with it." Or, "We already took care of the guy who did it." Because when a cop's been killed the heat's on. Well, the policeman doesn't have that kind of protection anymore. And he has no status, no rationale for being. The way he looks at it, why are his hands tied when nutty kids occupy buildings and take out confidential files? From his point of view they're defecating on his most precious values. It's not just the police who feel this way.

"The only thing the poor have as far as power goes is their bodies."

One day when I was lecturing at a big university, there was some kind of uproar. A marine recruiter was driven off campus. I didn't see it happen, in fact I didn't hear about it till dinner that evening. I got back to my hotel around one o'clock and went into the bar for a nightcap. The place was empty except for the bartender and a Marine master sergeant in dress uniform, with a chestful of campaign ribbons and hash marks up to his elbows. He was sitting way down at the end of the bar, putting away one drink after another and crying audibly. It was very upsetting—a middle-aged man, very masculine, totally demoralized and crying.

I asked the bartender,"What's up?" He shrugged his shoulders and said, "He's been that way for the last three hours." I took my drink and sat down next to the sergeant and said, "Come on, buddy, things can't be that tough." Pretty soon he started talking. It turned out he was the recruiting sergeant who had been driven off campus. His eyes were filled with complete confusion—it wasn't just that he was pretty well stoned. He kept saying, "I don't get it, I don't know what's happening. I was at Iwo Jima. I was at Tarawa. I've seen my buddies alongside me getting their guts blown out; they died for these punks. And now I go on a college campus and you'd think I was a goddamn Nazi, the way they treat me. I just don't understand what's happening to the world."

This is how the policeman feels. So what does he do to have some rationale for living? Well, the super-duper patriots in the community who are screaming for law and order seem to be about the only people who have any respect for him. So he gets active in the American Legion, in the John Birch Society maybe. This gives him some status.

We've been contacted by a small group of policemen about going into our training program, men we think can become organizers in their communities and at the same time get some real status for themselves.

We've been talking with some black policemen also. In a lot of ways the black policeman is having the same trouble as the black intellectual. On the surface the black intellectual has never had it so good. If he has a master's degree he'll be offered a job that a white Ph.D. couldn't get. But at the same time he's trapped. He's joined the other side, moved away from his own people. So he may work out his guilt by militant rhetoric, by becoming what I call an Uncle Tough-Talk or the black in the gray flannel dashiki.

The black policeman is in an even worse spot. He's assigned to the ghetto, where he's not only a

pig but a black pig. The hate expressed toward black cops in many ghettos is much worse than the feeling toward white cops. One black officer we had in training said to me, "We're in a real bind, a real box. Which comes first, our job or our people? Well, we have to be with our people. We couldn't stand it otherwise and after a while our lives wouldn't be worth a nickel in the neighborhood." In other words, if they don't express some hostility to whites their own people will denounce them.

The answer isn't just to organize black police unions which would give them better opportunities for promotion. Our idea is to train them to become leaders among their own people, to help them develop mass power organizations that will fight for better housing, schools, and so forth. Our program with this group has been suspended at this point. Maybe this is the wrong time to start.

One of the biggest problems we face on the whole race issue is a complete collapse of communications. This goes both ways and all kinds of walls are up now which in some ways are as bad as the old segregationist walls. This is very important because it doesn't make any difference what ideas come up on the white side or on the black side; so long as we can't communicate with each other except in what I would call a crippled communication, then we're in for real trouble. You get a combination of screwed-up white and black neurotics whose vocabulary is all crapped with masochism and sadism, and it's a goddamn mess.

Right now you have the blacks saying, "Whitey, get lost, stay away from us, do your own thing with your own people." So I accept the fact that today, in spite of my record, my white skin disqualifies me from the kind of direct organizing work I've done in Chicago and Rochester and other ghettos.

In this climate, I'm convinced that all whites should get out of the black ghettos. It's a stage we have to go through. I'd like to see legislation enacted making it mandatory for all white businessmen and slum landlords in the ghettos to sell their stuff to blacks within an eighteen-month period. If they haven't done it by that time, then let the government come in—just like Urban Renewal—appraise their properties and businesses, condemn them, and then turn around and help blacks buy them with special funding or low-interest-rate loans. This is what they say they want. And until the blacks have the experience of being exploited by their own people as they were by the whites, this will be a constant thorn, a constant source of anti-Semitism because so many of the businessmen are Jews who stayed on after they moved their homes out of the ghetto.

I'm not saying this is any real answer for the blacks. You set up a black-owned gas station and what have you got? Four jobs. Or a black-owned liquor store or grocery store. This will accomplish nothing except maybe psychologically. A small businessman can't compete in terms of prices and service. If the blacks are to get a piece of the economic pie they've got to become part of the corporate economy. This was one of the unexpected things that came out of the battle with Eastm Kodak in Rochester. The big gain was that Xer got into the picture. They've helped set up a blac owned company which is a subcontractor, maki a product for Xerox. That's going to work out terms of a lot of jobs. That's getting into the cor rate economy, which is where jobs and money a

Sure, the blacks' demand for separatism is wro It's one of the irrationalities you have to acce part of life, part of growing up. After all, we' made black the color of everything ugly and shan ful. Nobody is ever pinkmailed, he's blackmaile Nobody is ever kicked out of a club on a blue li it's a blacklist. We use black for mourning, f funerals; we've made it the color of tragedy, evil. We talk about black days of infamy. So i natural for them to react by saying black is beau ful. In the end they'll see that black is beauti and ugly. White is beautiful and ugly. Every col is beautiful and ugly.

Though a lot of people don't understand th the Black Panthers are not all-out separatists. Th have some awareness that you must work wi others. So they have more potential than most the militants. But they need new tactics. I'd like see them mount a big offensive to get the dr racket—the pushers—out of the ghettos. Suppo the Panthers were to say, "One way the blacks a kept down is by getting them hooked. We are g ing to get those pushers out if they have to carried out." Now what would happen? For o thing the Panthers would have a plausible explan tion of why the police keep hounding them, b cause obviously the drug traffic can't keep goi without big payoffs to the police. And the Panthe would begin to communicate with a lot of midd class families—white and black—who are worri stiff about their own kids and drugs. I think t is the ideal assignment for the Panthers. Wh other organization is really fighting the dr racket? Who else is going to have the courage the lack of prudence to take on the Mafia exce a bunch of eighteen-year-old Panthers who a ready to die for a cause? If they did this I thi you'd see a big switchover in attitudes towa them. The police would have to back off and the would be a constructive force going in terms the whole black-white relationship.

You can't force people to love each other, so this point we can't talk about integrated co munities. I still stand by the testimony I gave b fore the U. S. Civil Rights Commission five yea ago. Then I defined a racially integrated communi as a chronological term timed from the entran of the first black family to the exit of the last wh family. While the blacks are moving in and t whites are moving out it's integrated. The only w you can have integration is for the whole city open up, almost simultaneously. Otherwise, wh just one community opens up, whether by bla initiative or blockbusting, the pressure is so gr that the community just turns over.

s ironic that the blacks themselves are pushing for apartheid. This makes the racist whites comfortable. When I was in the deep South a months ago I ran into a KKK guy I'd met before. He came up to me and said, "Mr. Alin- I want you to know you're wrong about we herners. You've always called us racists and ts. But I want to tell you that first of all I'm merican and I believe everybody has the right ve the way he wants to. And if those blacks to live separate and eat separate, I'll fight to leath for their right to do it." I remember ing at him and thinking to myself, "Why, you of-a-bitch. Your organization ought to send a contribution to these black separatists. Boy, they taken you and your kind off the hook. re all this separatist stuff you guys were always irming trying to figure out answers because you trapped with our American political tradi- of equality and all of your church stuff about and dignity. Now these separatists have given you on a silver platter. You don't even have hang-ups. You just stand there and look at me hand me all of this patriotic shit. Christ, life really get screwed up."

here's been a complete loss of communication between blacks and whites. If a white guy says ething really far out, your reaction is, "You nt to go to Bellevue and get a spinal test." But 's a black man, you listen politely and say, at's a very interesting approach." You're so ed of being tarred with the label of racist or t. Actually, what you're doing is even worse. 're treating him like a problem child. It's pater- sm, condescension.

fter one of my campus lectures, a really mili- black got up, just oozing hostility. "Mr. Alin- " he said, "I want to ask you a question. But I want to know, will you be speaking for all rest of the honkies?" "Okay," I said, "I'll wer your question. But first I want to know, are speaking for all the rest of the niggers?" Then alked to the end of the platform and looked at all blacks who were sitting together. "Look, get straight," I said, "all of you blacks. One: I am r *equal*. Two: I am not one of those guilt-ridden, wed-up, neurotic liberals you characters have n dealing with. Like the ones in the San Fran- o Bay area who went around wearing big but- saying HONKIES FOR HUEY during the Huey vton trial. If I were in a jam I wouldn't expect to wear big buttons saying NIGGERS FOR SAUL. l you know damn well you wouldn't do it. So 't give me any of that crap."

here was a moment's silence. Then the fellow had asked the question said, "Well what I nt was—is your answer going to be typical of white position?" I answered, "Is your ques- going to be typical of the black position? v let's talk." We had quite a good discussion the white students all of a sudden began sitting ike people.

SUMMER
by John Ashbery

There is that sound like the wind
Forgetting in the branches that means something
Nobody can translate. And there is the sobering "later on,"
When you consider what a thing meant, and put it down.

For the time being the shadow is ample
And hardly seen, divided among the twigs of a tree,
The trees of a forest, just as life is divided up
Between you and me, and among all the others out there.

And the thinning-out phase follows
The period of reflection. And suddenly, to be dying
Is not a little or mean or cheap thing,
Only wearying, the heat unbearable,

And also the little mindless constructions put upon
Our fantasies of what we did: summer, the ball of pine needles,
The loose fates serving our acts, with token smiles,
Carrying out their instructions too accurately—

Too late to cancel them now—and winter, the twitter
Of cold stars at the pane, that describes with broad gestures
This state of being that is not so big after all.
Summer involves going down as a steep flight of steps

To a narrow ledge over the water. Is this it, then,
This iron comfort, these reasonable taboos,
Or did you mean it when you stopped? And the face
Resembles yours, the one reflected in the water.

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Sometimes I think my mission at a lot of these universities is to liberate the whites. Often they tell me they will be talking with a black friend and he will suddenly freeze up and get a completely impassive look on his face, because three other black students come strolling by and are watching him. So he has to revert to his hostile role. This can't go on. It's too damn stupid.

There are certain things that are the same when you are organizing whether it be the poor, the Eskimos, the blacks, the Mexican-Americans, or the American middle class. But there are differences too. One of the big problems with organizing the middle class here is that they've got real hang-ups against being rude or vulgar or what they would call creating a scene.

The trouble is that to organize people there's got to be action and all action on a minute-to-minute basis is rude and involves making a scene. You can't have the manners of a cocktail party when you storm into a Senator's office, or City Hall.

To give you an example, I was flying into New York from San Francisco during an air traffic jam-up. We were due at five-thirty but didn't make it in until about eleven o'clock that night. We'd only eaten one meal all day. The hotel we went to kept the dining room open late but they'd run out of entrees. So I found myself with a grilled cheese sandwich and a cup of coffee. Some people

sitting at a table near me ordered griddle cakes. The waitress brought them but not the syrup and butter. Every time they said, "Miss," she would say, "Wait a minute," and the cakes were getting colder and colder. I tapped one of them on the shoulder and asked if they wanted the butter and syrup. He said, yes, we would appreciate it. So in a loud voice I yelled across the floor, "Hey get off your goddamn ass and bring the butter and syrup right now." Which she did. These people were so horrified that they kept telling the waitress they didn't know me, had nothing to do with me, that they were not responsible for the scene. Of course while they were saying this they ate their butter and syrup on the griddle cakes.

To give you a different example, last year one of the top editors of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* was telling me that his paper was the only one in the United States which printed the complete text of the Walker Report about the Democratic National Convention in my city—Chicago. In full, with all the four-letter words all over the front page, page two, page three, and so on. That day all hell broke loose. Churches calling, organizations, and irate citizens, all saying, "How could you do that—print those four-letter words all over the place?" "By the afternoon," he went on, "I was saying over the phone, 'Look, we made a bad policy mistake. I apologize—this paper will never do it again.' Finally I went home to dinner. And a young college senior who was visiting us starts in on me again saying, 'Don't you know that there are certain things you just don't do?' By this time I'm utterly defeated. Now she gets up from dinner in her evening gown. She has a formal date and he shows up in a tuxedo. The two of them go out. Well, it so happens that our dog unloaded right in front of the door and she steps into it. The next thing I hear is the cultured, well-modulated voice of this young lady saying, 'Oh shit, I just stepped in the googoo.' How the hell do you straighten these people out?"

It's very hard to try to get across how an organizer works—being loose and free, not really knowing himself what the issues are going to be. He knows that in life you go with the action and that you consciously look for hooks and handles that you can grab hold of, that you can twist and turn and pull and get the reaction that is so important in building a power organization. People ask me, "So you're going to organize the middle class? How are you going to start? What are you going to do?" How the hell do I know? All I know is what every really good organizer knows—you react to all the action with a reflex: "How do I use this to build the organization?" Maybe a year from now I can tell you what really happened with the proxies and all the other ideas we have now.

As you know, in Chicago we're starting to organize around the issue of air and water pollution. We'll be taking on some more of Mayor Daley's sacred cows—the corporations like Commonwealth Edison and Inland Steel that are mainly responsible pollution—which really should be spelled pollooti because it amounts to looting the public. If Co monwealth Edison complains that it will take a lo long time to get rid of their coal-burning, air-poll ing generators, then I say—the hell with them. L take the company over in public ownership a make those changes in eighteen months instead eighteen years. Of course, I expect people to st yelling "socialism" when they hear this. This i word with a lot of different definitions according who's talking about what. The characters who l in swanky Lake Forest call it socialism when government's welfare programs give money to poor. But you don't hear them bellyaching wh they ride along freeways built 90 per cent w federal money or when they latch onto a nice defense contract. When the other guy gets mon it's socialism; but when you get it, that's " operation between the private and public sector

One of the problems in any community is th the people who make the most noise intimidate others like the Birchers in some middle-class su urbs. Lone individuals are afraid to stand up agai them. But the minute they organize and feel th have some support, they stop being scared.

It takes a certain something that most peo don't have to stand up when you're all alone learned this when I was ten or eleven, living in Jewish slum. Next to us was a Polish communi And talk about the race issue, gangs, and turf you couldn't find more hate than there was betwe Poles and Jews. If any of us crossed 16th Street got the shit beaten out of us. And we did the sa to the Poles if we caught them in our neighb hood. There used to be mass invasions, like w like a pogrom.

One day one of my friends came to us all bruis He'd been jumped by three kids in the Polish s tion. So naturally we went on the hunt and fou a couple of Poles. We were merrily beating th up when the police suddenly appeared and arres all of us. They took us down to the station hou and called our mothers. The mothers came screaming about how their kids had brought d grace on their families. Who ever heard of go Jewish boys being arrested? And they promis the police sergeant their boys would be punish plenty when they got home.

My mother didn't take me home. Instead she to me to the Rabbi—I was very devout up to about t age of twelve. The Rabbi started telling me h wrong I was and I defended myself. "They beat up," I said. "So we beat them up. That's the Am ican way. It's also in the Old Testament: an e for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Beat the hell out them. That's what everybody does."

The Rabbi answered. "You think you're a m because you do what everybody does. Now I wa to tell you something the great Rabbi Hillel sai *Where there are no men, be thou a man.* I want y to remember that."

I've never forgotten it.

ator George McGovern

HE LESSONS OF 1968

· traditional system for nominating our Presidential candidates—satisfactory in es of relative party unity—cannot withstand the stress of a genuine disagreement asic policy. Here the Senator from South Dakota presents a program for ocratizing the Democrats.

he Democratic National Convention of 1968 already has settled into the folklore of Ameri- politics. Its mere mention evokes the vision of ltuous floor debate, bloodshed and tear gas in streets, demonstrators and delegates standing ther, arm-in-arm, in confrontation with the e. To some it also evokes the image of rigged edures, of a political party assembled to reach letermined decisions. The Convention became shame of the Democratic party, and in all likeli- l assured its defeat in the November following. erever politicians meet—wherever Americans t—they agree that the Convention imposed such rain on the democratic system of government a repetition would be intolerable.

et this Convention was governed by essentially same rules as those which nominated Woodrow son, Franklin Roosevelt, and John F. Kennedy. nything, the rules in 1968 provided for more ular participation than in 1964, when the states e warned that delegations would not be seated ss chosen without regard to race. To be sure, rimination was not absent from the 1968 Con- tion, but there were more black and brown ericans as delegates than ever before. Yet even Chicago blacks were not represented in propor- to their numbers in the population, and even so in proportion to their numbers in the ocratic party.

he issue which brought the convention to the e of chaos, however, was not race but Vietnam. war exposed the profound flaws in the Ameri- Convention system. It showed that institutions ch work satisfactorily in times considered nor- may be unequal to periods of stress. The Con- tion which nominated Adlai Stevenson, for ex- le, was not necessarily "healthier" than the vention of 1968. Whatever illness became ap- ent at Chicago was present then, too, but the ptoms were concealed beneath the relative unity bjectives that the party enjoyed.

Delegates to those earlier conventions may have agreed over the Presidential nominee, but they ally concurred on the basic questions of domestic and foreign policy. The assumption in those days seemed to be that the delegates had assembled to pick a winner, and it mattered very little how they went about their work. For several decades, of course, the deep South had not concurred in the party's objectives—and at every Democratic convention since 1948, blocs of Southerners have either defected or threatened to defect. These defections spotlighted the ugly racial exclusion practiced by many delegations. At successive conventions the majority took steps to correct that failing. In 1968, however, it was not the Southern minority but something like half the delegates who were profoundly disaffected. Feelings about the war ran so deep that it became impossible to hide the presence of a fundamental defect within the structure of the convention system itself. The defect was a failure of democracy, and went to the heart of the American political system.

The public began to sense that something was wrong when Senator McCarthy, soon joined by Senator Robert Kennedy, undertook to challenge President Johnson over the issue of Vietnam. McCarthy's early success indicated to the President that his conduct of the war was unpopular and contributed to his decision to withdraw as a candidate for renomination. Shortly afterward, Vice President Humphrey announced his candidacy, with the clear understanding that he supported the President's Vietnam stand. Though the Vice President chose to enter no primaries, partisans of his cause and of the war did seek to mobilize write-in support at the various primary way stations. In no election did the Vice President receive more than a tiny fraction of the votes. Yet he arrived at the Convention the clear favorite for the nomination, with perhaps 1,700 delegates out of a total of 2,500 pledged to him.

"I don't care who does the electing, so long as I can do the nominating," Boss Tweed once said. And, indeed, it looked as if a handful of party regulars were dictating their choice for the Democratic Presidential candidate to the Convention. Under other circumstances, the American people might not have been so stunned. After all, President Truman

George McGovern of South Dakota was elected to a second term in the U.S. Senate in 1968. He was a bomber pilot in World War II, then taught history and government, received a Ph.D., and in 1957 was elected to the House of Representatives. He is widely regarded as a leading candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1972.

Senator McGovern

THE LESSONS OF 1968

had handpicked Stevenson in 1952, though Senator Estes Kefauver had won the primaries. No one then challenged the assumption that the incumbent President should choose his own successor—especially when he was as obviously well-fitted for the responsibility as Adlai E. Stevenson. But 1968 was not 1952, and it surely was not the free-and-easy days of Tweed.

The rivalry between Senator McCarthy and Vice President Humphrey involved far more than the delegates' judgment of which man had superior credentials. Young Americans had blanketed New Hampshire not only for a man, but for an idea. Vast numbers of Americans believed that what was at stake was nothing less than the fundamental principles guiding our nation. In the primaries, Democrats had spoken out unmistakably against the war, yet now the party machinery was treating them with contempt. No wonder so many felt that the party had lost touch, had perhaps forfeited its very right to exist. However amiable Democrats felt about Stevenson's choice in 1952, they were not prepared in 1968 to have foisted upon them a nominee committed to the policies so many had voted to reject.

This kind of situation—in which the existing political system fails to respond to a widely held popular commitment—was not without precedent in American history. On two other occasions popular dissension within a political party had put the national convention as an institution of reconciliation to the test. Both times the institution failed. In 1860, slavery politics made a shambles of the Democratic party's two national conventions in Charleston and Baltimore and led to the election of Abraham Lincoln. In 1912, many Republicans were so deeply moved by the spirit of Progressivism that they broke away from their national convention to nominate Teddy Roosevelt, thereby assuring the election of Woodrow Wilson.

Certainly the stage was set for a similar walkout in Chicago. Added to the anxieties of a war imposed upon them by a President of their own party were the frustrations produced by procedural abuses which often made it virtually impossible for rank-and-file Democrats to participate in their party's decision making. But in 1968, unlike 1860 and 1912, those dissatisfied with the party opted to work for positive reform from within rather than to leave the party altogether.

Much credit for mobilizing the 1968 movement for party reform must go to Governor, now Senator, Harold Hughes of Iowa, who serves as Vice-Chairman of the Commission on Party Structure and Delegate Selection, which I chair. In midsummer of 1968, Hughes took the initiative in organizing a Commission on the Democratic Selection of Presidential Nominees to examine the manner in which the Democratic party nominated its Presidential candidates and the way state parties chose their delegates to national conventions. The Hughes Commission applied itself intelligently to the task, and was able to submit to the Convention a set of startling facts about how the Democratic party's de gates are selected. It is not so much that the fac had been a secret but that, curiously, no one—inclu ing the scholars of American politics—had ev bothered putting them together before. Even t best books on American government contained lit information about the process of delegate selectic It was as if the American people, charmed by th electoral practices, cared nothing about the myste of nominating a candidate.

What the Hughes Commission found was a wic spread pattern of delegate selection by party boss small committees, and rigged conventions. It fou that many of the delegates had been chosen by p cesses which started two or four years before t convention. And it established that minority rep sentation was rendered impossible by the use committees or conventions which abided by the u rule at any level. While obviously only scratchi the surface, the Commission had sufficient data conclude: "State systems for selecting delegates the national convention display considerably l fidelity to basic democratic principles than a nati which claims to govern itself can safely tolerat

Given the atmosphere in Chicago in the sum of 1968, the Democratic National Convention co not ignore such evidence of disregard for popu expression. History is full of examples of human stitutions that have died rather than be reform But the Democratic party, since New Deal days least, has operated within a tradition of reform. 1936 the Democrats eliminated the century-o "two-thirds rule" and thereby denied to a one-th minority the power of veto over Presidential no inations. In 1964, the party announced its int tion to eliminate racial discriminaton in all pa affairs. For Democrats the way was clear: "T cure for the ills of democracy," it was long a said, "is more democracy." So in the tumult of C cago, even with Democrats at one another's throa the reformers—who included the supporters of the Presidential candidates—still were able to wi mandate for change.

A fight did ensue over how much power t Convention should use to compel the state parties undertake reform. The Rules Committee, unc Governor Sam Shapiro of Illinois, proposed th the Democratic National Committee appoint a co mission to "give serious consideration" to cert reforms. The Credentials Committee under Gov nor Richard Hughes of New Jersey went a st further by proposing that a committee be appoint "to aid the state Democratic parties" in enacti reforms, and report its "efforts and findings" to t 1972 Convention. But a minority of the Rules Co mittee, with the active support of Harold Hugh brought to the floor a still more rigorous resolutic They proposed that the 1972 Convention "shall quire," in order to give "all Democratic voters full and timely opportunity to participate" in no inating candidates, that (1) the unit rule be eli inated from all stages of the delegate selecti process and (2) "all feasible efforts [be] made assure that delegates are selected through pa

nary, convention, or committee procedures open ublic participation within the calendar year of national convention."

midst the madness of Chicago, the country lly noticed that the motion of the Rules Com- ee minority—an indisputably tough mandate procedural reform—was carried by a vote of 0 to 1,206. The victory was made possible by a ition of supporters of McCarthy, Humphrey, myself, the only such coalition of the entire vention. But whatever the source of the major- the favorable vote meant that the party had ged, clearly and forthrightly, never again to full participation in its affairs to all Democrats.

early February, Senator Fred Harris of Okla- oma, the new Chairman of the Democratic Na al Committee, acting on the Convention man- , appointed the Commission on Party Structure Delegate Selection, and invited me to serve as irman.

eginning in April 1969, the Commission ap- ited to set minimum standards of popular par- pation in party affairs and to aid state parties heir efforts to comply with these standards, con- ted public hearings in seventeen cities and heard testimony of more than five hundred Democrats. y ranged from such established leaders as for- National Chairman John Bailey and Governor n Connally of Texas to professors, party insur- ts, Young Democrats, and one witness who was ember of both the New York State Democratic tral Committee and SDS. From Mayor Richard ey of Chicago, despite his reputation as a party ocrat, came one of the most thoughtful pro- als: that candidates for the Presidential nomina- be required to enter at least a third of the state naries, unless later relieved by a two-thirds vote he convention. A small staff studied the testi- ny, and examined the maze of state laws and y regulations which determines how the na- al convention delegates are selected. The Com- sion found virtual unanimity that reform was ntial. It also uncovered a pattern of delegate ction that was more appalling than had been pected.

et me offer some examples—all the more pain- for being perfectly typical:

More than one-third of the delegates who at- ied the Convention in Chicago were selected, in ct, more than two years before, when the issues. ay nothing of the candidates, had not been clari- . In many states, where delegates are actually cted within the calendar year of the Convention. individuals empowered to appoint them were nselves selected two to four years before. This ns, for example, that by the time President don B. Johnson announced his decision not to renomination, many delegates to the 1968 vention had, in effect, already been chosen.

Youth participation was a dramatic feature of politics of 1968, yet in eighteen delegations to the Democratic Convention in Chicago, there were no voting delegates under thirty years of age. In thirteen other state delegations, there was only one voting delegate under thirty. The average age of the Delaware delegation was fifty-three years. Women also were substantially underrepresented, comprising only 13 per cent of the total delegates. Ten state delegations did not have the four women required to fill the places assigned to them on the four standing committees of the Convention. Only one delegation of the fifty-five had a woman as its chairman.

• In ten states, there were no codified party rules available to Democrats who wished to participate in the delegate selection process. In three more, there were no rules at all governing the selection process for delegates to the National Convention. In these cases, the rules were issued by the state committee. In many more states, rules, if they existed, were so inaccessible as to be useless to Democrats wishing to inform themselves of how to participate in party affairs.

• The costs of participation were often excessively high, and in some cases clearly discriminatory. In one state, the fees required of insurgent Democrats if they were to challenge for all delegate positions in the primary election exceeded $14,000, payable before they could even begin canvassing for petition signatures—which were also required for access to the ballot. Furthermore, the regular party slate in that state was automatically placed upon the ballot with an advantaged "official" designation. In several states, the party assessed all of its delegates, presumably to pay "hospitality" costs at the Convention, amounts which ranged from $15 to $250, with one state charging $500—exclusive of whatever personal expenses the delegates incurred while attending the Convention.

• In 1964, according to a study by the Citizens Research Foundation, the average expenses incurred by the delegates at the Atlantic City Convention was $455. The median income of the delegates who attended that Convention was more than $18,000 a year. The same study indicated that 55 per cent of the delegates to the 1964 Convention were officials of the Democratic party, and their annual contribution to the party was between $220 and $240.

• In many states, voters select the party officers charged with choosing Convention delegates, without any notion that they were participating in the Presidential selection process. Even in some primary states, it is unlawful for candidates for delegate to the National Convention to list their Presidential preference on the ballot.

"The Hughes Commission found a widespread pattern of delegate selection by party bosses, small committees, and rigged convention..."

To be specific, I will go through the process by which a single state selects its delegates. I will not identify the state by name because I do not want to single it out unfairly for criticism. The Commission's inquiries have shown that its practices are far from unique.

The Democratic party of this state has no written constitution or set of rules, so the State Committee adopts procedures for choosing delegates early in each Presidential election year. In 1968, the State

Committee decided to choose something more than 10 per cent of the state's delegates to the National Convention from among such dignitaries as the Governor, the Senators, and top party officers.

The Committee gave the Congressional District chairmen the power to conduct caucuses to select delegates. It further empowered the county chairmen to arrange for ward and township conventions at the lowest level, then county conventions at the next level, to elect delegates to the state convention. By custom, delegates to the state convention were also to serve as delegates to the Congressional District caucuses.

As a consequence of the absence of state or party rules, vast discretion was left to local leaders in the arrangement of conventions. Not surprisingly, the discretion was often abused. Although the State Committee said that the local conventions should be open to "Democrats," it was left to the county leaders to decide who "Democrats" were. This power became a device, in more than one instance, for simply excluding insurgents from convention sessions.

In one county the chairmen of four township conventions refused to disclose, despite repeated questioning from the press, where the meetings were being held. In another, the chairman refused to disclose the place of the meeting until the afternoon of the preceding day. The McCarthy Democrats, told to assemble at a local night spot, arrived to be informed by a bartender that the convention had been moved to another location unknown to him. In another instance, McCarthy backers were notified of a scheduled convention forty minutes before it was to meet; when they arrived, they found that the convention already had concluded its business.

In one township, where the meeting was genuinely open, a vote showed that McCarthy supporters outnumbered party regulars by a margin of 140 to 111. One of the regulars then stood up and voted 492 proxies for the regular Democratic organization. Observers could never remember an instance when proxies had been used at such a convention. Though the McCarthy people asked to examine the proxies, they were not permitted to do so. Nor did the organization ever reveal the proxies by name.

In several counties the required conventions were never held. The designated chairman merely forwarded a list of "approved" delegates to the next level in the nominating process.

On a number of occasions, McCarthy supporters did manage to get themselves elected to the delegation going to the county conventions. But in each case imposition of the unit rule effectively nullified their influence. As a result the impact of the McCarthy candidacy, on both the district caucuses and the state convention, was negligible. Nonetheless the state chairman demanded that the unit rule be observed by the delegation as a whole in Chicago. When the National Convention outlawed the use of the unit rule in the balloting for the Presidential nominee, some hidden McCarthy voting did emerge. But it amounted to about 6 per cent of the delegation, far less than the McCarthy strength in the state itself.

Apparently not impressed by the democratic future of its own selection procedures, the party leaders in this state have established a state party reform commission. This commission already has begun its deliberations and has held public hearings on the adoption of a permanent set of party rules. Progress of this kind may indicate to some skeptics why I am genuinely optimistic about the possibilities for constructive reform within the party.

At the McGovern Commission, our problem was to write a standard which would assure the elimination of the abuses I have described, without at the same time circumscribing the right of the local Democratic organization to provide for the selection process most congenial to the people of the state.

The Commission is aware that many Americans believe the only genuinely democratic way to nominate Presidential candidates is through a national primary election. As of this time, our Commission has not considered the proposition. We have neither the authority from the Convention nor the power over Congress to make such a provision for 1972. I believe our nominating system should allow party leadership to be tested and would-be Presidential candidates to be publicly scrutinized in a variety of circumstances. Our present mixed system, properly conducted, is likely to perform these functions and ensure popular participation. My quarrel, in short, is not so much with the convention system as with its perversion. I find promising a proposal offered at the Commission's Denver hearing, incorporated into a bill by Senator Frank Moss, for a convention which designates the top two or three convention vote-getters as candidates for the party nomination in a national runoff.

Regardless of future modifications of the convention system, I believe that we can turn the nominating process over to the people. In November of 1969, our Commission met in Washington and adopted a series of official guidelines. These guidelines will be binding on the states' delegate selection process. They are based on the conviction that it is more important for the Commission to provide the easy access than to choose among different kinds of selection systems.

I will summarize a few of these guidelines here.

• All discriminatory costs, fees, and assessments on candidates and delegates are to be removed. In the future the process by which we nominate a President will not be inaccessible to any American by reason of financial incapacity to participate.

• All vestiges of discrimination on the grounds of age or sex are to be removed. Notably, state parties will be required to ensure that Democrats above the age of eighteen have the privilege of full participation in all party affairs, including the right to hold office and be elected as National Convention delegates.

All minority group members must be guaran- an opportunity to participate in the delegate tion process. The Commission further expected state parties to overcome the effects of past imination by affirmative steps including spe- ally inviting black and brown Democrats to y meetings.

All state parties must adopt readily accessible which prescribe the delegate selection pro- res with clarity and detail and which encourage popular participation in this process. Infor- on about the time, place, and location of all ocratic party meetings should be publicized g with information on the Presidential prefer- of delegates who appear on the ballot in the se of the selection procedure.

The nominating process must effectively begin January 1 of the Presidential election year. steps in the process, including the election of y officers who have special responsibilities in ion to delegate selection (including the nom- on of a slate of delegates) must occur within calendar year of the convention.

The minimum standards set by the McGovern mission include other regulations governing edure, such as the elimination of proxy voting, setting of reasonable quorums, the abolition of rule, the selection of alternates, and the filling acancies.

Perhaps the two most important provisions of Commission were those relating to apportion- t of delegates and the fairer representation of ority views at all stages in the delegate selection ess. The first of these recognizes that an appor- ment formula based on one Democrat, one vote, secure equitable representation for all Demo- s. The second provides that political minority vs should be preserved until the final stage of the ction process—the National Convention. These provisions the Commission is urging, rather n requiring, of the states for 1972.

We know, of course, that the state parties, even with the best of intentions, cannot in all cases ieve these objectives by 1972. Some state laws not readily be overturned. In circumstances of kind, our Commission has no plan to provoke a remacy struggle between the party and state slature. We recognize that conditions in some he states may make such changes impossible. nough we do not expect state parties to violate e laws in order to satisfy the 1968 Convention ndate, there is one thing we do expect of them: ply put, we expect them to provide a party ap- atus which allows for an effective test of leader-).

The most striking aspect of the politics of 1968 that so many people who were engaged in ve dissent from the policies of the incumbent ministration were using the traditional avenues party politics to channel that dissent. The efforts hese people to make the system respond to their nands were instrumental in demonstrating how isolated the American parties are from their constituencies. Within the Democratic party, in state after state, rank-and-file efforts to participate in the first stage of the nominating process revealed that access was generally difficult, and, even when achieved, influence might still be minimal. Participation was often costly, sometimes completely illusory, and, in not a few instances, impossible.

The involvement of more people in the political process is a matter of life or death for our parties. Political parties are by no means the only way of organizing our political life. The media, especially television, offer direct access to the public. And some see an ominous alternative in the possibilities of the streets.

For too long now we have viewed our parties as private affairs—the property of the bosses, the large contributors, and the incumbent politicians. In the Progressive Era, people thought they could avoid boss politics by passing Presidential primary laws. They were wrong. History has shown that the primaries can be manipulated.

In 1968, parties—and specifically the nominating process—still belonged to the select few. Ed Costikyan, a respected New York politician long active in reform politics, has remarked that, "The first thing Presidential candidates should realize is that delegates are not free agents, nor are they individuals subject to persuasion. A delegate is the property of his leader." This was all too true in 1968. In more cases than we might care to admit, delegates were selected to nominate candidates for President of the United States without any opportunity for public participation.

But things are changing. The courts are beginning to take an interest in the business of political parties. And the work of our Commission is beginning to bear fruit. In over thirty states the Democratic party has established reform commissions which are exploring the hard questions of greater public access to party processes. In some of the most closed states of 1968, rules and laws have been changed to ensure more democratic procedures for the 1972 Convention.

I know that there is a long way to go. I also know that the vitality of the Democratic party will probably involve more than mere structural changes. Participation will increase only as people see the political parties as responsive to their needs and concerns.

Political parties must serve as more than just conduits by which people secure public office. They must address themselves seriously to the social problems and major issues of public policy which face our nation. But, as a first step, we must immediately open the door to all of those people who are or may be inclined to use political parties to serve the ends they seek. This is what reform of the Democratic party is all about.

We are in the process of invigorating our party with a massive injection of democracy. The day of the bosses is all but over. My optimism may be premature, but I do not think there will be another Chicago. □

"More than one-third of the delegates who attended the Convention in Chicago were selected, in effect, more than two years before."

Richard Rhodes

HARRY'S LAST HURRAH

"What does a President do when he leaves office? How can he bear the loss of power and authority?" Harry Truman solved the problem as he solved all problems, by never doubting who he was or that he possessed Jovian gifts.



Thomas Hart Benton's mural, "Independence and the Opening of the West," painted onto the wall across from the main entrance of the Truman Library.

Independence, Missouri, on a Sunday morning in late spring, breathes the quiet of a country town, birds twittering resentfully at church bells, the people, at eleven o'clock, gathered together for worship, and only an occasional car, rusting at its fenders, passing on the streets, aprowl for a Seven-Eleven store that might offer up its blessing of eggs and Alka-Seltzer. The Baptist Book Store is closed; the courthouse on the square that Harry Truman rebuilt is deserted; the Denton Drug Store is dark except for its dusty windows, where apothecary jars glow with colored waters of no medicinal virtue: the offices of the *Independence Examiner* are locked tight against any news of the outside world.

Dr. Billy G. Hurt will preach at the First Baptist Church, a block north of the Independence Memorial Hall where, as a teen-ager, I danced folk dances with dirndled girls. Where I later registered for the draft. The First Baptist Church service has begun when I arrive, and an usher with graying, close-cropped hair points me to a row of dark plywood seats tucked back under the balcony. After a suitably discreet pause, the elderly lady next to me passes a hymnal in time for me to turn to hymn number 487, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." It is Memorial Day.

Dr. Billy G. Hurt wears the dark suit, white shirt, and white tie made familiar by another Baptis Billy Graham. A pride of Billy's in that denomina tion. Dr. Billy's delivery—his subject is "The Chris tian's Memorial Day"—borders on elegance. He ha been to school, and knows how to use his intellectua weapons without snobbery. "There is a demoni force loose in the world," he says, "call it the Dev or call it what you will." It rolled itself up to over whelm the world at Christ's crucifixion, he says "Our young men have died in numberless wars i numberless places, and where is that better da their sacrifice was to bring?" Dr. Billy's jowl i heavier on his right side than on his left, and h juts his head to the right as he speaks to protect tha heavy jowl from scorn, his hands white at th knuckles twisting the pulpit as if he would wrenc it from the floor to dramatize his point. "In thes perilous times there are not many evidences tha God's love is stronger than man's hatred"—surpris ing sentiment from a Baptist preacher in Indepen dence, Missouri. "The Christian's Memorial Day"- does he mean Easter?—"is better." It is a sombe sermon, a surprising conversion of the Baptists' tra ditional hellfire and damnation into a moder idiom. Dr. Billy G. Hurt hurts, and his congreg tion, composed of the very young and the very old listens, or seems to, the members of the choir i

Richard Rhodes has spent most of his life in or near Kansas City, except for his years at Yale and in the Air Force Reserve. He does reviewing for national papers and is working on a book about the Midwest.

r glossy purple robes lined up behind the acher, especially intent since they are on public lay, their faces fixed and stern. A Wollensak e recorder, looking like a small air conditioner, els silently atop a filing cabinet tucked into a ner of the wall next to me, preserving Dr. Billy future generations of Baptists. The sermon nds anti-war, the last thing I would have ex- ted to find in Independence, but the anti-war e turns martial at the end when Dr. Billy proves ble to resist a metaphoric moral: "Christ's mes- e to us is—keep up the fight!"

After the sermon, Dr. Billy welcomes a family ently moved to Independence from Kansas City, other and Mrs. Calvin Strange," and we sing ass Me By" in ambivalent welcome—"I hope the ior won't pass me by." As the Postlude plays its ponse to Dr. Billy's benediction, the lady next to does her duty and satisfies her curiosity, wel- nes me to her church, asks me who I am. Did sident Truman ever worship here, I ask her in urn. No, he was a Baptist, but he always went to Grandview, where his family lived, to the ptist Church there. When he was in Independence worshiped with Bess at the Episcopal Church. r church. Where, I discover later, Clifton Daniel the *New York Times* and Margaret Truman, only ld of Harry and Bess Truman, were wed. The y introduces me to my usher, who looks at me ncommittally and shakes my hand. The line pass- Dr. Billy is long; I leave by a side door.

Independence knows its age, as few American vns can. Founded in 1827, chartered in 1849, it tles today rotting in its history. Its very name ises the victory of that earlier Revolution. It was watering hole of the westward movement well fore Kansas City clambered up the Missouri ver bluffs. Here rested pioneers heading for Ore- n and California: Joseph Smith and his fanatic ormon band; traders outfitting for Santa Fe; and er, petty criminals whom we celebrate as outlaws the West.

Independence had little enough to recommend it: adjacent river, no prominent grove of trees, no amatic elevation above the surrounding land. But had a spring, pouring blue water into the big ick standpipe the town's founders caused to be ilt around it. The standpipe remains; above the t mud at its bottom now is posted a sign: WATER SAFE TO DRINK. That is what has become of Inde- ndence. Kansas City, cleverly snaking out annex- ion lines around the older town, has completely rrounded it. The young people have moved out to eir little 50-by-50-foot imitation farms in the burbs to fight crabgrass and sod webworms as eir forefathers fought locusts and Indians, driv- g their camper trucks off into what is left of God's untry on Sunday morning when they ought to be church listening to Dr. Billy G. Hurt keep up the ght. Except to the very old, Independence is no nger a town at all, but a crossover point between opping centers. Wild Woody's Bargain Barn oms up just down the road. Wild Woody may be ore in the spirit of the old Independence than the camper-trucked young who pasture around it: he is fervently Early American, his full-page newspaper ads with a banner titled WILD WOODY SEZ and below that a new pamphleteering slogan each week in krazily-spelled dialect.

Independence was different when I lived there, on a farm at the town's edge—the city limits divided one of our pastures—from 1949 to 1954, years when Truman was President. The town could not then have been more Midwestern as my adolescence meant the word, rural and shaded and slow, withdrawn behind closed windows and cautious minds. Preacher Bob, at the Watson Memorial Methodist Church (which is gone now, torn down to make way for the Stake of Calvary Center of the Reorganized Church of the Latter Day Saints), delivered more than twenty sermons on the books of the Old Testament, each sermon more boring than the last. Preacher Bob affected clerical robes, too, an ecclesiastical elegance that brought murmurings from some who preferred their Wesleyism plain. Woody replaced him, a country man at heart, who met his name—it was really Woodruff—by carving a heavy cross for Watson Memorial's chancel and rebuilding the interior of the parsonage. One summer a Methodist preacher in a nearby town was called up for enticing boys, and I shuddered to hear of it because he and I had talked late and lonely by a campfire once of my onanistic sins and my profound desire for Christian comfort, and I think he had his hand on my leg for Christ's sake. Next to the Memorial Hall in Independence rose another Methodist Church, more fashionable, I learned from an Independence girl who attended it and later attended Radcliffe and ended up in Afghanistan. The two Methodist congregations had divided during the Civil War, Watson Memorial going Northern, the other church Southern.

Independence was that sort of town, too, though Preacher Bob made attempts at Christian charity. One Sunday he invited the pastor of the African Methodist Episcopal Church over—more murmurings—and once white missionaries recently from the Dark Continent told us of the horror with which their charges greeted a package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Mix, because the natives had become accustomed to finding inside America's packages whatever was illustrated on the cover. Or so I remember, but that may be a joke I read in *Reader's Digest*. It catches the missionary spirit, however.

"Except to the very old, Independence is no longer a town at all, but a crossover point between shopping centers."

Down the street from the Watson Memorial Methodist Church, a short block away, where I now walked after leaving the Reverend Hurt's establishment, sat Truman's high, elderly house. Not really Truman's but Bess's, given to the couple on their wedding day, possibly because the parents of the bride weren't at all sure that their new son-in-law would make good, though he was fresh from a captaincy in World War I and had $15,000 in assets in his pocket. Independence people still call it the Wallace house; it bequeaths a silence to the spaces around it stiller even than Independence on a Sun-

How INA is working

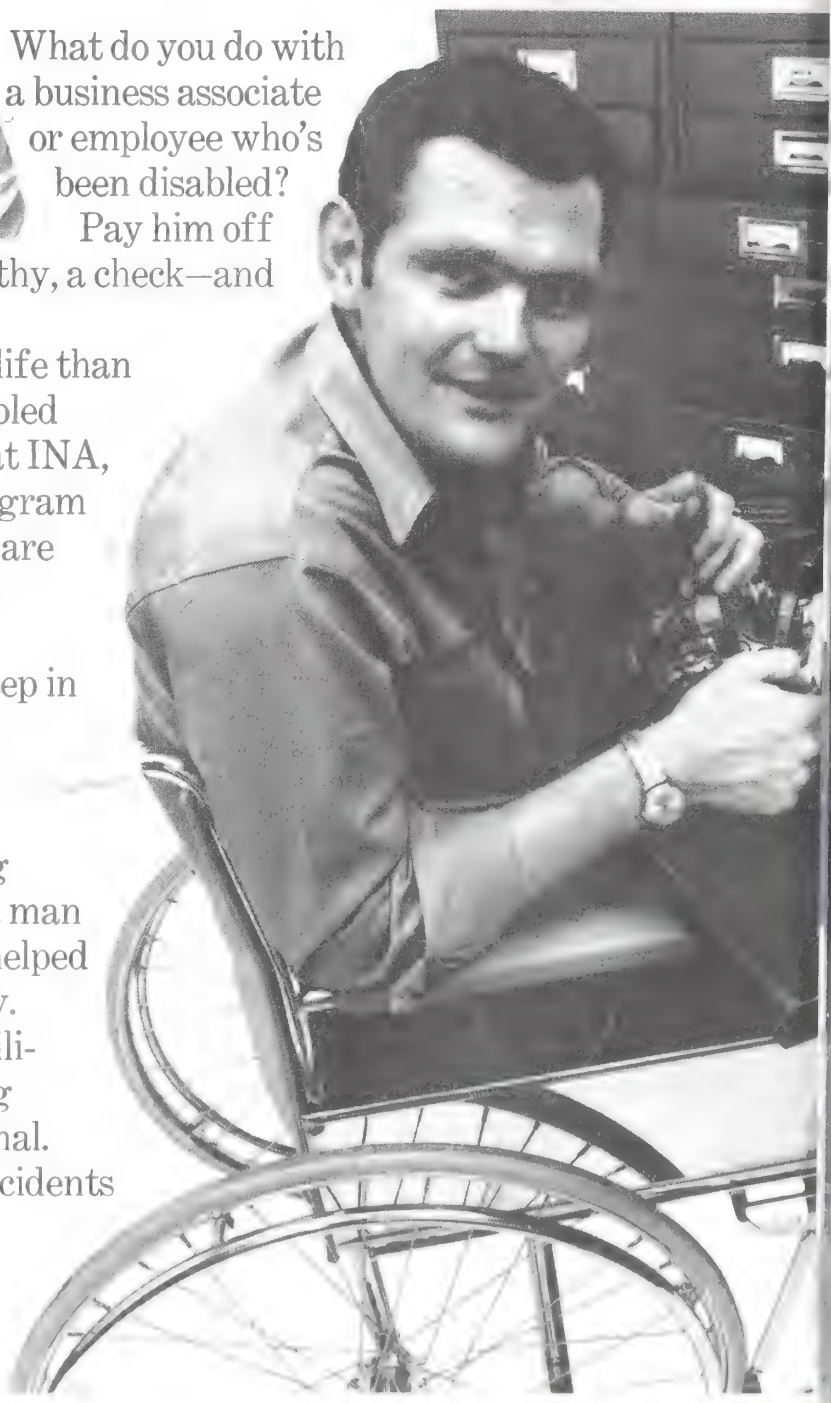


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Richard Rhodes

HARRY'S LAST HURRAH

day morning, a silence forced partly by the stature of the house itself—a quaint elegance of white Gothic curtained against the poisonous sun—partly by the stature of its inhabitant. Mr. Truman was President Truman during most of the years I attended Watson Memorial. I used to walk down the block in the half-hour between Sunday school and church to look at the President's house. Inside the wrought-iron fence that surrounded the house's large lot, reflected from tree to tree by clever mirrors mounted in black boxes nailed to the trees themselves, a protective beam of light circled the house like Ariel circling Prospero. I could not imagine that any occupant of that house, any native or long-time resident of that town, could possibly be President of the United States. My hero of the time, because I hoped to be a missionary myself one day, was Albert Schweitzer, a man with doctorates at heavy German universities in music and theology and medicine, and with all that learning off in Africa treating natives. How could a mere Independence man who wore loud Hawaiian shirts be President? I would stand across the street from the Wallace house in hopes that he would emerge, and watch tourists take their pictures smiling out from in front of the wrought-iron gate. Truman never appeared. Even when he was in town, he apparently stayed indoors except in the cool of the early morning, when I was out on the farm doing chores.

His vigor, as Dean Acheson reports it in *Present at the Creation*, would have surprised me. Independence moved slowly, as one moves when very old. Old men sat on the white benches young Judge Harry Truman caused to be built around the town square; the few restaurants served the same heavy, ponderously-eaten fried chicken and mashed potatoes and buttered peas and cream gravy for Sunday dinner that we were served at home. You drove slowly through Independence; the few stop-lights barely turned. At the summer meetings of the Independence 4-H Club the discussion of dues might run on through the entire evening. A President of vigor and sprightliness? But listen to him:

> *That summer of 1954 was abnormally hot in Kansas City [it was—the only time I can remember that we stopped having at noon] and the thermometer outside the hospital windows [where Truman was recovering from surgery following a gallbladder attack] ranged between 110 and 114 by midafternoon. Mrs. Truman was at my side constantly, and she read the newspapers to me, as well as current magazines and many of the letters and messages that came in.*
>
> *I did not realize how punishing the heat was to the other patients and visitors to the hospital, which was without air conditioning. I do not mind the heat, and I have never cared for air conditioning for myself, preferring fresh air no matter how hot or cold.*
>
> *When the director of the Research Hospital wanted to put in an air conditioner in my room I declined. . . . I felt that, despite the good intention of the hospital to provide me with every comfort, I should not be given special privileges, since no one else in the hospital was provided with air conditioning. . . .*
>
> *But several days later an old friend of mine . . . said, "It may be all right for you without air conditioning, but what about Mrs. Truman sitting here day after day in this insufferable heat? Why are you being so stubborn, and why don't you let the hospital put air conditioning in?*
>
> *I sent for the hospital superintendent . . . and within the hour, an air conditioning unit was installed.*[1]

That is vigor, of a Midwestern kind. And pride, a courtliness that he made much of in his public l though it has always been difficult to visualize E as the cute, blonde-haired, blue-eyed girl of dreams whom Harry often described.

So many of Truman's qualities came dire from his Midwestern past. His decisiveness. slept, so he told us," says Acheson, "as soon as head touched the pillow, never worrying, beca he could not stay awake long enough to do so "With the President a decision made was done and he went on to another"—Acheson again. T man was called stubborn often enough. "St born" is the pejorative of "decisive," and a ph cally-small man, especially one so nearsighted Harry, would learn stubbornness early in a sn town if he had any gumption, and Harry did. would be forever defending his stature, his w eyes, his endless books, his rights in a knit family that didn't always know the best of tin though it never knew the worst.

"My mother was partial to the boys," writes T man in his *Memoirs*, "both in the family and the neighborhood. I used to watch my father mother closely to learn what I could do to pl them, just as I did with my schoolteachers playmates. Because of my efforts to get along my associates I usually was able to get wha wanted. It was successful on the farm, in school the Army, and particularly in the Senate."[3] I the way the physically weaker but mentally m alert boy or man converts the stronger.

Imagine then Harry bantying around a ba field, elated with his power to command for haps the first time in his life without subterfu yet learning awful lessons of the cost of his c mand in the lives of men he knew not only in ba but also back home. More than one historian said Harry Truman was shaped there, in Fra running a profitable commissary in his spare t with Eddie Jacobson (the same who would l help him near to bankruptcy and take that ple himself) but facing, in the flaring darkness battle, the cost of every decision he made.

And probably shrinking at first from such co quences, drawing the old stubbornness about h self for solace, yet gradually giving up the elat cleaning away the decision-making process u only the fact of the decision was left, until he k that whatever else it might cost him, a deci would not cost him his sanity or his self-respect

[1] *Mr. Citizen* (Bernard Geis Associates, 1960).
[2] *Present at the Creation* (Norton, 1969).
[3] *Memoirs, Vol I. Year of Decisions* (Doubleday, 1955)

d be made to the best of his knowledge and y and he would then forget it: "He done his ıdest," Harry's favorite epitaph.

ne gives up squeamishness too in such a cir- cumstance, as one gives it up on the farm, e after the war Harry spent twelve working ; of his long life. Plowing makes way for sow- and sowing for a solid field of wheat and tall ; but the day comes when those sweated and ıred crops must be cut and stored, or cut and the grain to be fed to animals which in their will be slaughtered; and that is the way of the ral world, and you give up squeamishness or subside. Truman then, and Truman as Presi- had no intention of subsiding.

stead he became enamored of the process of ing decisions, juvenated by the continual redis- ry that it was possible to make things happen, ove the world, to go from A to B to C and even ıe way to Z by so simple and logical a procedure ıaking a decision. It became most of what he d about and wrote about, and read about as He ranks Presidents by their ability to make ɔrtant decisions, and he will himself be ranked because he made some of the most important sions of the century. My God, no wonder the is stubborn. Though he has read as many books ıy man alive, he never went to college; to dis- r that among the Achesons and the Cliffords, gentlemen from Yale and St. Louis, he need listen to each man's information and opinion, them against his encyclopedic knowledge of erican history and his own good horse sense, come up with the right decision more than half time: that prided him beyond belief. Acheson ibes Truman's perpetual cheerfulness to his thy genealogy, but it came instead from his joy eing the man who gets to make more important sions every day than any other on the face of earth. He never doubted who he was, plain ry Truman, a "great little man" as Acheson rath- ɔndescendingly puts it; but he never doubted er that he was possessed of a Jovian gift.

nd for years after he left office, the people at the man Library say, political scientists came round ng Truman about his "decision-making pro- ," and Truman laughed and scoffed and looked other way. As far as he was concerned, it's the plest thing in the world once you get the hang t. "What was your most difficult decision?" the used to ask Harry when he spoke to them in auditorium of the Library. "Korea. Korea," he'd "That was the most difficult decision, because involved the whole free world. That was the st difficult decision to be made. And it saved rea as a free government which had been set up the United Nations, and the Republic of Korea saved. But that was the hardest decision that to be made because it involved the whole free rld."

And the others? Dropping the atomic bomb? ning the United Nations? Fighting John L.

THE NEW POETRY HANDBOOK
by Mark Strand

1. If a man understands a poem,
   he shall have troubles.
2. If a man lives with a poem,
   he shall die lonely.
3. If a man lives with two poems,
   he shall be unfaithful to one.
4. If a man conceives of a poem,
   he shall have one less child.
5. If a man conceives of two poems,
   he shall two children less.
6. If a man wears a crown on his head as he writes,
   he shall be found out.
7. If a man wears no crown on his head as he writes,
   he shall deceive no one but himself.
8. If a man gets angry at a poem,
   he shall be scorned by men.
9. If a man continues to be angry at a poem,
   he shall be scorned by women.
10. If a man publicly denounces poetry,
    his shoes will fill with urine.
11. If a man gives up poetry for power,
    he shall have lots of power.
12. If a man brags about his poems,
    he shall be loved by fools.
13. If a man brags about his poems and loves fools,
    he shall write no more.
14. If a man denies his poems pleasure,
    his wit shall wear boots.
15. If a man craves attention because of his poems,
    he shall be like a jackass in moonlight.
16. If a man writes a poem and praises the poem of a fellow,
    he shall have a beautiful mistress.
17. If a man writes a poem and praises the poem of a fellow overly,
    he shall drive his mistress away.
18. If a man claims the poem of another,
    his heart shall double in size.
19. If a man lets his poems go naked,
    he shall fear death.
20. If a man fears death,
    he shall be saved by his poems.
21. If a man does not fear death,
    he may or may not be saved by his poems.
22. If a man finishes a poem,
    he shall bathe in the blank wake of his passion
    and be kissed by white paper.

Richard Rhodes

HARRY'S LAST HURRAH

Lewis? The Marshall Plan? The Cold War? The campaign of 1948? The Berlin Airlift? Firing MacArthur? What on earth would the man have done with Vietnam?

After decisiveness, loyalty. Queer loyalty when it involved defending people like Harry Vaughan or showing up as President of the United States for Kansas City Boss Tom Pendergast's funeral. But remember also his loyalty to people like Acheson and Marshall. What else but loyalty from a battle commander, a 33rd-degree Mason, a man helped into office by Missouri's unregenerately partisan Democratic party? But what else also from a man who remembered, as a boy, a happy childhood full of pigeon raising, wood cutting, gardening, and small-town gangs? "At the corner of Delaware and Waldo east of us [in Independence] were the Sawyers, the Wallaces, and the Thomases. Lock Sawyer was older than we were, and the Wallaces were a year or two younger. Bess, Frank, and George Wallace all belonged to the Waldo Avenue gang. Across the street at Woodland College were Paul and Helen Bryant. Paul and Vivian [Truman's brother] were great friends and raised pigeons and game chickens in partnership. We had wonderful times in that neighborhood from 1896 to 1902. Our house soon became headquarters for all the boys and girls around. . . ." What else for Truman but intense loyalties? It was how he grew up, how he lived his life. Acheson, who used to return to Yale to visit his old secret society, Scroll and Key, understood well enough, and so did Clark Clifford, that handsome, brilliant, discreet mother of Presidents. Truman's men began calling themselves "the old contemptibles"; Truman they called "the Chief"; and whatever their understanding of their group, for Truman it must have seemed some nationally convened neighborhood gang. He conducted the affairs of state—we have Acheson's word for this, though what follows is not his patrician image—as if they were discussions of what activities, what mischief or good deeds, should issue forth from the treehouse today, and Truman chief of the Treehouse Association.

Writes Acheson: "[Truman's was] a truly hospitable and generous mind, that is, a mind warm and welcoming in its reception of other people's ideas. Not in any sense self-deprecating, his approach was sturdy and self-confident, but without any trace of pretentiousness. He held his own ideas in abeyance until he had heard and weighed the ideas of others, alert and eager to gain additional knowledge and new insights. He was not afraid of the competition of others' ideas; he welcomed it." It is not fanciful to imagine the mature Truman remembering, amid the affairs of state, the old gangs and how they worked; his worst word for the Nazis, and later for Stalin's bunch, was "gangsters," and to him that word means more than Ma Barker and Al Capone. Truman is fond of saying he is a cross between two of Missouri's other famous residents, Mark Twain and Jesse James. He may well be.

He was proud of the Marshall Plan, and it was his and Acheson's and Clark Clifford's more than General Marshall's: he was delighted with P Four, the Peace Corps' predecessor promising it did not fulfill—a sort of Midwestern chiropra of international healing; he regretted Korea wi fierce unyielding regret born of battle in W War I. he was scared as hell of MacArthur, immensely relieved when he removed that ad bully from his Japanese throne; he found Pots trying but did his level best, and the odds were favorable.

> *In a physical sense I found the Potsdam conference to be exacting. Churchill and Stal were given to late hours, while I was an earl riser. This made my days extra long. . . . I w glad to be on my way home.*

No country boy could hope to keep up with t two advanced alcoholics on their own terms." man moans the odd hour of their formal meetin 5:30 in the afternoon—but he stuck them out had known odd hours before.

Greatness as a President is not necessarily g and it may very well be evil, depending on you like what that *greatness* accomplished. Rem ber that this snappy dresser from Independe this plain practical man, helped to construct national and global politics of our present age invented the Cold War; he desegregated the Ar Forces; he laid the groundwork, in his Ko "police action," for Vietnam; he forged NATO the United Nations; he confiscated the coal m and would have confiscated the railroads to f the federal will; he took power from the c branches of government, as all strong President And he did it all in the name of sweet reas name he believes. The irrational has no pla his canon, though even his neighbor Dr. Bill Hurt insists that the diabolic was loosed into world long ago. And soon enough we will ha dismantle this age Truman created with the s Dean and the clever Clark at his side: it has gr beyond its once-rational limits, swollen in a of world-destroying acromegaly, gone knobby awkward and bizarre, gone self-destructive, more than a little mad. None of this can be Truman intended, but what has happened is result of the groundwork he laid. Present at creation indeed: present now in the days befor flood, or perhaps the apocalyptic fire, blunt pl ABMs raining genetic death on a race that mu to create.

What does a President do when he leaves of How can he bear the loss of power and autho John Kennedy was lucky: he died and passed immediately into myth. Eisenhower was a r and not much more, before he ever took offic sweat. Hoover's Quakerism saved him, an training as an engineer; he lived on to becom nation's most efficient vacuum cleaner. Hoov up the starving refugees of World War II, Ho ing up the administrative mess of the war-sw

al government, passing everything through his
e bag and leaving the rug of state decently
. Lyndon Johnson will bear the loss the worst
em all; presently he broods in the cavern of
uarded top-floor offices like Ahab, spewing
memoirs.

uman solved the problem as only he could. He
ne a high-school teacher. First he wrote his
oirs, then he buried himself in the details of
ing and establishing a Presidential library,
he taught school. His Library, on I-70 north of
pendence, is laid out like a study unit for a
s course, with curios thrown in to hold the
attention. A major exhibit is devoted to the
obs of the President as Truman defines them;
f Executive, ceremonial chief of state, legisla-
planner, head of his political party, commander
hief of the Armed Forces, and director of
gn policy. Around this central exhibit are
ped others remarkable only for their naïveté.
one wing, plunked down on the bare limestone
, sits Harry's prewar Chrysler, the car in which
nducted his Senatorial reelection campaign in
, drove as Senator and then as Vice President,
turned over to his sister when he became
ident. She drove it from 1945 to 1951, frugal
e. The Chrysler Corporation later had it re-
d; pale green, with those impossibly large
on tires cars used to wear, it still shows the
mered-out remains of fender dents earned
ening down Missouri backroads and in the
e of Washington, D.C. traffic.

nomas Hart Benton's mural, "Independence and
Opening of the West," three years in the making
painted with bravura right onto the wall by
ty old Tom, glows across from the Library's
n entrance, a swollen montage of settlers and
ans rising to a peak over a large double door-
, an orgy of aniline in the plain limestone and
ble hall.

ruman's White House office is preserved more
ss intact in one wing, and by pressing a button
may hear the President himself explain to you
details of the room, the hidden doors, the fur-
ings. In such a setting one wishes Disney's
gineers would construct an audio-animatronic
man to deliver the lecture in person, banging
lastic fist on the desk to drive each point home.
single black telephone on the Presidential desk
ars deficient and antique after the supercom-
ication systems of Kennedy and Johnson. But
s not authentic in the Truman Library Oval
m. Surely Truman did not fill the White House
ves with the hundred-volume history of Brazil
ortuguese that lines the wall nearest the visitors'
?

isitors, says the museum's curator, like best the
y-17-foot Persian rug that hangs opposite the
well in the museum, all 29 million knots of it,
ft to Truman from the Shah of Iran. They also
the ornamental swords encased near the main
ance, heavy with jewels. The White House floor
n which sagged under the weight of Margaret
man's piano, cracked and dusty and ensconced in a glass case as if it were the Declaration of Independence, amuses visitors, as it must surely amuse Harry.

He himself no longer visits the Library. He used to be there every day at 7:45 sharp after a brisk one-mile walk from Wallace house, due north to the Library through an old and quiet Independence neighborhood. His constituency in those days, the late Fifties and early Sixties, was children, bussed out by the hundreds from area schools to see a live President turned civics instructor. One May the museum curator kept count of the groups Harry spoke to: one hundred in one month. He would take on four or five bunches a day, cracking out sharp answers to their questions about tough decisions, about how to be good citizens. "Korea, Korea," he would tell them, still brooding on the deaths of that undeclared war, and "Read, read," he would tell them, knowing how far reading had gotten him over the years, what a good citizen it had made of him. He would autograph someone's cast and drag along visiting dignitaries to answer the kids' questions and to show the visitors that the Chief still had a constituency of sorts, sans body hair. He would steadfastly refuse to discuss foreign policy, disclaiming knowledge of the facts but really remembering how damned difficult such partisan discussions had made his own Presidential years. Ah, they were star performances, his appearances before those uncritical awed audiences, and they did him a world of good.

Grown-ups came too, tourists from all over the country. It was a quick stop right there on the Interstate like a Howard Johnson's halfway between New York and California and maybe we'll catch a glimpse of old Harry himself. Admissions fell off at the Library when Harry began staying home: people would drive by the Wallace house instead, hoping to see the old man on his side porch or out walking.

"He alone among twentieth-century Presidents actually saved money out of his Presidential salary."

The real riches of the Library no one sees except the six hundred scholars and journalists who have signed in over the years at the back door. In the stacks, boxes upon boxes of Presidential papers stand in neat rows like massed troops, a total of six million sheets of paper. The juiciest are unavailable for reading, and will remain so until the people who wrote them and the people about whom they are written are dead and gone and no feelings left to be hurt. Each box is fumigated as it arrives as if to fix it in a permanent present. Digging through a few of the boxes, you sense the enormity of the American Presidency better than you can by talking to a President or pressing buttons in the Oval Room: letters of pride and heartbreak from ordinary citizens, numberless memos, drafts of speeches, handwritten notes, the minutely detailed history of an era. "The great period for Truman research lies ahead of us," says the Truman Library's director of research and records. "Ten years ahead. The Roosevelt period is just now coming available." Some of the most important papers have not even

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arrived in Independence yet: Acheson's, for example. And some won't: Jimmy Byrnes's, who never liked Harry anyway because he thought Harry stole the Presidency from him.

But writing memoirs, building a library, and giving civics instruction were never enough, could never be enough for a man who ran the world for seven years. "I hope you will remember what I have been," he told an audience at the New York World's Fair in 1964, "and not what I am today." He walked into the Jackson County Courthouse in Kansas City one day—he built that Courthouse when he was Presiding Judge of the Court, an administrative position. The three Judges who run the county's business greeted him warmly enough, and he told them, "I just happened to be downtown and heard you were meeting and came over to see if an old man out of a job could get work."

He felt the deprivation keenly. He had no hobbies; he had no sports; when reporters tried to characterize him after his obscure nomination as Vice President in 1944, he told them simply, "I'm a workhorse." Out to pasture, the workhorse cast about for something to do. One of the curious results of Truman's retirement was *Mr. Citizen*, a book as bare of substance as his two-volume *Memoirs* were crammed. In *Mr. Citizen* he discusses his friends, his operations, his grandchildren, his travels, and then makes a panicky plea for something to do:

> *Congress should pass enabling legislation designating former Presidents of the United States* as Free Members of Congress.
>
> *These Free Members would have the right to sit on the floor of the Senate and of the House on all occasions.*
>
> *They would have the right to take part in debate, subject, of course, to the parliamentary procedures in each house.*
>
> *The Free Members* would not have the right to vote.
>
> *They* would *have the right to sit in on any meetings of any committee, subcommittee, or joint committee of both houses and take part in discussions. Here, too, they would not have the right to vote.*
>
> *Free Members would be assigned suitable office space in the Congressional buildings.*

But without the right to vote, without a constituency behind them except for such national goodwill as remains after a President leaves office, what possible authority would Truman's Free Members possess? Or think of it this way: can you imagine Lyndon Johnson a Free Member? (Notice that in the midst of this momentous proposal, Truman practically provides for office space. He alone among twentieth-century Presidents actually saved money out of his Presidential salary—saved as much as a quarter of a million dollars by one estimate.)

The pastured workhorse wrote a newspaper column for awhile in 1964, but inexplicably stopped. When they laid the foundations for the Churchill Memorial Chapel in Fulton, Missouri, in 1964, Harry was on hand to turn a golden shovelful of dirt. Westminster College, in Fulton, annou[nced] an $80,000 gift to establish the Harry S. Tru[man] Chair of American History, and said that Tru[man] himself would deliver the first eight lectures. [He] never did. That same year, augur of decli[sion] Vergne Dixon of Dixon's Chili Parlor in Kan[sas] City, where President Truman was wont to di[ne] died of a heart attack.

By 1966 Truman was reported at home suffer[ing] dizzy spells, and one reporter claimed the for[mer] President had Parkinson's Disease. Truma[n's] family physician, Dr. Wallace Graham, denied [the] claim, although Graham was quoted in a letter [to] the director of the National Parkinson Foundat[ion] as referring to a "Parkinson-like syndrome." W[hat] Truman did have was a tendency to vertigo wh[en] ever he stood on his feet very long; that more th[an] anything else was responsible for his discontinu[ing] his daily visits to the Library and his daily walk[s].

The traditionally-Republican Citizens Party o[f] cials of Kansas City, Missouri, had never lik[ed] Truman. In 1967, when the city council was re[ady] to name the new international airport under c[on]struction north of Kansas City, the councilm[en] hurriedly approved the name "Kansas City In[ter]national" to avoid discussion of the name "Ha[rry] S. Truman International," discussion which mi[ght] offend the former President. "What has Harry e[ver] done for Kansas City?" was the tone of the m[ee]ing, a *Kansas City Star* reporter thought. Me[an]while, the airlines, believing the airport would [be] named Midcontinent International, printed up m[il]lions of baggage tickets boldly marked MCI.

By 1969 Truman had visited the hospital ag[ain] to recover from a bout of flu. Influenza was [an] demic across the United States that winter. He w[ent] to Key West to recover, a successful trip. Me[an]while, a Kansas City businessman named A[rt] Barket spent $80,850 on a railroad car claimed [by] its San Francisco owner to be the *Ferdinand Ma[gel]lan*, the car on which Harry conducted his Give-[em] Hell whistle-stop campaign of 1948. Barket p[ro]posed to make the car available for static displ[ay] and spent a good deal of money refurbishing it, [but] the car's lineage soon came into question: it m[ight] have been a car in which Truman once rode, bu[t] was probably not the car used in the campai[gn]. Chagrined, Barket claimed he still believed his [car] was the *Ferdinand Magellan*, and anyway he co[uld] get his money back if it was not an authentic re[al].

Harry S. Truman was eighty-five in 1969. [He] had pledged at eighty that he would live to [be] ninety. Once or twice each year, rumors fly arou[nd] Kansas City that he is dead or dying at Resea[rch] Hospital, his favorite, now a brand-new build[ing] and air-conditioned throughout. The rumors s[ug]gest that the people of the area are through with [a] living man and anxious to get on with the busin[ess] of honoring his death—keeping up with Abilene, [as] it were.

And today Independence seems a town disp[os]sessed, as if, Truman declining, it were being [de]mantled and carried away. It labored mightily [to] bring forth a great city, but brought forth so[me]

infinitely more valuable: a great man. It
y recognizes him, knowing as it does the
id from which he came, but he is its finest
Behind Memorial Hall sits a cupola, white
en dome over a brick foundation. For years it
ed a replica of the Liberty Bell given to Inde-
ence by the town of Annecy le Vieux, France.
ing back from Wallace house, I discover that
upola is empty, the bell gone, the bronze plaque
y torn out of its brick moorings. I wonder
e the bell has gone,[1] as I wonder where the
on Memorial Methodist Church has gone that
ark of its presence is left. On the square the
house is dilapidated, the windows dirty and
ered with paint, the sidewalk broken and
ed and bristling with aging parking meters.
equestrian statue of Andrew Jackson, the
ty's namesake, rides like a late commuter to-
the bus stop on the southeastern corner of the
re, and across the street discount stores and
y storefronts bleat urban decay. Somewhere
g the way, breeding pioneers and gunmen and
nighty President, Independence lost its soul.

What is it then to be very old and to have been President of the United States in the fifth de of the second century of their federation? to live in a body musted like old books, a nken body that no longer fills the clothes you , the shirt collars hanging from the neck, the s baggy at the seat, the coat drooping over the of your contracted shoulders. Your body no er responds; sluggish, cranky, it demands your ition, requires you to think about where next ace your foot for safety because the bones are le now and you can break your hip just stepping curb. It is to find your tongue sucking your t teeth like some lizard you have caught that s to get away, lunging and lunging as you ggle to hold it still without pinching it into pain. to see a different face in the mirror every morn- a face sunken at the cheeks, eyes looking out of cones created by the wasting away of sub- neous fat, eyes with pupils constricted by your present anger at being old, eyes that you have ed at too long and that now seem to look back ou with a despair you by now take for granted. nd to be old is to know that within this molder- shell which you once propelled proudly down s of sidewalks at exactly one hundred twenty s per minute, your brain is still alive and func- ing, slower now, some of its nooks and crannies ler to reach, some of its cupboards bare that opened onto home-canned riches of memory logic and imagination, but still capable of so h more thought than your body can act upon each sluggish response must make you mad. so signals of anger flash back through the still- circuits, and you must recycle or unravel or suppress the anger or risk overloading the entire system and breaking down in simple rage—and you are someone who was never known for keeping your temper if you didn't want to.

Stored in that brain, stuck in that brain with no earthly value now (because the last thing anyone wants in America is an old man, especially an old man who once controlled vast power and thus can no longer be deferential to any man except perhaps another President, and probably not even one of those, since they don't make them the way they used to anymore), stored in that brain is this enormous bank of data about the history of the world, American and British and French and German history and probably Tibetan and Angolese history as well. And nothing to do with it, no place to use it, no decisions to make out of this walking library loaded to the gunwales with good men and bad, good decisions and bad, sly Elizabethan ploys and hidden Napoleonic mistresses and stupid battle maneuvers and ships' cargo lists and gunpowder plots on all seven continents and the toilet habits of every American President and the exact number of bottles of wine that caused the downfall of the Roman Empire and all the words you had in secret and in public with the most powerful and the most brilliant men of your time.

And behind that synaptic bank of data another bank reserved for your long quiet relationship with the woman you honored and respected and possibly even loved for half a century, and with a little girl grown to be an intelligent and pleasant matron.

And behind that bank another bank, loamier, misted, with farm animals and distant cousins and the names of country trees and the way it felt to ride a horse on an October morning in Grandview, Missouri, before anyone ever heard of horseless carriages, much less atomic bombs.

"I hope you will remember what I have been and not what I am today." All the depth of it is there, the chill and pinch of age, the sorrow and sadness and bitterness and anger. Once you cheered a staff of good and sturdy men who worshiped your power and respected your good sense; now your one secretary, aging too and prim, sits in the office you can no longer visit and keeps the light on through the day. Once Presidents and Prime Ministers, Emperors and Kings, Ambassadors ordinary and extraordinary, Senators and Representatives, heads of great departments of government, Generals and Admirals, captains of industry, poets and journalists, winners of Nobel Prizes and earnest brilliant scientists, ordinary citizens, young people, deferred to you, hung on your every word, nodded and blushed and smiled; now an occasional President stops by your door, often enough a man you detest on principle and for a fact, and you come to the door because you still feel the office deserves that obeisance despite riots and murderous undeclared wars (you had one yourself, but you won it and won it as clean as such wars can be won and probably think you could win this one too, but only God could do that). And other than Presidents giving you the time of day because they want someone to give them the time of day

"I hope you will remember what I have been and not what I am today."
—Harry Truman

o the lawn of the Truman Library, as it turns out, e Liberty is rung in again by the Boy Scouts each 4th ly.

Richard Rhodes

HARRY'S LAST HURRAH

when they also are old, you see only intimate visitors, and few enough of those.

You never gave a damn for the fussy protocols of office anyway, not for yourself as an Independence boy, though you certainly gave a damn about them for yourself as Chief Executive Officer. You learned that schizoid distinction as an officer in the war if not earlier as the elected head of the Independence Treehouse Association. But if you didn't care for protocols, you loved to see the people, like every politician and every decent statesman, loved to feel the massed weight of their bodies crowding around like ballots raised out of the valley of dry bones into flesh. You could govern so vast a country, so various a country, so fickle and coy and sometimes vicious a country, because you were a one-man cross section, small-town boy and country boy, soldier and dapper businessman, practical county judge and shrewd politician, self-taught historian and steel-rimmed facts-and-figures Senator and snappy tough-minded President all rolled into one, with a whiff of the barnyard and a squirt of the church usher thrown in for good measure. You could dine with the Achesons and not eat your salad with your dinner fork and you could hunker down with a tough old farmer and bite off a hefty plug of Red Man and not choke. You were a countryman first and last and always, but you knew your way around.

And now he sits in his study, a small study, surrounded by books, reading books, reading a book a day (not some lighthearted novel or detective story, either, but a wordy historical study, the latest poop on the battle of Agincourt, the definitive printing of Abraham Lincoln's little-known early epic poems)—books and more books, so many books that Bess can't keep up with him despite the flood of new titles shipped out to Independence by unctuous New York publishers hoping for a quote, and must send out panic calls to friends like a little Dutch girl with her finger in the dike, *More books, more books, Harry wants more books.*

The memoirs are finished, the peculiar inhibited confession of ordinary citizenship is dry on the shelves of public libraries, not much checked out anymore; the study of Presidents never completed, the newspaper column abandoned, the lectures never given, the other books he wanted to write that he never told anyone about, books about the nature of the Presidency and the nature of history and the nature of the universe never written; still he sits in that little study behind those thick glasses reading, reading, just as he did as a boy, reading, storing up even more facts, weighing each decision, playing President down all the corridors of history, no longer confined to that oval office with the plow on the desk and the secret secretarial doors and THE BUCK STOPS HERE and the slicker mob of newsmen cooling their hot feet in the corridor waiting to catch him swearing again.

And all that reading useless now except to pass back and forth before his eyes for casual entertainment like a marathon Hollywood production, the events of history fading in and out of each other so that he can visit Waterloo with Caesar on the sidelines and confer with Napoleon about what he ou to do; visit Atlanta with MacArthur—no, not t son-of-a-bitch MacArthur—with Hannibal to ad Robert E. Lee about the advantages of elephan walk down Pennsylvania Avenue with Lincoln his side, Lincoln taking half as many steps to co the same ground, Truman looking up at him but deferring to him at all, Washington loping al behind, lost in ponderous Germanic thought, T man snubbing the weakling Zachary Taylor as passes, waving at Jackson and giving him a w that says *We understand these city boys*, Truma petite thin-soled rich man's shoes clicking away pavement under him; or he can mount his pony a go out and look for stretches of pasture beyond windbreak where he can ride hell-for-leather j like Teddy's Rough Riders and no doting mother hand to worry about his losing his glasses or bre ing a leg.

And all the other flashing pictures, all of Willi James's wonderful stream of our consciousness t becomes paradoxically such a comfort and suc bitter burden now, the aching emptiness of White House when Truman was alone at night a his wife and daughter were away; the warm Flor sun; the good bawdy jokes, all the thousands them, that he told over the years to win the co dence of those seemingly manly, seemingly stro big-jawed and big-chested men who were in f little boys in need of Truman's strength, he m a man than any of them despite his small size a scratchy baritone, he tough as nails and stringy a coyote on a cold day in March.

If he is very lucky, he doesn't know anymore t he is merely sitting in his study in Independence he is very lucky, he believes he is sitting in Athenian Senate holding a conference with Disra and Tom Jefferson and Jim Bridger and Attila Hun. But probably he is aware; friends report h as sharp as ever, though who believes friends? probably he knows, knows his age now who ne knew it before, who became Senator in 1935 at age of fifty-one and President in 1945 at the age sixty-one. Probably he knows that he is dying.

But if he knows, as any man must finally know as every man feels his body sinking downward i death in a gradual descent that brings real fear cause he never knows the day and hour it will h pen (and even if he doesn't fear pain he still m fear that final cessation, though in those final r ments if he has lived well he will cease to fear rest); if he knows, if Harry S. Truman knows t he is dying, then why is he still preparing for next great test of his ability to make big decisi and make them right by reading, reading, readin But then again, why not? He prepared that way his life, while the slick boys were out cutting a f ure. He probably believes in an afterlife, and expe at the very least to be one of Heaven's Free Me bers. And tough he always was, smart he always w ready for the next challenge he always was, crude sometimes was, but slick? Never. Harry Trum Jesse James, Mark Twain: as Dr. Billy G. H might say, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

ory by Ivan Prashker

HIRT TALK



When he heard his wife leave the apartment to go shopping in the afternoon, Moe Sohn, ired shirt manufacturer in his late seventies, d his ex-partner, Sam Lipshitz, who'd bought out and was running the business alone.

oe hadn't spoken to Lipshitz for more than ar; they hadn't gotten along when they were ners, and they'd fought bitterly over price when partnership broke up. Lipshitz, seventy years g but in good health save for slight prostate ole, was surprised to hear from his ex-.

t's been so long we spoke I almost don't recog- you," Lipshitz couldn't resist.

Big deal," Moe countered.

What do you want?" Lipshitz asked tonelessly. 'm calling about business."

"What 'business' a rich, retired stud like you has to worry about?" Lipshitz needled.

"Did you ship the goods to Kuflik?"

"Goods? Kuflik?"

"I know he doesn't pay so fast, but he's proved to be a solid account over the years, so maybe you got to be a little lenient."

Lipshitz looked like a boss, sitting in his Thirty-fourth Street office opposite the Empire State Building. An oily black cigar rested amiably between his fat lips and his feet were propped comfortably on his desk. Now whether or not he shipped goods to a customer was simply no longer Moe's concern. Besides, six months ago, it became company policy to stop selling small-timers. All of which meant that Lipshitz didn't owe Kuflik beans, let alone shirts.

"I'm not following you, Moe," Lipshitz said. "Maybe it's because today I'm thinking a little slow."

"Today is no different than any other day."

Lipshitz gritted his teeth. Moe always could get under his skin. "Look," he said impatiently, "I'm a busy man, and I don't quite get your train of thought. You're out of business, what's Kuflik got to do with you these days?"

"What do you mean I'm out of business?" Moe said indignantly. "I sold him six weeks ago for fall delivery. I want you to ship him even he does pay a little slow."

Lipshitz swung his feet off his desk. He put his cigar in the fancy copper ashtray on his desk, closed his eyes, and bit his lower lip. "Where's your wife, Moishe?" he asked. "Where's Ida?"

"I know Kuflik from the old country yet, seventy years I know him," Moe was saying. "How's it look, he buys and we don't ship cause he doesn't pay like a goddamn IBM machine."

"I want to talk to Ida," Lipshitz said.

"Ida's downstairs shopping. What's she got to do with shipping Kuflik? This is shirts I'm discussing."

"I'll tell you, Moe, let me think about it. I'll get back to you tomorrow about the Kuflik shipment."

But Lipshitz didn't wait until the following day to call back. He dialed Moe's number when he was reasonably sure he would catch Ida in the apart-

Ivan Prashker, a New Yorker who works as a fiction editor at Magazine Management, has recently begun to have his own stories published in national magazines.

ment later that same afternoon. She was preparing dinner.

"Ida, how's Moe feeling?" Lipshitz asked.

"I'll be right back," she said, wiping her hands on her apron. She went into the living room. Moe was taking a nap, sprawled in his favorite chair. His mouth was wide open.

Closing the kitchen door, Ida picked up the phone. "Why are you calling?" she asked Lipshitz. "Did something happen today?"

"Is Moe acting 'funny' lately?"

"Funny?" Ida stalled. But she had a good idea what Lipshitz meant. Not two days ago, looking Ida in the eye, Moe had asked, "Where's my wife?"

"Please," she said to Lipshitz, "why the questions?"

The ex-partner sighed. He hated to be the bearer of bad news but felt obliged to tell Ida she had to keep her husband from calling the office. Between the time Lipshitz had spoken to Moe and dialed Ida, he'd learned that for the last two weeks Moe had been discussing nonexistent business with office personnel—the bookkeeper, two salesmen, an inside man, even the mailroom boy. And they'd all been afraid to tell him about Moe's calls, but once Lipshitz had broken the ice that afternoon, every other gossip with a contribution to make eagerly chimed in. And Lipshitz, who half enjoyed working himself up over shaky office morale, had decided to put a stop to the older man's foolishness before it got out of hand. "I'm sorry to have to add to your troubles, Ida," was how he began.

She listened patiently, as Lipshitz spelled out the telephone calls Moe had made to the office the past two weeks. Ida was not surprised. Moe had lived for his work. After his second heart attack a year and a half ago, she'd forced him to retire. It was a wifely duty she had had to perform for his own good. But sitting home with time on his hands after a lifetime of hard work, Moe suffered misery Ida became aware only even existed this last year; and now she hated herself for having laid down the retirement law to her husband.

"You know," she told Lipshitz, "I'm sorry I didn't send him back to the office with my blessing after the second heart attack. It would have been better for him to die on Thirty-fourth Street than be unhappy for a year counting the money other shirt people were raking in."

"But that's crazy talk," Lipshitz cut her short. Even just imagining Moe dropping dead in the office gave his ex-partner goose pimples. "About why I dialed you, Ida, dear," he said, bringing the conversation back to essentials, "Moe's calls got to stop."

Ida had an inspiration. "Is it really so terrible he telephones, talks business to you or someone else in the office once in a while?" she asked.

Somehow the question struck like a blade to the belly. Lipshitz squirmed. "Ida, I'm a manufacturer, not a psychiatrist."

"I know it's a big favor to ask, but couldn't you kid him along? Talk business to him as if he were still a partner?"

Lipshitz had always liked Ida and wished could grant her request. Screw office morale! pay your people good money, that's office mor But Lipshitz couldn't forget that after selling to h Moe had spread the word in the industry he'd b taken for a one-way ride by his former partner twenty-five years.

"Ida, I wish I could go along with what you asking, I really do," Lipshitz said. "But in the f place, I'm a busy man. Since Moe isn't here, I two jobs. And in the second place, it's hard to for Moe told everyone I took advantage he was sick only offered a lousy price. I mean, my heart j isn't in the right place for him these days."

"What he said about you is nothing to what says about me because I made him retire," Ida swered. "He can't work, and it's killing him, so leaves it out. But if he could talk shirts to you might make it easier for him at home. He's got friends. All his brothers and sisters are dead. T business to him. Do it. And if you can't do it him, then do it for me."

Once, when everyone was younger, Lipshitz h gotten a woman buyer in trouble and needed mo quickly. He was ashamed to ask Moe, a Sabbath server, and in desperation turned to Ida. She g him cold cash the following day, telling him expl ations between friends were unnecessary. And n twenty years later, she was asking this favor of h and though Lipshitz hated getting involved he fo he couldn't say no. "All right, Ida," he told "But remember, this is only for your sake."

Moe was still dozing when his wife went b into the living room. He looked shrunk She knew he couldn't have weighed more than hundred and ten pounds. Sometimes at night would watch him put on his pajamas, and seeing was all bone it was difficult for her to keep her from gasping. He was almost seventy-nine years and she knew she was lucky he'd lived this long. in relative good health. But still, he was her band, they'd been through a lot together, and didn't want him to die.

Because he'd been having trouble sleeping dur the nights the last two weeks, Ida gave him a sl ing pill that evening. The pill didn't do much go however, for sometime after one o'clock she he him getting out of bed. She thought he was go to the bathroom and said nothing. The next th she knew she heard him opening the front d She jumped out of bed. "Moe, what's the matte she exclaimed.

But he didn't answer her.

Snapping on the hall light, she said, "Moe, wh are you going?"

He was standing near the front door, wear only his pajamas, which no longer fit him. "I looking for the paper," he said. A delivery dropped the *New York Times* opposite their ap ment door each morning between seven and se thirty.

ıt, Moe, it's only one-thirty in the morning."
stared at her, squeezing the door's brass knob.
's still pitch-dark outside," she said.
ne-thirty," he said, closing the front door.
went into the kitchen, where he studied the
hanging over the kitchen table. "Are you sure
ock is working?"
ome back to bed with me." Ida told her hus-

n not sleepy."
ould you like a cup of tea?"
hat's today?" he asked.
forgot. "The day after yesterday," she said
nore assurance than she felt.
nodded. For some reason satisfied with her
r, he found his way back into their bedroom.
arted to groan almost as soon as he fell asleep.
nearing him, Ida herself could only toss and
He mumbled a sentence; some words were in
sh, others in English. She caught his oldest
er's name.
e came of a family of four sons, two daughters.
hen he was just past thirty he was supporting
f his sisters, paying the business debts of two
ers, shelling out rent money for his parents.
ng his youngest brother through New York
School, and maintaining his own family in an
ment near Central Park. He had carried them
nd whenever Ida rode a bus down Fifth Ave-
and saw the statue of Atlas supporting the
on his shoulders, she couldn't help wonder-
But was Atlas as reliable as my Moe?" And it
her as incredible that Moe now only weighed
e more than a hundred pounds. And still hear-
is groans, she suddenly sat up in bed and
d that Lipshitz would understand what forced
ment meant to a man whom everyone used
pend on; in a word, she prayed that Lipshitz
l keep his promise and talk shirts.
d the next day, at the breakfast table, she pur-
y brought up the ex-partner's name. While
idn't expect miracles from a couple of phone
ersations, she was prepared to be most grateful
ıy breaks that came her way, and for that rea-
ıe didn't want too much time to elapse between
itz' promise and a call from Moe.
t Moe didn't need any prompting. The cus-
r Kuflik was still on his mind, and when Ida
down shopping in the early part of the after-
, Moe dialed the Thirty-fourth Street office
sked to speak to the boss.
loe, how are you?" Lipshitz greeted him as
g lost friend.
ave you shipped the goods to Kuflik?"
ıshitz, who would keep his promise to Ida, so
him, had decided not merely to talk to Moe but
ınd convincing, in character.
ve been thinking about what you said yester-
Moe, and the truth is I don't like dealing with
potatoes," he uttered for openers. "Now I got
ng against this Kuflik personally, but when, in
ion to only giving us peanut orders, he doesn't
n time, then that's one kike who's more trouble
he's worth."

"But I sold him goods," Moe protested. "You can't let him keep expecting delivery and not ship. That's treating a man like a dog."

Lipshitz stayed in character. "He doesn't pay on time, he doesn't like our terms. Let the greaseball buy from some other house."

"I, Moe Sohn, personally promised him fall delivery!" Moe declared. "You dirty louse, ship him!"

Lipshitz' ears sprang to attention. He wasn't used to people calling him bad names; but remembering Moe's rotten ticker, he held his explosive temper in check. "The way you talk about Kuflik, one would think he was your brother, at least a relative," he temporized.

"I always argue with you, Lipshitz," Moe was saying. "We're partners, fifty-fifty, and we're always fighting. I guess the truth is I never liked you."

Suddenly Lipshitz forgot he was play-acting. "I'm not exactly crazy for you either."

"Your opinions couldn't make me care less," Moe shrugged.

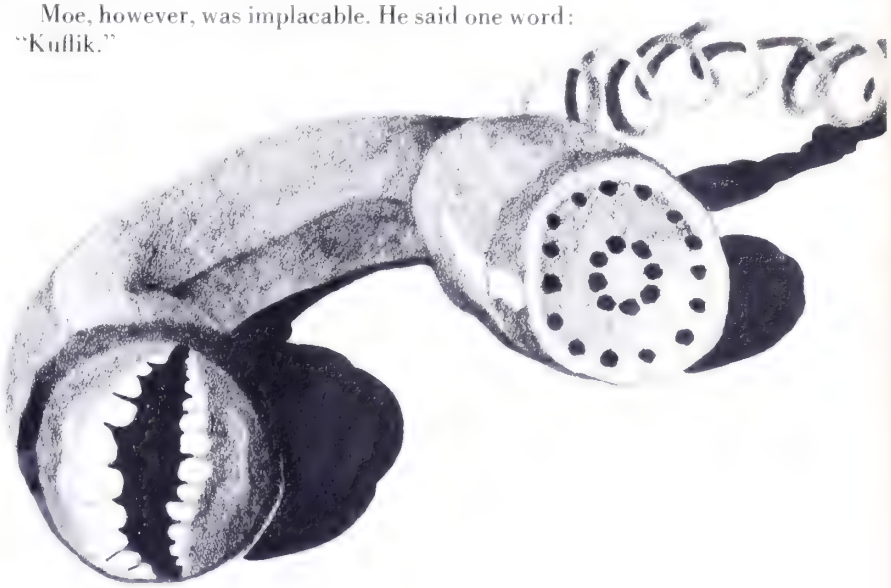
"Goddamn it, we don't have to stay partners forever." Lipshitz was so angry he didn't know what he was saying. "Maybe I ought to buy you out, or vice versa."

"Don't threaten me," Moe said. "Make me an offer. A *fair* one."

Emphasis on the word "fair" brought the ex-partner back to his senses. The past was finished. If Moe was nuts, confused past with present, that didn't mean Lipshitz had to do likewise, could only talk to Moe by forgetting he was making believe they were still partners. Cooling off, yet remembering his promise to Ida, he took a deep breath.

"Look, Moe," he said after a while, "we don't have to agree on every single customer, but that doesn't mean we're still not good for each other. We've built a profitable business these last twenty-five years, and it wasn't by luck or accident either. There are things you know I don't, and there are tricks I can perform you're not so hot at. I mean, we do good as partners. But even in the best of families there are some disagreements, no?"

Moe, however, was implacable. He said one word: "Kuflik."



Ivan Prashker

SHIRT TALK

"All right, all right, we'll ship the *pisher*. But tell him, Moe, tell him from me, he doesn't pay on time this once, he should find himself another shirt firm to drive crazy."

"Ship him," Moe sighed.

"I said okay."

"Kuflik's a proud man, and he's ashamed for people to know, but he's blind in one eye and the other has a cataract; also, sometimes he doesn't remember, and he can't always make out the due date on his bills."

"But why didn't you tell me this before?" Lipshitz asked.

"I knew it before," Moe said. "It was enough I knew."

Lipshitz had a premonition, he shivered. "Moe," he whispered, "is there anything else I should know?"

Moe thought a moment. "Don't let them make you retire."

"Is that all?" Lipshitz asked, disappointed.

"Don't kid yourself, I'm telling you a lot."

Lipshitz squinted. Was Moe supposed to think he was still a partner or not? Sometimes he sounded like he did, sometimes not so. Lipshitz was confused. "I don't want to keep you," he said, hoping Moe would take the hint.

Moe complied. "I got to go now."

"Be okay," Lipshitz said, grateful the call had come to an end. And putting the phone down, he sighed. Talking to Moe, in character, had proved to be a bigger favor than even Lipshitz had bargained for. He lit up an oily cigar and, remembering his past prostate trouble, called his doctor and made an appointment for the following week.

Moe didn't mention the phone conversation he'd held with his ex-partner when Ida returned to the apartment that afternoon. He had a strange, faraway look in his eye, and she guessed that Lipshitz had said the wrong thing; everyone knew that the ex-partner wasn't exactly Mister Tactful. Besides, psychology was a tricky affair, you never could tell how it would work out.

Now she asked Moe if he'd like something to drink, maybe a glass of orange juice before supper.

But instead of answering her, he went to the hall closet and got out his coat and hat.

"Where are you going, Moe?" Ida asked. She didn't want to stop him, but it upset her when he went into the street alone, and the fact it was getting close to dark now made her even more jumpy.

"I'm going home," he said, putting on his hat.

"You're going where?"

"Home. I'm going home."

The perfectly calm expression on his face alarmed her even more than what he said. She tried to smile; she tried to smile the way a mother does to reassure a bewildered child. "But this is your home. You live here, Moe."

"No, you're mistaken, I work here." Then he went over to the desk in the living room and withdrew from one of its drawers a small blue-v bag containing his prayer shawl and phylacte

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I'm taking these home with me," he said, ing the velvet bag into his coat pocket. "I need for *shachris* tomorrow morning."

"Come to the window with me," she said i calmest voice she could manage. He let her him through the living room. They looked ou window together. "Don't you recognize this n borhood? The apartment buildings? You've on this street for more than ten years."

"But why are you trying to fool me?" he a angrily.

"I'm not trying to fool you," she said.

He pointed to a group of businessmen who hurrying home from work. "You see those across the street? They've just left their offices. is Thirty-fourth Street. I wouldn't mind sle here, but it's not safe; too many *goyim* aro

"Let's go out into the hall and ring Mrs. Fe doorbell," Ida suggested. Mrs. Feder was their door neighbor. "She doesn't work downtown. I see her, will you admit this is your home?"

He said nothing, and she took him by the l His fingers were cold to her touch, but she wo let them go. And man and wife, they walked o their apartment together.

Ida rang Mrs. Feder's doorbell, but there w answer. She thought to try another neigh apartment, but frightened at the way fate seen be conspiring against her, she hurried back safety of her own living room, holding Moe t by the hand.

Stalling for time, she said, "Stay just toni you still want to leave tomorrow, then okay *shon*."

He seemed undecided.

"I work hard all day, I'm tired it come o'clock. Is that so terrible?" he asked.

"Of course not," she said, letting go of his

"It may not sound hard, but today I had Lipshitz how he should handle my friend Educating a dummy, that's not such easy work now I want to go home."

"How is Lipshitz?" she asked, trying to g mind off leaving the apartment.

"I never hurt you. Why do you torture m this?" Moe said bitterly.

"Shhh," she calmed him. "We'll eat supper and you'll feel better."

She reached for his hand again. It was still but she saw fat drops of sweat popping fro forehead.

"Take off your coat," Ida coaxed.

"I wish you wouldn't try to confuse me," h "It only makes it worse."

"I'm sorry I tried to confuse you," she ogized. "It was a mistake."

She took the bag containing the prayer sha phylacteries out of his coat and put it back desk drawer. Somehow it comforted her to he wouldn't leave the apartment without his p teries.

y L. King

ONFESSIONS OF A WHITE RACIST

e was a big, dark, sorrowful woman, my Aunt lara's domestic in a dusty little West Texas –the first black person to register on my g mind. The New Deal was perhaps a year old. I was five: a curious and excited farm boy ng in his first extended town visit with its r plumbing, daily comic strips, and creamy doughnuts brought home warm each night my Uncle John's bakery.

ept a safe distance in spying on the strange creature while she dusted, made beds, swept, opped. Though my attentions were constant, assed no words. I was introverted and shy; eemed private, withdrawn, impervious to my orn scrutiny.

lama," I asked, "why is the ole nigger woman d?" My mother recoiled. "Oh, honey! Don't er *that!* They want to be called colored folks. get mad when you call 'em niggers."

w typical that the white child would be con- ied to brand the first black person of his ex- nce with the meanest of racist terms. And l be rebuked only in self-serving whispers.

e town where I was born discouraged Negro ents. I was fifteen before moving to where the man was even statistically visible. On the morning in 1937 following Joe Louis's knock- f Jimmy Braddock for the world heavyweight pionship, I heard an old woman say in the am post office, "Well, the ole nigger is cham- " "Yes," her companion said. "I reckon ll be pushing white folks off the sidewalks " The citizens of our little town willingly fed Depression hoboes who hopped off freights ie Texas & Pacific to beg food at our back s. When an infrequent black hobo appeared, ver, he was driven away with outraged oaths hreats to call the constable.

would sit on my father's knee while he sang Nigger Preacher and the Bear." The black her is shot through with cowardice, mala- sms, and so deserted by the presumably white God to whom he frantically prays that the bear is eventually permitted to squeeze the life from him. One of our family's private jokes, never told in the presence of company, concerned the horrifying moment when my older brother was discovered in the act of taking alternate bites off an apple with a Negro boy whose family paused briefly in Putnam. I remember the scandalized whispers when an eight-year-old cousin was caught playing bridegroom to a little black bride in a backyard mock wedding.

In the middle of World War II we moved to Midland in the oil-rich Permian Basin of Texas. Midland looked both east and west for its influences, 300 miles in each direction. Dallas, to the east, provided an example in its pretentious homes, aggressive boosterism, and select ruling oligarchy. We shared with El Paso an arid landscape not much different from the moon as lately we have come to know it, along with that general unrest indigenous to a people beset over the years by Spanish *conquistadores*, marauding Indians, and those eternal gritty sands shifting and blowing in oven temperatures. Though Midland claimed a disproportionate share of wealth for an isolated village of 12,000 (satisfying fortunes had been established in cattle and cotton before soil erosion, oil strikes, and mini-skyscrapers then reaching twelve stories high had transformed the lonesome territory from agrarian to industrial), my father signed on as an oil-company night watchman for little more than a dollar an hour.

Midland had its "old" pioneer aristocracy. A secondary social formation was comprised of the cream of the awakening oil industry. The perceptive, however, must have discerned that genealogy was prized far beyond the accidents of geology—especially if the genealogy contained an affluent mix. While the district manager of an oil company, even though recently removed from New Jersey or Tulsa, might soon become a power among Rotarians or at the country club, he should never as-

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Larry L. King

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sume his sons would automatically be welcomed everywhere.

The son of the night watchman, the railway clerk, or the town cop (if unusually handsome, exceptionally gifted at athletics, or of stunning scholastic prominence) might be invited to a few parties by the new money. He might even be asked on special occasions (graduation night, for example, or when one of our first-family belles announced her engagement to his fellow co-captain of the basketball squad) to visit some of the old homes. He would also have ample opportunity, however, to ponder why he had been overlooked when invitations went out to other celebrations on Country Club Circle or West Missouri Street.

The son of a certain night watchman did not then suspect half as much as he now understands of inherited limitations, and so he hopefully drove himself to performances beyond his normal athletic capacities as well as to the district debate championship, class offices, roles in amateur theatricals, and work on the school newspaper and yearbook. Such "accomplishments" primarily signify the youth's pathetic thirst for some vague assimilation or acceptance. Just such a mindless, burning lust would eventually prompt him to the most overt racist act of his life.

2.

Because domestic jobs as cooks, maids, butlers, and gardeners were always available in the affluent homes of Midland, the little city's black population was larger and more visible, in the daylight hours anyway, than I had known before. At sundown black women waited in the alleys behind their places of employment for their husbands or sons to fetch them in one quaking old smoke-belching car or another. Then they would rattle off down East 30 past our central business district, the rodeo arena, tin-topped garages advertising mechanics on duty, a Mexican restaurant or two, and on by the Blue Goose Tavern before going south across the railroad track to their shacks or tents, barbecue stands, storefront prayer halls, and beer joints in their lowlands ghetto known as "The Flats." Our town policemen diligently discouraged whites from "being down here after dark." A single carload of white teen-agers in search of beer or general mischief was certain to be stopped by cops warning that "these niggers don't bother us at night and we ain't gonna bother them. You boys go home some night with the clap or get rolled down here, and we never will hear the last of it from your mamas and daddies."

We Midland High School Bulldogs played our well-attended football games on Friday nights; the George Washington Carver Hornets played on what we considered "our field" on Thursday or Saturday nights when it was available. We sometimes visited Carver games, swaggering in our purple-and-gold letter-jackets, sure of our superiority as men and athletes. We laughed at the high-stepping antics of the Carver band ("They move in jig time," we cracked) and selected the strut drum majorette most likely to assist in "changing our luck." We were disappointed when the stands failed to erupt into multiple razor fights, as we had every confidence they would.

After one Carver victory we were leaving the stadium, loud and boisterous in the exhilaration of youth, when we passed the Carver football team loading for its return to The Flats. A big Carver lineman called from the bus, "Hey, Bulldogs, you think yawl can play football?" We stood rooted, amazed at his black audacity. "Bet we can beat you," he said. "Yawl get all the newspaper headlines, but we got the team. *Everybody* knows a Hornet can sting a ole Bulldog." The Carver team laughed and hooted. "Ask your coach to send some mage against us sometimes," another voice called from inside the bus. "Unless yawl are fraidy cats."

We stood mute as the bus pulled away, though Burton, a wild and wiry little wingback, recovered sufficiently to shout, "Piss on you, you black fuckers" -for which withering witticism we young gentlemen roundly congratulated him. Over chocolate Cokes and hamburgers at the Minute Inn we boasted of how we would stomp those black bastards 60 to 0 if only our authorities would permit.

One might have thought we had proposed naked dancing girls serving free beer in study hall. Mr. Aldrich, sir, a school official said (his mouth puckering as if he had just sampled an alum milkshake), it simply wouldn't be done! One of our coaches barked, "We've got our hands full playing Abilene and San Angelo back to back. I hear any more about this Carver crap, and there'll be enough extra wind-sprints to keep air and ideas off your brains."

Word somehow got around that I had originated the idea of "playing the niggers." Aldrich accommodated me in a fistfight behind the gym by way of straightening out my role. The young lady who most consistently cavorted through my sexual fantasies refused to go out with me again.

3.

When I was sixteen I worked out of the Midland post office as a mailman. My route in the summer went to many of our leading homes, some few of which I had violated socially. Frequently a carload of my more privileged contemporaries zipped by on wisps of gasoline, perfume, or beer, the occupants calling back greetings lost on the wind as they headed for a dip in the country-club pool or to the Turners' tennis courts or to the Cowdens' for a patio cookout. The night watchman's son plodded along under the fiery desert sun under the burden of a mailbag, cursing his birthright while indulging in brain-movies about his return to Midland in later years to receive the town's congratulations on the books he had written, the medals he had won at war, and the Hollywood hearts he had broken for mischief and whimsy.

One afternoon in the post office I found my fellow carriers in a private huddle. Slim, a lean-boned redneck in his thirties, spoke for the others

's to the three of us working as the summer-
on help. "The postmaster is hirin' a nigger,"
l. "He says one of us got to take the nigger
l our route and train him. Well, *I* ain't gonna.
ed ain't and Don ain't and Cecil ain't. They'll
ly try to push the jig off on one of you kids.
let 'em get away with it, we won't have
g but nigger carriers in six months." A few
s later I was called to the postmaster's office.
master Noel G. Oates was a friendly, easy
ho handled his job in a low key, a former
an who knew about dog-bite and thirst. On
ummer afternoon so long ago, however, I
learn that he contained a certain hardness.
gan by telling of his difficulty because of the
ne manpower shortage, then said he had hired
ng Negro just returned from the military.
lecided you would be the best man to train
he said.
," I said. "I can't do it."
postmaster sat a bit straighter in his chair.
?"
ll, none of us wants to do it. We've been
g about it."
ve me your reasons for not wanting to."

"Well, hell...he's a *nigger*. And all the other guys will be mad if I do it. And I don't want everybody from school seeing me work with him."

"We're not gonna debate it," Mr. Oates said. "I've got my job to do, and if you can't do yours you can turn in your time. Anybody else who can't follow orders can turn in their time. You've got until eight o'clock tomorrow morning to make up your mind."

I consulted with my father, who said it was the kind of decision each man must make for himself. He sat on a carpenter's sawhorse in the backyard, whittling with his pocket knife, his lower lip bulging with Garrett's Snuff: he understood how I felt: on the other hand, I did need the job. So work it out in my own mind. Pray on it.

The following morning, as I sorted the mail for delivery, Postmaster Oates appeared with Tim—a dark young man in his early twenties, neat and tense. We shook hands (the first time I had shaken hands with a black man); after a few joshing words meant to ease the strain, the postmaster left us. I explained the mail-sorting process to Tim, painfully aware of the malevolent glances the sullen Slim cast, and of the snickers and whispers of Red



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CONFESSIONS OF A WHITE RACIST

and Don. (Cecil had turned in his time, on the theory that his own turn at "nursemaiding niggers" was then being planned in secret councils, to become a rack boy in a pool hall—where, ironically, he worked side by side with two black rack boys.) When the rest of us adjourned to Agnes' Café for lunch, Tim ate from a brown bag under a tree at the rear of the post office.

Tim shared my route for two weeks. Though we were carefully polite, we had no conversations beyond the job at hand or routine agreements on the weather. Several times I was embarrassed when we encountered my classmates while walking in affluent neighborhoods. The day Tim was assigned his own route was a happy one for me.

I.

The summer of 1946 began in the oil fields (where, incidentally, I never saw a single black man employed). We lowly roustabouts pissanted heavy joints of pipe, and dug pits and ditches. One stifling July afternoon I emerged from cleaning an oil-storage tank, sweaty and reeking oil, when it occurred to me that no law in the world said I ever had to clean another. I was completing my third or fourth hitch in the oil patch (having lied shortly before my fourteenth birthday to secure a job in a clean-up crew) and such romance as had attended working around hard-drinking, hard-swearing older men had long since faded. Within an hour I had drawn my time.

This impulsive act forced an agonized decision: whether to remain in school or join the Army. I was to have graduated in May, but had permitted coaches, school officials, and the businessmen active in the Bulldog Booster Club to persuade me that I should deliberately fall one credit short of my diploma so I could again serve Midland High on the football field. They made flattering predictions: "Why, a big ole tough boy like you could make All-State. Then all the big Southwest Conference colleges would line up to offer you scholarships."

I came to regret the scheme shortly after agreeing to it: another year of high-school tedium suddenly loomed as pointless, overpoweringly unbearable; I was anxious to seek a larger world. Drake and I had, indeed, sought out the local Navy recruiter just as school ended (selecting the Navy over other military units because it was said to admit few blacks) but I failed the physical because of faulty depth perception. On the basis of a preliminary eye test, an Army recruiter had virtually guaranteed my acceptance and promised I could attain my lacking credit for graduation by passing a high-school equivalency test. On quitting the oil patch I persuaded my parents to sign consenting papers and was given thirty days in which to close out my civilian affairs.

I first hitchhiked to Amarillo, arriving in the back of a pickup truck on top of coops of squawking chickens, where I blew half my $180 bankroll buying bootleg whiskey for two aging prostitutes who delighted my room between the appointments to which they were summoned by a black bell A drunk Indian in an Oklahoma City beer j guzzled and conned his way through much of remaining resources on some blowzy promis introduce a beautiful tribal princess, whom gave the qualities of Hedy Lamarr in heat loincloth. One purposeless morning while tou for fifty cents an old house said to have been hideout of the outlaw Dalton Brothers near D City, Kansas, I impulsively opted to return Putnam, Texas, the little town of my birth, what I dramatically assumed would be my inspection. A couple of days later, a bit road-gr I arrived in the Texas village of Albany with seven dollars. Two of these were invested i decrepit hotel room.

The bellhop was a fat, middle-aged Negro drooping eyelids; though I had only a small ca bag he insisted on taking it to my room. He op the steamy room's single window, drew a pit of tepid tap water, and made other busy-v motions. "Young mister," he said, "you lik buy a little pussy?"

Well, maybe. How much was it?

"You work that out with the girl. You changed your luck?"

Though I knew full-well what he meant I blu "What?"

"Colored nookie. You ever had you any col nookie?"

Well, no.

"You got anything against it?"

Well. No. Not really.

"She be here in a half-hour," he promised, extracted one of my remaining dollars as his ice charge.

I think I began the transaction as a lark; tainly I was mindful of my destitute condition than 200 miles from home, though by the ti heard the lady's knock my enthusiasm was gem Possibly this was because I had convinced m she would be a ringer for Lena Horne, down t very light, bare skin. I was startled when she pr bony, darker than bittersweet chocolate, and w frizzy-haired. She was perhaps seven years senior, perhaps ten; she wore a sagging skirt a thin blouse denying even the promise of bre

"Well," I said. "How much?"

"Ten dollar straight and fifteen dollar French," she mumbled.

"Well, I'll give you three for a straight date

"Shit! Eight, or we can't do no business."

"I ain't got that much."

"How much you got?"

"Four," I admitted. "And maybe a little char

"Goddamn you," she flared. "And here I and dressed and owe a man a goddamn taxi-f You white asses come over here from Breckenr and Abilene and Cisco looking to get your ja free. I got two little babies to feed."

"Oh," I said, inanely, "I didn't know you married."

"Kiss my dead ass," the disgusted young wo said, slamming the door.

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear...

somewhere amid the static.

The songs America sings have changed little since Walt Whitman heard them. Now, as then, our many tongues chant in praise or search of the basic qualities of human existence: Freedom. Love. Security. Peace.

Only today, the voices of the nation are amplified a hundredfold. Converging from the left, right . . . and all points in between. Echoing from one end of the country to the other until, in the desperate competition to be heard, none is heard.

Is it still possible to distinguish what America is struggling to say, and record the themes and beliefs of our frustratingly complex society? Is it still possible to sort out and understand the various undercurrents of our dilemmas?

Harper's Magazine believes it is not only possible, it is essential.

Whether it be a Vietnam requiem, a campus march or a political recital or simply the tunes the individual man in the street hums to himself every carol deserves to be heard. Individually. Understandably. *And critically.*

This then is the goal of *Harper's Magazine.* To redefine, modulate, and present in highly readable fashion, the component strains of our national anthem, 1970.

If you're not already a regular subscriber, may we suggest you use the card opposite to enter your subscription to *Harper's Magazine.* It's yours for a song.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

America's First Monthly

5.

At Fort Sam Houston the authorities shoved a half-dozen of us on the train for shipment to our basic-training tortures in New Jersey. We were all Texans, all white, none as old as nineteen. We arrived at the Trenton station wrung-out, pale, wrinkled, and shorn of our earlier confidence.

Awaiting transportation to Fort Dix, we went into a lunchroom. Two black men entered. One sat on a stool to my immediate right. Manning of San Angelo and Edwards of Sweetwater lifted their eyebrows, watching carefully to see what I would do.

Fifteen years later, visiting home, I was piously lecturing my relatives on the insanities of racial exclusions when my mother laughed and said, "Lawrence, do you remember when some niggers set down by you the first day you got up to New Jersey? And what a fuss you made?"

Whatever do you mean?

Mother returned from her rummagings in an old trunk, bringing a letter I barely recognized to be in my own hand:

> *Dear Folks. Got here Thursday on the train from Ft. Sam. We no more than set down in the depot to eat than some niggers plopped down next to us and I can tell you they didn't stay long. We told them we were from Texas and we didn't go for that stuff, and believe-you-me they cleared out in a hurry....*

It is interesting to speculate on why this fiction was composed, for we had actually eaten our hamburgers in a choked and humble silence.

6.

President Truman had not yet issued his order desegregating the military. Black troops at Fort Dix were fed and quartered apart from us, served by their own PXs and service clubs. Except when we encountered them as they marched out to a rifle range while we marched in from the field, we had no contact. I did not think this peculiar: who recalls seeing John Wayne or Humphrey Bogart assisted in their heroics by black troops as they tamed the Japs or routed Nazis? Had I not known that during World War II black troops had rebelled against segregationist practices at Midland Army Air Field by refusing to come out of their barracks one morning (they were sprayed with pressurized fire hoses) I would not have suspected that Negro GIs even marginally helped defeat Hitler.

The Army sent me to Fort Monmouth to flunk out of cryptography school, radio operator's school, and radio repair school. Fort Monmouth did, however, introduce me to racial integration, though only our "service" troops (cooks, bakers, supply-room toilers) were black. Here, too, I came face-to-face with my first black officer and felt a moment of panic while old attitudes struggled with newly acquired military disciplines: then I snapped him a proper salute.

The only black man among the service t
I came to know more than slightly was Brews
cook from Alabama. Where most of us ha
than a year's military service, Brewster had te
had served in France, and had several times re
the rank of sergeant only to be restored to
stations after certain picky military regul
had been strictly interpreted. "I been buste
drinkin' and I been busted for thinkin,'" he
to say, "and thinkin' get you in boo-coo
trouble."

"Yawl goddamn privates shut your face
let us private first classes get our rest," he
sing out from cooks' quarters shortly after l
out. The white troops would laugh and sa
Brewster was something else, a real card, a
goddamn nigger.

On weekends I became a regular visitor, s
on Brewster's footlocker while we drank
from paper cups, chasing it with tins of GI
juices he had liberated from the mess hall. Bre
was full of outrageous tales of the women h
loved from Mobile to Pigalle, the officers h
outwitted, the big deals he had temporarily en
before they turned to clabber. He also conf
in the same high glee, to his own victimizatio
defeats: I now know he had a marvelous se
the absurd and cunning instincts for survi
realized that Brewster was brighter than mos
ple I had known, more complex, full of h
secrets and silent victories. Though this worri
as being against the Lord's intent, I continued
at his feet.

One night the vodka passed back and
enough that some few old inhibitions flew
I found myself drinking from the same bottl
the black man, not bothering to wipe the ne
and feeling a little noble and extremely dar
blurted out a question: "What's it really l
be a ... a Knee-Grow in a white outfit?"

Brewster paused with the vodka bottle ne
mouth and stared into my eyes. "It's all righ
said, slowly. "If you ain't got no pride."

After a few throbbing seconds of silen
burst into laughter. I was vastly relieved, be
then I could laugh too.

7.

The Army suspended its segregated custo
stockades where prisoners served tim
breaches of military etiquette, perhaps to d
strate to what low estate troublemakers might

One day I drew detail as a prisoner chase
duty was to trail three stockade baddies wi
M-1 rifle while they emptied garbage cans ar
cans into a truck for disposal in the post inc
tors. Rumor had it that if one permitted a pr
to escape, he must serve the balance of t
capee's time. I drew three long-termers:
round-shouldered black man, and two white
I somehow assumed that the black man w
potential jailbreaker: through the morning
my M-1 so nervously at the ready that h

unannounced it might have cost him his

ad started to the incinerators when our driv- enly applied the brakes to avoid running a n. I catapulted across the truck bed, bounc- my charges, my rifle sailing away. One thought occurred to me: *I'll be killed now -martialed later.* Frantically I struggled up, g ashes, egg shells, and old orange peels, to self staring into the barrel of my M-1—and black man behind it. "Bang!" my prisoner ftly, before handing my weapon back. "Hey, he called out, laughing fit to break a stitch. eful up there—you goddamn near killed my and it would of went on my record."

ie spring of 1947, I was threatened with it to the Army of Occupation in Germany a stern major promised, I might anticipate t KP, the "honor" of guard duty as a and the permanent rank of private. Penta- ds were slightly kinder: I was ordered to nal Corps Photo Center in Astoria, Long and I soon discovered the sophistications es Square, a Brooklyn telephone operator, number of friendly taverns.

arrival of black troops at the Photo Center ed with my own. They were to be methodi- ssimilated: to sit with us at table, sleep le us, and be assigned jobs without regard . Lt. Ken Thomas, a slim and erect young Carolinian, was company commander: I was, ct, his administrative aide. "Washington us to make this thing work," he said of our ted unit. "They've assigned me a Negro geant. The white troops may resent him. I olerate any unmilitary displays. I hear any slurs around here, I'll be mighty hard to h."

Sergeant Percy, a native of rural Georgia, ore than a decade in the Army. Though ied himself with careful dignity, I would earn his private fears. "When a man is he can't do everything he like to do," it Percy confided. "I never served with roops before. They've never served with my Everybody got to step real easy. We can't troops know we're walking on eggshells, . I wear a Top's stripes and draw a Top's d I'm gonna *act* like a Top."

aps not fully appreciating the problem, I You've got the rank. Use it."

eant Percy's smile was a bit cynical. "Some- ie said, "some white GI gonna bow his ass vhat I got to tell him. Then I'll need a little ank in here to back me up. I'm recommend- eutenant Thomas make you corporal im- ely, and a sergeant sixty days later—if you ut. You don't work out, you can go soldier iebody that need you."

relationship with Sergeant Percy was proper nerally easy—though not until years later I realize we had not been the close friends presumed. We listened to baseball on the (bantering over whether to tune in "his" racially integrated Dodgers or "my" then-segregated Giants) and occasionally each went to see his favorite—but we never went to a game together. Though we shared a table in the mess hall and talked over drinks in my private squadroom after retreat formation, he never invited me to his apartment, nor do I recall asking him to an evening on the town. I gave him a piece of china for his wedding but was not invited (nor did I consider that I might be) to the ceremony.

A frequent embarrassment was old Sergeant Smitty, a thirty-year man, serving his final hitch before retirement, whom we loosely utilized as company runner. By noon, Sergeant Smitty had paid several duty calls on the nearby Studio Bar, where he was known for his partiality to rotgut bourbon chased by draft beer. By midafternoon his old face was fire-red, his shirt flapped out over his bloated belly and he literally drooled tobacco juices while spinning as many yarns about the glories of The Old Army as his slurred speech permitted.

Sergeant Smitty invariably committed the same racial indiscretion. Halfway through some tale of his triumphs as a youthful mule-skinner in Panama, or while relating a particularly satisfying old debauchery in the Orient's sin palaces, he would refer to one or another "nigger." Then he would realize that he had done something wrong or out-of-joint. His besotted old brain would grapple with the mystery as he wheezed and tottered in confusion, blinking at Sergeant Percy until he could recognize him as black. "I'm sorry, Sarjint," he invariably said—and never without a certain shy shame—"I plumb forgot you're colored." Sergeant Percy routinely responded, "That's all right, Sergeant. Sometimes I forget it myself."

Young Lieutenant Porterfield was Officer of the Day when two drunken GIs engaged in a bloody fistfight. One was white and the other black, but no racial slurs were delivered. Neither did the racially mixed spectators jump into the fight—which had originated over who owned how much liquor remaining in a common jug. Lieutenant Porterfield, however, became flustered: he spoke loudly enough to the Charge of Quarters that all could hear: "We're sitting on a powder keg. All we need to kick off a bloody race riot is one incident like this. I tell you, it won't work."

Sergeant Percy was icily furious in protesting to Lieutenant Thomas: "Sergeant Smith's just old and ignorant and don't know no better. But that Lieutenant Porterfield, he *supposed* to be an officer and a gentleman." Privately he railed, "Race riot, shit! The only way we gonna have a race riot is if peckerwoods like that Porterfield talk us into one."

The day came when I received my own comeuppance. A cute black chick employed at the Photo Center began to find excuses to visit the Orderly Room, determinedly flirting with Sergeant Percy. One day he grumbled that he wished the lady would cease her attentions because he wasn't "available."

"*I* am," I said. "Why don't you fix me up?"

"Sure I will," he said, coolly. "Then maybe you'll

take me to Texas on furlough and fix me up with one of your friends." For the next few days we were excessively cordial.

8.

In August, on a weekend outing to Jones Beach, I slept for hours under the sun and had to go to the post hospital with severe burns. Then followed recuperation in my squadroom. Twice each day, by holding to supporting objects, I managed to anoint the seared flesh with lotions and salves. Since a trip to the mess hall was impossible, Sergeant Percy saw that KPs brought trays to my quarters.

One day a young black man from Philadelphia looked in. Twice a day for two weeks Private First Class Robinson called to sweep and mop my room, change the linens, carry out laundry: sometimes he brought snacks or magazines. We talked about sports, Robinson's foul luck in not having been selected for Officer's Candidate School, and my own wish to quit the military.

I was suspicious of Robinson's attentions. Why would a black man devote so much labor to a white man he hardly knew? Perhaps he wanted favors I might bestow as company clerk: KP with less frequency than normal, an occasional three-day pass, a cushy job. I even considered the possibility that Robinson's attentions might be sexual. As time passed and he asked no favors, however, my suspicions changed to curiosity. One night I stammered thanks. "Don't mention it," he said. "This is part of my life's work." I thought this over while Robinson pushed the mop back and forth. "What were you in civilian life?" I asked. "A porter?"

Robinson gave me a strange, unbelieving look. "No, Sergeant," he said. "I was a student in a seminary, studying to become a minister. I've had three years of college." He never came back.

9.

Several times I hinted to black soldiers with whom a certain rapport was assumed of my willingness to accompany them on one of their sojourns to Harlem. These generous offers were met with vague references to some unspecified future.

Harlem was a foreign port in the mind, a paradise where Clark Gable, conveniently shipwrecked, cavorted with dusky dancing belles while some fat, jolly chieftain urged on him feasts of suckling pig and ritual honors.

One adventurous evening I determined to explore New York's dark interior in the absence of a native guide. Three other white crackers (from Georgia, West Virginia, and Texas) accompanied me. We ordered a reluctant white cabbie to deliver us to "the heart of Harlem." "It's no skin off my ass," the cabbie said, "but I won't be surprised when the Army comes up four soldiers short tomorrow. Them damn niggers will rob you blind and leave you dead in a alley."

Harlem was not the kind of strenuous
imagined. There were the old eyesores B
one would later come to expect in oth
ghettos: sorry old tenement buildings, pee
rotting in dull reds and grays; pawnsho
their pitiful treasures locked behind iro
hole-in-the-wall liquor stores with gaudy
of half-pints; storefront missions smelling
and disinfectants; poor restaurants specia
chicken wings or cheap barbecue plates; c
noisy bars wailing soul music above the
babble; clots of gutter trash and street de

We had not advanced a block before a
young hooker accosted us. While we stood
uneasy conversation a sharply dressed Ne
approached us. "You got more sense than
them here," he scolded the streetwalker. "
ing to get somebody hurt? Go on over to C
to hustle your ass." And to us: "Get on o
here. This a bad-ass street and it won't do
for you."

We fled rapidly down the sidewalk, fen
happy drunks who invited us to buy them
and sullen ones demanding money. A gro
woman in a silk print dress dashed from a
damn us in a raging, profane gibberish. C
dudes in padded-shoulder sport coats,
trousers, and porkpie hats offered to prov
tain recreations for slight profits. Street
howled and danced with their hands out,
us when our conciliatory contributions
miserly beyond their expectations. A d
tattered clothing sipped the last dregs from
bottle. He offered his hand, and as one
number reached to take it the drunk laugh
broke the wine bottle under our feet, sh
us with glass particles and wine droplets.

We ducked into a bar where a dozen m
women laughed and talked above the th
juke box. All sounds except the music see
stop as we entered, doubtless looking a bit
and trying to cover up by affecting a blu
chatter. "The Marines have landed," so
hooted. My companion from West Virginia
help by responding, "Marines, my ass, Mac!
soldiers."

The bartender hesitated when we ordered
though he finally produced them. He kept
watch, however, and came quickly when a
reed-thin man the color of lightly creamed
imagining we were staring too openly at h
friend, cursed us as "goddamn mother-
white hunters"—white men on the prowl fo
women.

The bartender, aided by the aroused ci
lady friend, persuaded him to move to a
where he might find us less offensive. Th
leaned across the bar: a burly, middle-aged
bald man. "What you boys lost in Harlem
demanded. Not waiting for an answer he
"Some places in Harlem you can go and
thing be just dandy. This not one of 'em. A
gonna find here is trouble hot weather lik
shit it just *breed* meanness. People get all h

ınd about half out of their heads." He and crackled a bar rag, scowling. "You ɔt money for a taxi?" We nodded. "I'll ou a taxi and you ride on out of here." y back in midtown Manhattan, we specun the reasons for our hostile reception. irginia saw no riddle: niggers were niggers ıld be expected to act like niggers. Georgia, d done a hitch in Army counterintelligence, ndful of the Communistic influences per- Harlem. My Texas friend, of a genteel and d old family, felt that much of what we had ıd heard could be attributed to a lack of breeding. I thought that possibly all three companions were a little bit correct.

10.

Sergeant Hutchinson, a black man from isiana, had more than ten years' exemplary when family problems turned him into an ıl AWOL. He explained why he needed ncy leave: "My wife, she pretty young and ɔeen away in the Army so much and now has come. I think a leave straighten her e can talk, it might get her thinkin' on our again."

tenant Thomas granted the emergency leave eral subsequent ones. Sergeant Hutchinson's leave time expired; his domestic torment .. Higher brass refused any more leaves, so nson went over the hill. He was let off with ıy punishment. For subsequent offenses, r, he was reduced to private and sent to the y stockade on Governors Island. Within a fter completing each sentence, Hutchinson disappear. The fourth time he was appre-, I was sent to a stockade near Shreveport rn him to New York under guard.

ter Sergeant Bad ran his stockade much as I e Hitler commanded the Third Reich. He ɔad, florid-faced, a ham-handed son of Ohio, former deputy sheriff. He received me while g among his private collection of hand-zip guns, switch-blade knives, and rubber ons artistically mounted on beaver board his desk. He was drinking coffee served by sequious prisoner who bowed out of the s if departing the odor of royalty. "Prisoners it!" Master Sergeant Bad thundered at the lackey. "Sound off!" "Prisoners are shit!" key obediently bawled.

ding my orders Master Sergeant Bad said. s a smart-ass nigger you've come after. t." Well, I said, Hutchinson had been a oldier before his family torments. "He tried ɔb-sister shit on me," he said. "I told him if l lady was humpin' outside the home he no worse off than half the white men I know the niggers."

entertained me with stories of all the heads l been privileged to knock. Criminal types never be rehabilitated beyond their lower ts: "They just like a bad buckin' broncho or a mean dawg. You got to clobber the puredee shit out of 'em often enough they'll remember who's boss." Niggers, he said, were more troublesome than whites: they didn't feel as much pain, and they had shorter memories.

Master Sergeant Bad led me through three locks and by a cadre of guards. As we approached the bullpen cell where Hutchinson and other transient offenders bunked, he bellowed, "Prisoners, *Up*!" There was a wild stampede of nervous sweaty flesh: the prisoners sprinted into a single long rank facing the door and perhaps six feet from the bars. "You're drag-assin', you're drag-assin'," the sergeant accused. "Come again! Fall out!" The prisoners rushed back to their assigned bunks, straining and grunting. Some had not yet reached their proper places when their master thundered, "Prisoners, *Up*!"—again inspiring the frantic forward scramble. Bad ran the prisoners through the exhausting exercise again and again.

When the prisoners had lined up to his satisfaction, Master Sergeant Bad spat, "Prisoner Six ... *toe the line!*" Hutchinson leaped from the ranks as if kicked, his toes exactly touching a thin red line extending the length of the cell and ending no more than a foot from the bars. "They fuck up and step on that line," Bad said, "and I treat 'em to a little practice with some ass-paddlin' on the side. We call it a party." He raised his voice: "Prisoners, do I give good parties? Sound off!"

"Yessir!" the prisoners shouted.

"Had one old jug-butted boy never did learn to toe the line without steppin' on it," the Sergeant said. "Dumb goddamn nigger! He come here weighing two hunnert pounds and left with a skinny ass didn't have nothing on it but calluses and blood."

Hutchinson had unfortunately relaxed his West Point brace: just as he cut his eyes ever-so-slightly toward us, Master Sergeant Bad screamed, "What you wallin' them maroon eyes at, you burr-headed bastard? Goddamn your black hide, you're in my custody till I sign your release slip. I tell you to eat shit you *eat it*, right? Sound off!"

"Yessir," Hutchinson barked.

"You're a smart-ass runaway nigger, ain't you? Sound off!"

"Yessir!"

"You got shit for brains and piss in your blood. Sound off!"

"Yessir!"

Hutchinson was forced to affirm every insult Master Sergeant Bad was capable of delivering. Nothing was out of bounds: Hutchinson's race, sex habits, wife, and mother. Marching the prisoner to the office, his tormentor prodded him in the ribs with a nightstick. While he signed papers to transfer the prisoner, he warned Hutchinson what might happen to his black ass should it ever again know that particular stockade.

Hutchinson remained discreetly silent while a driver delivered us to the Shreveport train station. When we were alone he said, "Man, I'm gladder to see you than Christmas. That Sergeant Bad, he

the meanest mutha in uniform. Especially if you colored." Had he actually hit Hutchinson? "Name me a day he didn't," the black man said. Later, when I delivered Hutchinson to Governors Island, and he was being stripped for processing, a ferret-faced white corporal grinned at welts and bumps on his back and shoulders. "I guess you got those falling in the shower, didn't you?"

"Yessir!" Hutchinson said.

11.

Down in Louisiana, handcuffed to my prisoner as regulations prescribed, I boarded the train; we took seats near the rear of a coach car. A conductor approached, apprehensively eyeing my side-arm. "You gonna have to take him to the colored section," he said, pointing at Hutchinson. No, my prisoner would go where I went—and I was not going to any colored section.

There was a delay while the Shreveport station sent reinforcements. A civilian with a public-relations smile and a squishy handshake was full of soft Southern assurances that he knew I could understand and sympathize with the railroad's position in honoring local customs. No, I did not, and would remain in place with my prisoner. The baffled railroaders, faced with conflicting authority, decided in favor of the man with the gun: "But really, suh, the dining car *must* be off-limits. Any violation will unfortunately require the police."

Hutchinson slept or feigned sleep, arousing only to share the gummy sandwiches and tepid soft drinks purchased from an aisle barker, or to visit the washroom with his guard closely trailing. After each trip a porter, called by the alert conductor, entered the washroom for purposes of fumigation. "Hello, Brother," he said in a whisper to Hutchinson on each occasion. A skinny white man in a short-sleeved sport shirt, with the seedy look of a failed road drummer, grew talkative as he siphoned off bourbon in the seat behind us. He leaned forward to cool our faces with whiskey breezes while telling how the white man had busted a gut to help the Nigra but the Nigra wouldn't help himself: refused work, stayed drunk or in jail, stole with more talent than Gypsies. "Don't you know that boy's closer to Heaven right now than most niggers ever get? Riding with white folks, havin' em look after him." When I replied that Hutchinson's care was provided at gunpoint, and therefore might not be fully appreciated, he looked at me with suspicion. Soon he began whispering around the car: why was that damned black nigger outlaw allowed to ride in the same coach with patriotic, God-fearing white people? A conductor moved the troublemaker to another car when I explained that should he further disturb me or my prisoner it would be both my sworn duty and my personal pleasure to shoot him.

At Washington the train became racially integrated. Hutchinson was relieved: "Man, I'm glad to be rid of them peckerwoods. All that shit about me being in Heaven . . ."

I apologized for the peckerw[illegible]'s ren[illegible] noting that I had silenced him and had him m[illegible] You're back among friends, I said, so relax.

"You didn't do me no favors bringing me [illegible] that white car, Sarjint," Hutchinson said. "I [illegible] rather have rode with my own people." S[illegible] possibility had not occurred to me.

12.

When I left the Army in mid-1949, the [illegible] Center had suffered no major incide[illegible] considered our "experiment" a success. In [illegible] spect, I see it as more of a compromise or a[illegible] modation. For all his bold talk of "acting l[illegible] Top" and treating everyone uniformly, I now [illegible] that Sergeant Percy gave more severe tongue[illegible] ings or punishments to erring black soldiers [illegible] to whites. On the other hand, I spoke soft[illegible] black soldiers in need of company disciplines, [illegible] leaning heavily on whites who I feared migh[illegible] Sergeant Percy difficulty. We had no such re[illegible] racist policy as a matter of understanding: it m[illegible] evolved out of caution born of our unspoken [illegible]

It was never suggested that our Enlisted M[illegible] Club be host to a dance or other social affair w[illegible] might mingle drinking with social integratio[illegible] tween two races and two sexes. And while, [illegible] retically, we could bring out dates or spouses [illegible] EM Club three nights in the week, few whit[illegible] did so: I don't recall ever seeing a black w[illegible] there. On base, the troops themselves intermi[illegible] freely. We played poker and drank togethe[illegible] changed the rough, friendly insults tradition[illegible] tween soldiers. We played as equals on the [illegible] football, basketball, and baseball teams. On o[illegible] when the Army provided transportation to be[illegible] boxing matches, or other diversions, I reca[illegible] particular groupings or division by color. W[illegible] half-dozen white civilian toughs beat and pi[illegible] boots to two black soldiers in a Queens bar [illegible] dozen of us—black and white—marched on th[illegible] to clean it of Irish influences. When we le[illegible] Photo Center to seek our private amusements, [illegible] ever, one rarely saw racially mixed groups [illegible] out the front gate. I can now recall the nam[illegible] only a half-dozen blacks with whom I sold[illegible] and am amazed to realize how little of thei[illegible] sonal lives I learned. We simply didn't know [illegible] other.

The night following my discharge a captain [illegible] upstate New York invited me to the Officers' [illegible] I had always considered the captain a good [illegible] and gave him credit for his contributions t[illegible] integrated post: he seemed friendly to the [illegible] troops and had assigned them jobs and promo[illegible] in his office without apparent bias. For se[illegible] hours we reveled, other officers joining our tal[illegible] toast my new civilian status and to wish me [illegible] "on the outside." (No black officers were pre[illegible] indeed, despite the integration of enlisted t[illegible] only two or three black officers were among the[illegible] eral dozen assigned to the Photo Center.)

Late in the evening my host expressed re[illegible]

ad accepted my discharge: he felt I was
aterial. Well, I said, I wanted to attend
nd thought perhaps I had it in me to write.
aptain lowered his voice: "I really don't
ou. I might resign my commission if I were
and didn't have so much time in. There's
e in the Army if they continue to mix the

13.

ps the Army's brand of racial integration
its limitations or dirty little secrets, but
returned to my native Southwest I would
counter a society totally segregated.
g the six thousand students then at Texas
Lubbock, was not a single black face. Lub-
s one of those growing, sprawling, newly
ous cities the South and Southwest seemed
in the postwar boom—cities rising out of
rt, or from the pine thickets, multiplying
ves for reasons not often apparent.
ung, toothy minister full of prattle of his
Jesus and Jesus' love for all, singled me
meeting in the Baptist Student Union (to
had been attracted in the courtship of a
arly well-stacked young child of God) and
'What might we, as Christians, do to better
e Lord in our daily contacts with others?"
red something like, "End our hypocrisy in
the black man like a slave or an animal,
aiming fidelity to Christian brotherhood."
ung minister's Jesus-loving face caved in,
s glazed over; he stuttered aimlessly until
e else suggested that we might visit civic
urge Christian principles on businessmen
the minister gratefully endorsed.
lew Year's Day, 1952, I drew a seat in the
wl at El Paso near three former Texas Tech
players on hand to watch their old school
lege of Pacific. The California school's star
die Macon, a lithe and speedy black man
to several All-America teams. The ex-Red
could hardly contain themselves while wait-
"Ole Gerald and Ole Red to lay that jitter-
jig out," as one of the less-subtle old grads
ed everyone within earshot. Indeed, when
carried the ball on the initial play, he was
w behind the scrimmage line. Great approv-
rs and whoops stirred Tech partisans: nor-
ough. What was perhaps less normal was the
of persons who cried, "Kill that black ape,"
er racist exhortations.
in the game, with Texas Tech two touch-
ahead and obviously in control, the same
eered Eddie Macon for his fine play, which
cluded a long touchdown run. My thought
e I wouldn't have had a few years earlier:
l their cheers could not erase the original
s. For the first time I was thinking about
regated society, observing it for what it was.
my experiences in the Army and in the East
ever as assimilating as I then presumed, the
re to black men at least had taught me that
they had minds, dreams, and hurts like the rest of us, and in no way deserved their automatic exclusions. It wasn't so much seeing the black citizen without social or economic opportunity, or confined to his slums and inferior schools—though, God knows, these were major causes of our terrible social impasse. No, it was the million mindless "little" humiliations that stirred my tardy rage and soon caused me to be looked on as a little crazy and unreliable.

Working on the sports desk of a West Texas newspaper, I ordered photographs of the local Negro high-school basketball team—only to be instructed that the paper's policy precluded publication of "nigger art." (And, it developed, wedding or engagement announcements, or almost anything the black citizen involved himself in except crime or violent death.) For years the newspaper ignored the black community's plea that "Negro" be capitalized in print.

The President of the Negro Chamber of Commerce appeared to be reasonably bright and articulate, but held a janitor's job for a white concern prone to brag about its civic contributions. A Cuban-born baseball player for the local Longhorn League entry, dark enough to invite speculation, might be cheered for pitching a two-hitter, but an hour later he might be refused service at a restaurant. When I accompanied policemen in their patrol cars in my role as police reporter, I was almost certain to see some Negro hailed as "Hey, Boy!" and forced to stand respectfully with a flashlight in his eyes while explaining where he was going on the public street. Though oil-field workers and ranch hands might brawl with beer bottles or knives in their hillbilly-music emporiums, police responded only when carnage prompted the worried owners to call for assistance. In black clubs, however, police were always present: circling the dance floor, hard-eyeing the customers, checking for liquor violations or concealed weapons. On slow nights when traffic patrol or station-house duty failed to excite, it was routine to hear officers say, "Let's go bust us a few jigs."

Any black man called for jury duty was excused from service on one grounds or another—once the lawyers, and possibly the judge, had properly enjoyed him: "You the same Willie Johnson who beats his wife and works as a bellhop over at the ho-tel selling bootleg liquor?" Condescending chuckles would sweep the courtroom while the poor black man struggled with the question.

I went to my editor with a suggestion that we run a series on double standards in our courts, police operations, and other public institutions. He tried to laugh the subject away, but said he would speak to the publisher. Weeks passed. When I brought up the topic again, the editor told me to write a sample of what I had in mind. I turned in a well-documented story, and heard no more. One night when we shared more drink than was good for secrets, I raised the sore subject again. "Look," he said. "Stop spinning your wheels. The publisher hit the ceiling when I mentioned your goddamn nigger

series. If I turned in that story you wrote he'd probably fire us both."

Damnit, I said, the obligation of a newspaper was to publish the facts.

My editor, who had already served on a half-dozen newspapers without being hurt in any big crusades, grinned cynically. "The duty of *this* newspaper," he said, "is to make money and boost the town and confine our muckraking to bitching about taxes. I understood that when I took my job."

14.

An old friend had become addicted to a fundamentalist brand of religion. Each beer I drank, each weak oath I muttered, each awkward cowboy waltz my legs attempted at roadside honky-tonks, brought dire predictions of the temperatures my soul would know through eternity's long and parching night. One day he invited me to attend a black Sunday School class he taught on alternate Sundays: he had headed a drive of his sect to establish a church of The Faith among Negroes. Well, I thought, perhaps some good has come from his crazed commitments. Maybe he would get to know the black person as an individual, not merely as somebody to mow his lawn or do his chores.

How long had he been teaching the black class?

Oh, for almost a year.

And how did he approach the task?

He sprang to a small blackboard in his study and began to draw crude pictures to illustrate Creation as reported in Genesis: the sun to represent light, stick figures representing Adam and Eve, and so on. His art was accompanied by Dick-and-Jane prattle to explain the language of the Bible.

"Do you think all that primitive art is necessary?" I asked.

"Oh, sure," he laughed. "Those niggers eat it up. You got to put on a show to keep their attention. They're just like a bunch of little children, or monkeys."

My father was working on a construction job: one night he told me how much fun the crew had out of "Nigger James."

"He's a purty good ole nigger," Dad said of the black man hired to step-and-fetch for carpenters, plumbers, and other craftsmen. "He don't hardly ever get mad, though we guy and hoo-raw him a right smart." He told how one of the white carpenters had asked, "Why all you black boys have such terrible smells." James had finally agreed, under duress, that perhaps black people were not as inherently sanitary as whites. "If you don't take more baths," the white bully instructed, "we're gonna give you a GI bath on payday." James reportedly laughed, perhaps nervously, in promising to mind his sanitation. On payday, the fastidious carpenter filled a barrel with cold water, provided brushes and strong soaps, and invited his companions to help scrub James down.

Though my father had not participated in the scrubbing, he was almost helpless with laughter in recounting the scene. "You ought to a-seen that nigger fight and squawl. Lord God, yo a-thought they was tryin' to electrocute h throwed him in that barrel clothes and scrubbed him awhile and then let him go. it so well they made up a little collection him five dollars."

"Well, Jesus Christ!" I exploded. "How else could he take it, without you peck hanging him?"

My father's face froze; he picked up h paper, crackling it angrily. When he had control he said, "They was just havin' a l Nobody was tryin' to hurt him. You don't know the difference."

15.

When I came to Washington in 1954 tant to a Texas Congressman, I our nation's capital to be a showplace c equalities and opportunities.

It soon became apparent on Capitol H Negroes were only a small part of dem daily operations. Some few atypical Senat Congressmen had a showcase black or two staffs: one rarely saw the Negro among the thousand Hill employees, however, excep role as waiter, mailman, elevator operato dian, truck driver, or lower-echelon co clerk. With few exceptions, only Negro C men such as Adam Clayton Powell or C William Dawson trusted their black employ anything more than minor tasks.

The District of Columbia was then on its becoming our first major city with a bl jority. Yet the District was ruled by Congr Committees heavily weighted with powe Dixiecrats to whom "integration" had bec foulest word in the language. Their contri to District schools ended with harassing a tendent whom they blamed for excess entl in trying to make integrated classrooms wor enacted by Congress permitted loan shar sellers, used-car tycoons, or other dollar-c types to prey on the black poor virtually regulation. While adequate public housi never raised, bus fares often were. Slum knocked down not to provide decent low-cos ing, but to reclaim preferred lands where developers were thriving through their ex high-rises and town houses: displaced black forced into other crowded ghettos.* Whi cially Congress refused Home Rule to Wash because "Our forefathers intended this t Federal City," more than one statesman pr expressed his real fear: the election of "a mayor," whom it would not do to have g Queen Elizabeth or Khrushchev should the A liaison man to Capitol Hill from the metro police department understood why funds Police Boys Club were increasingly diffi

*Hubert Humphrey and I now enjoy apartments of these reclaimed areas.

›body wanted to donate to "a bunch of little nies."

Texas State Society, composed of several Texans in Washington including Senator B. Johnson and Speaker Sam Rayburn, intained segregation by requiring that mul-mbers in good standing sponsor all pro-iew members; a select panel screened ts. When word got around in mid-1955 eral Young Turks might sponsor a black e, we received suggestions from Congres-ffices, well-connected lobbyists, old biddies or their social pretentions, and others in archy that we ran the risk of embarrassing es should we persist.

West Texas Congressional District was in-by the 1957 civil-rights bill, mail running is to one (or maybe a thousand to nothing)

Not all the fearful mail came from sour-cowhands or oil-field rednecks: bankers' ewspaper reporters, ministers, oil-company old school chums, and Chamber of Com-ypes wrote of Communistic influences at Washington. The mayor of a thriving d my Congressman, "I feel like posting gunners on the outskirts of town, and down every federal son-of-a-bitch who own Highway 80." A bank president voiced llusion: "You young men want to change s. Well, I like the old rules. If I could find dy seventy-five years old running for Con-'d vote for him without asking if he was tionist or Vegetarian. I'd figure him to have al pride."

was a limited mingling among the races cial basis in Washington in the 1950s and 960s. Friendships did exist with blacks who mong the few Hill employees, executive middle ranks, a smattering of newsmen, doctors, military officers, or embassy at-

were from the Negro elite; few of these scussed race except with reluctance. They ggled out of their own private ghettos; now nted to forget them: one soon discovered t only the night watchman's son desired ssimilation more than was good for his er. They might have served as bridges of anding to a small but influential segment of te world.

bly I do them a disservice: perhaps many perienced so many rejections they had ed. "A white man ought to assume that if gro before him is twenty-five years old, he l twenty, if not twenty-five, years of insults uffs, and that that Negro may have had quite ," John A. Williams has written. "A white ght to assume that, and if he had any sense d."

e had an honest, easy rapport with only one an. Moe and I were thick in the early 1960s, ome racial progress—however reluctant—in the air. He was then in his forties, and on Capitol Hill under the patronage of a California Senator. Moe had originally come from the Denver slums, was a long-time Los Angeles resident, an Army veteran, and had pieced together three years of college by attending nights and in short stretches as his pocketbook permitted. Though he was a minor functionary in the U.S. Senate Post Office, Moe was hip to what was happening to a degree that continues to escape many of our public officials.

Moe warned four or five years before Watts that a Watts was destined to happen—though he predicted that ghetto outbursts would first occur in the great cities of the East, which he considered much more segregationist than the American West. Over many a drink and until numerous dawns he reviewed the rots and ruins of his black world, the white man's indifferences, his own personal humiliations. What made this so effective was the cool, matter-of-fact manner in which Moe recited.

"Driving across country," he said, "black people key their kidneys to their gasoline tanks. We know there are more mean bastards than not; we don't assume anything good. So we pull up to the gas tanks when we get nature's urge, but before we ask the man to fill 'er up we inquire if his rest room is open. If we get turned down, we drive on to the next station." He told how blacks pass the word among travelers: this is "a good town," that one's "a shit town"; here you can safely rent a motel room, there they might lynch you for trying. "Even with all the tips you can pick up," he said, "you stay tense and nervous. When you see a black man stagger into his motel after a day on the road, he's tired for reasons other than the highway and the traffic. If you'll notice, black people drive within the speed limits more than whites—because cops are quicker to bust 'em. If a black man has car trouble it will be ten times more difficult to get anybody to stop and help him, and when he gets to a garage they'll stick him for all they can....

"How'd you like to explain to your son why you couldn't buy him an ice-cream cone in a white drugstore on a hot day, or take him in a hotel lobby to piss when his little bladder's bursting?" he asked one night, coolly enraged, when a white Hill secretary suggested that perhaps blacks were "pushing too fast."

One evening when liquor had worked on Moe while we sat in his small efficiency, from which he had a great view of the spotlighted Capitol dome if not the darkened slums directly behind it, he said, "I'm not talking shit, and I'm not crying on your ofay shoulder. For a black man, I've got it made. At least I don't have a survival problem. I lay the truth on a few whites I think capable of understanding and, more than that, caring—otherwise, why bother? And I'm not telling it like it is because I love the white man so goddamn much. Nobody much is telling Whitey what the black dude is feeling, or how full he is in his craw. And Mr. Charley isn't straining anything to find out. The goddamn thing's gonna blow up in his face one day, and then he's gonna wonder how he got something nasty in his hair."

Sometimes Moe sounded militant, sometimes tame. When he heard, through the gossip of children, that one of my neighbors in a solidly white middle-class Washington residential section had complained of interracial parties in my home, he seemed more amused than angry or embarrassed. Yet, when I retaliated on the crotchety neighbor (by urging free beer on a four-man crew of blacks working with me in my yard one Saturday, to the extent their more uninhibited street expressions violated the suburban air) he was not only not amused. Moe was outraged. "You're not helping anybody by showboating," he complained. "You're just agitating tensions. Hell, *I* wouldn't want those 14th Street cats drunk, cussing, and cutting up in my neighborhood. You've made black people look bad by trying to get revenge on some miserable ofay prick not worth your trouble."

One night in 1963 my friend knocked on my door at midnight. "I'm all packed," Moe said. "Going home to California." His sponsoring Senator had failed to provide a promised better job. George Washington University had reneged on accepting credits to be transferred from USC, and he could no longer tolerate the depressing influences of the East. "This is shitbird country," he said over our final drink. "Not much better than your dear ole Dixie. Sometimes I think the Confederacy won the fucking war."

He telephoned from Los Angeles the night of John F. Kennedy's assassination, and we cried together: I telephoned him some months later at 5:00 A.M. to discover him as inebriated, gloomy, and incoherent as I was. We have had no contact since.

16.

Except as handy straw men for demagogues to flay, black people were not a political factor in our West Texas Congressional district. Few enough lived there: a minority of these troubled to vote. When I placed a Negro school official on the list to receive my Congressman's weekly newsletter (a distinction held by a mere 20,000 people plus all possible newspaper, radio, and TV outlets) he troubled to thank my Congressman for "the nicest thing a politician ever did for me." Perhaps twice in eight years my Congressman addressed black audiences: for one thing, he wasn't invited, and for another his time simply might be better spent. We always carried our black precincts, however, for the opposition was generally so wrongheaded and reactionary that we looked better than our stains.

In 1962 (when a Republican troglodyte would defeat my Conservative Democrat), worried and fearing democracy's verdict, I discovered while checking polling places in Odessa in midafternoon that blacks simply were not voting. I sought out the local black baron on whom we relied for whatever political influence we had among Negroes. "Sam," I said, "your people aren't voting. Let's get them to the polls."

"I been trying to get the cats out all day," he said. "They don't have much appetite for it."

I was angry: "Goddamnit, have they forgotten the votes for civil-rights bills? And votes for minimum-wage bills, public housing, a dozen other things that Republican bastard would die before he'd vote for?"

"Maybe they have," Sam said, looking out over the rickety two-chair barbershop across the street and shanties of the local Flats. "Them things don't seem to have made much difference around here now, do they, laddie?"

Perhaps "them things" didn't make much difference in Odessa, Watts, Newark, or Miss[illegible]. There was a time when I believed they had. I believed that the lunch-counter sit-ins had made a difference, the Freedom Rides through Dixie, the bus boycott in Montgomery, the march on [illegible] Bridge.

I believed it strongest on a sun-dappled [illegible] August 1963, when Martin Luther King had a dream in the shadow of the Lincoln Memorial. I thrilled to that dream and to the fantastically well-orderly, singing, loving crowd of all shades, hues, backgrounds and heritages, opportunities and privations. America seemed ready to redeem its ancient promises: we had made laughingstocks of panicky Congressmen who had predicted riots in Washington's streets, had closed their offices and sent their secretaries home to lock themselves in against gang-bang rapes.

My friend Richard Gallagher, a writer with whom I attended the Freedom March activities, sent me a note on returning to New York:

Coming down on the charter train that [illegible] Freedom morning, it was a love feast. Brotherhood. Forgiveness. Unity. Songs. Let-my-people-go. Please, won't you take my seat and [illegible] about sharing my coffee cake, and, Brother, have you met my wife? Going back on the train that night, after Dr. King's big dream, everybody was their usual bitchy griping selfish suspicious selves, growling how you should get your fucking feet out of the goddamn aisle, and which mother-raper had stolen their sack lunch? I hope it ain't an omen.

17.

After Watts and other insurrections, I [illegible] many whites reassure themselves in Washington or its nervous suburbs that "it can't happen here." With the President and Congress in residence, provisions had been made to protect the Capitol: a single Molotov cocktail would bring thousands of riot-trained policemen and federal troopers. Washington Negroes had decent government jobs and therefore wouldn't fall prey to outside agitators or professional militants.

These graveyard whistlings ignored several premisses: the sacking of Glen Echo Amusement Park (segregated for years after many Washington institutions bowed to the inevitable), a mini-riot at D.C. Stadium during a game for the city fo[illegible]

ɔnship, countless skirmishes between ghetto
and their police tormentors, dozens of in-
where black toughs had attacked whites
through the rowdier sections of Anacostia,
st, or Northeast Washington. Washingtoni-
d these reports, and refused to believe. I
er able to convince anyone that we lived
l's paradise.

had become (for the first time since my
of hostile Harlem almost twenty years
sorely afraid of the black man. I had seen
wing hostility, not only in the more misera-
s where I had occasionally gone to perform
ng-heart good deed or two (helping to keep
aygrounds open when Congress threatened
them, or other such stopgap gestures), but
whole of the city. Within a stone's throw of
Humphrey's plush high-rise with its stun-
ew of the Potomac and green Virginia fields,
ɔcurred the wrath of a black street gang by
y attempting to rescue a small black boy in
ɔess of being robbed of pocket change—and
id for my rashness by having to steer my
rough the bawled invitations to inventive
tions.

l been the handy object of rock-throwing
f small Negro boys, none surely above the
ten, who chose me as the target of their
en frustrations near our neighborhood
g center. When I drove a black woman to
me in a scabby section at the end of her
y as our weekly domestic, carrying a box
ing she had gratefully received as a gift, up
flights of foul-smelling stairs, her young
r had fixed me with a glare of pure hate
e lip-curling thanks of "Shit!" Following
rmstrong on a writing assignment, my wife
nade a tour of Negro nightclubs with Arm-
trombonist, the merry and talented Tyree
and Mrs. Glenn. Tyree and I more or less
ely were picking up the series of bar tabs:
oint, about three o'clock in the morning, we
ed over a check until a black man on a
ɔring stool clearly and with passion in-
l Glenn, "Man, let Whitey pay. *Always* let
pay. The cocksucker can pay till Christmas
still owe us."

after time in Washington stores I had
ɔung blacks rude, threatening, obscene, or
to white customers and clerks. I understood
ɔch things happened, but where once I
the streets in confidence, I came to look
like a soldier advancing into enemy ter-
alert for unfriendly blacks or side-street
s, vulnerable, tense, and marked. Meanwhile,
tail parties in segregated living rooms, I
ɔear the many reasons why "it can't happen

18.

a warm, rain-threatened evening in April of
t year, an old friend with whom I had served
Hill time telephoned my Washington home:
"Have you heard what happened to Martin Luther King?"

I knew as surely as an eyewitness: "Oh, goddamn! Somebody shot the poor son-of-a-bitch!"

"The lid will blow now," I said. "Especially if he dies. They'll burn it all down." Within a short time King's death was confirmed. I called my friend back, noting his excellent White House connections while I currently was in bad odor there: he should contact a mutual friend on LBJ's staff and beg that all possible conciliatory gestures be made—a shutdown of business operations, all manner of pledges to employ unlimited federal power in bringing the assassin to justice, the President's promise to attend the funeral service or a promise to transport the body to wherever Mrs. King might choose.

My friend called back within the hour: "They're reserving Sunday as the official day of mourning. Businesses will be closed, and everything." Was that all? "Yes."

"Well, fuck that! It's not enough. Most businesses are closed on Sunday, anyway. Damnit, they've got to do something meaningful. Otherwise, it will be construed as an insult."

"They seem to think they know what they're doing over there," my friend said. "The President's going on TV here in a little bit and tell everybody to simmer down." Though we did not know it then, the first plate-glass windows were being kicked in around 14th and U Streets.

Through most of a sleepless night I listened to the radio, picking up reports of violence and random burnings. Near dawn I fell into a drugged sleep, awaking in midmorning when my brother telephoned from Texas to see if we were safe. "Sure," I said, groggy and puzzled. "Why?"

"You'd better wake up," he said. "Your town is on fire. I'm watching it on television."

From my yard I could see puffy clouds of smoke in Washington's betrayed and hopeless sections. I tuned in a talk-show on a suburban radio station: whites, imitating the fiddling Nero, bitched because government flags would be flown at half mast for the fallen black leader ("After all, he wasn't a government official") or accused Senator Robert Kennedy of grandstanding for political gain in having ordered his private plane to fly the body back to Atlanta for burial. More than one hundred American cities were burning; machine guns protected Capitol Hill; nightly curfews were announced.

Late Saturday night, someone knocked on my door. Through the peephole I saw two well-dressed black men. Though ashamed of myself, I decided for safety's sake not to answer. As they turned away, one laughed and spoke to the other about Whitey being afraid to come out of his hole.

Near midnight there were sirens in the neighborhood, and the sound of gunshots. I keep no firearms, but that night Whitey, the son of the night watchman, slept with a billy club fashioned from a broomstick and a wicked butcher knife next to his bed. □

Sara Davidson

BERNADETTE DEVLIN: AN IRISH REVOLUTIONARY IN IRISH AMERICA

The Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn has dense Irish neighborhoods—even blocks of identical two-family houses and corner saloons. On a steaming night last August, a group of boys were playing softball on 60th Street when a motorcade cut around the corner. "Why you gotta pick dis street to come down?" one yelled. On the back seat of the middle car, Bernadette Devlin, twenty-two, representative of Northern Ireland in the British House of Commons, was stretched face down. Since her arrival in New York five days earlier, she had not had more than three hours sleep a night. She had put herself into the hands of a disorganized band of young volunteers and professional agitators, who drew up grueling schedules for her which she fulfilled, at the beginning at least, without questioning. She found herself resting her head on tabletops in restaurants and trying to sleep in the car. On this Tuesday in Bay Ridge, in the auditorium of Our Lady of Perpetual Help High School, two thousand people were crowded together on folding chairs on the shellacked wooden floor. A girls' fife-and-drum corps marched down the aisle: then Bernadette walked in, sandwiched between police officers. The crowd pressed in on the tiny girl, grabbing at her hair, pulling her dress, screaming and whistling. She made her way to the stage, and stood in front of forest-green curtains under a painting of the Madonna, with the Irish flag on her right, the American on her left. "I've come here to put the record straight on the struggle we are facing at home," she said. "The Unionist Government has kept us in poverty for fifty years. They thought they would kick us in the teeth again, but instead we put up barricades and kicked hell out of them. The people have got off their knees and are no longer prepared to accept the choice of starve or leave. We will stay and fight!"

The crowd rose and cheered. People who were wearing "Dump Lindsay" buttons and who, a year before, had supported George Wallace for President, said to one another, "She's playing the same part as Joan of Arc." Pete Sweeney, a building foreman, said, "I think she's not half as much a revolutionary as she should be. The only way unification will come in Ireland is by force." He said the Irish problem had nothing to do with civil rights in America. "Everybody's got freedom in this country. You've got equal rights for anybody who wants to use their rights. A lot of 'em a damned lazy to use them."

It was like this everywhere Bernadette w New York—at rallies in Gaelic Park, at pubs dance halls and taverns, where she appeal ethnic pride and asked for one million dolla relief at home. It was her first visit to the U States, and Bernadette was feeling out her cha and her oratorical powers. She spoke of the cause here and movements for liberation thr out the world. She began to feel, from the emo reactions to her, that she might influence no Irish politics but the direction and alignme American politics. As she traveled across the try, she was to find the prospect more comple difficult than it had first appeared. She was come deeply suspicious of being used and mis- her infighting supporters. She would uncove ers of ironies beneath the initial irony which fronted her in New York: a militant, so revolutionary relating to the conservative, American working classes.

The tour was chaotic, fly-by-night, patch gether by groups who appeared when Bern landed unexpectedly at Kennedy Airport: th tional Association for Irish Justice (NAIJ), organizations, young socialist clubs, the Democratic Coalition of Michigan, and a h of minor politicians. Bernadette had orig planned to come here in October for an ela cross-country tour with Irish singers and da civil-rights speakers, and NAIJ organizers, w addition to collecting funds, would set up p nent Irish-American action groups. At the the month, there would be a convention in B to establish NAIJ as a mass political movem

The troubles of August dispelled these Since the partitioning of Ireland in 1920, the been tension in the North between the one m Protestants and the half-million Catholics August 12, 1969, when the Protestant Appr Boys of Derry held a traditional march arou city walls, Catholics from the Bogside slums foot of the walled city threw stones at the ma Police, who are mostly Protestant, charged Catholic crowd, and were joined by Prot youths. The Catholics, spurred by Bernadett lin and other civil-rights leaders, threw up barricades and fought police with brick

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cocktails. Rioting spread to other cities, g Belfast, where guns were used. After ays of fighting and eight deaths, British were flown in to keep peace. Eamonn ı, the twenty-six-year-old street leader of nd Bernadette's political mentor, felt police arrest both him and Bernadette and sug- that Bernadette go to America and raise nds. By the time she returned, the situation ave cooled.

ugust 20, Bernadette and her constant com- twenty-nine-year-old Loudon Seth, drove ıe Bogside behind an ambulance with sirens They sped the eight miles to the border arged through customs without stopping. ette wore jeans and a sweater, no disguise, , Loudon said, "The Bogside doesn't ac- go in for wigs and things." At Shannon , Bernadette told the press she was going to a to raise a million dollars. While she was over the Atlantic, friends in New York got ıe was coming. The party who met her at y Airport included: Peter Cush, twenty-two, student from Belfast who had come to a in July to raise funds for civil rights: Heron, twenty-nine, born in Dublin, a politi- anizer here for five years, who set up NAIJ ril as the official arm of the Civil Rights tion in Ireland; Phil Tracy, twenty-seven, d by Heron to handle press for Bernadette. a baby-faced blond with a wry humor, on the plane and said to Bernadette, "What ı doing here?" Brian Heron said NAIJ olan a national tour. The organization had three weeks earlier into the third-floor walk- es of the Peace and Freedom party, which lorsed Eldridge Cleaver for President. There ıly two phones in the office, and they were listed under NAIJ. Calls nevertheless found ay there from all parts of the country. Poli- financiers, media, Irish groups, even Presi- ixon's secretary called. The phones were ıtly busy for four days, which made it im- e for Bernadette and Loudon, who were out ies and interviews, to communicate with in the office. I learned the only way to know ernadette would be doing from one minute ıext was to stay with her.

was taken to the Limerick restaurant in ttan for dinner with friends, volunteers, and rs tagging along, including Claudia Dreifus, m blonde who works for the underground *illage Other*. Claudia is about the same size ıadette, and offered to loan her clothes. As t of this haphazard union, Bernadette ap- on national television for the next thirteen these casual, slightly kooky, extremely short an dresses.

, *August 22.* The day after Bernadette ar- ıll Irish-American groups in New York were to a meeting at the NAIJ office. The mimeo ıes were grinding out leaflets, and people ıaking anti-British signs. A poster of Berna- dette was taped on the door with the words, "Civil Rights Now!" Photographs of the fighting in Derry were pinned up, and scrawled over them was: "This is Ireland, 1969. A terrible beauty is born."

Just before 9:00 P.M., Brian Heron, who has a scruffy black moustache and wiry hair, and was wearing a soiled yellow shirt, baggy trousers, and sandals, told three hundred people in the un-air-conditioned room that Bernadette had come to raise a million dollars and was calling on the Irish community to support her. A white-haired man who identified himself as Michael Flannery, chairman of the Irish Action Committee, interrupted in a gruff brogue: "I object to Bernadette blowin' into town without telling anybody." He asked how many in the room even knew Brian Heron. "We're not going to be taken over by a bunch of strangers that we do not know." The crowd began haggling. One man yelled, "We've seen before where collections were taken and they ended up in the wrong hands." Brian said, "It took them eight hundred years in Ireland to declare a revolutionary government, and now that they've done it, what are we doing in New York? We're arguing about who has the right to help them." An elderly man with an Irish accent said, "You can't be askin' your friends who they are. If I asked Brian Heron who he was, I'd have to be askin', who was James Connolly."

Almost no one in the room knew that Heron happens to be the grandson of James Connolly, the Irish Marxist writer and activist who commanded the Irish Rebellion in 1916, was captured and shot by the British. The factions at the meeting continued to argue, even after Bernadette arrived. She is just over five feet tall, with large blue eyes, a complexion that still bears the marks of adolescence, a slight space between her front teeth, and shoulder-length brown hair. She sat for twenty minutes before saying, with a smile, "This may be a very long way from home, but to hear you arguing among yourselves is the happiest thing I've seen since I've arrived. Because I've seen it among the Irish in London, Derry, and Belfast. We Irish know what we want, but there's nobody like us for fighting about how we get it." The tension in the room was released in laughter. Bernadette spoke in a brogue that is arresting and romantic to American ears. The words, "coming here," become "koh-min hee-ur," and "made poor," "mee-ad poo-er." She said, "We are going to raise money to build new apartments for our people that the government will never have any control over. We will say, the more of this country you destroy, the more we'll build up, until we beat you back into the sea where you came from." She finished to a wild ovation. But the conflict between the older Irish groups and the young activists of NAIJ was never resolved. It recurred in every city.

When Bernadette first arrived, she was asked what she wanted to emphasize—raising money, using the media, or meeting people. She said she wanted to do all three. This decision, or indecision, led to schedules which ran from 7:00 A.M. to 4:00 the next morning, with no time allotted for meals or

rest. She appeared on almost every network interview show and all the local Irish radio programs. She spent an entire afternoon in a stuffy loft talking to reporters who were fed through every ten minutes. She chain-smoked cigarettes, ate chocolates, and kept asking for Cokes. She was overcome by the 95-degree heat—a temperature never reached in Ireland. "Before I came here, I used to wonder why Americans chew gum and drink Cokes. Now I wonder how they ever stop it. I feel like Shirley Temple, sucking on soda with people milling about."

Bernadette's tour was an underground campaign. They used borrowed cars, borrowed offices and apartments. She was driven around New York by Bernie Sweeney, a medical equipment salesman from New Jersey, who has an uncle who fought with the Irish Republican Army. A police inspector, Pearse Meagher (pronounced Mar), appeared on the second day and said he had been appointed liaison to Miss Devlin by Police Commissioner Howard Leary. He followed her in an unmarked police car, and called precincts for escorts to cut through traffic jams. "We do it for everybody else, why not for our own?" Meagher said. A warm, ruddy-faced man with sagging cheeks, Meagher became an integral part of the group. He played the bagpipes during dinner, sang "The Rising of the Moon," and quoted English and Irish poets. He said of Bernadette, "She's made her place in Irish history. When they get a new government, they should bring me over as an adviser on how to set up a democratically oriented police force."

Saturday, August 23. Seventeen people from NAIJ picketed the BOAC office on Fifth Avenue, urging a boycott of British goods. Bernadette climbed on top of a car to speak through a bullhorn. Reporters asked if the money she was raising would go for guns. She thought a moment. "Look, we have certain priorities. We need money to build houses, buy food and medical supplies. If we've got to fight, we'll fight, but much comes before buying guns." The question was asked repeatedly over the next few days, and Bernadette began to say the money would definitely not go for guns. She was forced, by pressure from the press and her own instincts, to take an increasingly rigid stand. This angered Brian Heron, who felt the money might be needed for weapons if fighting broke out again. Brian remembered a photograph of Bernadette in the Bogside raising a brick above her head and dashing it to the ground. Her purpose, she had said, was to create smaller stones which would be easier to throw and wouldn't cause as much damage. Brian said, "What kind of a revolutionary is that? If you can pick up a brick like that, you throw it. You don't break it into smaller pieces."

That evening Bernadette was taken to Irish bars and dances around New York. At the Old Shieling Pub, where about three hundred people were listening to hillbilly music alternating with Irish songs, she said she was tired of talking so she would sing. She closed her eyes, put her hands on her hips, and



Bernadette wanted all funds collected to go for relief

set her feet slightly apart. She sang in "Roisin Dubh"—"My Dark Rosalie"—one of songs about Ireland written in code because illegal to sing patriotic songs. The next sto the Jug o' Punch, and then the Jager Hou Irish dance hall above a German restaurant, advertises, "Top Bands: Joe Nellaney, the Aces, the Rotten Spuds." Women in knee- dresses and shoes with old-fashioned heels dancing to 1950s rock tunes when Bernadette in. "We're fighting it out for the last time, God's sake give us money." A collection was and, as at most of the stops, it was mainl dollar bills amounting to about $500. It wa Bernadette would never raise a million if sh tinued in this manner—passing the hat at gath of working- and middle-class people. But dette was deeply ambivalent about soliciting m She said, "I've got a big chip on my should asking anybody for anything. I like to take v rightly mine and leave it right there. So I'm n best one to be sending for money." She wou make calls to wealthy Irish-Americans or p thropists, but waited for them to make their i known. Because of the difficulty of reachin dette, many who wanted to help were fru and gave up.

Beyond this ambivalence about fund r Bernadette never seemed clear about the purp her tour. She began it without preparatio fastened on the idea of collecting money to homes. She also wanted to communicate he



ought the money might go for weapons.

crisis in Northern Ireland, and educate nericans about injustice throughout the She was given total access to television and s no American New Leftist ever has been. on *Meet the Press*, and later on the Johnny show, she said the Ulster conflict was not a s war but "the age-old worldwide class ." She said the poor people were staging irrection against the landed Protestant who comprise 9 per cent of the population hern Ireland and own 92 per cent of the he Unionist party, virtually all Protestant, t itself in power for fifty years, she said, by ng the poor Protestants and discriminating Catholics, thus fanning religious hatred. the Protestants are marginally better off e Catholics, who can blame them for being that they will lose what little they have if olics are given a decent standard of living." l the poor Ulster Protestants are in the same as poor white Americans, including Irish- ans. "These are people just above the bread d they are afraid they will suffer if those hem—the blacks—are allowed to join so- What the poor Ulster Protestants and poor mericans don't see, she said, is that by unit- those below them, they could bring about onditions for themselves.

londay, Bernadette learned that newspapers nisquote her but that television works. She e train to Philadelphia, and reporters identi- as a civil-rights leader rather than as a Cath- olic spokesman. Philadelphia Mayor James Tate welcomed her and provided police escorts and limousines. That evening, at a $5-per-person rally at the Sheraton Hotel, Bernadette sang "We Shall Overcome," with a black tenor, John Russell, standing beside her with his arm around her. The mouths of half the audience dropped open. Some left in anger; others joined in, and they sang the chorus five times.

"Because of the difficulty of reaching Bernadette, many who wanted to help were frustrated and gave up."

Tuesday, August 26. Arriving ten minutes late for a meeting with U. N. Secretary General U Thant, Bernadette emphasized to him that people could not vote in local elections in Northern Ireland unless they owned property, and that under the Special Powers Act, police could arrest and detain anyone indefinitely without a warrant or trial. Afterwards, she met the U. N. correspondents, who asked what channels she had used to request the meeting. She laughed. "I always believe the simplest way of doing something is the best. We simply rang Mr. Thant up ourselves and asked him." Across the street, bagpipes were droning and a thousand people, most of them middle-aged, were picketing silently. Many wore work clothes—gas-station uniforms, coveralls — and carried signs, BOYCOTT BRITISH GOODS. After Bernadette spoke, more than a hundred reporters closed in on her. They stuck microphones in the car windows, sat on the tail gates, and pounded on the back. Three reporters, including myself, squirmed into the front seat, and the car pulled off. Columnist Pete Hamill, who wrote about the Irish problem before it was news and who had been promised an interview, was left standing on the sidewalk, glaring. Phil Tracy was pulling his hair. "Those people, those damned people." Bernadette said, "Calm down, everybody." They discovered that one of the reporters who had landed in the car was a high-school student from Bay Ridge, who carried a Polaroid camera and was doing stories for his school newspaper. "That pudgy-faced kid is going to have the best story in America," Bernadette said. "He shows up everywhere, and he always gets in the car."

She spent the afternoon talking with editors of the *New York Times* and *Time* magazine, outlining her proposal for solving the crisis. She said the British government should temporarily take over direct rule of Northern Ireland, until a Constitutional Conference can be called of all political groups in the six counties of Northern Ireland and the twenty-six counties of the Republic of Ireland. At such a conference, she said, "Let each party produce a social, economic, and cultural policy for the whole island, and then let the Irish people vote, not for what flag they want, but for the kind of government they want." She said she would like to see established the thirty-two-county socialist republic proposed by James Connolly, a republic of small collective farms and industry controlled by the workers, with equal rights and opportunities guaranteed.

Tuesday night was the end of Bernadette's period of innocence. She was past the point where she

could sleep, and so nauseous she couldn't eat. She lay flat in the car while driving to rallies in the Bronx, Brooklyn, and Queens. At each stop, she would get out with a smile, put an arm around Loudon, the other around a police officer, and forge through mobs to get to the stage. People pulled her hair and ripped her dress. I asked if she received the same treatment in Ireland. "Yes, only there it's worse, because behind those who want to touch you are others who really hate you and would like to kill you." It is part of the mystique of Bernadette that she has never been hit by a rock or bottle. Peter Cush says that when she campaigned, she would walk with a bullhorn through a rain of missiles and never be touched. This increased the tendency of people to regard her as a saint.

In Queens, she faced a crush of two thousand in the Tower View Ballroom, hard by the elevated subway tracks. A teen-age girl crashed through a police wedge to give her the score of a song, "Bernadette of the Barricades." The evening ended on a peak of emotion at Poe Park in the Bronx, where Inspector Meagher led the crowd in a tear-jerking version of the Irish national anthem, "The Soldiers' Song."

Wednesday, August 27. At 8:00 A.M., Bernadette and Loudon gave up waiting for Brian Heron and boarded their plane for Los Angeles. A dozen reporters were expected to accompany Bernadette on the cross-country tour, but on this wet morning, I was the only one to show up. The morning flight was empty, and Bernadette slept stretched across three seats. Loudon began to read *The Easter Rebellion*, by Max Caulfield. Loudon is a Protestant of Scottish origin, who has lived in Belfast since he was six. He is bright, moody, and has a sarcastic wit. Both he and Peter Cush are clean-shaven and wear attractive suits and colored shirts, in contrast to Brian Heron, who wears the battered clothing of American radical students. Loudon met Bernadette two years ago when Queens University in Belfast was a sleepy degree factory.

The Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association was formed in 1967, largely of middle-class Catholic adults. Their first march was in August 1968, in Dungannon, and on October 5, a march was called for Derry. The march was banned, but six hundred, including Bernadette Devlin, gathered. The police ambushed them by coming down side streets and beating demonstrators in full view of television cameras. When Queens University opened three days later, half the student body—four thousand—marched to City Hall to protest police brutality. They sat down in a wet street for three hours, then returned to the university and called a mass meeting, which went on for four nights. Out of this grew the People's Democracy, or PD, a nonsectarian movement for social change. Bernadette was one of ten elected to a "faceless committee" to administer PD. Loudon says she attracted attention because of her speaking ability and her guts. In February, Prime Minister Terence O'Neill, prompted by the civil unrest, dissolved the Northern Irelan liament and called a snap election, hoping vote of confidence. People's Democracy sei chance to run candidates—one of whom was dette—on a civil-rights platform for seats i districts which had not been contested for Loudon said, "Bernadette stood out in te charisma. It became obvious to us all that lated to a mass audience." The PD candidat expectedly. Then in April, the death of an sulted in a special election, and Bernadet persuaded, much against her will, to stand f liament. She was elected on a platform call a unified, socialist Ireland, and became the est MP since 1781, receiving two thousan votes than there were Catholics registered district. In her victory speech, Bernadette sa by going to Westminster, all she could do v prove, by trying, that nothing can be done i a parliament. In a very short space of time be back to call people out of the factories."

In a very short time, Bernadette became a of Catholic militancy, socialism, youth, nationalism, and the struggle for worldwide rights. Because of her poise and brilliance pressure, one forgets that up to a year ago, s just "ordinary Bernadette Devlin" from town, County Tyrone, one of the middle chil a family of six. Her father, a carpenter, die she was seven, and the family lived on reli mother died when Bernadette was nineteen a starting on scholarship at Queens. "I was on with my own life. I had responsibilities family, and I wanted to do research in ed for mentally retarded children. I was wh might call a white liberal." After the Derry stration, Bernadette was radicalized, influen young socialists such as Mike Farrell and E McCann, until she assumed a leadership what she calls a "revolutionary socialist mov You must realize the desperation of our we've got to win. We've got to get a dem system, because if we don't, the governme never forgive us for almost beating them. E and I will be shot while resisting arrest. The will get ten to fifteen years in prison."

At the Los Angeles airport, Bernadette w by three photographers and Ed Pearl, a club owner who is active in the Independent ist Club. People in citrus-colored orlon s stared curiously at Bernadette. One woma "What are they fightin' for over there, any Pearl, who had been asked by Brian He handle the Los Angeles schedule, drove Ber to a press conference at the Los Angeles Pres In a pink stucco courtyard with tropical Bernadette was asked, "How can two Ch people who believe in God be slitting each throats?" She was asked several variations and finally snapped, "This is the third tim said this—it is not a religious problem but poverty." A crew-cut man asked if she h

ed youngsters to throw Molotov cocktails. is perfectly true. I have encouraged the mak- Molotov cocktails and the organized throw- them, so none would be wasted. I'm a very ıt person."

nen reporters asked if she was married (no), ed (no), what was her social life like? "Since er 1968, I've been to two movies and that's it. ıe in the civil-rights movement has had a l social life. But we don't miss it, because working hard and getting social satisfaction the new friends we make working for the " Does Bernadette consider her femininity et? "I couldn't answer that. You should ask ople who like or dislike me whether it's be- I'm a woman or because of what I say. I don't ıbout it." Bernadette does not take pains with ppearance: she has no time to set her hair, her legs, or put on makeup. The only jewelry ears is a gold necklace with the image of St. dette and a gold Gaelic wedding ring, the agh, bearing a heart, crown, and two hands. oes not carry a purse, and is constantly ask- ter Cush, whom she calls "Muggins," to buy garettes, Kleenex, sunglasses, and gum. In ıanner and reactions, though, she is soft, , often coquettish; her interviews with men variably more lively than those with women. only subject on which Bernadette hedges is atholic Church. In Los Angeles, when ques- about the Pope and birth control, she made mmittal statements. Asked if she was a prac- Catholic, she said, "Yes. In Northern Ireland amused by that question. We say we've prac- ong enough, we are now experts." At the end, st came up and told her she should stop talk- bout Negroes, Protestants, socialists, and Connolly.

Bernadette was driven to Operation Bootstrap, k project in Watts, she watched the miles of -story pastel buildings. "Something tells me lace is very big, and I'd be much happier run- ıround the rubble of the Bogside." Cush said, at smog that's burning me eyes?" They turned Central Avenue, passing the offices of the Panthers and the Afro-American Culture r. The schedule for Los Angeles was even haphazard than New York. When they ed Bootstrap, it was empty except for one n, Eleanor Childs, the young education di- , who said, "No one was hippin' us that this was coming." Eleanor, in an Afro hairdo and eads, showed Bernadette a toy factory where nake black dolls in leopard-skin dresses called Nancy." Bernadette kept making compar- with Northern Ireland. "In Derry, we have gation too." As Bernadette watched girls ıg dolls' heads, Eleanor said, "Her cause is bly cool, but we have other things to do." ıdette said later there was something "sad" the project. "I can't quite figure it out. Those e are working so hard, and they have their y, but I feel as if they still won't be allowed system."

In the evening, a schizophrenic crowd of one thousand gathered under the palm trees in MacArthur Park. Half the audience were Irish-Americans holding small green flags; the others were young radicals hawking Movement newspapers, members of the Independent Socialist Club and the Communist party. Heron had arrived from New York and was delighted with the situation. He believes a confrontation between Right and Left is the best way to launch a dialogue and speed conversion to the Left. He introduced The Committee, an improvisatory troupe from San Francisco, who did a skit where a man is beaten up because he refuses to sing the national anthem. Half the crowd became furious. A man leaped on stage and said, "Be very careful who you give money to; we don't know what this association is." A teen-age girl from Whittier said, "Those people who messed up the national anthem are not Christian, that's not the Christian way." A bearded man turned to her and screeched, "Hypocrite." When Bernadette arrived, both sides cheered. She said, "My impression of America is that it's not so much a nation as a great land mass where all the people who have ever been persecuted have come looking for a better life. Therefore it seems quite strange to me that people forget there is still a system of injustice here. I stand solidly behind all the people of America who happen to be of a different color than me." She received warm applause, but little money when the buckets were passed. Brian was ebullient. "That was great. It was a real political problem—it put us to the wall. Did you see how we turned things around?"

Later that night, Bernadette overheard Brian talking on the phone to a friend in the New York NAIJ office. The friend complained about Bernadette's statements that the money she was raising would only go for relief. Brian said he was working on her, trying to change her position. The friend said, "Never mind, play her along. We've got the money and that's all that matters." Bernadette, weak and nervous from fatigue and lack of food, told Loudon she would freeze all funds collected from then on in bank accounts which she alone could control. She had been told upon her arrival that NAIJ was raising money for the Irish Republican Army, but it was not until this moment that she began to believe the rumors that her funds were going for machine guns and ammunition.

Thursday, August 28. At the San Francisco Airport at 9:00 A.M., Bernadette announced, "I specifically do not want money for guns. If I were to discover that one dollar was spent on violence, I would immediately disassociate myself from the entire collection and insist that all money collected under false pretenses be returned." She adopted this stand not only out of anger and fear at being used, but from her deep instincts toward nonviolence. During the fighting in Derry, she made Molotov cocktails but she never threw one. She still believed that a change of government could come without civil war.

"I have encouraged the making of Molotov cocktails and the organized throwing of them, so none would be wasted. I'm a very efficient person."

—Bernadette Devlin

At the Del Webb hotel, Bernadette placed a call to Frank Gogarty, president of the Civil Rights Association, in Belfast, to tell him of her fears about the money being diverted for arms. Gogarty said later, "I told her we were not a building society but a fighting society to establish civil rights." Bernadette asked him to come to New York so they could clear up misunderstandings. She hoped to persuade him that funds should be earmarked only for relief.

Bernadette enjoyed the day in San Francisco; she and Loudon felt it was the one American city they would want to live in. Her schedule was drawn up by Congressman Phillip Burton and Joseph O'Donoghue, president of the Irish-American Action Association. After a lunch with labor leaders, she was driven across the Bay Bridge to the University of California. An overflow crowd of four thousand was waiting in Martin Luther King Hall. As she walked onstage, the students rose, jabbed clenched fists in the air, and cheered, "Power to the people!" Brian Heron strode out ecstatically, punching his right fist. Bernadette had not seen the gesture before. After a moment, she held out her fist with the thumb extended, as if making a "thumbs up" sign. The emcee said, "It's with pride and pleasure that we can show you Irishmen who aren't on a tactical squad." Bernadette began, "We created out of an insurgency by the police in Northern Ireland a counter-insurgency they can do nothing about. Our demands are by no means revolutionary, but it has been shown in Ireland that you have to have a revolution to bring them ab
The first question asked Bernadette was, "W
your astrological sign? I'm positive it's Aries."
side in the limousine, Tony McMahon, a barte
at the Abbey Tavern, was waiting to drive B
dette back to San Francisco. A tanned, long-le
blonde yelled to him from the sidewalk. "
Irish!" Tony turned. The girl raised her fist
grinned. "What does that mean, the fist like th
Tony said.

There was a rally in the evening on Fisherm
Wharf with Irish dancing, singing, and speech
fourteen politicians and clergymen. The aud
stood for every priest. A young Dubliner said
Ireland, you don't have to stand for the politic
but for the religious, it's safer." Bernadette s
briefly, then returned to the hotel to write, in
minutes, her weekly column for the London *
Mirror. Before boarding a plane to Detro
11:30 P.M., she sat in a corner of the airport
three writers from the underground press.
started their interview by saying, "We really
you." Bernadette talked with them in an irreve
conspiratorial tone, and as she left, said, "We w
be grateful for student demonstrations on the N
ern Ireland problem." A young man said,
wanted to organize a demonstration, but we d
know what to demonstrate against."

On the plane, Loudon fell forward, shaking
nauseous. Bernadette put cold towels on his
head, then went to sleep. Brian Heron ordered
and Seven-up and began talking about his



Brian Heron, James Connolly's grandson, found he was doing the same thing Connolly did from 1903 to 1910—organizing Irish communities.



James Connolly, born 1870, executed 1916, hero of the Irish struggle.

his grandfather, and politics. Brian has
itly mad, comic quality of an absent-minded
onary. He wears beat-up shoes and pants
e shrunk so that his legs show, and is always
ıg things, missing planes, and not answer-
ne calls. He can concentrate on a political
anywhere, and wrote an elaborate posi-
ıer during a ten-minute taxi ride. He wears
apel a small gold circle pin that indicates
:s Gaelic, and another pin with a green and
ıge of Connolly. Brian rarely mentions that
ınnolly's grandson. "I'm proud of it, but I
ant to use it to advance my own purposes.
was younger, I rebelled against being
as his grandson. I never studied Connolly's
until recently, and you know what? I
ut I'm doing the same thing Connolly did—
ın organizer in America from 1903 to 1910
Industrial Workers of the World." Brian
San Francisco five years ago, and worked
RE, the garment workers, and the United
Vorkers during the grape strike. He set up
st April, and went to Ireland to make it the
American arm of the Civil Rights Associa-
e and his wife began organizing in New
Irish communities, and have been moving
ıce with their sleeping bags and battered
s to homes of different friends.

said he is opposed to cults of personality,
individuals above the masses." What about
ette, I asked. "Don't you know? I have seri-
ervations about Bernadette's trip. Politically
ancially, this was a bad trip, compared to
could have been if we had had time to plan
could have created a whole new political
n America. We would have gone to all
ı-American working-class areas, civil-rights
and campuses, especially Catholic cam-
He looked at me and smiled. "We blew
ı."

August 29. The plane landed in Detroit at
M.—3:20 San Francisco time. Blinking and
d, Bernadette and Loudon fought through
reporters and popping flashbulbs. In the
ıy dress she had been wearing for three days,
ette looked ashen. Her voice was wobbly;
ere dark crescents under her eyes. Loudon
ıt to a doctor, who gave him tranquilizers
leeping pill. Phil Tracy, who had been in
three days, told Bernadette there was trou-
ving in Chicago. Mayor Daley had declared
funds for Northern Ireland should go not
adette but to the Irish Red Cross. During the
, Bernadette had been quoted as saying the
ehaved as brutally as Mayor Daley's. Irish
ations were angry that Bernadette planned
the black project, Operation Breadbasket.
ad been calling Phil and saying, "Tell her
go to Breadbasket or don't bother coming
ago."

etroit, for the first time, Bernadette had to
ı antagonistic press. An editorial in the
News called her a "miniskirted Danny the Red." Out of fear of counter-demonstrations, the city provided police escorts and a limousine—the same, plush-lined Chrysler used by President Johnson when he was in town. "Is it bullet-proof?" Bernadette asked. The schedule was organized by the New Democratic Coalition of Michigan, which did an efficient job but managed, they said, to "step on the toes of every Irish organization in the area." As a result, the crowds at rallies and the money collected were minimal. At a television show, Bernadette began to stammer and falter over her words. Later, she said, "I found it difficult to hear the questions."

At the hotel, Bernadette found Loudon agitated and incoherent. He had not been able to sleep, despite the pills. She said she was going to stay with him, and asked Brian to go in her place to a rally in Windsor, Canada. As the limousine approached the tunnel to Canada, bagpipes could be heard, and a red-haired man in a yellow kilt came running toward the limousine. He had a square, freckled face and pointed ears; in his hand was a black tam with a feather, and pinned to his green tie, a name tag, "Hello! My name is Sean Ganlay." It was obvious he was not going to be happy about the substitute. Brian started to tell him Bernadette was tired, her friend had collapsed, and . . . "Are you tryin' to tell me she's not coming? No sir! Don't give me that bloody baloney! We want Bernadette Devlin—we have thirteen hundred people and we'll come down and picket her if she doesn't come."

Once moving again, Bernadette delivered the finest speech of her trip to fewer than five hundred people at Ford Hall in downtown Detroit. Because it was the beginning of Labor Day weekend, the city streets were deserted, and a fragmented group of ruddy-faced Irish-Americans, blacks wearing dashikis, and young radicals trickled into the auditorium. A young man recited O'Casey verse, and the Irish Rovers sang three rousing numbers.

It is impossible to capture the power of Bernadette's oratory in print. Her lilting inflection, her facial expressions, which convey humor and a steely purity of purpose, are lost in type. At Ford Hall, responding to the Irish music, the verse and speeches, and stirring herself from near numbness, she walked to the podium and smiled. "It's great to be Irish." She looked across the audience. "It's great to be Irish in America, Ireland, anywhere. Before I came here, I had a false impression of Americans, from those I met when I worked summers in my uncle's bar. The American was usually a fat man with a long cigar, a great big hat, and a great big mouth. The only thing small about him was his pocket. We knew there were millions of Irish-Americans who were great patriots on St. Patrick's Day, but we thought they tended to forget that the shamrock, whiskey, and the old songs are not really what makes people Irish." She said there were three Irish heroes who, in their lives, symbolized not only the Irish struggle but the worldwide struggle for freedom. The first was Wolfe Tone, an Ulster Protestant who, in the eighteenth century, designed the green, white,

"Politically and financially, this was a bad trip, compared to what it could have been if we had had time to plan it."
—Brian Heron

and orange flag for a united Irish republic. The second was Roger Casement, leader in the republican movement in the 1910s. "We weep for Casement and his grand ideals, but we like to forget that Casement spent a great deal of his life fighting for the rights of people in the Belgian Congo. . . . I cannot understand the mental conflict of some of our Irish-Americans who will fight forever for the struggle for justice in Ireland, and who yet play the role of the oppressor and will not stand shoulder to shoulder with their fellow black Americans." The third hero, she said, was James Connolly, "perhaps the greatest Irishman of them all. Connolly was shot while fighting to raise the tricolor above the General Post Office, and was taken strapped to a chair to be executed by the British. In 1969, that flag still flies on the GPO, and if Connolly were alive, he would weep, as I weep, for what he believed in. I understand 'socialist' is not a good word in America." She smiled, but looked intent. " 'Socialist' is a very good word in Ireland. James Connolly—and I think most Irish-Americans should work this one out as well—James Connolly was a socialist, and the Ireland he fought and died for was a socialist workers' and small farmers' republic." She was interrupted for the seventh time by vigorous applause, and moved now to her conclusion: "Every Irish-American is a potential Connolly, Tone, or Casement. Do you support civil rights in Ireland because you are an Irish Catholic, or because you support justice? If so, are you seeing to it that your black countrymen are being granted the justice you so dearly desire for people in Ireland? I'm asking you tonight to forget your individual differences, and unite to bring pressure on the U. S. government to force Britain to take action on the Irish problem."

Bernadette walked out into the sticky Detroit night relaxed and happy. Back at the hotel, she came out barefoot to the living room to watch the late news on television. The Unionist "truth squad," two Unionist members of Parliament who came to New York to counteract Bernadette's "adverse propaganda," had held a press conference that day. The film clips showed W. Stratton Mills and Robin Bailie announcing, "There are many facts about Bernadette Devlin we will be producing during our trip. She is a Fidel Castro in a miniskirt. With her friends in the international socialist movement, she plans a campaign for the destruction of democracy in Ulster and the establishment of an alien, Cuban-type socialist regime." Bernadette shouted at the television set, "I'll sue them." Brian scribbled notes and smiled. "This is great." Later he said, "From now on, it's a new tour. It's going to be harder, aimed at organizing. We're going to change the American scene; we're going to move the Irish right over from right to left."

Saturday, August 30. I went down to Bernadette's suite at 10:00 A.M., and found her talking on the phone to Eamonn McCann in Derry. She said members of NAIJ were making statements behind her back, and she was suspicious of what they

would do with money coming in daily. She about canceling Chicago, going straight I Ireland. At 10:15, Brian came in and convin it would look as if she were running awa Daley. Their plane was to leave Detroit at at 10:25 they began to pack. Bernadette's h dripping wet—she had washed it that m They raced to the airport and, in the rush, dette's hem was torn and Brian's briefcase he always carries with him, was checked w luggage. The case is a battered brown stuffed with so many documents, leaflets, festoes, and notes that it cannot be close dictably, all the luggage came through in C except Brian's case. He searched for it for hours. In a slump of defeat, he said, "I thi took it. All my files, all the papers of the N Association." Loudon joked, "Mayor Daley CIA are probably looking at it right now."

The Chicago welcoming party included girls with roses, and red-haired Maureen O' of the Irish Societies. She said she had beer night with people calling, "You mean you're ing in someone who's going to run down Daley?" Brian and Bernadette began dra statement for the press. "Let's say we could Operation Breadbasket because of time, bu be back in October," Brian said. At the pre ference, Bernadette said Daley was the only in America to state that relief funds shoul the Irish Red Cross. "It personally angers cause it casts a shady reflection on my in and on the Civil Rights Association. In the B we saw no Red Cross coming in when the bombarded us for forty-eight hours with te a weapon I believe not uncommon to Mayor I Studs Terkel, a radio personality and auth joined Bernadette for the day, said he was about her because "if anyone can comm with, or salvage the blue-collar right wing, s by giving them pride."

That night, Bernadette gave a repeat of h troit speech on what makes a true Irishman t hundred people in a musty Irish dance hall of spilled beer and stale cigarettes. "Thos men—Casement, Tone, and Connolly—re everything that is Irish and everything that Irish-American," she said when she came o Brian Heron shouted, "Viva Devlin! Viva l lución!" Bernadette raised her fist. On the the airport, she sang, in her thick brogue, cago." Phil Tracy said, "I can't believe it, th beautiful speech I've ever heard, and only hundred crummy people heard it." Brian "Those three hundred people will organize C You gotta go to the people, not the leaders. people here. This is a great country. Bern you haven't even seen the Empire State Buil Bernadette sang, "in Chicago, Chicago my town." Then she led everyone in Irish f songs, louder and louder until the car stop the airport. Brian sighed. "There's an awful work to be done." The others screamed, "Oh a damper."

Sunday and Monday, Bernadette and Lou-
n rested in a motel at Lake Hopatcong, New
near the home of their driver, Bernie
y. They went for walks, rode the Staten
Ferry, and were given a tour of Manhattan
pector Meagher. The president of the Civil
Association, Frank Gogarty, arrived late
'.

irty is forty-five years old, a dentist with six
n who is vivacious and intense. He walks
st, wheeling and taking small jumps. He met
ette Monday and told her the crisis at home
own worse. In Belfast, he said, people behind
rricades had killed eleven B-special police
ree snipers, including one who was burned
h. Gogarty recalled later, "I told her there
great need for food and blankets, and that
ld not run a building fund now. If that's what
nted to do, we wouldn't touch the money. Let
p whatever she had collected and not bother
administering it." Members of New York's
shed Irish societies responded more favor-
Gogarty than to Bernadette. Gogarty was
o fight, but he did not relate the Irish strug-
other countries and he did not talk about
sm.

y, September 2. The debate between Berna-
Devlin and W. Stratton Mills, Unionist MP,
ped at 11:00 A.M. in the studios of National
ion Television. Bernadette was rested and
lembers of NAIJ packed the audience and
terrupting her with cheers. Sitting on a stool
er skirt hiked up to her thighs, Bernadette
d and prodded Mills with cocky remarks.
vas tense, in his finely tailored suit, and rolled
gue around his cheek. He kept protesting
dette was talking too long. (She was.) Berna-
ook the offensive from the start, by declar-
Not I, but my government as represented by
ills, is on trial." Mills attacked Bernadette
t "throwing her weight to reduce tensions
t the barriers down in the Bogside." At the
ere was general agreement among the press
that Mills' and the Unionist Government's
n was "indefensible." They asked Bernadette
he felt she had done. "Delightfully well. I
Mr. Mills lost so hard he nearly cried."

adette ran into difficulties with her own
at a fund-raising luncheon. As she was speak-
rian telephoned Gogarty and asked him to
over to clarify the needs of the Civil Rights
ation. When Gogarty was introduced, he
"I want to endorse fully the tour Bernadette
has carried out. She represents a subcom-
for the relief of people in distress, and she
minister the funds herself. I have come here
her purposes—to raise money for a fighting
to defend the barricades and extend them
gh all of Northern Ireland." Gogarty was
ached by reporters, and Loudon came up to
m the cars were waiting to leave for the next
ntment. Gogarty said sharply, "Look, Seth.
ook after yourself and I'll take care of my-
self, all right?" Loudon turned away. "All right, Frank."

When Bernadette and Loudon arrived that evening at the palatial home of Assemblyman Frank Dodd in West Orange, New Jersey, they went straight to Phil Tracy and said, "This is it, this is the last stop in America, we're going home tonight." Elaborate plans had been made for visits to Washington Wednesday, where Bernadette would meet national labor leaders and members of Congress, and Boston Thursday, where the entire city was anxiously awaiting her. Bernadette said she would not appeal to these people for support when she could no longer guarantee how the money might be used. She said Gogarty was making statements that would surely embroil her in controversy. She was exhausted and angry; her work had been undermined. Peter Cush tried to convince her she was being overly suspicious. He said the books of NAIJ were being audited by the District Attorney's office, and that once the money reached the Civil Rights Association, Gogarty would be only one of fifteen people on the executive committee to decide what would be done with the funds. Bernadette was resolved. "Don't try to change my mind." She signed powers of authorization to Peter to withdraw money from all the special bank accounts. While Brian and Frank Gogarty were making a pitch to the guests, Phil Tracy climbed out a back window and drove to New York to pack Bernadette's and Loudon's bags. Bernadette put on a blond pixie wig she had been given to help her sneak back into Ireland. In the same dress she had worn for two days, and with no makeup or dark glasses, she looked like Bernadette Devlin in a funny hat. Nonetheless, she walked out the front door without being noticed and was driven by Bernie Sweeney to Newark Airport. She and Loudon took a helicopter from Newark to Kennedy and at 10:00 P.M., boarded a plane for Shannon.

Within twenty-four hours, Bernadette rode back into Derry bearing the keys to New York, San Francisco, and Detroit, a model of the Liberty Bell from Philadelphia, and the summer dresses of Claudia Dreifus. During the next week, she would receive $35,000 in checks directly from Peter Cush. The Civil Rights Association would receive $90,000 from NAIJ. Frank Gogarty tried to stand in for Bernadette in Washington and Boston, but found that all enthusiasm collapsed once the bird had flown. Irish action groups in five American cities continued to plan for a national convention, but there were no signs of a mass mobilization of Irish-American workers. NAIJ announced that Bernadette's trip was "an unqualified success," that she received a million dollars in publicity even though contributions reached only one tenth of her announced goal. As far as Bernadette was concerned, it was good to be home, in the familiar, provincial world of the Bogside. The boundaries of the community were the barricades; within them, the rubble and burned-out houses bearing crude flags and painted slogans were identified, with militant pride, as Free Derry. □

". . . if anyone can communicate with, or salvage the blue-collar right wing, she can, by giving them pride."
—Studs Terkel

Nick Kotz

HUNGER AND THE MARKETPLACE

Just before Christmas 1967, Jonathan W. Sloat, Washington counsel for the Grocery Manufacturers of America, began receiving telephone calls from anxious executives in the food industry. Food manufacturers in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and Minneapolis were perplexed, angry, and curious about a letter they had just received from Richard Boone of the Citizens' Board of Inquiry into Hunger and Malnutrition in the United States. "I've never seen a letter quite so naïve—and one that caused so much controversy," an official of General Foods later said. "Our response must have been rewritten fifteen times, and there was quite a discussion about who should sign it."

Boone's letter revealed the basic facts about hunger and malnutrition in America and noted the inadequacy of government food-aid programs in solving these urgent problems. Boone pointedly asked the chief executives of the industry—presidents of the major cereal, meat, dairy, and canned-food companies—whether they and the government should be doing more to help the poor gain an adequate diet.

"Is the private sector devoting any special attention to the food needs of the chronically hungry poor?" he asked. "Why could low-cost fortified nutrients not be supplied to areas where the prevalence of malnutrition seems high? Should special attention be given to the problems of expectant mothers, newly weaned infants, and to the aged poor? Are government food programs adequate—programs that reach only five million of 29 million poor?" Finally, he asked the leaders of an industry that spends more than one billion dollars annually to advertise its products: "Can America gain freedom from hunger? If so, how?"

GMA lobbyist Sloat, a lawyer in his mid-thirties, fended off industry questioners as best he could, while he tried to figure out just what the Citizens' Board of Inquiry was. Operating from his rather spartan offices on K Street three blocks from the White House (the GMA's plush New York office, in contrast, is a showcase for the Association's members, with an entire red-carpeted corridor lined with full-page color ads of their products), Sloat has done his best to maneuver legislation favorable to profits for the $100 billion industry he represents—the nation's biggest business.

Boone's letter had been sent to 75 of Sloat's member companies, and names of the 35 who bothered to reply sounded like a roster of the *Ladies' Home Journal* advertising pages. An evaluation of the 35 responses made several facts clear:

• America's major food manufacturers professed to know little about the food problems of the poor.

• They felt that the answer to the needs of the hungry poor is mainly one of education and employment.

• They believed these problems, for which the food industry had no special public responsibility, were a matter for government attention.

Although a number of firms reported that they were working on fortified foods for undeveloped countries, they evidently could see no analogy between hunger in Afghanistan and hunger in Harlem. Some suggested that nothing can be done about problems of hunger in America because we don't know enough about it. "I have difficulty seeing why major food manufacturers should be singled out to comment on problems of hunger and malnutrition," wrote W. Gardner Barker, president of Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., a major producer of soups, in addition to the famous tea. "The matter of hunger is, of course, related to economic well-being, and I fail to see why you should attribute any special competency to the food manufacturers to comment on economic well-being. . . ."

The economic well-being of the American food industry, however, has become a success story of a technological and marketing ments. The American supermar sents the affluent homemaker w an overwhelming number of and conveniences that overeat overweight have become a natio cern. In spite of this overabu most of the executives quizzed Board of Inquiry felt that the dustry had neither the know-h the obligation to deal with the u able problems of feeding the hu to provide especially nutritiou at low cost to help the poor. T were simply not part of the ma which cereal manufacturers c with gimmick names and prizes i

To scientists working in th however, the industry bear cial responsibility, because onl apply available technical know feed the malnourished poor. O scientist is Dr. Aaron Altschul Department of Agriculture, an ity on the production and use cost protein and vitamin fortifie In 1968, Dr. Altschul told the Education and Labor Con "There is no excuse for not elim emergency problems of hung malnutrition in the United State the next one to two years. Unless really stupid, the forces should in motion to knock out this pro (But a year later, neither gove nor industry had moved.)

Altschul does not fit any of the types of ivory-tower scientists. equally at home discussing chemistry (he was a pioneer field), negotiating his way thro government bureaucracy, and ing marketing economics with t tains of the food industry. His goal is to convince the food ind consider the needs of the poor i ating the markets for its produ the past three years he has coaxe facturers into cooperating wi foreign-aid program to develo fied foods to combat hunger p

This report is excerpted from Nick Kotz's forthcoming book, Let Them Eat Promises: The Politics of Hunger in America, *to be published soon by Prentice-Hall. Mr. Kotz is Washington correspondent for the* Des Moines Register *and winner of the Pulitzer Prize for a series of articles contributing to the passage of the Wholesome Meat Act of 1967.*

derdeveloped countries. His re- along with the work of others, been remarkable.

example, in Guatemala and Co- a, the Quaker Oats Company is the protein-rich product called perina," a floury vegetable mix- ade of corn, soy meal, and cotton- meal, which is supplying adequate ion to poor Latin Americans at nth the cost of powdered milk, fth the cost of fresh milk, and one- the cost of eggs. In El Salvador, illsbury Company is selling a for- powdered beverage mix, "Fresca "; Monsanto has an investment in ong Kong soft-drink market with ified beverage called "Vitasoy"; azil, the Coca-Cola Corporation is arketing "Saci," a chocolate- ed beverage: and an Indian gov- nt-owned firm cannot keep up with emand for "Modern," a protein- ed bread which is so successful lack-market operators are selling e by slice while competitors are to catch up by fortifying their products. Swift and Company is ng on a soybean-textured food for l; International Milling Company eloping a high-protein wheat food unisia; Dorr-Oliver is making a nseed protein product for use in ; and a South African firm is eting protein-enriched drinks, , and other foods under the trade "Pronutro."

nerican producers have also man- ured, for the Agriculture Depart- CSM, a product made from corn, nd dried milk, which supplies all ecessary nutrients and 70 per cent minimum calorie intake for chil- Children throughout the world, ot in the United States, received million pounds of this miraculous ct from us in 1967—at a cost of nts per day per child.

/e can now take children anywhere e world and care for them nutri- lly with the supplements that are available," Altschul told the House ation and Labor Committee. He there, this time, to urge develop- of such products as CSM to aid oor in rural Mississippi, Appala- and the urban ghettos of Ameri- le listed the possibilities for nutri- and appetizing soft drinks; for y bars containing 10 per cent pro- for meat-like products made from eans; and for already-tested bread ereals which can supply synthetic in at a cost *per year* of 28 cents child. He emphasized this point: American agriculture, industry, and government *easily* possess the technical ability to eliminate hunger and malnutrition in the United States now—merely by producing the same low-cost fortified foods used in the government's foreign-aid program. Altschul declared: "This goal can be reached by private industry—with not more than $50 million in government aid." Altschul's dream has been blocked in part by other Agriculture Department officials who have discouraged the development and use of synthetic or fortified foods which might represent competition for the Department's farmer clients.

Private industry generally has not reacted to the challenge. It says that hunger in the United States is really either a government problem, an economic problem, or no problem at all. The Borden Company's executive vice president, for example, insists that his company's associates "are of the opinion that clinical malnutrition is not a public-health problem in any sector of the United States." In answering the Citizens' Board of Inquiry questionnaire, this spokesman for the nation's biggest milk manufacturer sidestepped the question of whether government food programs, which only reach 20 per cent of the poor, were adequate. The question "enters into broad areas of economics and political activity, and I therefore feel it would be impossible for me to comment."

Only the very naïve, however, could take this statement at face value, with its implication that food manufacturers and producers do not get involved "in economics and political activity." They have often involved themselves in issues with a direct impact on malnutrition among the poor. In fact, while its executives say "we are not concerned," the food industry's lobby, the GMA, work actively to battle *against* legislation which might help feed the nation's hungry or protect consumers—rich and poor alike. The milk industry itself entered into a specific area of economic and political activity when it lobbied against government approval of a high-protein fish concentrate it felt would be a competitor.

Once a month, in the exclusive University Club in downtown Washington, the "Public Affairs Committee," lobbyists for GMA member companies, meet to talk about legislation of interest to the food industry. Jonathan Sloat takes part in these meetings, which are directed by his boss, GMA President George Koch.

Koch, formerly chief lobbyist for Sears, Roebuck, is well-known on Capitol Hill. One of his associates describes him as having a "comprehensive attitude of opposition to just about everything in the way of social-welfare legislation." Truth-in-packaging and other consumer legislation are also on his blacklist. One insider confided, "The attitude is one of complete opposition. We go over a list of all the bills. Then we get a position report on the status of each bill. If a bill has no chance of passing, we move on to the next item. If a bill has a chance of passing, it becomes a question of who can get to somebody [Congressman or Senator]. There's seldom any discussion about whether we *should* or *should not* oppose legislation."

The hunger issue came up at one of the 1968 sessions, and Bryce Harlow, then lobbyist for Procter and Gamble, and now counselor to President Nixon for Congressional relations, asked: "If we participate, won't government try to throw the entire hunger issue to the food industry?" This common attitude that the industry should avoid involvement might appear somewhat contradictory to another shibboleth of the food industry—that free enterprise should be able to solve problems without government interference.

The food industry in 1967 played a significant role in temporarily killing legislation to supply emergency hunger aid. GMA lobbyists quietly maneuvered against a bill to provide $50 million for two years for emergency food and medical aid to desperately malnourished Americans who are untouched by the food-stamp or commodity-distribution programs. The bill, however, was finally adopted, only after skillful advocates attached it to the anti-poverty bill.

Soon after the dispute over emergency food aid, hunger lobbyist Robert Choate met GMA lobbyist Jonathan Sloat for the first time. "Oh, you represent the organization that lobbies against hungry people," Choate said in his most brittle Boston accent. Sloat replied that the legislation wasn't very good, then refused to discuss the matter. The two men later became more cordial, and when the GMA held its 1968 convention at the Greenbrier, a resort hotel in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, Choate implored Sloat to show the CBS documentary *Hunger in America*. (At that time, the Reverend Ralph David Abernathy was leading the

Poor People's Campaign in demonstrations at the Department of Agriculture, asking for better government food programs.) Hearing that the convention agenda was already too full, Choate asked whether the film might at least be shown to wives who had accompanied their husbands to the convention. Sloat finally agreed to show the film if bad weather curtailed outdoor activities.

"Did you show the film?" Choate asked after Sloat returned from the Greenbrier.

"No," he replied. "It never rained."

Hunger lobbyists were not able to invade the GMA convention but, less than a month later, GMA lobbyists made elaborate plans of their own to invade a couple of conventions. Grocery Manufacturers President Koch sought out well-placed GMA lobbyists to find out what plans were in store for "consumerism" and hunger issues in the two national political platforms for the party conventions.

Since the GMA feared that a strong consumer or hunger plank would bind the nominee to tough programs, a Nabisco Company executive volunteered to find out each Republican candidate's proposals on these issues and to influence members of the platform committee. At the Democratic Convention in Chicago, the GMA suite at the Sherman House was also quite active.

Robert Choate, disillusioned by finding so few good corporate citizens, laid out the industry's view in a stinging memo to the Citizens' Board of Inquiry: "We cannot find one single instance of a major food manufacturer supporting a piece of poverty welfare legislation bringing adequate food to the poor unless that legislation meant increased sales for that food line. In their desire to keep the 'market open' even at the poverty end of the population and in their desire to avoid 'government intervention' they have supported . . . denial of government-subsidized food to the hungry residents of the United States."

In the same memo, Choate, a wealthy Republican who probably knows more about the domestic hunger issue than any other businessman in America, had also noted, "We have spoken with many [food-company leaders] who cannot admit that there may be those in the United States who cannot afford food; many have gross misconceptions of the coverage of the present-day government programs. These same executives frequently claim that education of the poor is the answer. *We believe education of the poor to use nonavailable foodstuffs to be an escapist phrase.*"

After a year spent in a fruitless effort to enlist meaningful support from the food industry, Choate found the food-aid reformers and the traditionally conservative industry far apart in their conceptions of what is at stake. The food manufacturers have often answered such challenges as Boone's and Choate's by pointing to the steadily declining percentage of American income spent for food. Indeed, many food executives seem to believe that they already have made their contribution to the hungry poor through the genius of their industry. As Dale W. McMillen, Jr., president of the Central Soya Company, wrote to the Citizens' Board of Inquiry: "The U. S. food industry is one of the great success stories in history. Today, the U. S. consumer is spending less than 18 per cent of his income to be the best-fed consumer in the history of the world. . . . The new food technology has made low-cost and nutritious foods available to the hungry poor. Their acquisition and use of such foods is a problem which is essentially an economic and educational one."

The National Commission on Food Marketing, in its exhaustive 1965 study, concluded that the "declining share of consumer income spent for food is not evidence of superior performance by the food industry." The commission noted that the percentage of income spent for food has dropped mostly because the middle class is already well-fed and so does not buy more food when income rises, and because farm commodity prices have not risen in twenty years. In addition, the commission emphasized that families in low-income areas have gained the least from modern food distribution geared to mass markets: prices are usually higher in the smaller independent stores most common in low-income neighborhoods. Thus, while the rich are spending less, the poor actually spend more of *their* income for food. The fact that "Americans" spend 17.6 per cent of income for food means little to those countless American families with $500 to $3,500 annual income and a number of mouths to feed, who must spend from 30 to 100 per cent of their meager funds for an adequate diet.

As hunger investigators went further into the issue of food manufacturing, far more serious questions arose concerning the industry's contri to the nutrition of Americans, l and poor. Ralph Nader pointe Congress that the food indust only $12 million on basic food r while in the same year it spent lion on advertising. In numero ucts, the evidence is mounting nutrition is being provided t the supermarket shelves are fil more glamorous packaging, pro and advertising.

Dr. Jean Mayer, nutritionist vard and Special Consultant t dent Nixon, has severely critic baby-food industry for chang composition of its product stric a profit motive and at the cost nutrition for infants. He noted increase in the amount of starc sugar added to baby-food meats and vegetables. The starch an cost less and provide fewer e nutrients in the meal, he explai

The Senate Select Committee trition explored the nutrition food in 1969 hearings, at whic tists questioned the safety of adc and monosodium glutamate (M baby foods. These ingredients ar strictly to appeal to the mother After first declining to testify, tives of the H. J. Heinz Co. and Products Co., the leading sellers foods, finally appeared to defe safety of their products. The Hei pany, however, declined to brin its own research chief, who for years had been trying to persu company to remove MSG and salt in its baby foods.

Dr. Thomas A. Anderson, c Heinz's Nutritional Research l tory, had urged the developme more nutritious baby food. To pany officials refused, however, that Heinz might lose ground to in undertaking a task as tricky a ing nutrition." At first, Heinz denied to the Senate committee t Anderson had recommended ch the formula. Later, confronte copies of Anderson's letters to a the executives shifted their Anderson never had made his mendations "to the company," executive I. J. Hutchings explain only to his immediate superior lowing this hearing, Anderson confided to Mayer that Heinz wo change its policy and that his ow with the company were numbere

The baby-food manufacturers t they had successfully withstoc brief flurry of adverse publicity

ber 1969, they received another ted jolt. Dr. John Olney of St. eported that he had produced esions in mice using the same of MSG that is being put in baby oday, and Dr. Jean Mayer an- d on the front page of the *New Times* that he would "take the tuff out" of baby food. Only then inz and Gerber reluctantly an- that they would suspend use of n their infant foods.

Mayer argues that modern ing and packaging methods in oods often result in a loss of nal adequacy. The retention of n C content in orange juice has ncreasingly endangered, he said, cessing methods changed from juice to frozen juice in tin cans ually to juice in cardboard con- which may be too porous to re- amin C adequately.

Arnold Schaefer, director of the ment of Health, Education, and e's National Nutrition Survey, Senate committee that the food y is acting irresponsibly with at ree basic products of vital nutri- mportance. His points were:

uch non-iodized salt is sold today the fact that doctors are dis- ig a recurrence of endemic goiter d by lack of iodine). Some manu- rs and grocers charge several nore for iodized salt although the cost of adding iodine to salt is esimal.

anufacturers of bread and flour ts today are producing far more ts without iron enrichment than d twenty-five years ago, when vir- all flour was enriched because the required fortification for its mas- od purchases.

ilk manufacturers are selling milk without vitamin A and D ation and are charging several nore for enriched milk, although st of enrichment actually is only cents per hundreds of gallons.

aefer contends that the govern- should require enrichment of all nd fortification of all milk, and on-iodized salt should be sold only ecial diet product.

ther Congressional investigation isclosed that the fat content of urters and similar products has d steadily over the last twenty and now averages more than 33 nt, while protein content has de- . Although meat manufacturers that they have increased fat con- suit consumers' taste preferences, nutritionists say the profit motive again has been the governing factor. The meat manufacturers also have strongly resisted a proposed regulation requiring them to list by percentage the amount of fat and protein content in their products. "We are now better informed about the nutritional content of the food we feed our dogs, cattle, and pigs than about human food," Representative Neal Smith of Iowa told Congress.

Senator George McGovern of South Dakota began investigating the fat content of frankfurter-type products because of the heavy reliance by the poor on such cheaper meats. An advisory committee to the school-lunch program recommended in 1969 that no more than 25 per cent fat be permitted for hot dogs used in the program. The same committee of nutritionists expressed great concern in discovering that the caloric content of many school-lunch program meals consisted of almost 40 per cent fat.

Yet the vested interests of agribusiness and of the school-lunch administrators repeatedly have blocked improvements which could come from use of fortified products or from the services of skilled food caterers. The farm lobbyists are concerned about losing the school-lunch program as an avenue for the disposal of several hundred million dollars annually in surplus commodities. The school-lunch administrators are worried about losing their jobs to outside catering firms.

After several years of discussions with scientists employed by the nation's major food-manufacturing firms, Dr. Altschul is convinced that "the technicians are chomping at the bit" to provide innovative, low-cost fortified foods for the poor. Sadly, the adventurous and innovative spirit of the researchers often has not been shared by the marketing people who dominate this industry. Two cases in point occurred in 1969.

In one instance, the director of research for a major national bakery developed a highly enriched bread which could supply important nutritional benefits to the poor at low cost. The company's marketing management turned down his product on the grounds that the margin of profit would be too low. In the other case, a scientist for a major baby-food manufacturer proposed marketing a line of products with much higher nutrient content and less sugar and starches. He suggested an advertising campaign comparing the relative nutrient content of this product and those produced by rival firms. Top management dismissed the idea as one that might disrupt the industry at a time when profits were at record highs.

Publicly, the grocery manufacturers almost always say that nutrition education which would teach people how to use available foods, rather than more income for the poor or fortification of low-cost foods, is the answer to hunger and malnutrition. When questioned by the Citizens' Board of Inquiry, they referred the issue to the prestigious Nutrition Foundation, which they support with sizable annual grants, and which, according to the president of the Lipton Company, "uses its resources in the interest of proper nutrition for the American public both through its research and its educational arms."

Even though the executives suspected that "there is a lot of money misspent on the Kool-Aid and potato-chip meal" which could be better spent on dried milk, soups, fruit, and other items, the Nutrition Foundation was not much help in providing answers, asserting that this type of "education" was not within its realm of competence, and referring the Citizens' Board to nonexistent "studies by federal agencies and universities." The Nutrition Foundation declined to support the Board of Inquiry's hunger investigation, leading hunger lobbyist Choate and others to wonder whether this foundation had any function besides puffing up the food industry.

Another potential source of industry involvement in feeding the poor was the Agribusiness Council, formed in 1967 to "stimulate and increase efforts of the American agribusiness community in alleviating the problems of the food supply in developing countries." Although a chief council topic is the development and distribution of fortified and synthetic foods, chairman Henry J. Heinz II, board chairman of the company which bears his name, showed no interest in expanding the Agribusiness Council's concern to include problems at home as well as those overseas.

Even though the American food industry as a whole has responded negatively to suggestions that it might become involved or assist in solving domestic hunger problems, a few food manufacturers have recognized the irony of using food-industry technology abroad, but not at home, and have expressed interest in the domestic problem.

Leaders of Pepsico, General Mills, and Pet, Inc., thought something *should*

be done, and William F. Quinn, president of the Dole Co., offered broad encouragement and advice to the Board of Inquiry. The Quaker Oats Company reported on a successful pilot project it had initiated in the Chicago slums, with food-preparation classes disguised as enjoyable non-welfare projects for housewives with the very lowest income and education.

Since initial contacts were made in 1967, there is some slight evidence that the industry has begun to feel the moral sting on the hunger issue and to sense the danger of damage to its public image. GMA President Koch in exasperation "to get Choate off our backs," ordered TV spots on nutrition to be shown on educational channels and assigned a task force to study the issue and draw up a "position paper."

This GMA position paper on hunger and malnutrition, presented August 30, 1968, suggested actions which, if implemented, would represent at least a beginning. It urged that the GMA work with the government in school-lunch and other child-feeding programs, encourage local officials to participate in the food-stamp program, work with federal agencies to develop solutions on a regional basis, encourage efforts to study the nutritional adequacy of regional and ethnic diets, and support public-service nutrition education.

One imaginative suggestion was the idea of promoting a "fortified food fair"—since "the inventory of fortified foods in all forms in our research labs would stock a fair-sized supermarket." The private GMA paper also departed from tradition by supporting the use of fish protein concentrate (a flourlike product) to fortify food.

Agribusiness generally has opposed development of low-cost nutrients, as possible marketplace competition, and supported Food and Drug Administration restrictions on sale of fortified foods. Such was the case with fish protein concentrate. Because of opposition from the competing milk and milling industries, the Food and Drug Administration has restricted its sale to one-pound containers, thereby limiting its commercial use. When challenged to provide more low-cost fortified foods, industry officials often have replied that they are held back by FDA regulations, but fail to mention that industry influence has played an important role in shaping the regulations.

Although a few food-industry eyes have been opened to the possibilities of profit from low-cost nutrition, th bate on education versus fortific still continues. Here, too, the ind often takes contradictory public tions. For example, General Mill ecutive Arthur Odell told a Senate mittee that education was the answ nutrition problems among the since the poor will not buy any pr with the stigma of "poor man's tein."

Why can't low-cost, high-pr products be marketed to the ge public, including the poor, Odell asked by a reporter.

"You can't sell nutrition," he re "Hell, all people want is coke and p chips."

In this fashion, the industry gen has urged education as the answe then disclaimed any responsibilit even ability, to help provide it.

Most advocates for the hungry readily acknowledge the importan increased nutrition education, bu clare that income, rather than igno is at the root of the problem. Dr schul, the nutritional biochemist urges fortification, insists that poor are not any more ignorant food nutrition than anyone else; just have less money."

The hunger issue had develop much political momentum by 196 the Grocery Manufacturers of An volunteered to meet with the go ment and to participate last mon the White House Conference on Nutrition, and Health.

An incident during the planni this conference illustrates the infl to which industry responds fastes Jean Mayer, director of the confe noted that many new foods lack the essential nutrients of the pr they replace. As an example, Dr. M cited "Tang," which he said doe contain the potassium found in o juice. A hypertension patient or to drink orange juice would trouble. Dr. Mayer said, if he reli Tang, since orange juice is presc specifically for its potassium. A those at the meeting with Mayer w Paul Pearson, director of the ind sponsored Nutrition Foundation. in three hours after the meetin president of General Foods Mayer to tell him that the com would put potassium into Tang.

It remains to be seen whether th industry will respond only wh image is threatened or whether it will concentrate on giving the more nutrition for less money.

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To encourage better critical writing on the campus, to let a new generation of journalists fully explore new forms of journalism, Harper's Magazine is now conducting its Second Annual Criticism Contest for College Students.

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To enter, all a student has to do is clip his article, mark it with his name, address and college or university, as well as with the name of the publication in which the article appeared, and send it to Harper's Magazine Criticism Contest, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, POSTMARKED NO LATER THAN FEBRUARY 27.

Which means that if you are a college student, you still have plenty of time to create and enter (but don't forget that the contest is also retroactive). If you're beyond college, perhaps you know a student who has something of interest to say to a larger audience than just his classmates—by all means encourage him to enter.

For in the decade ahead, serious critical journalism is going to be even more necessary than it has been in the past.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE—AMERICA'S FIRST MONTHLY

John Thompson

BOOKS

Flaming Youth

Culture and Commitment, by Margaret Mead. Doubleday, $5.00.
History and Human Survival, by Robert J. Lifton. Random House, $8.95.
Being Busted, by Leslie A. Fiedler. Stein & Day, $5.95.

That peculiarly American openness and assurance, the gait of a free man as good as anybody else anywhere, as unafraid of the mighty of the earth as he is of the local cop, that Jeffersonian, Jacksonian, Bogartian man, is probably gone forever. He was a splendid and original thing, transplanted mainly from England, to be sure, but only here did he truly flourish. Of course the American knew that the rich might get away with more than he could, but he knew too, or believed anyway, that he could demand a fair shake and get it, not because it was his privilege, but his right. English common law protected English subjects, too, but I always think of this law as being illustrated by the story told about T. E. Hulme. One night he was apprehended by a London bobby as he urinated in the street. Hulme: "Do you realize you are addressing a member of the middle classes?" "Oh sorry sir."

Our breezy liberty had its other side, too, a side perhaps more necessary to it than we liked to be aware of. What has become, for instance, of that old saying with which we once proclaimed our proud status, "Free, white, and twenty-one?"

Well, it has gone. The young will never know it. The liberty they claim is, as they know, really certain "liberties" they take, liberties with law and custom, and they do not expect to be able to claim any immunities. They hope to evade, to hide, to outnumber and confuse, even to defy; they do not really think they can just walk around with their heads high doing as they please, although some may pretend they believe this. The young are different.

Margaret Mead, one of our most distinguished scholars of human society, now soberly and in dead earnest tells us that the young are far more different from us than we let ourselves realize. The "generation gap" is no mere slogan. Nor are we merely undergoing the usual cyclic "rebellion of youth," which time will moderate with falling hair, sagging waistlines, mortgages, and caution. The world has changed, once and for all; we may think we know it, but the young *feel* that the world is in an enormous and unprecedented flux. "Young people in their late teens and early twenties are central to this process," so another eminent scholar of human society, Robert J. Lifton, tells us, "not because they make great historical decisions or discover great truths, but because they feel most intensely the generational gap and the inner urge toward change." And they speak a different language, very difficult for us to understand.

Leslie A. Fiedler, whose first book some years ago was described by Elizabeth Hardwick in *Partisan Review* as saying something like this, "No matter who you may be, I am younger than you are," dedicates his new book to his first grandson. He has had special opportunities of knowing and understanding the young; his essay "The New Mutants" five years ago was one of the early efforts to see them, to present them as radically different. He was accused then and perhaps will be accused again of seeking to run with them, although in his own mind he is still hunting with the hounds as well. "Despite my present anomalous position as an aging professor caught between two warring sides," he says, "and despite similar attempts at mediation by other faculty members of equal age and rank, the current confusion of tongues represents quite simply a difference of generations." But he does not mean, any more than the other writers about this situation, that it is simply the old kind of difference of generations. This is something new, worldwide, irreversible. My opening remarks about one of the changes probably refer to only the least of these, but still it is an important change, I believe, in thinking of what Fiedler has to say, and perhaps what the others are saying as well.

Mr. Thompson, who teaches English in the State University of New York at Stony Brook, is a poet and fiction writer and the author of The Founding of English Metre *and other works.*

There may seem some histor modesty in supposing those of alive exist in an absolutely unic as well as some suspicion that heard all this before.

Thy Wars brought nothing al
Thy Lovers were all untrue.
'Tis well an Old Age is out,
And time to begin a New.

Still, it really could be true, of the old ages are out now. M a few not inconsiderable peopl it is true.

Margaret Mead's first book over forty years ago est her reputation as a leading ant gist, was called *Coming of Samoa.* Since then, she has cor studied man's cultural evoluti ticularly as it is marked in the sive adaptations of generation of these very slow, nearly invisi others, as recently in the Pacific she knows so well, of explosive ness, Stone Age to Postmode night. Now, in *Culture and Comr* she is convinced that "our pres ation is unique, without any pa the past . . . the generation gap i wide." Again, we know that ou and our transport and our com tions have made the world one humanity at last has but one neck, ready for the axe. But th *feel* it. "The past for them is a unintelligible failure and the may hold nothing but the destr the planet."

Margaret Mead establishes n three kinds of societies an methods of transition from one tion to the other. The oldest "postfigurative," in which gr dren, parents, and children gether. Wisdom resides in the have lived through it all, and c slow. The "cofigurative," United States before 1940, wh the grandparents' languages ar tions were meaningless to thei and to their children's childre society in which adults and alike learned from their peers,

ɔbility and improvisation. This
y we are still trying to perpetuate
ts day is past.
at we now require and what Mar-
Mead, indomitably hopeful about
ce, believes is coming is the "pre-
tive" society, worldwide, in which
le of parents, to oversimplify her
ıent, perhaps, is only to nurture
ild, to be custodians of the world
ıe child until he is old enough to
us. We have nothing to teach the
except to hand them the tools of
ng. And all we can learn is not
o form the child's behavior, but
ɔ alter our own so that we will be
red to learn. "As I see it," she says,
ren today face a future that is so
unknown that it cannot be
ed, as we are currently attempting
as a generation change with co-
tion within a stable, elder-con-
l, and parentally modeled culture
ich many postfigurative elements
corporated."
list of the mighty transforma-
of our world is familiar to us all.
ıiliar that we nod over it, perhaps
ering, but nodding, afraid for
ves and for our children.

he invention of the computer, the
splitting of the atom and the in-
ion of fission and fusion bombs,
discovery of the biochemistry of
living cell, the exploration of the
ıet's surface, the extreme acceler-
n of population growth and the
ɔgnition of the certainty of catas-
ɔhe if it continues, the breakdown
he organization of cities, the de-
ction of the natural environment,
linking up of all parts of the
ld by means of jet flights and tele-
on, the preparations for the build-
of satellites and the first steps
space, the newly realized possi-
ties of unlimited energy and syn-
tic raw materials, and in the more
ınced countries, the transfor-
ion of man's age-old problems of
luction into problems of distribu-
and consumption—all these have
ught about a drastic, irreversible
sion between the generations.

r children are afraid too. Of
e many young people today do not
to recognize this state of affairs
ıore than we do. They do want to
d what to know, not how to learn.
ır attempts to tell them—although,
, many of us keep doing it—are
v, the performances not even of
ingful ritual but of that repetition
ılsion allied to the death wish.
l, perhaps the sky is not falling,
all. Ozymandias fell, and the Cae-

HAUNTING THE MANEUVERS by James Dickey

Prepared for death and unprepared
For war, there was Louisiana there was Eisenhower a Lieutenant
Colonel and there was I
As an Invasion Force. The Defenders were attacking
And I was in the pinestraw
Advancing inching through the aircraft of the Home
Force. Sacks of flour were bursting
All over the trees. Now if one of them damned things hits you in the head
It's gonna kill you just as sure as if
It was a real bomb
So watch it. Yes Sir. I was watching
It. One sack came tumbling after
Me no matter
What. Not in the head, though,
I thought thank God at least
Not dead.
But I was dead. The sergeant said go sit
Over there: you are the first man killed. It's KP for you
For the whole rest of the war. This war,
Anyway. Yes Sir. The Defenders had struck
The first blow: I was plastered. I thought why this
Is easy: there's not a drop
Of blood there's only death
White on me; I can live
Through.
I lived through in the Hell
Of latrine duty, but mostly on KP, on metal
Trays that dovetailed to each other, stacked by the ton in the field
Kitchens. I moved them all at one time
Or other, and the Defenders
Ate ate and went back to killing
My buddies with blanks and bread. But when I slept on that well
Defended ground the pinestraw stirred each needle pointed up
Into the dark like a compass, and white whiter

Than my skin, edible, human-eyed through the pines.
Issued a great mass
Laugh a great lecture-laugh by the chaplain's one
Dirty joke, I rose
Over the unprepared boys over the war
Games the war
Within a war over the trucks with mystical signs
On them that said TANK over World War One
Enfield rifles filled with dud rounds self-rising
Through the branches driven up like a small cloud
Of the enemy's food at the same time bread
And bomb, swanned out like a diver, I came

From my death over both sleeping armies,
Over Eisenhower dreaming of invasion. Where are you,
My enemy? My body won't work any more
For you: I stare down like stars
Of yeast: you will have to catch me
And eat me. Where are you, invading
Friends? Who else is dead? O those who are in this
With me, I can see nothing
But what is coming can say
Nothing but what the first-killed
Working hard all day for his vision
Of war says best: the age-old Why
In God's name Why
In Louisiana, Boys O Why
In Hell are we doing this?

sars, and Lyndon Johnson, but the sky did not accompany them. We may even know something worth telling our children. We have, despite everything, lived with our bombs for over twenty years, and if it is hard to say we have done very much right, that fact alone shows that we have not done everything wrong. Our terms were the rough accommodation of nations, probably not suitable anymore, but they were terms, and there will always have to be some kind of terms until we end it all. But Margaret Mead has much to tell us, there is all around us much corroboration of what she says, and if we can still learn we ought to listen.

Robert J. Lifton, like Margaret Mead, has studied societies other than ours, with particular interest in the young, but from the somewhat different point of view of a psychiatrist who is trying to extend the insights of Freud and others beyond individual psychology to social movements. *History and Human Survival* contains essays on his studies in Japan on Hiroshima, on radical Japanese youth, on "Jews as survivors," and other subjects. His ideas are summarized in "The Young and the Old —Notes on a New History." Here, just as Margaret Mead tells us we are on the verge of a new and unique age, he tells us how, for much the same reasons she gave, we are in the period of the "New History." This new age "is built upon the ultimate paradox of two competing, and closely related, images: that of the extinction of history by technology, and that of man's evolving awareness of himself as a single species."

Lifton's solution, also, is much like Margaret Mead's. Despite the pitfalls of the New History—"romantic totalism"—he is fond of coining new terms and phrases—"psychism" (this is psychic numbing to unbearable things) in drugs or in mystic ecstasy; despite the "restoration impulse," or as we might usually say, reaction, backlash; despite these dangers and our own weakness and confusion, we must learn to listen to the young. Again, this seems an impulse both generous and somehow desperate, a program that is either inevitable, as we lose power and the young gain it, or nearly impossible. Because it is my sense that among those most sympathetic to the young, among teachers who have in large part given their lives to them (earned their livings off them!) there is an ever-growing impatience and distrust, following the original euphoria of the campus revolts and peace demonstrations of only a few months ago. What seemed like a marvelous freedom now looks more like anarchy in one place and totalitarianism in another.

But we have at hand yet one more testament to our times. Leslie A. Fiedler is one embodiment of that brave or brash American I began by describing, the man whose deepest belief is that he has the right as well as the next man to say his piece, to take his stand and not to be whipped for it. Thus Fiedler, a boy radical in the 1930s, defied ambiguously the police of Newark; as a young scholar in, of all places, Missoula, Montana, he launched a (successful) attack on his university president—and then wondered why he was unpopular in some quarters. He stayed in Montana a quarter-century, constantly attacked as an outsider, a Jew, a pornographer; and he published an article saying that in Montana people scarcely had human faces. As a critic he has continually taken extravagant views, making wild psychoanalytic interpretations of literature with much erudition but only a casual regard for normal scholarly procedures. All this and more he got away with, and prospered, ever brash, ever out in front, ever successful. This book—*Being Busted*—is an account of how, at last, it really looked as if he were not going to get away with it.

He had left Montana for the new State University of New York at Buffalo, moved into a great old middle-class mansion where his six children and their friends and he with his beard and his friends amazed his neighbors. He signed on as faculty adviser to a student organization devoted to legalizing marijuana. He did this in part because, as he says, it was well known that neither he nor his wife ever used any illegal drugs. Shortly thereafter the police raided his house, he and his family were arrested on what he maintains was a false charge, and ever since he has been subjected to continual harassment, his job threatened, his life insurance canceled, his mortgage on the mansion nearly foreclosed, all credit—even a Diners' Club card!—denied him. He does not think anymore that he can get away for nothing with speaking his mind.

This book is his counterattack for free speech and for the right of privacy against the illegal surveillance he was subjected to—and for the legalization of pot. For, as he says, he is not so sure anymore that he can win in the against the tremendous powers state. He is going to the public, own behalf, on the behalf of rights, on behalf of the young.

The book is also a selectiv biography of a man who is both sentative of his generation, the tion that came of age in World and a man gifted and accom beyond most of his fellows. He h ten in all the current literary famously, notoriously. He has guages, among them Japanese, Icelandic. He has been a very su teacher abroad as well as here, always been known for a rappo the young. Indeed he gives t underground press and other tions the searching zeal other s might have for fragments of pap is a most uncommon profess probably could not be so uncomm he not himself have such a hea gard for his own manner of life, own genuine achievements.

What Leslie Fiedler says is listening to, although I expect th will receive the same mixed r many of his other works have h miration, and then some doub whether such self-assurance is q coming to one in his profession. myself that what he says about t is very wise and sensitive, and so he says about the university. Ab young of today he says rather l we might have expected: there constraint and, as he himself much ambivalence. "We cann even in what direction our kids ing, and are not sure whether we are disoriented."

Whatever else has changed mained, then, our old as is gone. It may be that at th moment America had to enter had to confess to the loss of our innocence, to our knowledge of t all civilizations have always bo that same moment history was o

So we must try to listen to the those beyond history, to learn language, to accept disorientati certainty, and fear. There is reason to think that it will wo certainly cannot suppose any that many of them really want us, or that we, any more than th done, will like our schooling. W even have hoped we were throu school. But then, who has ever m to get home free?

ard Schickel

ERFORMING ARTS

vie critic on movie critics

y in 1969, Renata Adler jumped, l, or was pushed from her job as critic for the *New York Times*, ding a serio-comic cultural crisis ad been simmering through the ars of Bosley Crowther's twenty-year tenure in the post and which up still more furiously during urteen months as his replacement. new man, Vincent Canby, has d to be a graceful, knowledgeable neither too young nor too old for b. Something of a believer in the theory, he lacks both the rigidity ne paranoia that generally mark reed. Better still, Mr. Canby also rs to be remarkably lacking in the omania that makes so many critics n currently fashionable political he has "a low profile," which is imply that his reviews read like 's speeches. One merely notes, considerable relief, that it is now ble to have, on Manhattan Island, a ed discussion of the new movies ut getting sidetracked into specu- about the morals, motives, and the individual holding the most tant movie reviewing job in the d States, maybe the world. By di- g controversialists away from the and back to the movies themselves performing a singular service, not or the medium but for his fellow .

the fact is that too many critics ecoming demi-celebrities. They are ng up not merely on the panel dis- ns staged by the educational TV ns, but on the network talk shows ll (one may even be observed par- ting in an airlines commercial— e was also induced to model what ant of a better term must be called lingerie in a magazine fashion t). Graduate students are writing s about us, other journalists are iewing us, and a foundation (un- d) recently commissioned the Louis s organization to conduct a poll of the profession, embracing all the arts, to determine qualifications and attitudes. The attention is flattering but in the long run it is probably unhealthy. And nothing in recent years has struck me as more unhealthy than the excessive interest paid the *Times*' search for just the right voice to speak for it on a subject that has only recently become intellectually interesting to large numbers of people.

It is, of course, perfectly true that movie people and journalists have long speculated about the exact degree of power critics exert on a film's reception by the national audience. There is general agreement that New York—the biggest and most influential movie market—is a review town. New York is port of entry for the majority of foreign films, which means that three or four times as many films open there as open in other metropolitan areas. This glut increases the need for simple information and is a source of such direct power as the important New York critics wield. Foreign films are booked elsewhere on the basis of their box-office performance in New York, which means that bad reviews there effectively kill their chances of being shown across the nation.

Now it is certainly true that the man or woman from the *Times* catches the eyes of more New York "tastemakers," more quickly, than any other critic. Moreover, the city remains headquarters for the movie industry's financial captains, a lot of very hard-nosed moneymen prepared to vent their frustrations on the critic, blaming him for not understanding or sympathizing with their problems. But luckily for everyone, the *Times* is not the only game in town anymore, despite the loss of competing dailies. A number of national magazines have added film critics in recent years while others have upgraded the job, notably *The New Yorker*. Then, too, nearly every television and radio station in New York now has a movie reviewer and if they are not any better than the people who worked for the folded dailies, they aren't any worse. A movie publicity man can usually find someone to quote in his ads.

Still, in New York the *Times* is the *Times*, what it says about anything is important, and as the years wore on its audience both inside and outside the movie business grew increasingly impatient with Mr. Crowther. He was, and is, a very decent man and a model of probity in a craft that, at least when he started out, was full of hacks and corrupt practitioners, easily influenced by offers of junkets, easily pressured by ad departments fearful of the loss of revenue should the downtown theaters pull their display ads in the wake of unfavorable notices. In addition, Crowther fought hard and effectively against censorship of the screen. Toward the end, however, he was clearly tired and clearly out of tune with the sundry new waves lapping at our shores. He tried to ride with them but it was obvious that his heart was not in it.

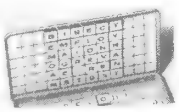
For a couple of years before Crowther was made "critic emeritus" the *Times* was interviewing possible replacements, one of whom was startled to hear an assistant managing editor openly hope Crowther would be retiring "sooner rather than later." Some of these interviews took place in front of the entire city room and on one occasion, at least, Crowther happened along and must have realized what was going on. In any case, the search evidently became urgent when Crowther made the tactical error of repeatedly attacking *Bonnie and Clyde* for what he deemed excessive violence, without recognizing its obvious

Mr. Schickel, who reviews movies for Life, *has written three books about film and is working on another. He and his wife are currently writing a screenplay.*

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merits and without recognizing that to the new film audience it seemed to be—as it has proved to have been—a harbinger of a new American film style.

The fact that so many people cared so much about this movie, and about his blindness to its virtues, must have surprised not only Crowther but others of his generation as well, for whom movies remain a rather casual form of entertainment. To put it simply, the gap between the middle-aged critic and the film-going public (75 per cent of which is under forty, 50 per cent under twenty-five) was now clearly too wide to bridge. It seemed to me that in light of his past services—which included help in making it possible for movies like *Bonnie and Clyde* to be made and seen uncut—everyone could have waited a few years until Crowther could slip quietly into an honored retirement, especially since the *Times* no longer had any serious competition and the worst critic in the world (which Crowther was not) could cost it nothing in circulation or ad revenue.

The *Times* has been laboring toward a less stodgy image of itself, especially in matters of culture and, on the face of it, Renata Adler was precisely the kind of person it was looking for. Under thirty when she was hired, she was a contemporary of the new film audience and she had an interest in, or at least a knowledge of, other matters that turned it on—the new politics, the new music, the pot and drug cultures. And she was a girl. Women have always been the guardians of art in America and with the general recognition that movies are, by God, an art, female film critics have come into vogue. Moreover, she was a nice girl, lacking the aggressive stupidity of one leading lady critic, the aggressive intelligence of her chief rival. It looked as if the *Times* could live with her.

The trouble was that no one else could. Within a couple of months New York was bitching again. For a time it seemed that not an issue of *Variety* appeared without a wistful rumor of Miss Adler's imminent departure—a reflection of the industry's inability to "read her," that is, predict her response to a given film. Pretty soon the civilian population was letting it be known that she had not captured its hearts and minds either. And her fellow critics didn't help out much, condescension being the general response to her work. I confess that I was frequently puzzled and irritated by her writing, though I could never quite express the reason why.

Now that she is publishing her pieces under the title *A Year Dark* (Random House, $7.95), gins to see a little more clearly wh Adler caused such a flap. And gins to appreciate much better w was trying to do. A good deal trouble, apparently, was not of h making. She was obviously ill-se the *Times* editors, with what scribes as their "continual lean sentences, cracking rhythms, re or explaining jokes, question crazily amplifying metaphors a sions." To read the pieces as sh inally wrote them is somethin revelation. For in the newspape peared she had no style at all. N shows herself to have a very ind way of writing—brisk short se almost as if she were impatient w way words can slow down thoug a little bit breathless, but very vi can also be interestingly gnomic antly quirkish, and, when the o arises, strongly moral. Upon re one recognizes, too late, an atte broaden the newspaper critic's ary scope. She would occasion view a theater's customers or it as well as what it was flashing screen. On Sundays, instead of ably recapitulating her daily not did good reports on such mat films for school use, drive-ins subjects, film archives, and so pieces from the European film f and about the response of film there to the Paris riots and the So vasion of Czechoslovakia are fi strongly felt and carefully o and more penetrating about Eu intellectual and artistic life than any other journalism I have read subject.

In short, she was making a br fort to redefine the job, to make her (and her instinct for socia ment) instead of trying to make suit it. In the introduction to h lection she records her loathing New Journalism in which "th began to dissolve" and "the writ everything." Right as she may be the new reportorial style, the that in criticism the writer may "everything," but he is a goo more than he is, or should be, front page of the *Times*. Certain cism is no job for a girl who ca as Miss Adler does in the first s of her book, that it is a "pecul perience . . . to write in one's ow something that is never exactl one would have wanted to say."

s a remarkable thing to believe attempt criticism as a dis- For the convention is that the omniscient if not omnipotent: many readers and not a few ıemselves believe the critic to al arbiter of excellence. This , one begins to see why people ubled by Miss Adler. It was not had bad taste: as a matter of judgments on the important 1968 stand up rather well on g. It was instead the tentative- er habitual tone that put people for her the gross put-downs or gy, quotable, "I love this movie" f a Judith Crist. Instead, her in print was modest, obviously g for, sometimes not finding, a precisely recording her private to a film. She was trying to be ctive reporter on her own sen- the only thing she could know certainty. Rarely does she pass udgment unless the picture is opeless.

of course, that was intolerable of readers. Where was that firm r orientation that Miss Crist, ıple, prides herself on? Where selling quotes for the movie o rip out of context and place ads? Where, above all, was the espect for millions spent that all s, and especially the representa- major medium like the *Times*, osed to have? I gathered from a ıtion with a publicist that what urt the folks at Fox was not ller's dislike of *Star!* but that d brush off the studio's major the year in two paragraphs, as e an AIP motorcycle flick.

, as it happens, a valid response, might have got away with it established herself as acerb, tough, nasty. But coming from eemed like a girlish prank. Or e example of the naïveté about picture commerce that she never l to hide. (It was, indeed, with commercial genre films like and *Wild in the Streets* that she t secure, made her most serious n judgment.)

seems, she had to go. She says es never transmitted to her any pressure the industry certainly to get her removed and surely he truth. She says she never ex- o stay long in the job and that, elievable. But it is now perfectly at in the present super-heated limate there is likely to be little or certain personality types. A conservative like Crowther cannot survive, whatever his past services. Neither can someone like Renata Adler, who is too obviously conscious of her (quite human) limitations. What is wanted is "personalities" in the most egregious sense of the term, fast-gun killers among them—people who fit well on the Johnny Carson or Merv Griffin show.

The problem is this: people who don't know the first thing about the principles or functions of criticism are suddenly reading the stuff with new interest because it is now more widely available than ever and because it is being written about a subject that everyone knows something about and which is wildly fashionable—the movies. Ideally, of course a critic is not a performer, not a walking edition of *Consumer Reports*, not a foppish snob of the sort George Sanders defined for us (with the historical help of George Jean Nathan) in *All About Eve*. Ideally, and especially if he is functioning in a mass journal, he should be, I think, a well-informed leader of the theoretically endless discussion between artists, commercial interests, and the audience. A tribune for none of them, he should be capable of serving all of them at one time and another—at least to the degree of explaining each to the other. I am not endorsing limp "objectivity." There is no such thing in criticism. The first obligation of the critic is to make his own position clear. But he should do so, I think, in a reasonable tone of voice and with a sense of his own limits and prejudices and blind spots. Sainte-Beuve said the art of all criticism lay in "just characterization" and that is impossible to do if your prime concern is showing off.

I think now—too late—that Miss Adler was making an effort, more conscientious than most, to be carefully just, to be fair to everyone, to be a true critic and not merely a reviewer outlining plots and tacking snappy judgments on them. It is entirely possible that she was modest to a fault. It is possible that Mr. Canby, who shares many of her virtues, but dithers less, will survive in the *Times* job a lot longer than she did. One hopes so, since, in the long run, the only hope for rational discourse about film—or any other art—lies in a careful, unflashy approach something like his. Meantime, we have Miss Adler's fate to instruct us and her book—so much better than her legion of amateur and professional critics will ever believe—to console us. □



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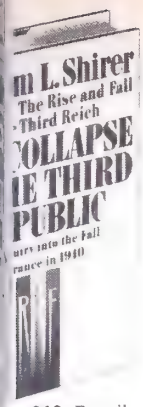
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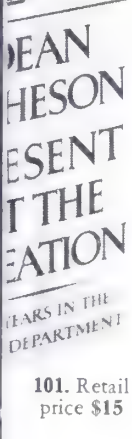
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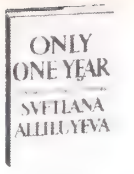
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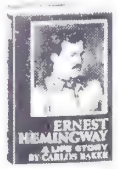
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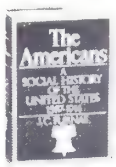
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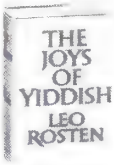
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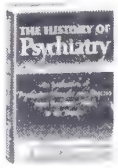
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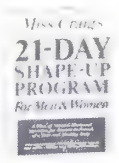
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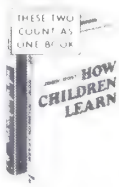
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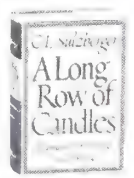
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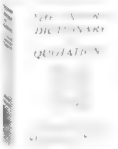
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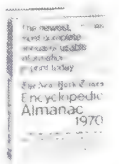
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ABOUT THIS ISSUE



Nineteen-seventy, which is our anniversary year, also marks th of the Harper's Magazine Press, cover book-publishing enterpr tablished by the magazine in c tion with Harper & Row. The fi books, to be published in Februa be: *Their Tattered Flags: The the Confederacy* by Frank E. Va acting president of Rice Univers a leading historian and biograph *In the Country of the Young* b W. Aldridge, professor of Eng the University of Michigan, critic, novelist, and essayist. S of Mr. Aldridge's book appeared October and November issues, an ing from the intensity of the re this is certain to be one of the m cussed and argued books of th

Three novels will be publishe spring: *Assassins and Victims* by bell Black, *Glad and Sorry Seas* Carol Evan, and *A More Perfect* by Robert Stapp.

Herman Gollob, editor-in-chie Press, is a native of Houston graduate of Texas A & M, the institution on the Brazos unnoted literary alumni. He has been a editor with Atheneum Publish editor with Little, Brown, a agent, and a story editor for the and he has worked on such ceived books as *Tai-Pan*, *King R The Gunner*. He commutes by bu and train between Manhattan an clair, New Jersey, carrying his scripts in an Aggie knapsack.

The Press intends to publish tive list of twenty to thirty books "Although previous publicat *Harper's* is not one of our criteria," Gollob says, "we hop fleet at best the spirit of the ma We're working closely with the of the magazine to develop join ects. And a contributing editor shall Frady, is writing a novel we'll publish next year."

Coming in the next issues of *Ha Joseph Kraft*'s assessment of the Administration . . . HEW Sec *Robert Finch* on the social issue 1970s . . . *Peter Schrag* on th Negro to be a starter on a South Conference football team . . . *Perutz* on Miss Teenage Ameri *John Corry* on George Meany ganized labor . . . and a special o from a likely best seller, *Robert send's Up the Organization*.

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LETTERS

Profiles in what?

In awarding the Chutzpa Cup to Theodore Sorensen, ["Ask Not What Ted Sorensen Can Do For You . . . ," November] David Halberstam overlooks the point that at the end of his TV speech on the death of Mary Jo Kopechne, Senator Edward Kennedy quoted verbatim from the conclusion to *Profiles in Courage*. That conclusion reads as follows:

> *A man does what he must—in spite of personal consequences, in spite of obstacles and dangers and pressures —and that is the basis of all human morality. [To be courageous, these stories make clear, requires no exceptional qualifications . . . In whatever arena of life one may meet the challenge of courage,] whatever may be the sacrifices he faces if he follows his conscience—the loss of his friends, his fortune, his contentment, even the esteem of his fellow men—each man must decide for himself the course he will follow. The stories of past courage [can define that ingredient—they can teach, they can offer hope, they can provide inspiration. But they] cannot supply courage itself. For this each man must look into his own soul.*

In an abbreviated version (the deletions from the source are bracketed above), these are precisely the words Edward Kennedy spoke on TV. He prefaced them simply with the phrase, "It has been written . . ." Since Kennedy was apparently reading the work of one of his advisers, presumably Sorensen, the question arises whether the Senator himself even knew that the source of these words was his brother John F. Kennedy's book. In any case, the unacknowledged use of *Profiles in Courage* lends irony to Halberstam's claim that Edward Kennedy "was glad to have his brother's intellectual"; he may have gotten his brother himself in the bargain.

. . . Another issue is raised here. In evaluating the televised speech of the Chappaquiddick affair, Halberstam writes, "The statement itself was of such cheapness and bathos as to be a rejection of everything the Kennedys had stood for in candor and style." Perhaps the context in which Edward Kennedy used the words from *Profiles in Courage* tinged them with "cheapness and bathos," but the quoted words themselves can scarcely be a "rejection" of the Kennedy style: . . . they still provide, in their original context, a noble measure of a man's courage. If these words now seem cheap and bathetic, the reason may be that in using them, Edward Kennedy failed, during the Chappaquiddick crisis, to "meet the challenge of courage."

GEORGE HELD
New York, N.Y.

I read with interest the latest installment in David Halberstam's continuing purge of the Kennedy liberal intellectual club, eager for reassurance that *real* liberal intellectuals are not responsible for our country's troubles. . . . Sure enough, from Mr. Halberstam's latest article on Ted Sorensen I learned that Mr. Sorensen's political instincts are cautious and conservative. . . .

It is difficult to banish Mr. Sorensen, who, to all appearances, has been a friend and adviser to John, Robert, and Ted Kennedy. To the uninitiated it may seem odd that Ted Sorensen can become an outcast without that somehow reflecting on the Kennedys. . . . Mr. Halberstam's task is a delicate one. He must sever Sorensen from the Kennedys without damaging the Kennedy reputation for candor, a sense of reality, and the "bringing of moral responses to difficult issues." Mr. Halberstam attempts to accomplish this by a neat but vicious ploy: Sorensen used to be a good liberal intellectual, but has lately shown signs of "spiritual and intellectual decay."

Sorensen's major sins, as Halberstam sees them, can all be reduced to failure to embrace at the appropriate time the latest liberal dogma. In 1967 Mr. Sorensen failed to see that consumerism was In, and defended General Motors against Ralph Nader, a "Bad Da the New Frontier" indeed. . . .

Ultimately, Mr. Halberstam's att to sever Sorensen from the Ken fails because he does not apply t Kennedys the same moral and in tual standards he applies to Sore Mr. Halberstam judges the Kenned their intentions rather than by the tions. Thus Sorensen is condemne advising Robert Kennedy to avoid mary confrontation with Johnson Robert Kennedy is excused for h action because he was "edging clo the starting line all the time."

It is a pity that Mr. Halberst man of obvious talent and sensi does not realize that rational po discourse is furthered neither by z concern for ideological purity nor dulgence in vicious personal attac all who stray from the holy path he does not is, perhaps, symptom our time, in which politics of conf tion have by and large eclipsed th tics of persuasion. One cannot with a man who believes hims capable of error.

PATRICK J. K
Evanst

I write to add a footnote to Halberstam's demonstration of th ensen chutzpa. In 1964, when I writing his book on President Ke I wrote Sorensen that I had been by his description of the Pr on *Meet the Press* as genuinely mitted"; but that soon afterwa *New Yorker* had published H Harris' articles on the Kefauver tigation of the drug industry, in Harris told how President Kenne pulled the rug from under Kefauv the agreement worked out—at a kept secret from Kefauver—by House representatives with D Eastland, and other Senators o to effective regulation of the i —an agreement which removed fective regulation from the bill by Kefauver. (The bill was save Thalidomide scandal.) And I didn't expect Sorensen to write



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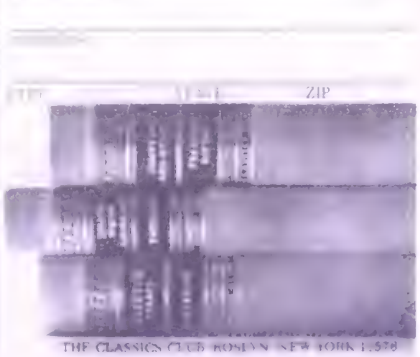
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about this incident, but thought h
an obligation to deal with it in his

This is how he dealt with it on
352: "He [Kennedy] preferred a
promise to no bill at all—'compro
. . . of issues, not of principles.'.
ample: By personally persuading
tor Eastland to report out a drug r
bill broader in its consumer prot
provisions than the Kefauver dru
he gave both Kefauver and consur
notable victory. Kefauver had bee
sulted all the way. . . ." B. H. H
New

David Halberstam should sharp
teeth on those most deserving
talents. I do not feel during our p
eclipse that the liberal commur
well served by purist thinking. A
odore Sorensen served President
nedy with distinction, so he will
the people of New York.

WILLIAM A.
Freeville, New

The occult, con an

It is hard to tell whether John F
is spoofing the public ["The
Chair," October] in his two
about poltergeists and bucksaw
But the current interest in supers
beliefs such as ESP and related
tific" nonsense lends too much
bility to his stories. In addition
get older I am increasingly im
with the claims of "how hard i
deny facts, but" . . . claims whi
a preface to an outrageous be
something or other that would no
be thought of as completely irra
This is the method of Dr. J. B.
and his wife Louisa and many
who present ESP as scientifi
rather than the "scientific" fict
really is. On a par with this k
fallacious reasoning is the clai
John Gould who believes in gh
really a man of "unquestioned
ity." We do not question his ve
all we question is his interpreta
what he thinks about ghosts an
questionable existence." H. R
Hollywood

As a third-year student of psycl
at the university, and a parapsycl
buff and researcher in a limited
ity, I was immediately struck by
features of the phenomenon of the
saw ghost which would lend them
quite well to research:

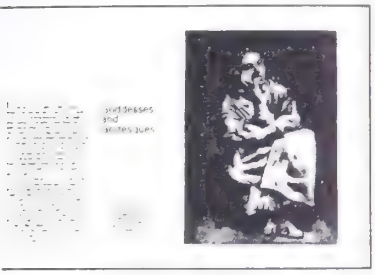
The phenomenon occurs wit



ause the Harlequin was also an artist
ooted from life, Picasso gave him his
a profile in this early work.



A fond father, Picasso
spars with his son Claude.



his portrait, Picasso
d ancient Iberian and
itive African art.



In his *Three Musicians*, Picasso
brightened the monochrome of Cubism
and added a sense of fun and fantasy.

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definite area. . . . While I was d
field study of a poltergeist in Sa
the events usually occurred w
wasn't at the time—one notable
tion was when "it" punched me
mouth. . . . It is not a mischievou
at work on the Parson farm,
Fischer's account, and therefore t
searchers need not be constantly l
over their shoulders. The most i
ing feature of this "ghost" is
works according to a schedule, *i.*
ber by the door every morning.
the biggest hurdles remaining i
ing parapsychology the legitimac
actual science is the problem of
repeatable experiment. The
ghost might well contribute.

The *modus operandi* of the
might suggest certain minor m
lations of the environment. Wh
pens, for example, if the ghos
enough wood already chopped?
it chop more or transport that
cut?

It is certain, then, that the po
information to be gained from a
of the Parson ghost is enormous.

DANIEL C. Co
Berkeley

The publicity ma

I was alternately fascinated a
palled by the limitless vulgari
Jackie and Irving ["The Writi
chine," by Sara Davidson, Oc
which I suppose pass for "perso
with habitués of the Broadway
wood hotel-restaurant axis. (We a
know what constitutes "success."

The general public is the poor
not just by all those dollars, by
the pruriently willing target of th
ical and greedy exploitation of ga
for-sale, and the endless explo
of the exploitation—even *Harpe*
sucked in!

Good writing about a trashy s
does not lessen its trashiness;
contrary, Sara Davidson's simp
truthful account is doubly da
Being unable to find any adm
feminine qualities in quotes attr
to Jackie personally, nor any ap
the loveless sexual aberrations sl
sents. I will gladly remain m
pressed" but reasonably refined
tell me we can't argue with all tha
and the fact that these *chasereis*-p
take themselves so seriously m
all that much more ludicrous!

IRIS
San Francisco



Greece and liberty

se accept my sincere congratu-
for the excellent article by Mr.
orry, "Greece: The Death of Lib-
[October]. As I am Greek, I
he present situation in my coun-
ll and I was glad to read Mr.
clear and accurate account. I
o glad to see that one more op-
ity was given to help your Amer-
iblic have a more precise idea of
s now happening in "the cradle
ocracy."

I remark, however, on a minor
oncerning the Junta's education
Mr. Corry mentions that re-
in Greece there has been a rise of
r cent in the number of teaching
its at the universities. I should
add that at the beginning the
s fired many university assist-
nd lecturers and later they an-
d the decision to double their
r: but this has remained a sheer
ncement of the new posts: hardly
ly has been appointed and the
f those fired remain vacant.

N. Oikonomides
University of Montreal

California: titles, Indians

shall Frady's article "California:
ending of the Veil" [December]
is certain inaccuracies. On pages
73 he refers to Senator Schmitz
tz. On page 62 he gives the title
perintendent of education" to Dr.
afferty. His title is "superintend-
public instruction." Also on page
describes Senator Alan Cranston
ner secretary of state. Senator
on was not secretary of state,
state controller from 1958 to
. .

Stephen Drew
San Francisco, Calif.

hall Frady's otherwise accept-
ticle is marred by his statement,
e 59, "But the Southern coast
re probably the most squalid
rt Indian society of any on the
nt lived . . ."

Frady should read *The Indian*
e of America, by Alvin M.
, Jr. (Knopf, 1968). The chap-
he California Indians might set
aight. Indeed, he'll be lucky if
another of our vocal young
of the present doesn't speak up.

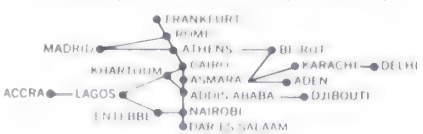
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John Fischer

THE EASY CHAIR

Notes from the Underground

The real underground in this country lurks in the boiler rooms of government. All of those other so-called undergrounds—the hippie communes, the drug subcultures, the anti-Establishment press—actually are about as clandestine as a circus parade: they may indeed be the most overpublicized aspect of contemporary America. But hardly anybody knows what is really going on within, as the jargon puts it, "the working level" of our bureaucracies.

This is not the result of a conspiracy of silence. On the contrary, most bureaucrats are pathetically eager to talk about what they are doing—but who listens? Certainly not the press. It habitually ignores them, except on those rare occasions when some civil servant gets caught snuggling up to a defense contractor or dipping into the till. The reporters who cover Washington—and the state capitols and city halls—would much rather write about politics than about government. Politicians, in their perpetual struggle for votes, make good copy, full of comedy, conflict, and suspense. In comparison, the day-to-day operations of government, conducted without benefit of the Spiro Agnews and Abbie Hoffmans, look undramatic and therefore unnewsworthy.

Which is a pity, because some curious things are going on these days inside the deceptively quiet warrens of officialdom. While the New Leftists talk a lot about revolution and the creation of "parallel institutions," the closest thing to revolutionary change which is actually happening is usually the work of anonymous public servants. And in a few states [illegible] experimental institutions, unlike anything this country has seen before.

For the last two years I have been talking to these unnoticed revolutionaries wherever I could find them, and from time to time I have reported here on some of their innovations: new devices for civilizing big metropolitan areas, in Minnesota's Twin Cities and in Greater Seattle; multi-state planning to combat the miseries of Appalachia; the confederation of counties to rescue a wrecked environment, as in Northeastern Pennsylvania; and schemes now under way to build a hundred new cities within the next generation. In recent weeks I have been taking a hard look at another kind of invention. Its enthusiasts describe it as the most interesting discovery since the wheel, which it much resembles. To its enemies it is known as Ed Logue's Fearsome Juggernaut. Personally I think it is too early to make a firm assessment—but it does seem to offer reasonable promise of becoming one of the most effective tools yet devised for coping with the double crisis of our cities and our ecology.

Its formal name is the Urban Development Corporation of New York State, and—on paper at least—its powers are indeed fearsome. Moreover, the man who runs it has a reputation for ferocity. During World War II Edward J. Logue served as a bombardier in the Fifteenth Air Force, and his ill-wishers (who are plentiful) claim that is where he got his ideas for dealing with slums. And with some reason. Before he took on his present job, Logue was largely responsible for rebuilding the central core of two cities, New Haven and Boston. In both cases he struck hard and fast, and for months their downtown areas looked much like London after the blitz. Now they are often cited as the nation's successful examples of urban ren[illegible] but while Logue was making the[illegible] fly the complaints flew even faste[illegible] was accused of insensitivity to the [illegible] of real-estate speculators, ward p[illegible] cians, displaced slum dwellers, bui[illegible] trades unions, and contractors [illegible] were accustomed to sweetheart [illegible] tracts with public agencies. Logue[illegible] self didn't realize how unpopular h[illegible] become until he ran for mayor o[illegible] ton: he took such a licking that h[illegible] winces when he talks about it.

In scores of other cities, of c[illegible] the men in charge of urban re[illegible] have been far more sensitive to [illegible] needs and pressures—but in these [illegible] nothing much has happened. Ev[illegible] Logue's worst enemies admit that [illegible] he is on the scene things do te[illegible] happen. Consequently, when Gov[illegible] Nelson Rockefeller named Log[illegible] 1968 to manage the just-hatche[illegible] ban Development Corporation, w[illegible] unprecedented powers, many pe[illegible] including New York Times ed[illegible] writers and Mayor Lindsay ex[illegible] the worst. "Why, that madman [illegible] tear down Manhattan," one New [illegible] politician told me at the time. "a[illegible] body could lift a finger to stop hi[illegible]

In theory, he could do just tha[illegible] Corporation is authorized by [illegible] move into any community in the [illegible] take whatever property it wants b[illegible] demnation, raze any structures [illegible] site, and replace them with home[illegible] tories, schools, or office buildings[illegible] sees fit—all without paying any [illegible] tion whatever to local zoning law[illegible] building codes. It could put up [illegible] Negro housing project in the mid[illegible] Scarsdale, the richest white sub[illegible] the state. It could build entirel[illegible]

This article is an outgrouth of a book project by Mr. Fischer for which some of the research is being financed by the Carnegie Corporation.

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310 MODIGLIANI PORTRAIT OF A GIRL



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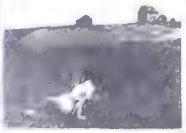


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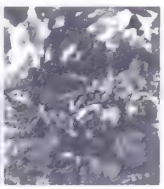




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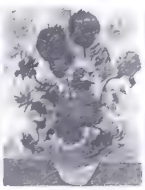
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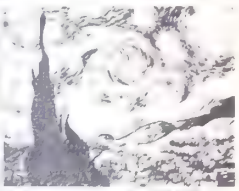
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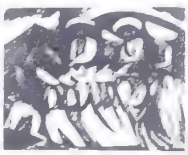




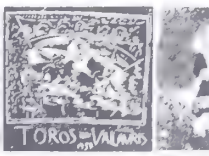




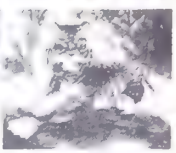


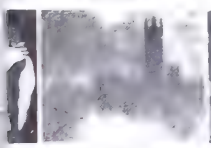


















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As scientists we deal in facts. Involved as we are with other people's lives and health, we go

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tailored studies in a

designed to uncover long-term effects continued, and work started on the production technology without which the best of drugs would most likely remain laboratory curiosities.

Detailed clinical reports underscored the value of the new medicine in treating mental illness. So, at long last, we submitted a New Drug Application to the FDA. Data on this particular product covered 46 volumes and 27,000 pages. After painstaking review by FDA chemists, pharmacologists, and physicians, approval was given for marketing, and the comprehensive job of informing the medical profession began.

Ever since, of course, there's

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new facts, either favorable or

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per major marketed product. It's a long, tedious, and expensive process. But it has one

vantage: it protects the

settle for anything less?

Another point of v

Washington, D.C. 20005

cities in the open countryside (and fact, already has three of them on drawing boards). Furthermore, it a lot of money; well over a billion lars at its own command, and poss another five billion of private inv ment to be spent under its direct This unique array of armament primarily Logue's idea. He persua Governor Rockefeller that with less new agency would be helpless to do thing significant about the state's rendous housing crisis.

When I went to Logue's office, in aluminum skyscraper on Fifth Ave to ask how he intends to use all power and glory, I found him a lot fierce than his legend. Instead of hard-nosed, decision-snapping ex tive type that I had expected, he tur out to be a rumpled, ruminative I man with a penchant (rare among lic figures) for making wry jokes a himself. His office looked as if he camped there overnight and hadn't decided whether to stay. A big r map of New York State was mou on the wall facing his desk, but the was cluttered with cardboard boxes of papers, and unhung pictures stacked in a corner. He rumm through the litter of documents o desk until he found a paperback of *Parkinson's Law*.

"My Bible," he said. "I keep it ha to remind me never to build up organization. If I did, I would bec its prisoner. I couldn't move. I mea keep this outfit small and fast o feet."

He made it clear that he had n lusions that he actually could us of the formidable authority w Rockefeller, and a reluctant legisla had given him. The act setting u corporation had swept through the lature on the wave of emotion follo Martin Luther King's assassination even then it would not have pass the Governor had not turned on a political pressure at his command three days you could hear the cr of twisted elbows all over Albany. sequently, Logue knows that he not have a genuine mandate fron legislators to attempt anything radical. If he should try, for exa to force a low-rent housing project a white middle-class suburb, in def of local wishes and zoning laws legislature almost certainly w snatch back overnight the extraord authority which it had granted him such misgivings. Even though he not use it to the hilt, however,

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Is that your 1980 telephone, over on the next page?

It's all electronic, including the "bell."

The hand set weighs only a few ounces because it uses only thin film and integrated circuits.

It's filled with plastic foam to protect it from even severe shock.

And it will make your voice sound more like you than any telephone you've used.

But right now it's still just an idea — one of many in the minds of our colleagues, the engineers and scientists at Bell Telephone Laboratories.

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authority is remarkably useful. When Logue starts dickering with a mayor or big landowner about plans for a new project, they know he holds all the aces—and if they get too stubborn, they can never be sure which one he might try to play.

So far, he has played his hand very gently indeed. For the first year in his new job, he spent much of his time soothing away the fears of John Lindsay and the state's other mayors and political grandees. He promised them, for one thing, never to move into any community unless invited. For another, he promised to develop all his projects in close consultation with local advisory committees. Private contractors, architects, and investors are expected to build and operate virtually everything the Corporation initiates. Although the Corporation could do these things itself, Logue prefers to limit its role to planning, policy making, and stimulating action by others.

Clearly this is good politics. If the Corporation had started rampaging around like a bull elephant, as its early critics had expected, it would quickly have become a political liability to Rockefeller; and if he should be defeated for reelection this fall, then his successor's first act probably would be to shoot the elephant. In addition, it is shrewd management. All of us have watched the failure of hopeful government ventures—from New Deal days to LBJ's War on Poverty—because their managers got bogged down in operations too grandiose for the bureaucracy to handle. So the sight of *Parkinson's Law* on Logue's desk struck me as reassuring.

Such caution does not mean, however, that nothing is going on. In the last year Logue has:

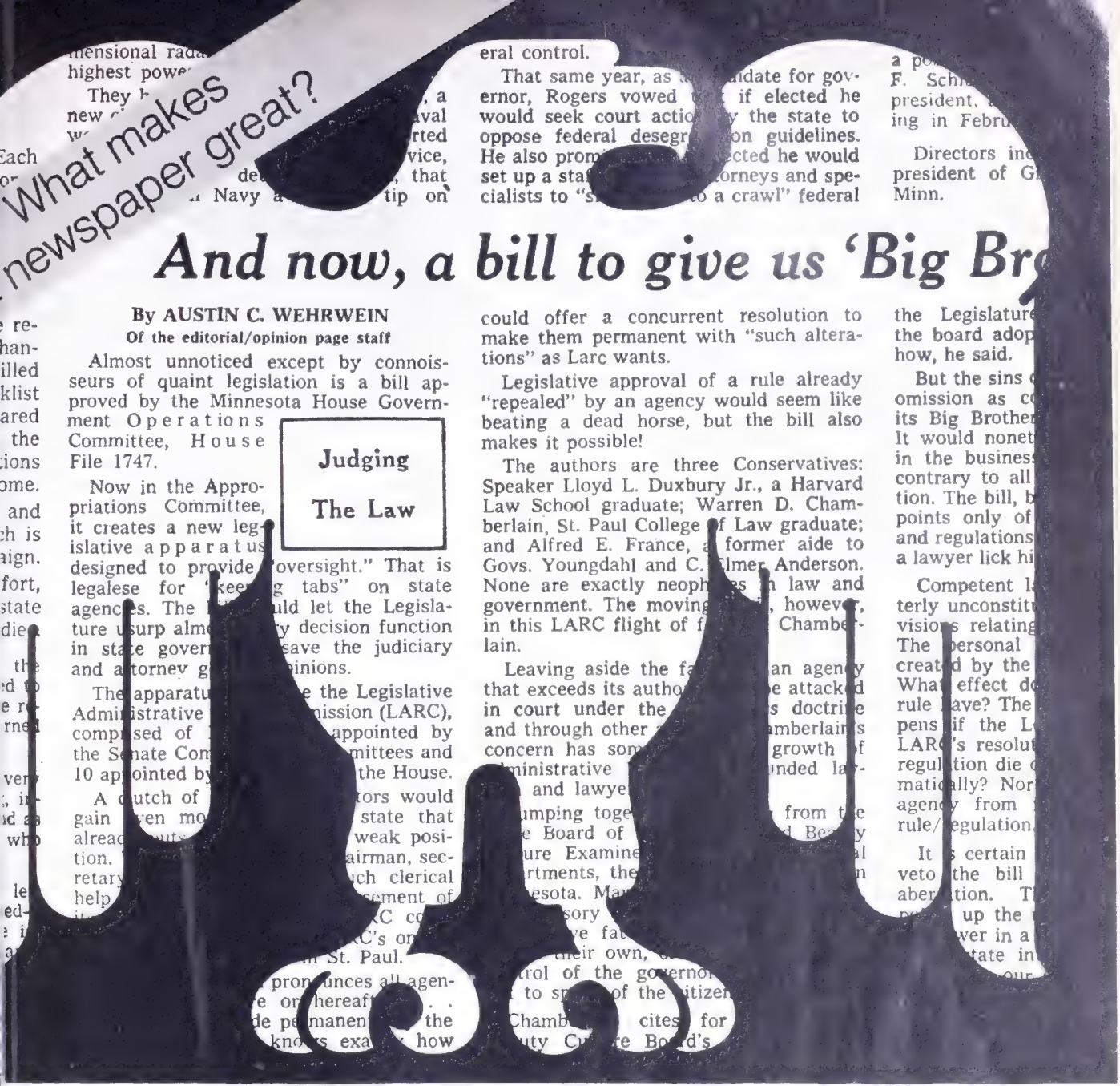
(1) *Put together a small but, to my eyes at least, a highly competent staff—outside the civil service system.* He doesn't believe in civil service, because "it doesn't attract quality people" and does protect incompetents from the axe.

(2) *Laid out his strategy.* It is going to shock some of his liberal supporters, when they find out about it, because it does not focus predominantly on New York City. Of the roughly forty thousand new homes that the Corporation has scheduled for building so far, only twelve thousand will go into New York City. The rest—in some cases accompanied by industrial parks, recreation areas, roads, schools, and sewer plants—are earmarked for twelve small[-] upstate. Although Logue has nev[-] so impolitic as to say so public[-] direction he is heading seems[-] enough: toward decentralizatio[-] dispersal of jobs and people, th[-] tion within the state of many [-] centers instead of a single Mega[-] Moreover, he is not going to pu[-] series of those vast projects fo[-] folks-only which have proved [-] sastrous in earlier housing pr[-] throughout the country. All too[-] they have turned out to be prefab[-] ghettos. What Logue is aiming [-] healthier balance: about 70 p[-] middle-income families in each [-] new developments, 20 per cent [-] come, and 10 per cent elderly [-] ("Most of us," he once remarked [-] apply our prejudices to the elde[-] don't care where they live or wha[-] they are.")

(3) *Started to lay the groundw[-] a revolution in the building in[-]* Notoriously the most backward [-] dustries, it still uses handicraft m[-] essentially unchanged since the [-] the Pharaohs, and is still organi[-] one can use that word) in thous[-] small, inefficient firms. A main [-] is that home builders have nev[-] a big, stable, and predictable [-] comparable to that of the auto[-] and computer industries. Consequ[-] in the housing field nobody cou[-] sibly build up an IBM or Gener[-] tors, capable of financing researc[-] modern technology and unde[-] factory-type mass production.

Significantly, the only peop[-] have come close are the mobil[-] manufacturers, who now prov[-] only reasonably decent new h[-] available in this country for le[-] $10,000 a unit. They are mos[-] shoots of the automobile and a[-] industries: they build their proc[-] factories with contemporary mac[-] instead of plank-by-plank on a h[-] scattered sites; they can turn o[-] number of identical models. [-] worrying about infinite variati[-] local building codes; because th[-] offer their workers steady year[-] employment, they can bargain f[-] sonable hourly wage rates; an[-] can deal with a single industrial [-] such as the United Automobile W[-] rather than with dozens of p[-] (often Mafia-ridden) building t[-]

If Logue eventually manages t[-] antee an annual market withi[-] York State of, say, twenty thousa[-] homes, exempt from local b[-]



And now, a bill to give us 'Big Br

By AUSTIN C. WEHRWEIN
Of the editorial/opinion page staff

Almost unnoticed except by connoisseurs of quaint legislation is a bill approved by the Minnesota House Government Operations Committee, House File 1747.

Judging The Law

Now in the Appropriations Committee, it creates a new legislative apparatus designed to provide "oversight." That is legalese for "keeping tabs" on state agencies. The bill would let the Legislature usurp almost any decision function in state government, save the judiciary and attorney general opinions.

The apparatus would be the Legislative Administrative Commission (LARC), composed of 14 appointed by the Senate Committees and 10 appointed by the House.

A clutch of legislators would gain even more power than they already have over state agencies. The weak position, chairman, secretary, help with such clerical chores as management of LARC committees, LARC's office in St. Paul.

The bill pronounces all agencies rules heretofore or hereafter made permanent unless the Legislature knows exactly how they could offer a concurrent resolution to make them permanent with "such alterations" as Larc wants.

Legislative approval of a rule already "repealed" by an agency would seem like beating a dead horse, but the bill also makes it possible!

The authors are three Conservatives: Speaker Lloyd L. Duxbury Jr., a Harvard Law School graduate; Warren D. Chamberlain, St. Paul College of Law graduate; and Alfred E. France, a former aide to Govs. Youngdahl and C. Elmer Anderson. None are exactly neophytes in law and government. The moving force, however, in this LARC flight of fancy is Chamberlain.

Leaving aside the fact that an agency that exceeds its authority can be attacked in court under the doctrine and through other channels, Chamberlain's concern has some merit. The growth of administrative law and lawyers, the jumping together of the Board of Examiners, the departments, the Minnesota Mayo[clinic] advisory [boards] have fattened their own [importance] at the expense of the citizen. Chamber[lain] cites for example how the Liquor Control Commissioner's Board's

the Legislature the board adopt how, he said.

But the sins o omission as co its Big Brother It would nonet in the business contrary to all tion. The bill, b points only of and regulations a lawyer lick hi

Competent l terly unconstitu visions relating The personal created by the What effect do rule have? The pens if the L LARC's resolut regulation die o matically? Nor agency from rule/regulation

It is certain veto the bill aberration. T up the wer in a tate in our

Austin C. Wehrwein, legal eagle

wein spends his time "Judging the Law" in The eapolis Star. And he's good at it. Good enough to an American Bar Association Gavel award. Good gh to win recognition from the Hennepin County Association. Both awards came this past year, gnizing Wehrwein's contributions to public understanding of laws, lawmaking and the courts.

ehrwein, holder of a law degree, does all right on subjects, too. He won the Pulitzer Prize for foreign correspondence while reporting from Canada.

"Judging the Law" has discussed Minnesota liquor laws and legislative regulations, the new chief justice of the Supreme Court and judicial ethics. Wehrwein has also viewed social problems such as college discipline and black capitalism "from his bench".

Austin C. Wehrwein is one more reason why The Minneapolis Star and The Minneapolis Tribune are the most influential media in the Upper Midwest.

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She Needs Your Love...



Little Rosetta doesn't know that her future hangs in the balance . . . her father has just been killed in an accident, her mother cannot earn enough to feed a large family.

Before long her big smile will be lost as she searches for food, shivers without warm clothing, unable to even write her own name, trapped for life in a crowded slum in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

We must enroll her in our Family Helper Project immediately, so she can stay with her mother, yet receive the assistance and education that will make her childhood happy—and her future hopeful.

How can you sponsor a child like Rosetta in countries around the world? Here are some answers to your questions:

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only $12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the home or project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your Personal Sponsor Folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. How long has CCF been helping children? A. Since 1938.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. Are all the children in orphanages? A. No, some live with widowed mothers, and through CCF Family Helper Projects they are enabled to stay at home, rather than enter an orphanage. CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who owns and operates CCF? A. Christian Children's Fund is an independent, non-profit organization, regulated by a national Board of Directors. CCF cooperates with both church and government agencies, but is completely independent.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. How do you keep track of all the children and sponsors? A. Through our IBM data processing equipment, we maintain complete information on every child receiving assistance and the sponsor who provides the gifts.

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Hong Kong, Philippines and Thailand. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

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Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture. I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

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codes, then he will have taken the indispensable step toward stimulati modern building industry—an indu which can grasp all the economie the mobile-home makers, and turn a more attractive, more commodi and more durable product. And he might do it.

Because of its special powers Logue's impatience, the Corp tion is moving with a speed tha positively dazzling, in comparison ordinary public-construction ventu Your typical urban renewal admini tor, for example, may spend years st gling with red tape and jealous bur crats before he can lay the first b (I know of one such project which been under way for eighteen years, is still far from finished.) Within years of his appointment, on the o hand, Logue had broken ground fo first big undertaking: a $60-mi scheme to revive Newburgh, an semi-moribund little city on the H son River about an hour's drive n of Manhattan. It includes 520 homes, an 18-acre site for industria velopment, and a reconstruction o crumbling downtown business dis

Before this year is out, Logue h to be laying streets for his first town—a community of about five t sand families at Lysander, on the n western edge of Syracuse. (This was relatively easy, because the poration was able to pick up 2,100 of vacant land, all in one piece, w had been used as an Army ordn plant during World War II.) With he may also have construction crew the job before next Christmas or second new community, this one within the borders of New York It will be located on Welfare Island off the east shore of Manhattan only big empty space left in the tropolis aside from Central Park.

It could be a gem. The prelimi designs, drafted by two distingui architects, Philip Johnson and Burgee, calls for a town square f the waterfront, shops in glass-co malls, and apartments-with-a-view terlaced with parks and playgro Best of all, automobiles will be b from the island, except for a gara one end. Welfare Island may wel come the most sought-after addre the city, comparable to Golden Ga Center in San Francisco.

The third, and most ambitious town probably will not reach the

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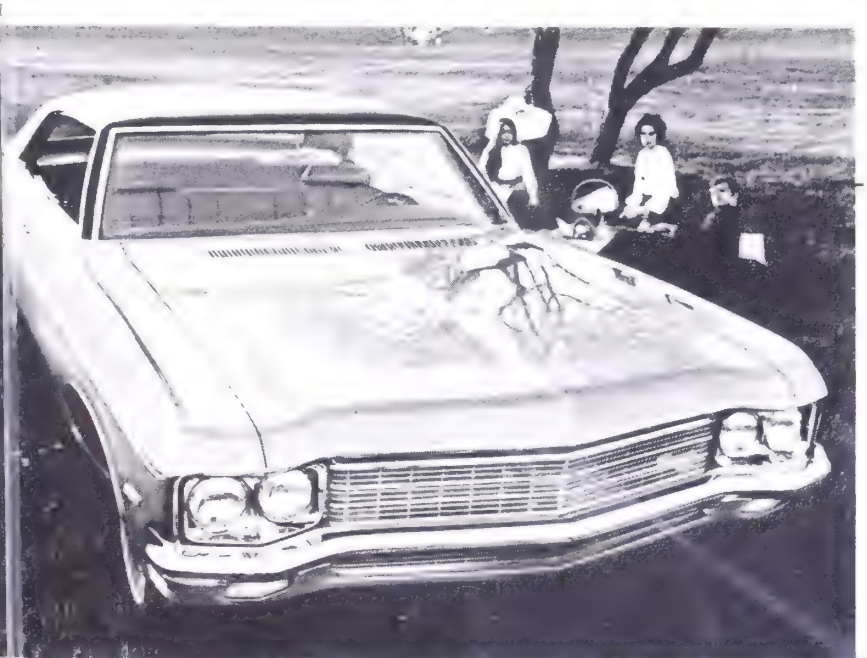
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struction stage for a couple of years. Its site is Amherst, northeast of Buffalo, where the state is building a major university. Described by Governor Rockefeller as "one of the great institutions of its type in the world," it eventually will enroll nearly thirty thousand students—and within the next fifteen years it is expected to attract more than 140,000 new residents into the Buffalo-Amherst area. Unless advance plans are made to accommodate this growth in an orderly fashion, it could be a disaster—blighting the whole northwestern corner of the state with sprawling slurbs. Consequently, Logue's men are working with local officials on a master plan for the entire region, including extensive reconstruction of the Buffalo waterfront and downtown business district. Elsewhere such efforts at master-planning often have ended up as a sheaf of forgotten blueprints on a dusty shelf. This one has a better chance, because the UDC has both the money and the authority to carry it through. Many planners, long used to working in an economic and political vacuum, can't yet believe it's for real.

Heartening as all this may sound, the future of the Urban Development Corporation is not going to be an unbroken triumphal march. Most of its other upstate projects—in Utica, Binghamton, and Ithaca, for example—are moving roughly on schedule. But aside from Welfare Island, its undertakings in New York City are likely to run into endless delays and acrimony. Not that they are particularly ambitious: most of them are modest, conventional housing projects, adding up to a mere seven thousand apartments on seven scattered sites. The trouble is that it has now become almost impossible to build anything in New York City except office buildings.

At this writing, virtually all residential construction has come to a dead stop. Private builders can no longer put up even luxury apartments, because their cost, forced up by rising land prices, high interest rates, extortionate unions, and the general misery of doing business in this traffic-strangled, strike-beset city—has outreached even the wealthy. Government-financed housing for low- and middle-income families also has halted, because the cost-per-room has overrun the limits set by federal law. Moreover, to clear a site in New York you have to move somebody, which means a fight both with the uprooted tenants and with the neighborhood where you propose to put them.

Worse yet, the city has lost 100,000 apartments in the last three years. Most of them were old buildings, abandoned by their landlords because they were losing money; their city-controlled rents no longer brought in enough cash to cover taxes and repairs. As a result, for the first time in its history the city is losing more homes than it can build.

Under these circumstances, it would be ridiculous to look to the Urban Development Corporation for the salvation of New York City. With all its billions and special powers, it could never make a perceptible dent in such an unmanageable problem. Probably, in fact, nobody else can either. Although Mayor Lindsay keeps pleading with heartbreaking eloquence for more money—from Washington, from the state, from anybody—he is not about to get what he needs; the new city plan completed last winter calls for $52 billion, in addition to all revenues now in sight. In the absence of this kind of cash, the city is likely to continue its decline—in population, industry, and quality of life. And maybe a good thing, too. Who mourns the passing of *Tyrannosaurus Rex?*

Toward another of his declared goals Logue has not yet made any visible progress. He would like to help the poor and the black to escape from the decaying core cities to the suburbs, as the white middle class has been doing for generations. Most suburbs have successfully fended off such migration, despite all the fair-housing and civil-rights legislation: their weapons have been zoning and building codes which prevent the building of any homes a poor family could afford. Since he can override such codes, Logue hopes eventually to put up suburban houses which can be sold or rented to low-income families—and to do it in a way which will stir up a minimum of suburban outrage. They would be built in small clusters—say, thirty or forty units each—so scattered that they would not upset the racial balance in any school district, or overload the tax resources of any given community.

So far, however, not a single such development has been announced. One reason is that even the Corporation's spacious tool kit lacks a couple of needed items: it cannot write down the cost of land, or give subsidies to low-income home buyers or renters. Another reason is that this kind of d on however modest a scale, is harc negotiate with suburban politici Perhaps it has been deemed pruden postpone even the attempt until after next election.

In spite of these shortcomings, I lieve, the Corporation is likely to pr a notably useful invention, in a f where the United States has lagged behind England and Western Eur In its Housing Act of 1949, Cong called for the building of public h ing for 810,000 families within years; twenty-one years later, we have not reached that goal. In addi we need at least two million priva built homes every year for the decade—but we'll be lucky this ye we get half that number. Let's fac when it comes to home building w a backward nation, in technolog nancing, know-how, and organiza

For the first time in this country Urban Development Corporation together in one bundle all the reso (or nearly all) required to do th right. And because it is largely financing, it should not throw a bearable load on the taxpayers. Lik wheel, its money is supposed t round and round: it can sell a b dollars' worth of bonds to priva vestors, and as they are repaid o project revenues it can issue some In many of its ventures, moreov expects to pay only for "packagi deal"—that is, for the planning negotiation of treaties with loca Washington agencies, and the rou up of whatever subsidies may be able from other sources. Then i turn the project over to private in builders for completion with thei money.

While it cannot offer a panac all the woes of Megalopolis, it does a reasonable promise of rejuve scores of smaller communities, th couraging a healthier distributi people and jobs across the land And if its planning is as intellig it now looks, it can help accomm New York State's share of the ne million Americans (due within years) without the ruination of vironment.

Finally, it may provide a mo the rest of the country. Penns New Jersey, and California alre showing interest in building the models of Ed Logue's fearsome naut. If the prototype actually w well as Logue believes it will, t not be the last.

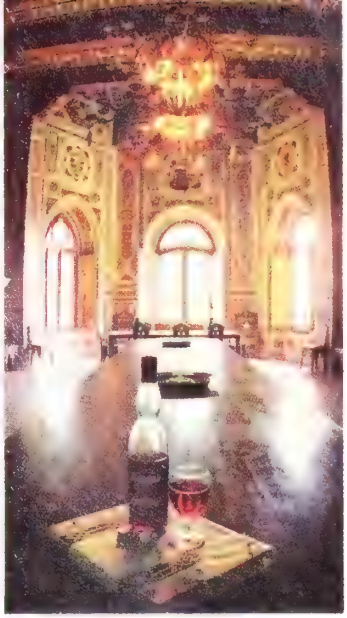




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Claire Sterling

FOREIGN REPORT

Italy's happy Communists

With an assurance born of twenty-two felicitous years in the political opposition—"we do very well there, we get bigger and fatter"—Italy's Communist leader, Giorgio Amendola, recently described his party's prospects as follows: "Let it be clear that it is the others who are making advances, sending ambassadors, trying to arrange deals with us under the table. We always say No. Not that we must stay out of the government to preserve our revolutionary purity: a party like ours can hardly evade the governmental responsibilities accruing to it. But we're in no hurry. Time has shown that it is not only impossible to govern this country *against* us, but impossible even *without* us. We have only to wait for the right moment and join the government the right way, not sneaking in through the servants' entrance but walking up the front stairs."

He could be wrong, but supposing he isn't? What if Italy, highly industrialized and increasingly affluent, a pillar of the Common Market and NATO, least exigent of the United States' friends in Europe, and practically the last one we have left in the Mediterranean, should finally come to terms with its huge Communist Party?

Considering the state of Italy's democratic forces, one might reasonably expect the worst. Not since the war has the governing class here been reduced to such squalor. The center-left coalition is finished: having set out to change the course of Italian history, it managed to get no more than three bills of any importance through Parliament in going on seven years. The Christian Democrats, trying to govern alone now, are divided into eleven shifting factions. Their former Socialist partners have broken up into three separate parties, no two of them on speaking terms. No sensible explanation has yet been given for the Socialist schism which killed off the center-left last summer, or the Christian Democratic change of guard in the fall which may (or may not) help to revive it. Neither, certainly, had much to do with substantive political issues. Few center-left leaders even bother to pretend anymore that their ferocious struggles for power and patronage are somehow related to the public welfare. Evidently the public no longer sees much of a connection either.

This past autumn in Italy was not so dramatic as May in Paris in 1968, but nearly as instructive. Five million workers were striking on and off starting in early September, losing four hundred million man-hours of labor—a world record—crippling industry, commerce, and every essential public service: buses, streetcars, trains, ferries, post and telegraph—a hundred million undelivered letters piled up during the October postal strike—telephones, garbage collection and street cleaning, aqueducts, hospitals, lunatic asylums, cemeteries, customs collection, traffic police, the whole Interior Ministry, nurseries, high schools and universities, prison administrations, magistrates' courts, football stadia, bars, cafés, bakeries, restaurants, tobacco shops, newspapers and printing plants, pharmacies, banks, gas stations, even the Automobile Club, not to mention the automobile, metal-working, steel, rubber, chemical, oil-refining, shipbuilding, construction, cement, brickmaking, glassblowing, and stone-cutting industries. Students occupied and forced the closure of their schools for the second straight year. Disinherited migrants from the countryside burned down their shantytowns and squatted in vacant new apartments. Entire cities joined in general strikes—Turin, Milan, Pisa, Mantova, Potenza, Caserta, Naples, Forlì, Rimini, Modena, Ferrara, Piacenza, Reggio Emilia, Latina, Pavia, Varese—often winding up in riot, cobblestones flying, cars overturned, railway stations sacked, the city hall in flames. Violence was particu[larly] ugly in the factories, where banc[s of] extremists smashed machinery, be[at] office workers, literally booted com[pany] directors off the premises.

The unions claimed to be leadi[ng] this but were in fact mostly in hot [pur]suit. The Communist labor federa[tion] stronger than its French counter[part] did manage to keep things from ge[tting] as far out of hand here as in Fran[ce in] 1968. But this was primarily a wi[ldcat] movement, eluding the grasp of [the] munist, Socialist, and Catholic [union] leaders alike, demanding not just [more] money (up to 15 per cent more) [but] more houses, schools, hospitals, [pen]sions, security, comfort, leisure: [every]thing that a society able to put a [new] car on the road every five minute[s can] presumably afford, and a sclerotic [Es]tablishment has been unable to pro[vide]. Faced with this riotous defiance [the] Establishment did nothing. The [metal]ers got a substantial raise, which t[hey] expected all along. Otherwise, the [pub]lic is back where it started.

One might live in Rome for year[s and] still marvel at the Establishment's [im]mobility. How is it that a count[ry of] mounting wealth and extraordina[ry] tality (last year's growth rate [was] whacking 6.8 per cent) lacks nearl[y] a million classrooms, while a b[illion] dollars allocated for school buildi[ng re]mains unspent because no projec[t can] get Ministry approval in less than [two] years? That two out of three m[il]aires get away with paying no i[n]tax? That thousands of workers [in] the south are dossing down reg[ularly] in northern railroad and bus ter[mini] because there isn't a spare bed in [all] Milan or Turin? That fearful ca[lam]in Naples could topple twenty [or] new apartment houses and swall[ow] nine people alive, their bodies n[ot] be found because no measures [are] taken to shore up the sewers an[d] real-estate speculators? That a [two] month old baby could die of pneu[mo]in a debtors' prison where its m[ot]wife of an unemployed laborer

Mrs. Sterling lives in Rome and has covered politics in many European and African countries as a correspondent for The Reporter *until 1968 and now for* Harper's. *Her book,* The Masaryk Case, *was published last fall by Harper & Row.*

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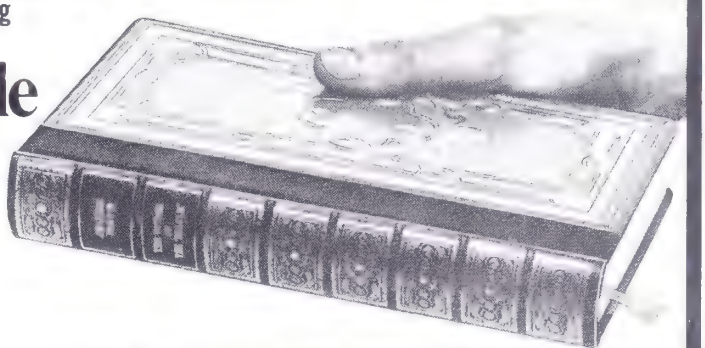
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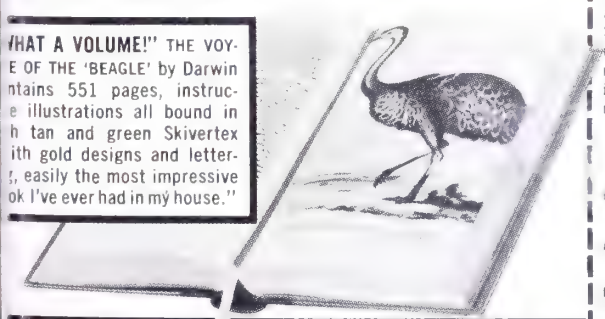
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been sent under a penal code dating back to Mussolini, for want of ninety dollars to pay a fine for disturbing the peace?

It is largely because these things do happen that a quarter of the electorate votes Communist. There is no better way, often no other way, to expose an injustice, avenge an indignity, blackmail the mighty, nudge Rome. Nor, for this purpose, do the Communists' many imperfections much matter. However tattered its revolutionary credentials, tedious its Marxist tracts, snug its members of Parliament, dubious its declared independence of Moscow, the Italian Communist Party still performs superbly as the great trade union of the poor.

How it might perform in any other capacity is a subject of interminable debate. Can and should a party purporting to speak for the working class, and at any rate polling 8.5 million votes, be kept in the opposition forever? Would it do what any other Communist Party would probably do, if allowed into the government arena? Are Italian Communists truly unlike other Communists? Different enough to pass as "democratically mature"?

These were more or less academic questions until not long ago, since nobody of importance in Rome thought seriously of changing the Communist Party's status, the Communists least of all. As Signor Amendola pointed out, they were doing very well in the opposition, a privileged sanctuary where they could wield immense power with very few responsibilities. Besides, they had no place else to go. Revolution was out. The idea was dropped even before World War II ended, when the late Palmiro Togliatti returned from Moscow with Stalin's orders to that effect. There has been no question since then of challenging Western title to this country by force, still less of counting on the Red Army's intervention. By now almost any Italian Communist would blanch at the prospect. Peaceful conquest by the ballot was out also. Even if they did pick up a million more votes at every election, the Communists could never expect to win an absolute majority. There remained only the possibility of joining a government coalition with one or more of the existing parties, a not altogether tantalizing possibility and in any case comfortably remote.

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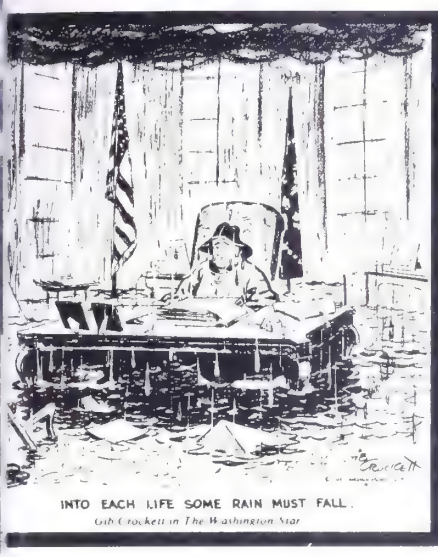
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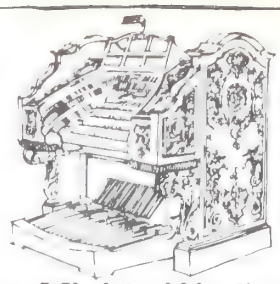
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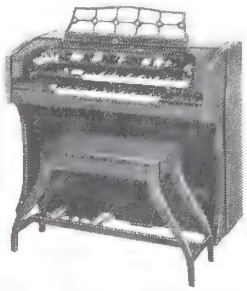
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big business and the Vatican—both primary sources of political power here—are not the implacable opponents they used to be. Italian industrialists, commuting to Moscow to look after their multi-billion-dollar contracts there, have naturally acquired a new tolerance. The Vatican, long worried by the fate of many million Catholics in Eastern Europe and the Third World, renovated by a fresh ecumenical spirit, and caught up in the complexities of a vast *aggiornamento* since Popè John's day, has taken a growing if still oblique interest in maneuvers which might some day lead to a truce. Neither factor might have changed the Italian situation tangibly if the governing parties had managed, however haltingly, to get on with their job. As it is, with the center-left a shambles and no workable democratic alternative, a number of Catholic and Socialist leaders are indeed making advances to the Communists these days. Among them, incredibly, is former Premier Aldo Moro, a Christian Democrat rooted for years to the dead center of Italian politics.

Most of them mean no harm. More often than not their allusions to the need for "new relations with" or a "strategy of attention toward" the Communist Party are merely a tactic to outflank some other center-left politician with something similar in mind. Few are prepared to offer the Communists a formal alliance, not to speak of a seat in the Cabinet. What they would like is merely a discreet arrangement whereby 177 formerly untouchable Communist Deputies would be allowed to help them pass the laws which they have promised the country since 1963, and have been too weak to pass themselves.

Obviously, the Communists laugh at them. But as time goes by with no change in the dismal outlook, they are bound to make more tempting offers. The greater their need, the less inclined they are to dwell on the Communist Party's distasteful features. After all, it is two decades and more since sinister bands of armed Communist partisans were poised to swarm down from the Lombard and Tuscan hills, and great crimson *graffiti* on the walls of Rome announced impending triumph: "*Ha Da Veni' Baffone!*" "Big Moustache [Stalin] Is Coming!" The Italian Communists have long since renounced armed conquest, rejected Soviet Russia as a guide-state, challenged its right to interfere in their affairs. They sharply condemned the invasion of Czechoslovakia and still do, begrudge Russia their backing in the struggle against ... vote independently in the Sovie... nated world labor federation, ... that Leninist theory is unsuita... advanced industrial societies, ev... that they would settle for appr... less than a neutralist Italian ... policy: the de Gaulle type o... neutrality (including withdraw ... NATO's military structure) mi...

Internally, furthermore, the ... Communist Party is nothing like ... self. Discipline is lax, dissent ... voiced, factionalism rampant. T... (or was, until December) even ... dent magazine called *Manifest* ... lished in 50,000 copies, which in ... issue last autumn attacked ... Amendola's up-the-front-stairs t... a "degradation and historic ... ridiculed the Party's methods, a... tration, relations with the masses ... cal line; and concluded from th... sion of Czechoslovakia that ... Russia's leaders were too far g... "self-correction" and must acc... be overthrown by the Soviet ma...

Yet it is hardly fair to comm... party for the thing it loves le... group publishing *Manifesto* is a... ous minority perpetually on th... of expulsion—its five leading spo... were, in fact, expelled in Dec... harried to distraction by th... archy and denounced for sc... deviationism by old-timers in t... inces who are the Party's ba... The Italian Communists' ties ... cow, though strained, have nev... withstood the shock of Prague ... middle-ranking bureaucrats are ... openly Stalinist as the times ... and their highest leaders, hav... rected a brutal assault on the de... parties since 1947, are encrust... the political detritus of their ... battles. One doesn't readily ... them rushing to democracy's r...

In point of fact, that does n... to be their intention. It is con... that the Italian Communists ... forced to join the government so ... but quite a lot of them don't real... to. This is partly a matter of ... habit and honest disapproval ... company they would have to ke... also a question of cowardice. O... have set foot in the governme... they could never be sure how ... farther they might venture with... voking a right-wing coup (it h... pened before); whether or w... United States would intervene ... threatened to do in the 1948 ele... how they themselves would com...

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Vacation in an experimental society.

a contest of wits with the Catholic Church on its home ground (in effect, who would end by eating whom): what the Italian working class might do as soon as their backs were turned. Certainly they could not be sure of carrying their enormous electoral following with them, a problem familiar to their erstwhile Socialist allies who, upon joining the government, lost half of their voters. For the Communist Party has never had a mandate to collaborate with the democratic parties here. On the contrary, its attraction for Italians to whom all governments in Rome look alike, has been a consummate ability to articulate their protest, orchestrate the *contestazione*, in short put the screws on the Establishment. Lately, even this strategic position has been none too secure.

As the editors of *Manifesto* note, "renunciation of armed action for the conquest of power" has brought historically novel risks for the Italian Communist movement: that it would "degenerate" into a banal pressure group, confuse a "shuffle in the governmental majority" with a fundamental shift in power, succumb to "social-democratizing pressures" which ruined the Socialist Party —in other words, be tamed. Evidently a good many younger Italians think this has already happened. From 2,140,000 members in 1954, Party membership has dropped to 1,500,000. The average age of these members has increased by ten years since 1956, one in every three being over fifty and *only one in five under thirty*. Membership in the Communist Youth Federation is down to 125,000. Membership in the whole northern industrial triangle has fallen to 320,000, and to barely 200,000 in the biggest northern cities: 31,000 Party members in all of Turin, 63,000 in Milan. The number of *workers* enrolled in the Party is no more than 617,000 *nationwide*, of whom only half are employed in industry. It was not in collusion with the Communist Party that five million Italian workers brought the country to a standstill last autumn: many have long since written it off as part of the Establishment.

Should the Communists join a bourgeois government in these circumstances, any number of *contestatori* would be glad to fill the vacancy in the opposition. There is the PSIUP, formerly the extremist fringe of the Socialist Party and now an independent formation well to the Communists' left, polling 1,500,000 votes. Then there are the Marxist-Leninists, the Communist Workers' Party, the Trotskyites, the "Chinese" *Maoisti*, the Rank-and-File Unitary Committees in the factories, Workers' Power, and so forth. It is an intrepid Communist who would not only abandon the field to these assorted rebels but walk deliberately into their line of fire.

Of course there is always the chance that once in the government, the Communists would take it over. That is probably what intrepid Communists like Amendola have in mind, though one would hardly think so after meeting him. Few politicians could be more soothing than this bluff, blue-eyed, fatherly Neapolitan who, in his long talk with me, seemed to ask nothing of the democrats that wasn't clearly for their own good. What were his Party's conditions for collaborating with the government? Merely a commitment to carry out the center-left's long-delayed reforms. Weren't these capitalist reforms, and therefore inadequate? No, "you might call them popular reforms, since the people want them." What reward would the Communist Party expect for its services? Not much, "perhaps something in foreign policy." But there need be nothing like a "brusque" shift: total withdrawal from NATO, for instance. A token change of heart—recognition of East Germany, say, and a kind word for the Vietcong—might be enough for a start. And wouldn't one or two seats in the Cabinet be necessary? Not at all, "at least not right away."

Still, the Communists are unlikely to entrust such an operation to Amendola, a convivial soul whose strong governmental vocation plainly gets in the way of his judgment. If they do get a good offer from the democrats eventually and accept in spite of everything, they will obviously put their coolest minds to work, for objectives with which the world is all too familiar. "What guarantees can I give you?" says the designated heir-apparent to the Communist Party's secretary-generalship, Enrico Berlinguer. "Strictly speaking, none."

All the same, it would not be a pushover. There would be one roughly comparable situation in Communist history: Prague, in 1948. There, too, the Communists were supposed to be unlike all other Communists: they joined in a coalition with the democratic parties, and ostensibly respected the Parliamentary rules for three years before closing in with stunning brutality to take over. But Czechoslovakia was on Stalin's side of the Yalta line, no Western sta would have lifted a finger for it, R Army troops lined the country's b ders, and the Czech Communists c trolled the army and police from t start. In Italy's case, the Red Army l far to the east beyond Yugoslavia a Romania, and an American or NA army might conceivably—though n necessarily—be waiting if it came. T Pope's invisible army would probab also have to be reckoned with; a surely a part of the Italian armed for would resist a Communist takeov above all that proud arm of the Repu lic, the *carabinieri*.

It might be argued, then, that der cratic politicians here are not taki inordinate risks in making overtures the Communist Party. Obviously th would have to accept a neutralist fore policy, though none of them cares speak of it yet—least of all Aldo Mo who happens to be the incumbent F eign Minister. Beyond that, cohabi tion with the Communists might be l calamitous than it would seem. At wo they would be circumscribed and at L diminished. Time and again, strong position parties have been lured Rome only to be dismembered limb limb. The Christian Democrats, ac in the uses of power, are particula good at this, the wretched Socia their latest and most illustrious victi

Yet it is extraordinarily sanguin suppose that the Italian Commun trained by the ablest politician of th all, Palmiro Togliatti—*"Il Miglio* "The Best"—would allow themselve be dismembered. They would n leave their safe haven for Rome un they were confident of reversing procedure. For that matter, they never leave their safe haven at all, c least until there is a meeting of m on the subject between the United St and Soviet Russia. Short of this, would live in perennial danger American intervention, probably no more expectation of Russian as ance than the Czechs had of getting from the West in 1948, and in 1968

Since very little actually *happen* Italian politics, whatever the freque length, and depth of ministerial cr the matter might be left at that. Sh the governing parties deteriorate m further and more quickly, how something may happen at last. Communists might get offers too te ing to resist. Or a frightened and perated middle class might come with an alternative solution: Colonels' Solution." Italians call it

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Igor Stravinsky

PERFORMING ARTS

Nowhere to go

New York City: The performing arts, indeed. Evenings at home, rather, what with the four-month blackout at the Met (had one a mind for Leoncavallo), a strike impending at the ballet, the drought in the theater, a gift-tax bill threatening to shut down more than a score of grant-dependent symphony orchestras. At the present rate the next installment of this column will have to be called "Snowbound" and devoted to TV culture or, as a last resort, to "literature"—a "profile" of Jacqueline Susann or "Penelope Ashe," perhaps, to choose at least a flourishing kind.

But in truth "the arts," even the performing ones, *are* beset by a sense of futility. Not that a period of Periclean creativity was to be expected at a time when the leadership is a cloud of unknowing (in the wrong sense), and its life-style is at an all-time ebb (compare the combination of Louis Quatorze and Richelieu, in this wise, to Nixon and Billy Graham); and at a time, moreover, when the public conscience is so sick, the body politic so rotten, the motive so greedy, the individual morality (is there any other kind?) so corrupt, the self-respect so low. Yet art does not necessarily reflect the public mood.

Looking to my own art, I find causes enough—in fact too many to sift through—for disheartening and loss of combustion. To name only one, the concept of planned obsolescence seems to me oppressive, since it must remove at least some of the maker's incentive to give of his best. Nor does the gratuitous making of works of art differ in this respect from the profit-motive making of automobiles, an industry currently admitting to as many casualties as the population suffers psychiatrically: *i.e.* about one in ten.

Another cause is the feeling—first expressed in the contemporary sense, I think, by Ibsen's Hjalmar Ekdal—that everything worth doing has already been done. Thus an apparent indifference to the disbanding of a symphony orchestra might be due to a suspicion that the creation of great music for it belongs to the past, a view supported by such exterior omens as the shifts to other kinds and categories of musical entertainment, and by such interior ones as the now widespread conviction that orchestras will soon be playing only live electronic music anyway. But this is conjecture. And now lest my jeremiad become longer than my chronicle I will proceed to my somewhat-less-than-panoramic subject matter and tick off what, for lack of differentiating terms, must be called cultural events.

Except for Beckett's prize — which should at least make people look at ashcans with a thought for who might be in them—none raised the spirits very much. To the majority of performing artists, the opening event of the season was the *Time* cover-story on homosexuality, which, however, greatly increased the bitterness and jealousy among all the countertenors, dancers, novelists, etc., who were *not* mentioned. The Juilliard opening followed soon after, but turned out to be only a cha ge venue. And next came *(Towards Fo Theater)* Grotowski, the season mo expensive art consumer produ fi which I was unable to get tick s, though I would probably not ha up with the chi-chi and the bi gi imposed as an additional price f mission, if I had had them. Nor y accounts, would I, even inside ha been really "in," not caring for, fin ing sufficiency in, bear-pit dran bal unintelligibility, high-voltage bi surgically perfect technique, the ea of masochism (my own or oth pe ple's), and the theater of noise- co for Shakespeare's "noises off."

Art makes the front page, as ru only when it is spectacularl so stolen, rediscovered, or—as in th co of the alleged acoustical impro ma of Philharmonic Hall—repaired. y the impressions I received, howev so they were later corroborated by pr cording engineer, the improvem balances is slight if perceptible. ma High trebles are still harsh and so —this was certainly true of the pi in the *Italian Symphony*—and ge are still weak, in the third mo mo the bassoons hardly being audil th neath the horns, while in Le *Atmospheres*, the main atmosph which was the drowning scene in *zeck*, the lower strings sounded tively "unmanned." Nothing Hall's acoustical properties co discovered from Scriabin's *Prom* at the same concert, because of t tracting and irrelevant colored that accompanied it. Blue was f (a confusion with Gershwin?), bu visually and musically the perfor

When Mr. Stravinsky came to live in New York City last fall—after several years in California—he agreed to write the Performing Arts column for Harper's *over the coming months. Born near St. Petersburg in 1882, the great composer made his first appearance in the United States in 1925, conducting the New York Philharmonic in a program of his own works. He became an American citizen in 1946.*

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A LOSS OF LARGESS; ITS RECAPTURE (AND POINT AFTER)

by L. E. Sissman

(for J.U.)

Where are the belles of yestere'en, when Harkness
Reared Gothathletic pinnacles on darkness,
Where sate their dim dams in effasive, noctious,
Harmonic bombazines, at least an octave
Over the battle? Where are those dames, dangled
On stringlings above mantels lit with bangled
Epergnes and lustres, ordering with mingled
Parade-ground basses and restraint-enstrangled
Triangle tingles of politesse their embalmy
Crack cakewalk waxwork corps d'élite of calmly
Extinguishing retainers going dark?
Today we have the proceeds in the park
Of their harbinging: in the standard carks
Conveyed by every face in every car,
That laterals across from bar to bar,
Completed in the end zone of the high
Sixties; in the infirm plasticity
Of talltale fictions in the plastic city
Sent up, shot down (short life, short art) by those
Gallinulistic whooping cranes that raze
All parallelepipeds here below in G's
Good time, the sucaryllic by and by:
In how sad steps the dancers from the dance
At yon new discothèque take home, their pens-
Eroso tragic masks replaced to fie
Upon the desert teatray of the sky
And the uneasy vacuum of the street
Diminuendo to a dusty point
Of vanishing: in preternatural taints
Of outlandish unlikeness on each lass-
Itudinous pale pancake female face
Sub specie aeternitatis, less
Real than ideal in the race
For surety and demonstrata, damned
To disaffection and unravelling
In our unspacious, curt time-travelling.
Las! Las! Those belles wring out our witchèd larmes
Of lamentation for passé, accomp-
Li, done and done in in the niche of pomp
In progress ruckwards in the new-moon stone
Of night. Lick, lick, light, at the eastern hem
Of rich ink arrases, whose only son
Is born anew and dries our eyes with his
Frank, pink, unfaceable first sight: his light
Breeze dawns on us and islands us in calm.
Slow-moated selffulness. A fiddler crab
Crawls cancrizantally across the slab
Of pine to pencils, handsels one upright,
And imperceptively begins to write
On the blued goldfields of a legal pad—
Past Karnak, Babylon, Larissa, Rome,
Londinium, Firenze, Washington,
And the last sad daguerreotype of home
That the late holocaust consumed and curled
The next line in the last act of the world.

failed to come through with flyi
even appropriately lurid colors.
dentally, my elder son, visiting m
afterward, reminded me that wh
was a small child his mother u
frighten him from picking pimp
his face by saying that "that wa
poor Monsieur Scriabin died."

My first annual performi
award would go to Mr. J
Robbins for *Dances at a Gatherin*
to his ten dancers whose equal I
could be matched, all-star, from
other companies of the world. Th
is beautifully conceived and exec
compared to Mr. Robbins, most
ographers seem merely to shuttle
about—and it makes intelligent
music: in fact the choreogra
greatest feat is in having crea
contemporary a ballet out of
whose moods we have become
tomed to think of as inseparable
period. (The mood of the wh
abetted and sustained to some ext
lighting and darkening a sky in
a cloud becomes rosy or disappe
most subliminally.)

On the theatrical side, exits
ploited, walking is exploited, in
ity is exploited (in the *Nocturn*
whose stormy middle part migh
have made the dancers jumpy
humor, a matter of postures,
ploited, but stopped in time and
bounds. On the ballet side, it is
to say that the shape and progres
a ballet, which, given the music
gram, might be expected to crea
piece to piece, in fact subtly enga
viewer and leave him deeply a
The competition being what it i
ever, to hail *Dances at a Gathe*
the briefest meaning most enj
hour in the current theater,
even sounds like praise.

I await an *Oedipus Rex* and a
toire du Soldat at the Philhar
later in the season, the *Soldat*
simultaneously fiddled and con
by Lorin Maazel. Neither piece,
ly not *Oedipus*, is likely to be hea
ing the Boulez tenure, which begi
years from now, and by which ti
picture could change so radical
the musical needs, even of the Ne
Philharmonic, might conceivably
take the commodity it thought
buying. Meanwhile, in lieu of a
rent topic of musical interest, th
and cons of the Boulez appoi

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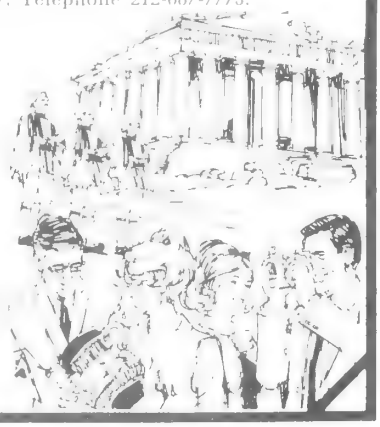
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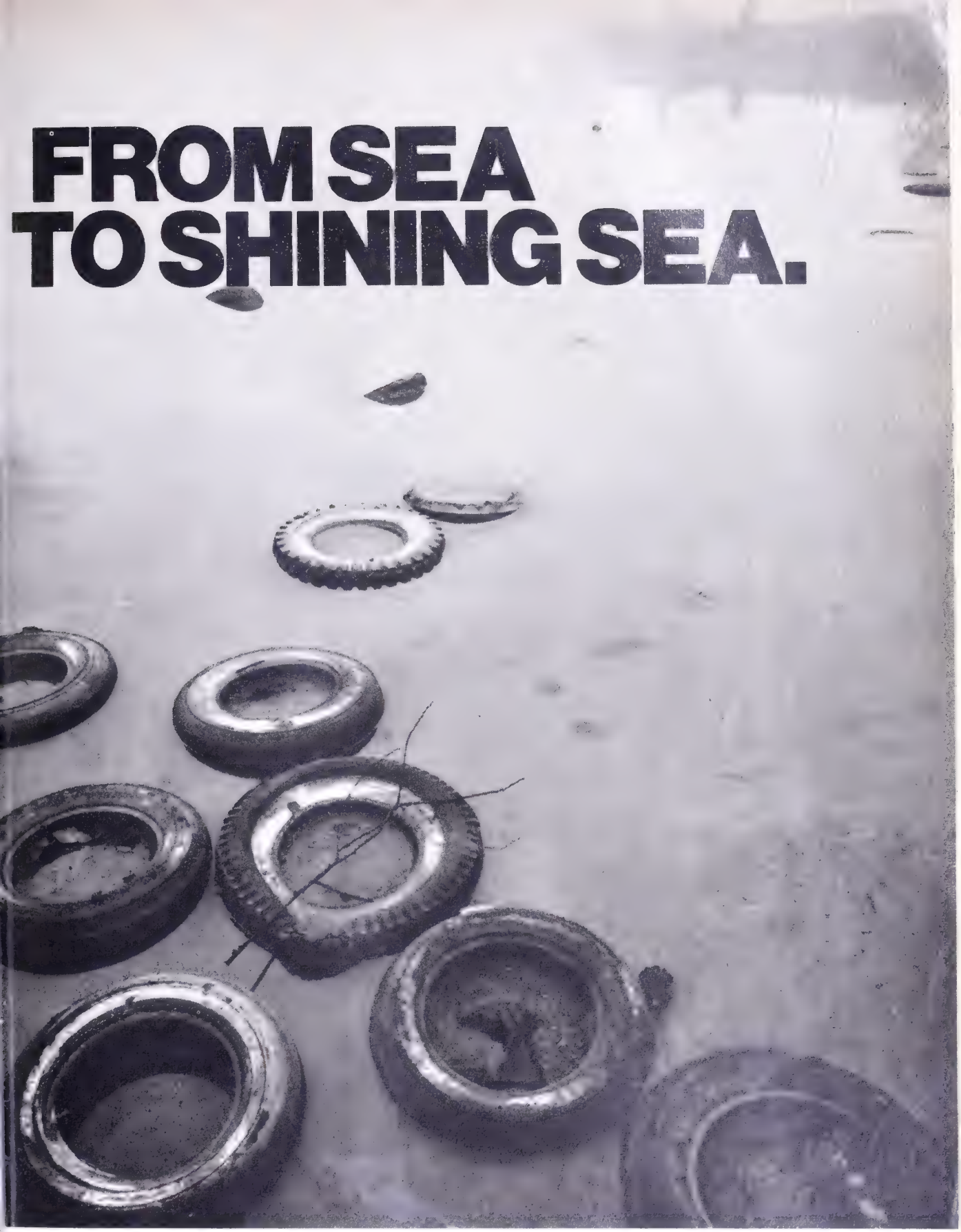
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exercise an amount of speculation
abouts. The cons argue that the m
director of an orchestra ought to
charge of more than a third of its
especially a director who, what
the BBC, Cleveland, Bayreuth, C
Garden, etc., might someday be ir
ger of turning into an Interna
Business Machine. But the pros
that a third is enough, and they
that their man has not yet taken
Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago,
San Francisco as well.

Con criticism seems to come, i
main, from: (a) composers who r
that the preeminent exponent of
temporary music is unlikely to
their contemporary music; and
subscription audiences predispos
find the new conductor deficient in
pathy with "their" nineteenth-ce
repertory (Tchaikovsky and Bral
But surely only a second-rate cond
at any rate one greatly inferi
Boulez, could be very deeply *in*
pathy with that kind of repertory
and as surely it is less important to
another Brahmsian at this time o
than a conductor sympathetic t
Triple A's (Arnold, Anton, Al
long overdue for a hearing in New
(and for some expensively pro
recordings). Boulez is already a
good conductor of the classics, a
will become a better one: his *t*
hell-bent twenty-five years ago—a
ample of Pater's "getting as man
sations as possible into the given ti
have settled down beautifully
age. (But he must not be oblig
play music that does not interest
which, I take it, was the case wit
recording of the *Water Music;* t
remarkable not because of the ab
of double-dotting, ornamentation, r
mic alteration—the DGG Archiv
formers of Bach, billed as specia
are equally unaware of all three
because the performance is a con
blank.)

Unofficially it is said that Boule
chosen because of his "fantastic
But this seems an odd explanation,
because one tends to take for gr
that a conductor has a good en
ear, and because the totality of
formance does not depend on it
sides, the truth of the matter is th
Boulez ear, a stickler with instrum
is much less keen with voices (*vi*
off-pitch singing in the CBS *Wozz*
perhaps because Boulez was not r
in an opera culture and is still ine
ienced in vocal casting (as he
demonstrated by choosing a

FROM SEA TO SHINING SEA.



Who dumps old tires into our bays? Who picnics at our beaches and leaves litter for the tides to wash away? Who runs factories that pump refuse into our lakes? Who pours sewage into our rivers? Who throws all those beer cans overboard? Who's going to unpollute it all?

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tenor instead of a *baryton Martin* for Pelléas). But this will change. And as it is, Boulez is far and away the most intelligent conductor in orbit today. All musicians should applaud the Philharmonic, not least because in giving the nod to Boulez it was recognizing musical values over the values of magazine-cover mountebanks. In fact, it seems to me that the only loser is that part of Boulez himself which seems to use conducting as a cave in which to hide out from composing.

Returning to New York one night recently I thought I saw the legend, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here . . . ," over the entrance to the Lincoln Tunnel. And now I seem to see another Dantean warning in the maxi-coat invasion, for there is something sinister about these mostly dark sidewalk-length garments, as if a religious sect—Shakers? Puritans? neo-Savonarolans?—were starting a reformist crusade. But at times the coats also remind me—and this even though they are worn by tall, gracile girls—of the Coachmen in *Petrushka*; while on 59th Street, thanks to the hansoms and the Raskolnikov beards, they help to compose ("visually synthesize," according to Brentano's "act" psychology) a Russian scene.

The maxis are not yet common enough to close the gap between fashions and what people wear, but they are expected to proliferate in winter, and in this eventuality an interest is certain to be taken in them by the snow-removal department. And then, too, after many years, it will again be possible for Achilles to "hide himself among women."

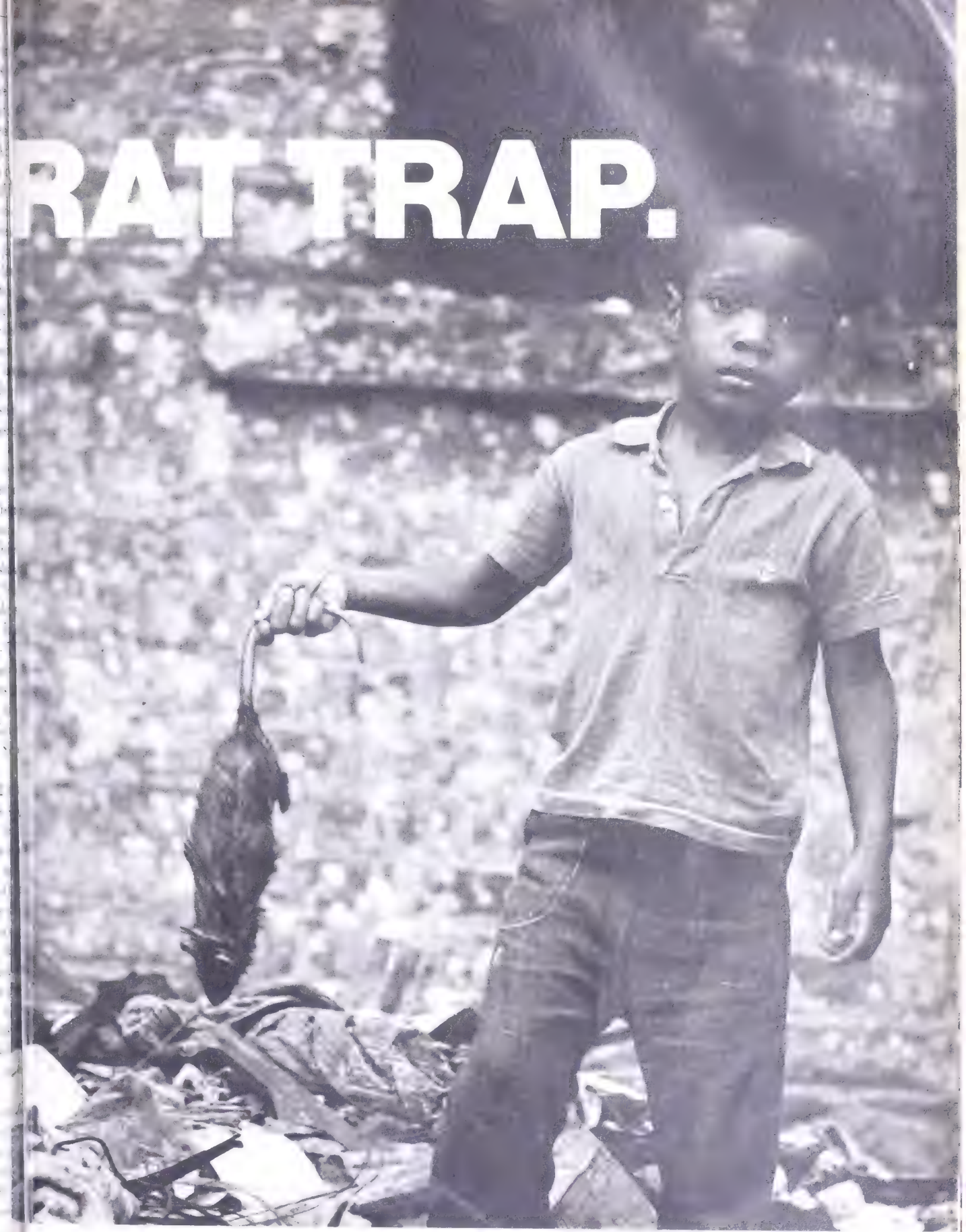
In extreme contrast, of course—the pendulum at the other limit—are the micro-minis soliciting ("Want to have a party, mister?") on the sidewalks by Carnegie Hall (!)—the seamier aspects of the lower-West Forties now extending as far north as my upper-Fifties hotel (itself not impregnable to bands of titubant revelers with inland accents and commercial badges in their lapels). The same aspects doubtless extend to more polar regions still, not including Central Park, however, whose sylvan asylums (bushes and ambushes, coshes and switchblades) are reserved for compulsory free love, and whose roads are designed for bottle-necking. But I could be mistaken about those micro-minis. Perhaps the girls were only trying to give away Metropolitan Opera tickets.

I will conclude with another Street Russian scene, but this real one. As it happened, the fir tors to my new apartment we Russian Orthodox Archbishop Francisco and Svetlana Alliluye the Archbishop wore only a black robe, or cassock, with no touch clesiastical finery, the hotel sta escorted him to my rooms pr thought he was coming to give rites. Mrs. Alliluyeva, too, was dressed and as unmade-up as a f girl in an early Soviet movie. She attractive woman, with striking eyes and an agreeable Moscovite which is to say more *cantabile* a dry than my Petersburger one; b was shy and said little, no doub long training in the uses of disc as well as from recent overexpos the press.

She seemed pleased with my c ments on her book but expressed that I had read it in English rathe Russian. This led to a discussion translation, in the course of whi wife quoted a line by Mandelsht a new American rendering: "*N* . . . *malina*. . . . He holds a raspbe his mouth," which means, to R readers—satirically, of course—" no mere life but a paradise," and is nonsense to English readers. she realized, too late, that the lin from the poem about Stalin for the poet paid with his life. Did Sv recognize it as well?

She had followed my 1962 t the U.S.S.R. from the inside, s said, through her close friend the poser Alexis Tolstoy (son of the w whose acquaintance I had ma Leningrad. But I was wary of t about the Soviet Union: after al do not discuss the construction o lotines with someone who has escaped from one. Still, she laugh the story about the old refugee wh born in St. Petersburg, went to in Petrograd, spent most of his Leningrad, and who, when asked he would like to live now, answ "St. Petersburg."

The daughter of Stalin! Imagin lonely she must be! And imagin such different refugees as the two in spite of our common bond o ing lived in and fled the same co and for some of the same reasons. was right, surely. Children shou disinherited (from advantages n than disadvantages), and ditche forgotten at birth, just as turtles their eggs in the sand.



When you have to live in one as a kid, you learn a lot. About killing. And about violence. Not ha you ever get used to sleeping in the same room with rats.

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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Music in the 1970s

New recordings suggest the trend toward a mixed-media kind of music that may replace the strict styles of the 1960s.

The Sixties are over: the worst decade in modern American history. And the malaise was reflected in music. It was a period in which musicians began to talk of the death of music much as theologians had been talking about the death of God. The symphony orchestra was in obsolescence, the institution of the concert was dying or dead, opera was a museum art. The most powerful international compositional style was post-Webern serialism, and it attracted virtually no public. John Cage made much noise, but the artistic results were weak Dada. Pierre Boulez, the hero of the 1940s and '50s, turned to conducting and began to be scorned by his former worshipers in the avant-garde. It is hard to think of a piece of music composed in the 1960s that has entered the repertoire. So what now?

Of course, there are too many imponderables. The insanity in Vietnam may continue, dragging the United States to revolution and ruin. Inflation may get so out of hand that many great musical organizations may have to disband. The poisoned land, water, and air may rebel, killing everybody and thus making all speculation unnecessary. And there always is The Bomb. . . .

But if total disaster can be avoided, there is still hope for music, and one can make a few guesses about the 1970s. Guess No. 1—a form of romanticism will replace the super-objective serial music and the anarchism of the Cagean dynamic. Guess No. 2—composers will be addressing themselves to a public rather than to each other. Guess No. 3—music will be simpler and more direct.

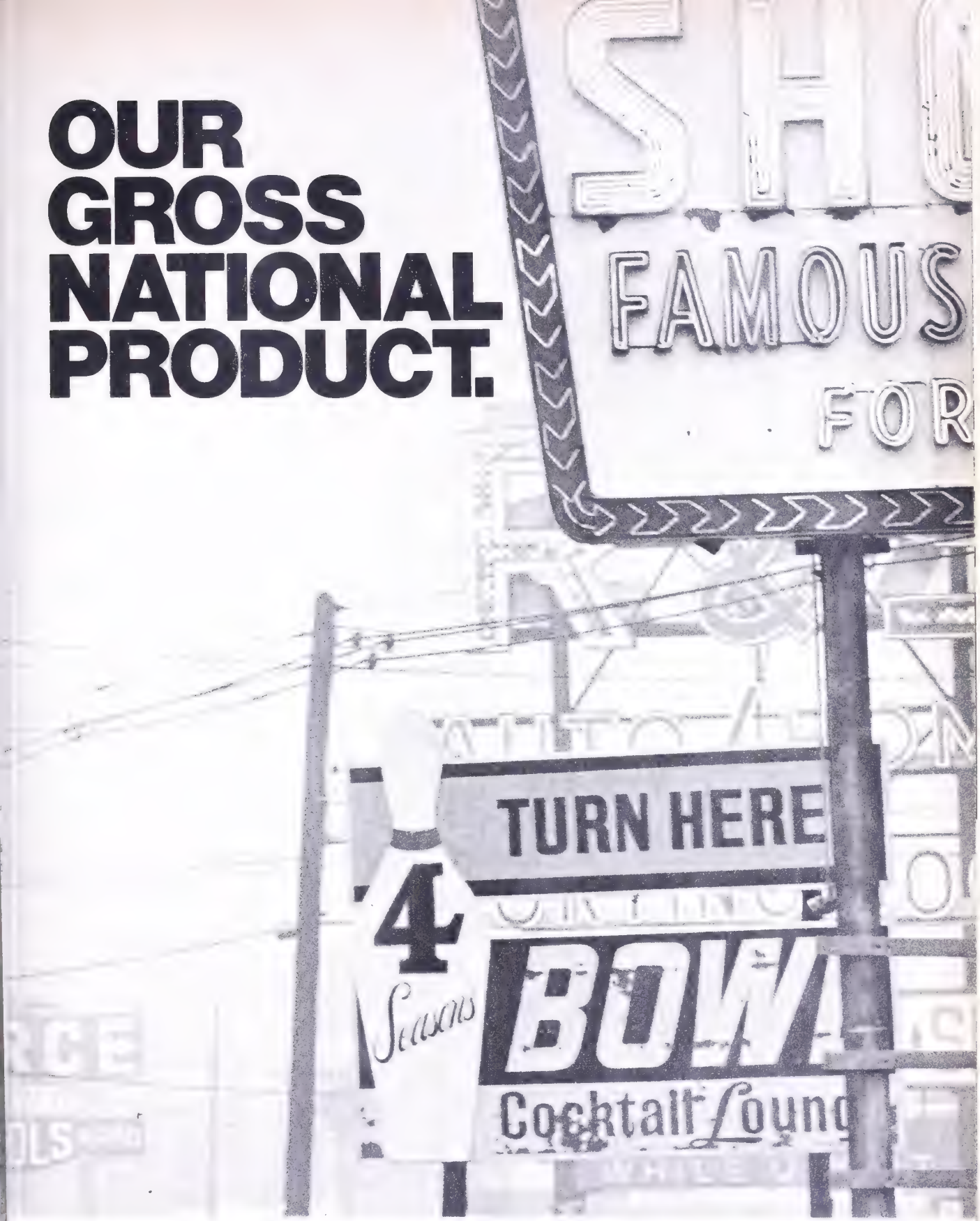
Only a few stubborn holdouts are continuing to compose serial music. The trend for the last few years—and it will be intensified in the 1970s—has been a mixed-media kind of music, in which electronics has been playing an ever-increasing role. Composers are attempting a fusion of new and old techniques. Serial music may still exert its influence; it represents a period, like Cubism, of importance not only for itself but also for what it led to. But jazz and rock will also play a part, and even traditional harmonies.

An object lesson can be found in a disc of music by Salvatore Martirano (Polydor 24-5001). It contains
pieces. One is an **Octet**, compos
1963. It is a serial work, with a
serial clichés—skillfully worked,
sure, confidently handled, but a
very dated in sound and techniqu
program notes to this disc sugge
this work ended a phase in Marti
career. (The program notes are
arty and lit'rary, but amusing o
kind.) Then comes the **Ballad** of
This is an entirely different ki
music. Martirano has assemb
group of pop and jazz lyrics and
as seen through avant-garde techn
He seems to have been a pioneer
kind of recall music, anticipating
works as Lukas Foss's *Baroque*
tions, in which Bach and othe
twisted and reinterpreted, and L
Berio's *Sinfonia*, in which Mahler
again, others) are put through a
doscopic wringer. Martirano ha
ceeded in writing a sensitive and
gic piece—and, most important, a
with real personality.

The third work on the disc is
L's GA, "for gassed-masked p
helium bomb and two-channel
Here stylistic elements of the 196
synthesized—tape experiments, m



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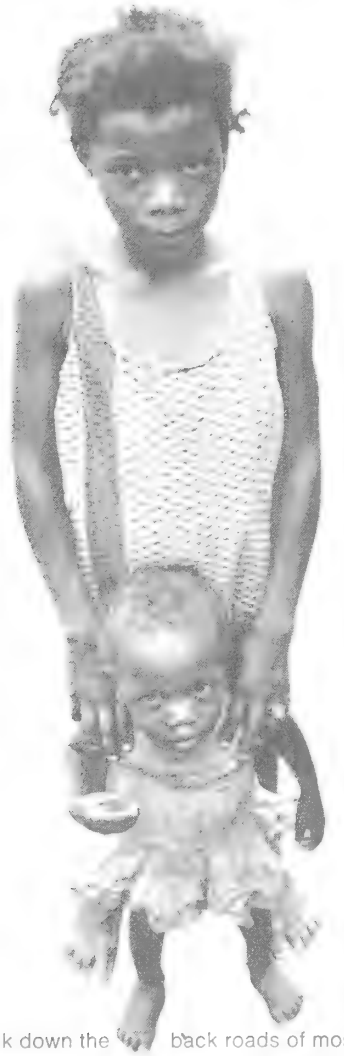


Outdoor signs and billboards that are so grotesque, so poorly placed or spaced – so many miles of ugly. We've learned to live with it, even laugh about it. Until, one day, it's our oak tree they're chopping down. Our view that's being blocked.

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lations (electronic) of the spoken voice, serial textures, social commentary. It is a menacing piece of music, with a steady background of warlike noises (in the old days we would call this an ostinato), with snatches of the Gettysburg Address, with Donald Duck-like quacks using political gobbledygook. An unsettling work of considerable power and individuality, this *L's GA*, and I am impressed. (I won't try to explain the name of the composition; you will have to read the peculiar program note.)

This disc is a brief history of what has been happening in music the last ten years. Martirano is not yet a well-known composer, though a few years ago he attracted some attention with a satirical work in the serial idiom named *O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag*. In the meantime he has gone his own way, and it could very well be that he will be one of the big men of the 1970s.

Another serialist who has been turning to electronic music is Charles Wuorinen, a composer highly regarded in the Columbia-Princeton axis. He has been described as one of the angry young men of music, and he has prolifically been turning out serial-derived music and banging his way through music of fearsome complexity (he is a good pianist). Now, with a long work named **Time's Encomium**, for synthesized and processed synsethized sound (Nonesuch 71225), he has gone completely electronic. Some reviewers have lavishly praised the score, but is it such a pathbreaker? Too many conventional sounds are incorporated into the textures, and it is too doctrinaire, without Martirano's freedom, personality, and sense of adventure. Nevertheless it marks a break in Wuorinen's style, and it too is representative of one facet of what music in the 1970s will be about.

In the meantime there is the past to consider, and a few earlier twentieth-century pieces are worth considering. One is Stravinsky's **Le Sacre du Printemps**—in a form that very few have ever heard. Stravinsky, after scoring his monumental ballet, made a reduction for piano duet (four hands at one piano). This was done for practical purposes—for use in rehearsal, or to introduce the score to other musicians. It was in this form that Debussy first encountered *Le Sacre;* he sight-read it with the composer, in 1912, at the home of the critic Louis Laloy. Michael Tilson Thomas and Ralph Grierson, two young pianists, came up with the idea of play-

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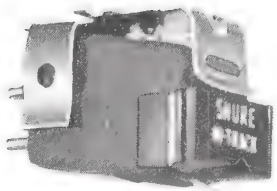
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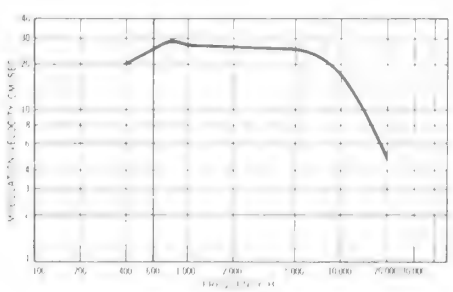
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ing it, which they did, and now
have recorded it (Angel 36024), fil
out the disc with Stravinsky's **Sche
à la Russe**. The result is an od
and it does give listeners a chanc
hear the most famous piece of the
tury in an entirely different way.

Another oddity is a complete rec
ing of Zoltán Kodály's **Háry Já**
The suite is popular enough, but
entire work is not heard outsid
Hungary. It is a play with music
song, and probably can be categor
as a comic opera. Háry János is a
of Hungarian Baron Münchausen,
Kodály had a great deal of fun
him. The entire opera has been reco
by Istvan Kertesz and the London
phony and Edinburgh Festival Ch
with Peter Ustinov supplying a n
tion in English and a group of si
going at it in Hungarian (London
1278, 2 discs). Ustinov is famou
his mimicry and his ability to catc
accents of any known language.
he is in turn Háry János, a Ru
sentry, an aged Viennese noblewo
a king, and so on. He is marvelou
for the music, we know most of the
things from the suite, but the full
has some fine additional items, a
least one of them, a sad song by H
lady love, is exquisitely beautiful.
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(Angel SO 40113); and Albéric
nard's **Symphony No. 3**, with
met and the Orchestre de la
Romande (London 6015). Ever
knows Scriabin, and this First
phony is characteristically rich,
ous, and mystic. Magnard, who
ently has never before been rec
was a Franck d'Indy product wh
at the age of forty-nine in 1914
was shot by the invading Germa
this Third Symphony of 1902 i
indication, he was not a very o
man, but his work has a typical F
sweetness, and a breadth ste
from the Franck D minor and Ch
B flat symphonies. Those who li
Franck and Chausson are direc
the Magnard Third, which is a v
tractive minor work. It is good th
period is beginning to be investi
Perhaps one of these days we sha
a recording of d'Indy's really im
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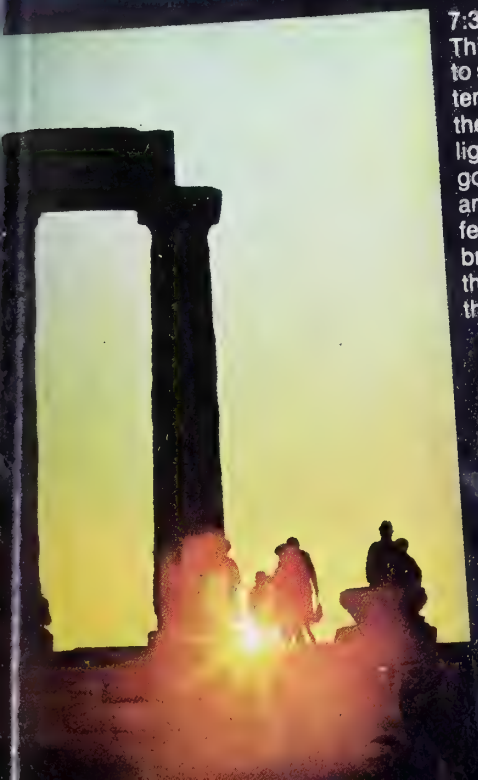
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PURSUIT OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN

ılliver at the Gynecologist's

ice, first of all, that things are larger, and re brutal in appearance. Brobdingnagian. en said before. Sitting with my luggage in ck of the Carey Transportation bus from ly Airport into the city, then in the city it- discover myself recalling the near past, an- ing the future. The effect, I realize, will wear ckly enough, in reverse of that process by I became accustomed to the pastels, the right tion, in a loaded word, the female scale of in Paris and its surrounding countryside, so ey no longer astonished but only soothed me t my being aware of it. I expect that in y the same way the clamor, the dirt, the the outsize scale here in Manhattan will o strike me, and I will be left only with a c distemper whose origin will be obscure.

ve been away three years. When I left, I was sure New York could not become any more t. Returning, I find that it has—not only in to the traffic and air, the spasms of energy, boredom, aging, speed, and lethargy, the ve input inducing jumpiness or coma, but respect to something so mundane and im- t as the look on the faces of young white n. I spend a day apartment hunting. While subway, the street, and in coffee shops wait- an unvandalized phone, I read, despite my upation, several kinds of emotion on the of females my age. They express the various tes of gratified desire.

r supper I call a friend, R., and arrange to er downtown in her place near Sheridan On this warm night with the population d the stores open, the walk along the streets he subway to her apartment is like walking h a fantastic, not a real, Village. Girls who prostitutes wave past in skirts so short that t few times I find them literally incredible— hin bell-bottom trousers which cling like a skin to crotches and fannies, and in trans- blouses. I am crossing Sheridan Square with an idiot grin on my face, because for several seasons I have been living in a city where it is fairly impossible to see a skirt that ends more than two inches above the knee, and where women do not come out on the street in trousers. Before the Revolution romantic Rousseau reported in *Emile:*

Her dress is extremely modest in appearance, and yet very coquettish in fact: she does not make a display of her charms, she conceals them; but in concealing them, she knows how to affect your admiration. Everyone who sees her will say, there is a modest and discreet girl; but while you are near her, your eyes and affections wander all over her person, so that you cannot withdraw them, and you would conclude, that every part of her dress, simple as it seems, was only put in its proper order to be taken to pieces by imagination.

Imagination? Hanging from a wire and clothespin apparatus across the front of a news kiosk on the other side of Seventh Avenue is a row of magazines from whose front covers yawn full-color glossy genitalia—*Gray's Anatomy* plus high heels. I am hit again, this time more powerfully, by an inability to credit what I am seeing. Now I am not grinning anymore. Mostly I am confused. Arriving, puzzled, at R.'s brownstone, I ring the doorbell, repeating a gesture that calls up memories of friendly dinner parties in her apartment.

I met her nine years ago, that rare and valuable sort of girl friend with whom there is never the troublesome possibility that you might want to go to bed with her. I remember her as kind, attentive, and bright. She came down to New York the same year I did, to work—or rather, came back to New York, for her family, whose name can be seen chiseled in the stone of older buildings, or among the donors to museums and hospitals and orchestras, still lived in the city, after some two or three hundred years, and she had grown up here and gone to boarding school. Once installed on her own, although she did not make a point of shunning it,



HENRY WOLF

After graduation from Harvard in 1964, Edward Grossman worked briefly at Look, *was an editor at* Harper's, *and spent a year and a half studying and writing in France.*

Edward Grossman

IN PURSUIT OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN

she did not take too seriously the obligation to dance and ride and drink tea that her name might be supposed to carry. Instead she got a job, several jobs one after another, whatever an alert and sympathetic girl with an honors degree in Comp. Lit. could get, in other words and in most cases, the job of glorified typist. The trust she came into at twenty-one allowed her to live in a large floor-through, to decorate it, and to give dinner parties. To these she invited me, and our friends, and new friends of hers, young men in the peace movement who still wore neckties. These were cheerful affairs, taking their mood from her. It was only on the infrequent occasions when she drank too much, or on a cloudy Sunday morning when she would call me up and I would try to divert her mind from what was evidently some unhappy love—it was only at those times that I remember her maudlin, out of character.

She opens the door. We tilt our heads at each other and smile, I hug her thin body. "You look just the same," she says to me, and I say, "So do you," although she has lost weight and definitely does not look like a co-ed anymore. Her clothes are almost dowdy, and the look in her eye is almost sharp. Because I am full of things to tell her I do not much care, yet. The girl who was such a good listener starts me on Jack Daniels (she has already begun before I arrived) and so I start to talk. But something is wrong. She has changed somewhat. I can't talk to her as easily as I remember. Or have I forgotten how to speak American? She is not satisfied to listen to my adventures. We begin to talk of our friends, their marriages, children, and break-ups, and there is the understanding that we are both bachelors still. She must tell me without my asking what have been her jobs and situations in the last few years. She talks freely, yet revealing little that is actually private. She has recently quit her job. Why? Well, her boss asked her along to an international conference, he said he needed an intelligent assistant, and she had been pleased, but when they got to Washington he made a pass at her, insisted, and she was disappointed enough to quit.

When she tells me this, I have an urge to laugh. Which I do not suppress. But R. does not laugh. She looks at me, not fondly but as if she is waiting for me to realize that I am a fool. This is something new. Perhaps for the first time ever, with her, I am talking automatically, something apart from myself is listening to catch false notes. I try to make her talk to me. She tells me she is out of a job and not looking. She goes to the bathroom. While she is away I browse at the titles in the reading matter stacked near the telephone—*Vogue*, *Ramparts*, a hard-bound *Portnoy's Complaint*. When R. returns I am flipping vaguely through a pamphlet called *No More Fun & Games: A Journal of Female Liberation*. I say to her, forgetting, "What's this, some kind of dyke outfit?" She says nothing at all, so I raise my head and say, "Huh?" She says, "Funny you should ask, because that's just what a man is supposed to ask." "A man? What do you mean, a '*man*'?" There is something distinctly unpleasant in the air; and then it passes. She is to be g credit for saving the day, for she sighs, and smiles the nice old smile, and refills the bou glasses. "You see," she says, "you've been too in Paris." "I always overstay." "You're o touch. There's a revolution in this country." I know *that*. The blacks, the students." "Not The girls." "You don't say. Tell me."

She does, she explains "Women's Lib" to me I tell her I don't get it, I don't get it at all. B alcohol is now reaching both of us, and this *of communication* does not make us partic tense. The last part of the evening evolves i satisfactory monologue, resembling therefore our occasional evenings together used to be, the difference that she is doing the talking. N is not a member of the Movement, she was curious—and a puzzled, querulous, finally tips is in her voice. Well, she had been on the ve becoming a whole lot more interested, thoug a dues-paying member, so she had mentione her psychiatrist first, and he had asked her really wanted to get more interested, and ever he had asked her she really didn't know w she did or didn't, so she hadn't.

More talk that seems to get desultory, b isfactory because I need only listen. After time I get up and stir around. R. presses some aganda on me, pretending that I am forci to give it to me. Have I expressed interest? remember. "We don't want it to fall into the of the enemy," she says. We both laugh, ha-h I give her a kiss and go.

II

What do women want? Dear God! What do they
—Freud, age 77, to hi

Although Parisian bookstores may be charming than the fluorescent-lit Mar variety, they are inferior in handiness an pleteness. The U.S. is rich, and there is re be grateful everything is available. Luggi packet which R. has given me, and a copy morrow's *Times* for the classified real estate, a late-night bookstore on Sheridan Squar very cool black clerk sits up on a platform a National Cash Register, reading Eldridge C while the KLH FM tuner beside him gives o baroque chamber music. Ranged below h piles of what are apparently the fastest-sellin easily accessible and replenished. There is which is to be expected, and art calendars coming 1970. But the obvious majority o books are best described as How-To books my previous life in New York, I do not rec thing quite like them, not even certain w Erich Fromm. Here, then, are books on ho instinctively; how to touch; how to relax. of a beautiful girl on the cover of one, like rinse ad—the book is handsomely turned o ten by a Ph.D. in an encouraging and style. The blurb on the back says, "Are you

f the greatest joys in life—the joy of spon-
ıs emotion?"
ıy the books I came in for, and now my hands
ll. A Keep New York Clean trash can tempts
Iy reaction to the feminist "literature" is,
't I seen this movie before? An old silent
with jerky stick figures of suffragettes march-
und the White House; or at the most recent,
rine Hepburn being spanked by Spencer
in a movie made before I was born. The
is dusty, dead, and I am only puzzled by why
ne like R. should consider getting involved in
I find myself unable to throw the stuff away;
d be guilty about it; R. might happen by and
n the can, or something, and feel hurt.
ke it along to Howard Johnson's Motor Inn.
searching for an apartment, I am putting
up there. Mornings I am awakened early by
g from demolition projects (the imagina-
alf-alert, thinks of a war zone). I get on the
the *Times*, folded and scribbled on, before
d most of the day I spend looking for a bar-
hen, when this seems out of the question, sim-
decent place to live. I do not make good
ss, for several reasons. I am dismayed at the
ın of prices which would be a joke if they
have to be paid; I am stunned by the slum-
ıality of areas of the city which used to be
or; I try to fend off admitting to myself that
will have to give up and take an apartment,
artment, and simply accept it and the neigh-
ıd it is in, all this after having taken much
e learning the various rich and poor neigh-
ıds of Paris. But what holds me up perhaps
; that I do not feel at home. I travel about
and hearing things that ought to escape my
ın. I suffer from that transient faculty of
ncing my own country like a stranger
up from a shipwreck—the vulgar Gulliver
me. Thus I have a feeling of things falling
a city upset, but I do not know how to as-
e the feeling or ignore it. Indications of a
coming to the end of its wits with a war
in every respect disastrous, and signs of
ial Europeanization: the slogans scrawled
aint sprayer on monuments, VC WOMEN
Or am I seeing only a distant province of
a called Manhattan? Or does Manhattan, far
eing in a class by itself, offer up in a hideous
ıt what is happening to the cities of Amer-
t is, to America? However, not everything
d strange is hideous, and this makes it even
stracting. Some heterosexual hippie couples,
ung, are nice to look at and think about.
ay Huggy-bear and Kissy-face, and let the
o hang. In the street the male faces are mild.
cest physiognomies belong to homosexuals,
women. There is an explosion of pornogra-
l of symbols. Flowers and flags. Americans
eir hearts on their sleeves, proclaim their
with decals on their windshields.
traditional American experience—maybe
ssé—of going to live in Europe, not in order
there, but in order to be able to come back
and live in America, presupposed a certain stable element in American life that you learned, during self-exile, to accommodate to. But what if America changes extravagantly behind your back? Have you then made any progress? I see, now, that it has not helped either that while in France I went my own pleasant way and lived a very special life. I saw few Americans. I heard of America only through the French papers and radio, and an occasional look at the European *Herald Trib*. I was catching faint echoes from a foreign country of large, incomprehensible public events—the assassinations, the riots, the bloody conventions, the school boycotts, garbage strikes, moon shots, and World Series. I shuddered the *frisson* of a Frenchman and forgot.

Even if I had not wanted to lead my modestly sybaritic existence, it would have been hard to convince myself that there was anything more pressing in France than the taking of small pleasures and the protection of one's own garden. There is a sense of priority which even a visitor, a spectator, can't help adopting. The place where millions of little lives are conducted in accordance with this priority is well-suited; it is still incredibly beautiful. I suspect that Americans who read the papers may get the wrong idea when they read of government crises, student uprisings, the devaluation of the franc. Actually there is precious little sense of turmoil. Back in America, I can only smile at what the French, if it comes to that, consider their important public worries. The bleak, modernist campus at Nanterre, outside Paris, where the student rebellion began; the urban renewal that is disturbing the area around the railway station in Montparnasse; the farmers and grocers who picket once in a while —these are matters relatively so small and inherently so manageable that they seem not to belong to the same class of ailments America has; they are not "Americanization," as some French have fretted for twenty years, but more like an inoculation.

Beside the obvious facts that France is a small country, with everything in it smaller, and that it is not powerful in the world, and that 90 per cent of its population is white and nominally of the same religion, there is an additional factor, I think, that accounts for its usual peacefulness, and that is the pessimism that is bred into the French beginning at a very early age. It is an attitude toward life that need hardly be expressed in words. It is enough, when watching a group of schoolchildren, to study their bearing, their eyes, how they gravely shake hands on parting. Sometimes I wondered if the French are not *born* adult, that is, born with the operative knowledge that if life has anything pleasant about it (which is debatable), this pleasure must be laboriously fashioned and then protected against persons, ideas, changes, which might endanger it. If there is such a thing as a national character, the one I put together was compounded of, among other things of course, circumspection and watchfulness. The *idéologues* and *enragés* who took over the Sorbonne seem to go against this characterization, but only apparently. The occupation of the University of Paris would not have been accomplished if the

"In the street the male faces are mild. The fiercest physiognomies belong to homosexuals, and to women."

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few radicals had not been joined at the right moment by thousands of ordinarily apolitical students, most from bourgeois homes, whose thresholds of pessimistic self-restraint were finally breached by the intolerable conditions of education in the Sorbonne, conditions which made the real and actual situation in American universities seem like the realization of a utopian fantasy. The French are taught to expect little of life; even students of our unlimited international age of revolution and liberation are pretty content that this should be so: but in May 1968, many thousands of them acted out of the belief that the process whose end result traditionally entitles the middle-class Frenchman to some advantage in the scramble for small pleasures—the process of higher education—was becoming impossible to get through with the best and most pacific of intentions, and moreover that the government didn't give a damn.

The odd thing is that despite their unillusioned attitude about life, distant from the democratic ideal of America, the French manage to have a good deal of "fun." Maybe it is because I am more interested in women than in men: anyway it seemed to me in Paris that the best exemplars of this paradox were females: girls, women, and grandmothers. If French boys are raised to expect little of life, French girls are raised to expect less. Custom, and even law, have had their effect. For example, it was not until 1945 that women got the vote: the *Code Napoléon*, which put the married woman and her property under the legal guardianship of her husband, has not even now been completely reformed. Virginity, and the values attached to having or not having it, still exist: *la pilule* is not easy to come by. Somehow Frenchwomen bear the consequent anxiety with remarkable grace, not to say cheerfulness. On the level of the working-class housewives with whom I did my shopping in the outdoor *marchés*, this was shown in the stylishness with which they shopped, and talked to each other, and haggled with and bawled out the men behind the counter, as if what they were doing was something that deserved to be done with style. On the level of the unmarried girls of good family who give late-afternoon at-homes, it was shown, I thought, by the unspoken assumption that this thing they were doing—chatting, listening, smiling, crossing their legs, and pouring coffee—might seem ridiculous, might in fact *be* ridiculous, but it has been done in the past by people more interesting than we are. *Grand'mère*, powerful, honored, one of those people more interesting than we are, looks in and interrogates the young people.

To say that women "know their place" in France does not signify anything to me if I compare the meaning of that phrase with what I saw and heard. I cannot say what an educated French girl who has been drilled in history and literature might think her place is. There have been enough novels on her reading list, written by men (Constant, Rousseau, Stendhal), in which women were celebrated, not cursed, for their power. She knows enough about women writers, and keepers of salons, and revolutionaries, and heads of state (de Pompadour, Barry), to give her some sense of a past in wh women figured. I guess the knowledge, gaine a proper girls' school, that courtesans have France, is an encouragement, or at least a com to girls who will never run anything but their vants, their husbands, and their children. For girls the importance of knowing some histor small and durable. For the others, those few rebel, it takes on greater importance, for it g them models of rebellion. There is really very in France that is done free-style, perhaps for reason that France is an old country where t is no longer anything that has not been done n times. If a girl leaves her provincial bourgeois ily and goes to live in Paris, it will not be the time this has happened, and even her family know it. They will give her a horrible bad and not utter her name for years, but they wil deny that the Bohemia she has gone to join h much right to be called French as a bourgeois ily has. Simone de Beauvoir has told what dete nation it requires for a girl to forsake her Cat family: but she has not been able, for all he sistence on the improvisatory nature of "exi tialism," to disguise the fact that in going to and making her way and living with a man wit marrying him, she profited from the honorab stitution of there being in France separate munities, with antagonistic manners and m who yet contrive to live and let live, and are fied to steer clear of each other and not call n too much (particularly is this true of the bourg there is no such thing as *épater les artistes*).

France, that class-conscious country, lac group whose main pleasure is gotten from t another group that it is no good. In the boo which she is known in America, *The Second* Mlle. de Beauvoir had many things to say abo condition of women that reflect badly on me her primary concern was to prove that there innate quality in women which would justify condition. She demonstrated a high regard f sex, but no overt hatred for men. She wrote. fact is that men are beginning to resign them to the new status of woman [her increasing pendence]: and she, not feeling condemned vance, has begun to feel more at ease." And even more sanguinely, "[The] full develo [of feminine eroticism] requires that in lov fection, sensuality—woman succeed in overc her passivity and in establishing a relation ciprocity with her partner."

To be sure, the optimistic, ponderous, foot writings of Simone de Beauvoir on women an and sex do not seem to be either the favorite ing matter on these subjects of French girl read but are not intellectuals, or as close t ideas about love affairs real or imagined, as a stories of Colette or, more recently, Fra Sagan—lucid, regretful sketches, certainly meant to uplift, but dealing with male char finally, more in fond pity than in anger. stories are popular because they are cynic

ıtic at the same time. No matter what bruises eroine has taken in love, there is no question r dropping out of the game, or reviling what ıre she did have.

e French, most cynical and pessimistic of peoeserve the option of being, on chosen occasion, ıtic. The very look of their parks and boule- and buildings is fanciful, but they do not ı to modernize, though the price is that many em must go to the bathroom outdoors. Even pornography and prostitution look romantic nparison with what is to be seen in Protestant ries. Pigalle looks like the set for a musical. he strip-tease at the Crazy Horse Saloon, the 's classiest, smartest, most clever spectacle, is ıtely erotic, positively not pornographic.

:k in the U.S., I ask myself whether France its thought-out ways is only quaint, a placid vater. Maybe the U.S. is forward-looking: t certainly it is in agony. I gather the cliché ısk whether its pains are of delivery or death. e no answers for myself. I feel lost. When I ted, *Herzog* was a best seller; some whites blacks were still marching together; Masters had just publicly discovered the nonexistence vaginal orgasm: and my friends were my s. All this is what I thought, without thinking it too much, I was coming back to. Instead I the throes of culture shock. I have felt some- like a pang of sorrow for my country. I am in America, I have thought, indeed I am, and ıtly something has been going on. We Americans, I have thought, are unable to do the necessary things with sense or grace. We suffered (so I was told in school) for generations in puritan restraints; now we break out by posting pictures of cunt on the street. There is a scarcity of what the French call *mesure*.

This reaction of mine leaves me profoundly unsatisfied. Not only is it glib, but there seems to be some connection between it and the awkwardness with R. the other night. I begin to be afraid that I may not be able to cope until I get a better idea of what is going on. The prospect of subjecting myself to a crash course in the U.S.A. at the rump end of a decade is not attractive, as I know I will be facing myself with blur-words like optoutofthesystem, doyourownthing, unstructureddestructuring. And in the *New York Times*, which I find myself reading for other things beside the apartment offerings, I have read, under the headline, GUARD IS CALLED IN CHICAGO UNREST:

The young women, wearing helmets, heavy gloves, and dungaree or leather jackets, carried Vietcong flags, and clubs.

Surrounded by a ring of newsmen and plainclothes policemen, they huddled in a tight circle, making speeches to each other and singing, "We love our uncle Ho Chi Minh, deep down in our hearts. We love Chairman Mao Tse-tung."...

The front ranks of women charged into the police and there was a brief scuffle. Gritting their teeth, girls struggled and kicked on the ground as officers fought to subdue them....



S. OCK



Copyright © 1969 by Dennis Stock, from the forthcoming book California Trip *to be published in late spring by Grossman Publishers (Viking).*



Out of an egalitarian concept, the common landscape has been altered in a way that is quite unprecedented. The sexuality of women has been set loose of traditional restraints. A distinctly unself-conscious attempt is being made toward creating new roles.



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III

She was a bold-looking girl of about twenty-seven, with thick dark hair, a freckled face, and swift, athletic movements. A narrow scarlet sash, emblem of the Junior Anti-Sex League, was wound several times round the waist of her overalls. —*Orwell*, 1984

Witnessed on a hotel-room TV, America in 1969 remains intermittently the America of *Lolita*. But there are new twists, and some outright novelties. The hucksterism goes on with what seems, after my absence from it, redoubled vigor. The little seeds of anxiety are still being planted: your underinsured house will burn down—you will be out in the street: your mouth smells bad—no happiness; your towels come out of the laundry gray—what? The twist is that these ads are no longer all produced in the high-pressure style of a plug for Oxydol during the Eisenhower years. A good half of them are "cute"—stop-frame, zoom-lens, self-conscious, with integrated casts of photogenic Negroes and whites. The object, of course, is still to sell the commodity. With this in mind both the old-style and wised-up ads rely on sex, using the pitch with a directness that is novel. Hard sex moves toothpaste, hair coloring, meat tenderizer, carpets, beer. The camera has relations with lips, legs, buttocks, tongues. Women's voices are husky and their stares unblinking.

Now the jump from these strange images and words to the images and words of the actual programming is startling, since what little television I have watched in Europe was government-run, noncommercial, and my brain has forgotten how to disregard detours from the flow of "entertainment." More than a few times, while I am still thinking about the woman who has just disappeared from the screen, a newscaster is reciting the daily body count, or a student is being interviewed, or the thread of a domestic situation is picked up, the husband still the bumbler to his wife's stroneman. Late at night such breaks are perhaps less obvious, for these are the hours of the talk shows, which have certainly proliferated. If the ads have become "livelier," then I suppose the talk shows are called "frank" and "uninhibited." In practice this means that in America there are no topics anymore that it is forbidden to speak stupidly about in front of a television camera. I am embarrassed for the participants and guest experts, though I know I shouldn't be, that embarrassment is just a waste of my time.

I have a go at the popular magazines I have collected for my Total Immersion course, the news weeklies, picture magazines, and papers. They have wised up too. They are less corny, and their politics is harder to determine than in the days when Henry Luce was alive. Their editors sense a wave of "revolution" in America (the word is used constantly) and they seem to have decided to make the best of it without becoming a part of it. No such thing can be said of the sex papers which I have also bought: I must assume that they are one of the things the editors of the newsmagazines are thinking of when they write of a revolution. These tabloid-size [illegible] are displayed next to the regular papers on [illegible] in every part of town. There is nothing more [illegible] about buying *Screw*, an eight-page biweekly [illegible] functions in a more or less good-humored w[illegible] sort of consumers' guide to the commodit[illegible] culture of locker-room sexual fantasy, thar[illegible] buying the *New York Times*. For a reason p[illegible] having to do with a decision of the Suprem[illegible] that I know nothing about, a warning is [illegible] on the front page, "The editors of this new[illegible] have made every effort to insure that the con[illegible] this publication are not obscene. Do not p[illegible] *Screw* if you want pornography!"

Inside, the editorial matter is cheerily e[illegible] tive, obscene, pornographic verbiage banged [illegible] the office typewriter and set around the ph[illegible] girls with their legs spread, and penis-mo[illegible] Neither the tone nor the language is that f[illegible] traditional tabloid which concerned itself [illegible] with murder for the benefit of a readersh[illegible] moved its lips while reading. *Screw* is wri[illegible] and for the new proletariat which is said [illegible] out of college, but which I suspect graduat[illegible] writing makes fun of the readers, but not se[illegible] as if to say, we're all in this together, and it [illegible] any further from passwords learned in a [illegible] course in abnormal psychology or social r[illegible] than it is from descriptions of group sex or [illegible] standby, monstrous sex organs. And yet [illegible] something about *Screw* that makes it difficul[illegible] that it is, like the Scandinavian pornograph[illegible] it slightly reminds me of, only as dirty as [illegible] bath. *Screw* comes across less hygienic, mor[illegible] ocal. The pages given over to offerings ar[illegible] ads are in opposition to the jovial voice of t[illegible] under the pictures of naked teeny-boppers u[illegible]

GIRL. Sincere sepia, deaf, wants cultured [illegible] passionate, generous white male. Must be abl[illegible] locate.

GUY with HOT LIPS wants GIRL who [illegible] FRENCH ARTS. Call 245-3367 6-11 p.m., Mo[illegible]

Many columns of ads for wife-swappers, le[illegible] homosexuals, groupers, sadists, masochis[illegible] straight one-to-one votaries of the missionar[illegible] tion are followed by detailed instructions [illegible] to answer, c/o *Screw*. People who are not [illegible] need not apply. Is this no more than up[illegible] minute lonely hearts, no more depressing th[illegible] fashioned prim advice to the lovelorn? P[illegible]

Where the wants ads finally end, the [illegible] offerings begin.

Now! Every man alive can make the kind [illegible] every woman alive dreams of! Now, you can d[illegible] thing that's expected of you. . . . Let's face it [illegible] guy needs some help. . . . After all, a woman [illegible] care HOW she gets her satisfaction—she just w[illegible] ALL OF IT!

With Little Latex Magic Fingers: Achi[illegible] Double Climax! Now it's possible for your wo[illegible] experience TWO climaxes at the same time. So[illegible] $9.95. . .

xt weekend see real, live 8mm love-making on bedroom wall! Turn off Carson! Turn on your ! For educational purposes only—Triple your l power! Make your fantasies come true. $19.50 0 ft.

is lineup of pictures, text, classifieds, and ngs, with minor adjustments in emphasis, is by all the sex newspapers, of which there are ast half a dozen, not counting those slanted ally to a queer community. I am misled, at and think that I have picked up more sex s than I actually have, because the page size same and there are some pictures of people ut clothes on. But *Avatar*, published in Boston, to be put in another category from *Screw*. nain difference, I suppose, is that the *Avatar* rs, being "political," do not so obviously de- themselves for what they are doing. Their is probably known as "underground" and ent hanger-on." There are cartoons and sculp- about war, flowers, life in general, done not at all, and editorial "features" on important cts. In this issue (September 1969), the edi- ire happy to present portions of a book, pre- cation:

lerie Solanas, the chick who shot Andy Warhol, number of fairly strong opinions about men. Miss as, some time ago, wrote a dissertation on the ct entitled SCUM Manifesto—SCUM stands for ty for Cutting Up Men. It will be published by pia Press. Here follow some excerpts, exclusive.

iose females least embedded in the male 'cul- . . who are too childish for the grown-up world urbs, mortgages, mops, and baby shit, too selfish se kids and husbands, too uncivilized to give one r anyone's opinion of them other than their own, rogant to respect Daddy, the 'greats' or the deep m of the Ancients, who trust only their own ani- gutter instincts, who equate Culture with chicks, sole diversion is prowling for emotional thrills xcitement, who are given to disgusting, nasty, up- g 'scenes,' hateful violent bitches given to slam- those who unduly irritate them in the teeth, who'd shiv into a man's chest or ram an icepick up his le as soon as look at him, if they knew they could ay with it, in short, those who, by the standards 'culture,' are SCUM. . .

SCUM will not picket, demonstrate, march or strike empt to achieve its ends. Such tactics are for nice, l ladies who scrupulously take only such action guaranteed to be ineffective. . . . If SCUM ever es, it'll be over Nixon's stupid, sickening face; UM ever strikes, it'll be in the dark with a six lade."

ead Miss Solanas's words twice over, and do now what to make of them, though this is not st time I have been made aware of her exist- I know that some woman shot Andy Warhol: ews item was in *Le Monde* on the very day n Sirhan shot Robert Kennedy.

atever Valerie Solanas means, however, *Avatar* is a better newspaper for having published her. *Avatar* is an interesting publication, more interesting than *Screw*. If I were not already convinced of this, the transcript of a session of group therapy, presented under the title, "Women Rap About Sex," would do the job.

"Hard sex moves toothpaste, hair coloring, meat tenderizer, carpets, beer. The camera has relations with lips, legs, buttocks, tongues."

—Can't you do it just because you're horny?

—Well, if it's so simply physical, why do you have to involve someone else to gratify your needs? We're certainly bitter enough when men exploit us just to satisfy their need.

—But what if you're both horny?

—That's just mutual masturbation! . . .

Let's talk about masturbation. We always seem to avoid that.

—Do you think we masturbate as much as men, or do we just feel guiltier admitting it?

—I think we probably masturbate less and confess to it less.

—I disagree. I think we masturbate just as much.

—But there is greater concentration on woman's pleasure in the 20th century, isn't there? All this talk about orgasms and everything?

—Yeah, well then how come we still don't have them? (Laughter)

—God, I'm so glad to hear someone admit it! I thought everyone else had them but me.

You know, just asking your partner when it's over. Did you come? Isn't the same as being concerned all along.

Yeah, it's that old, did you come, did you come, did you come, until you could scream!

—Or until you lie.

—Oh, so you lie too?

—At the risk of sounding naïve . . . I've been listening to this for an hour and no one has mentioned love. (Ferocious laughter)

—Love?

—God, if I waited to fall in love, I'd be climbing the walls.

—Yeah, forget love. If you even just like him. . . .

—Forget like. I'd be happy if I could only respect the guy a little bit.

—Respect, forget it. If you can even talk to him at all, you're lucky.

—Even just small talk. About the morning orange juice.

—If you can even stand to wake up next to him . . . can stand having his head on your pillow! (A shocked silence)

—Do you realize what we're saying? Not only have we been sleeping with guys we don't love, but with guys we positively can't stand.

—What are we doing it for?

What is going on? Here these poor souls seem to be recognizable people talking, the first to make an entrance into my recognition, and even, maybe, my sympathy. Somewhere around this point I turn, as if inevitably, to the propaganda that R. gave me, which has been waiting patiently as an old dog.

IV

All this pitting of sex against sex, of quality against quality; all this claiming of superiority and imputing of inferiority, belong to the private-school stage of

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human existence where there are "sides," and it is necessary for one side to beat the other side, and of the utmost importance to walk up to a platform and receive from the hands of the Headmaster himself a highly ornamental pot.

—*Virginia Woolf*, A Room of One's Own

The material comes sliding out of the packet, all different kinds. It is published by a diversity of groups and committees with an assortment of acronyms and manifestos, some devoted to women only, others to all of society and its problems.

The Statement of Purpose of NOW (National Organization for Women) is couched in the language of responsible enlightened liberalism. Statistics are brought forward showing that women are discriminated against in the competition for jobs, that they get less money for doing more work. The laws which are on the books forbidding this are alleged not to be enforced. NOW therefore constitutes itself as a pressure group—ready to make common cause with other groups interested in civil rights in a pluralistic democracy—working in favor of women. There will be pressure for enforcement of existing laws, for establishment of child day-care centers, for reforms in abortion and divorce laws.

If NOW calls forth an image of ladies such as those in the middle-class, middle-aged League of Women Voters, the image evoked by Marilyn Goldberg's "On the Exploitation of Women" in *Liberation* magazine is one of downright solidity: *Liberation* is, I recall, inclined to the socialist pacifism of its founder, A. J. Muste. Marilyn Goldberg, member of a San Francisco feminist group, conscientiously prepares her analysis. Unlike NOW, she thinks discrimination is the product of a system (capitalism) which must exploit some groups for cheap labor. Her essay is propaganda. I see, of a Movement that takes itself seriously. But until I get to *No More Fun & Games: A Journal of Female Liberation*, the voice I listen to in these documents is far from one that I can hear coming out of the mouth of an actual female. I realize that it will not do, as I had suggested to R., to label the producers of this Journal simply as a dyke outfit, though it would not be surprising if some of them were lesbians in fact.

No More Fun . . . is a community effort. Some of the articles included in it are informed by a kind of glancing acquaintance with Marxist theory. Some are thoroughly free-style, with no "structure" but that provided by the writer's unhappiness and her new joy at being aware why she is unhappy. In most cases the release from oppressive obligations, from the influence to put oneself together into a copy of the kind of woman who is presented as desirable on, say, TV, is accomplished without ideology. Luckily the writing has not been revised. It reads as something printed straight out—or played straight back from a tape recorder. "Stop buying and wearing cosmetics, stop following fashions, looking at fashion magazines, shopping," advises Roxanne Dunbar, who seems to be the group's chief spokesman.

Repeatedly in *No More Fun* . . . it is said or implied that the first step away from misery mus the decision to stop letting popular notions beauty work their will. If beauty is only skin-d but ugly goes to the bone, so be it, and all the be It is just a matter of choice, after all, whether is to be, not beautiful, perhaps, but pretty in a fa cated way, or whether one is to throw over whole business.

I try and conjure up what kind of girls w have had the experiences which would have them to have to write this sort of thing, and I c help deciding that they are homely, but that, ne theless, what they have to say cannot be dismi simply because they are. Also, that in wo terms they are failures. Thus Miss Dana Densm

Ugly elitism is rampant among the only-parti ruined women, the golden ones who were brough to have a strong sense of self, the intelligent educ talented ones who have "succeeded." An appa snobbishness is involved in the elitist golden c girls brushing off impatiently as irrelevant the p of the masses of women who don't identify wit men, who have been convinced that they are, in inferior, and who are just trying to do the best can in a miserable situation.

Elsewhere, as in the ideologizing of Rox Dunbar, the voice gets more scornful, strident, foundly injured, as of young women who have to travail for every bit of advancement, acad vocational, and sensual, and have decided now the rules of the contest are stupid, the contest unworthy. Miss Dunbar's explanation for why rigged this way is not much concerned with viduals, but with a conspiracy to enslave wom a group. Unlike Miss Goldberg, however, Miss bar finds that conspiracy to be rooted not in ca ism but in male chauvinism and its standard as she puts it, "sexism." The oppression of w is the result of an idea, an unconsciously hel lief, that women properly fulfill some tasks men others—a belief that leads, in practic women doing the cooking and typing and bearing, and men the thinking and talking and ing. It leads to the most prestige being attach those things which men do, and to the way tha do them. Even in the movement which claims against oppressive systems of all kinds, the Left, men expect women to attend to petty d keep house, bolster male egos, and provide se jecting what she calls the "phallic" values of the official and radical societies, Miss Dunba poses to put in their place the "female princ This "revolutionary principle," which woul day motivate people of both sexes, wou "maternal, materialist, and peaceful (non-co tive)." Its achievement would, of course, b mately tied up with the abolition of "private erty, the family, and the state." Radical w then, must denounce the oppression that is go inside their own house, and if this does no ceed in putting a stop to it (as Miss Dunbar i it will not), then women must form a sep movement, which will liberate them and,

drag the rest of the New Left and society be-
t into a better day.

another article, she deals, somewhat im-
tly, with "the first question from a male radi-
a female liberationist—'What about sex?' "
question, she says, is "not important." Of
, women should "have control of their own
" and not "submit to sexual relations" if they
want to, but beyond this the question of sex
males to worry about—it is their "hang-up."
ıles," she writes, "should be talking about
al strategy, not sex. . . . Sex is just a com-
, a programmed activity, it is not a basic
If, despite this, genital tensions persist, you
ill masturbate."

aking of the body further, she advises women
n karate. It will "enable them to meet an
er aggressively," and, presumably, the prac-
ssions will dissipate some of those "tensions."
ing out cosmetics, dropping or changing last
acquired from fathers or husbands, picket-
ayboy Clubs and places where "women are
—these are other practical suggestions in the
m against sexism. Miss Dunbar spends most
time, however, warning women to steer clear
riage and "the nuclear family," and urging
stablishment of female communes." In them
would "practice self-sufficiency individually
llectively." She does not say what part men
play, but she does affirm that "liberation, not
ng men," would be foremost in the minds of
mbers. And they would "avoid pregnancy."
, in still another piece, Miss Dunbar refrains
deology and program and simply testifies,
is here I begin to think there may be some-
more than eccentric about the push for
n's Liberation. "Maternity: An Autobio-
cal Essay" gives an account of its author's
ncy, the birth of her child, and the aftermath.
ssay would be less moving if it were better
. As it is, the pain and mess of pregnancy in
ver middle class are conveyed with artless
Miss Dunbar's baby was born with a con-
defect of the brain. Her husband responded
aven, self-pitying manner, far from the fraud-
nasterfulness of male sexism, and alone she
deal with him, the baby, the expenses, the
doctors. She is not didactic about her testi-
and in the frame of mind it puts me, I feel
dly has to be.

s, I am in a fairly open-minded mood when
come to a paperback magazine R. has in-
in her packet: *New American Review #7*
ing an article called "Sexual Politics: Miller,
, and Genet" by one Kate Millett.

Millett is identified as "a graduate of Ox-
sculptor, and a member of the radical femi-
vement as well as of the faculty of Barnard."
gin reading, and a prejudice is at work which
ot conscious of until I become annoyed and
yself why. It is that silly prejudice, proof
experience, that a mind that has been through the academic mill must be trained, if not to a certain integrity, then at least to a saving portion of complication. I expected something that would draw me into its argument; instead I find propaganda dressed up in the language of the Ph.D. thesis, and somehow this bothers me far more than the half-literate cries of *No More Fun & Games.*

Well, and what is Miss Millett's news? When Miller and Mailer write about sexual encounters, she tells us, they are recommending the stupid oppression and objectification of women by men, and when Genet writes about homosexuals making love (and more: quarreling, jockeying, working) he shows us the model of our morbid so-called "masculine" and "feminine" play-acting roles, and by indirection points the way we could take if ever we have the courage to make our sexual habits humane. In the service of this message, Miss Millett employs the expository style approved for doctoral candidates—long excerpts from *source material* followed by *exegesis* and *criticism.* And as a propagandist, she operates with the unstated assumption that literature is to be read as if it were moral prescription and authors held accountable for advancing their heroes' behavior as if it were a categorical imperative of conduct, adding to this a cavalier and manipulative attitude toward her texts that leaves me grunting in defense of Miller, Mailer, and Genet —which further irritates me, for they are not my favorites.

When she has disposed of Miller and Mailer, ("Mailer's *An American Dream* is a rallying cry for a sexual politics in which diplomacy has failed and war is the last political resort of a ruling caste that feels its position in deadly peril"), Miss Millett is ready to propose a body of work that is sublime by comparison, and so uncommonly truthful that we are obliged to use it as reference toward "the elimination of the most pernicious of our systems of oppression." The work is that of Genet.

The experience of the youthful Genet, the actual man, is for Miss Millett the paradigm of the experience of (all?) females in the real world. There seems no getting around it, the relation of a psychopathic homosexual pimp with a small-time pickpocket and genius is adequate representation of the conduct and *value system* of heterosexual society, whatever that is. Now Genet was, before he became famous, the buggered partner; he was beaten, despised, and mocked; he was made to steal, and not allowed to keep any of his loot; and in particular, he came close to loving his own suffering. This is what made him, for Sartre, on whose work Miss Millett heavily, if crudely, leans, Saint Genet. For Miss Millett he is a saint also:

> *In Catholic Europe sainthood remains, even among the renegades, the loftiest state of grace. That is why Divine, the hero/heroine of* Our Lady of the Flowers, *who is also Genet, is uncontestably a larger spirit than Darling, Gorgui, Armand, Stilitano, and all the other pimps. Not only has she greater courage, humor, imagination, and sensibility than the male oppressors before whom she prostrates herself: she alone has a soul. She has suffered, while they have not, because*

"Where, for the love of God, *are* these women, mocked, despised, beaten down, *saintly*?"

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the consciousness required for suffering is inaccessible to them. And in Divine's mortification, both in the flesh and in spirit, lies the victory of the saint.

In other words, Miss Millett is saying: *Women suffer while heterosexual men do not, because the consciousness required for suffering is inaccessible to heterosexual men. And in women's mortification, both in the flesh and in the spirit, lies the victory of the saint.*

For the remainder of her essay, the author's rhetoric harks back to a tendency of the early Sixties, namely, the desire to believe that the best, the most truthful, and shrewdest depictions of heterosexuality are to be expected from homosexuals. This acceptance of the Fag as Oracle is supposed to be accomplished after hard inspection of the rest of the field, as when Miss Millett declares, "Genet is the only living male writer of first-class literary gifts to have transcended the sexual myths of our era." Her self-conscious obeisance reminds one of the response to *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* at a time, which seems prehistoric now, when direct homosexual affirmation was not yet permitted. It was being understood, however, during the run of that play, that the petty cruelty, the cruising, suspicion, cat-fighting, and disillusion that characterize something of what we know of homosexual unions must be a profitable model for the illumination of heterosexual marriage.

Here I find myself laughing. The very idea of using Genet, the century's most persuasive advocate (so far) of the transvaluation of morals—the proclaimer of Evil, the lover of Gestapo stoolpigeons—in the interest of Social Uplift! In fact there has been a persistent otherworldly quality about the whole of "Sexual Politics," and now, as Miss Millett swings into her peroration, which is a blur of words, like *revolution-an end to exploitation-primordial stews*, a terrible bad taste forms in my mouth for the overwhelming falseness of the piece, and for my spastic, angry response to it. Where, for the love of God, *are* these women, mocked, despised, beaten down, *saintly*? At the Columbia Graduate School of English? And for what private reasons, what squalid disappointments could in intricate ways lead a serious-minded academic to invest her energy in such writing? One wants, if only for her education, to introduce the writer to some men or even boys who are interesting enough not to fall into her silly categories. What is it that could account for the splash "Sexual Politics" has made? And finally, why do I care?

I collect all the Women's Lib crap, and the sex newspapers, and TV Guide, and everything, into a big pile for the maid to dispose of. Next, dinner with A.

V

As for myself, I do not hesitate to avow, that, although the women of the United States are confined within the narrow circle of domestic life, and their situation is in some respects one of extreme dependence, I have nowhere seen women occupying a loftier position; and if I were asked, now that I am d to the close of this work, in which I have sp so many important things done by the Ameri what the singular prosperity and growing s of that people ought mainly to be attributed, I reply—the superiority of their women.

—*de Tocqueville*, Democracy in A

A. is a good cook. Hearing I am back i she sends a telegram inviting me to I join her in the kitchen of her apartment on side Drive, A. puttering over and inside th (onion soup, *canard à l'orange*), I sitting table in shirt-sleeves tossing a salad. She s bit on her forehead as she works, hummi nodding and laughing out loud as I tell he amazing things that happened to me in Pari on the borderline between being very hands deed and being beautiful. Maybe it is the walks, and the way she talks—like a grenadi keeps me from calling her beautiful. She fleshy, big-breasted, with delicate teeth and and hard, round cheeks that dimple when she Nails short but unbitten, good for worki tightness around the eyes, no makeup excep eyes. Skin that speaks of a single bowel mo each day at 7:00 A.M., and thrusting from h a mane of thick blond hair like a palomino's is what caught my attention first when I sa a party, and which I said made her a prot a race, rather like the Houyhnhnms, horses to humans.

She is an honors graduate, a few years o the same college R. went to—in fact the same ment, Comp. Lit. As far as I know they ha met. A. was on scholarship. Her father, no was a foreman and union boss in a machi in Gary, Indiana. In New York she has se follow a plan in her advance to a job in fou sponsored TV that pays well, gives her dence, and obliges her to do what she likes, among other things, to work hard. Seeing h after three years confirms my memory of is the same, only more so. She revels in the the city holds out. She assumes that some will get married, for it is easier on childre are not bastards. But she is in no rush. She i a good time. She lets on that while I was a the market was bullish, she played and modest killing to supplement her salary. A ing at her, I am full of respect again for t her eyes promise she can do: that trick o lovers and dismissing them, passionately, b out seeming to suffer, or to cause to suffe need to. It is a trick, of course, an illusio needs an enormous amount of courage beh be convincing. But convincing it is, and t important consequence of it is that, against tainty that she will grow old and die, A. p front of activity and good cheer.

Over the food and wine I talk easily t woman like A. is the best thing in the worl with her is to discover yourself, and to f you are not so plodding and lumpish as y fear. What a witty man I am, and prob

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oking, either! Now it is definitely not my ous wish to qualify this pleasure by bringing subject of Women's Lib, of which I have had than enough. But one way or another it does n to come up, and A. surprises me with her ience.

ey give me a pain in the ass, those girls," ys. "They're as good as admitting that they're and spoiled and that they make people mis- because they don't know what they want. they say, 'we're that way! But it's not our It's *your* fault! You *men*!'" She gives me her nable laugh and tears meat off the duck. n's Lib seems to give her supreme amuse- On the spur of the moment she makes up two es about it. The first is that second-rate people o band together in protest groups whose ple is that their members are unhappy and cessful because they are the victims of a ous conspiracy. These Lib women, A. says, make it in the tough and open competition bs, men, and happiness. It would "destroy egos" if they had seriously to consider the ility it might be their own fault. The second , somewhat more ingenious and spun off right he first as if the two complemented each other.

Women's Lib, because it bears down on fe- roblems and wants women to think of them- separately, in fact works in favor of sex nination. "They" do it because "they" are of real emancipation and sex-mixing. This is me of the most Neanderthal male supremа- elcome the arrival of such a movement, as the ux Klan welcomes the black separatists and alists. This "worries" her, A. says; but it is o imagine anything worrying A. She is not worried. "The media will take care of those she says. "They'll overexpose, they'll absorb They're doing it already."

r supper she shows me stills from a docu- ry she produced on war-damaged Vietnamese en. In the spring she is going to Japan to do g on Expo '70. And now (remembering), A. e to come along to a party where she has ed to put in an appearance tonight; and would be an intolerable drag without my nce. She stands in front of the bathroom boldly pulling a brush through her thick hair, finishes by touching the glass stopper rfume bottle once behind each ear. The party, ve get to it, might as well be that same float- rty I used to go to once in a while, but for ange in personnel and the unfamiliar rock all distortion. I meet A.'s boss, and her man. It being the first time in a long time been in a private room full of people talking , I am slightly disoriented. Quickly I lose o is the center of attraction inside a circle of discover myself in a corner, trying to be to a girl who has walked up to me. My mind where, I don't know where, but not on A., exactly. "Do you know what I mean?" the girl asks me. "If a man wants to sleep with ke him to come right out with it." She looks at me. "That's reasonable," I tell her. Something like an hour later the party has thinned out and a sweet-acrid odor makes itself known. A. reappears and says, "They're beginning to turn on. Time to go."

The party has just briefly interrupted the good mood A. has put me in. After I deposit her at her apartment building and head back to Ho-Jo's, I understand that I am pleased by my first really good hours back in America. I take heart. It is only the party that seems at variance. Again I see that male circle around A. Can it be that I'm jealous? No, truthfully I think I'm not jealous of those men who ate A. up with their eyes. The scene persists, however, like some illustration to an *aperçu* of George Bernard Shaw's, something like: a slave state is ruled by the slaves who can get round the masters; the slavery of women means the tyranny of women; no fascinating woman ever wants to emancipate her sex; her object is to gather power into the hands of men because she knows she can govern them. Shaw, of course, was a ladies' man, and loved to ingratiate himself in clever ways. Yet what of the things A. said about Women's Lib? I am perverse—when people agree with my ideas, especially when they do it spontaneously, I can't help beginning to wonder if there isn't something wrong with my ideas. But the idea of A., a slave, getting round me, her master, is ludicrous.

In fact, I realize, if there is anyone I am jealous of, it is not those lusting men but A. herself. As long as I've known her, she's been having the time of her life, proving the proposition that a big city in America in the 1960s, and an intelligent, good-looking girl, are perfectly suited for each other. I suffer a twinge of real resentment that I will never know what it is like to be A., or a girl like A. This moment is a puzzling one, as I have never thought about what sex I am or whether I would like to be some other sex. What would it be like to be a woman? Stupid question, of course, as I'm not a woman and never will be. Still, what if I were? What, in particular, would it be like if I didn't have as strong a sense of my own desirability as A., with good reason, has? Because one thing, in this fogbank of conjecture, is clear, and that is, if I were a woman, I would be something less than in A.'s class.

In the class of that girl who approached me, all liberated, at the party? I have been too much with books, propaganda, concepts; too little with American humans. She was not unpleasant to look at: still young, pretty, with a face that came apart only slightly in an hour. Cool and panicky, trying to bring off the new freedom of language without being laughed at. Maybe I condemned her, in the privacy of my mind. After the initial provocation, she recounted her life story, in one hour, at a party —something to give away to a stranger! She stopped trying to invent herself and just talked. That self-invention, at the start, is what frightens me now; or rather, the necessity she felt to engage in it.

I have also had to try to become someone I was not, especially when I was younger. I imagined that

"No fascinating woman ever wants to emancipate her sex; her object is to gather power into the hands of men because she knows she can govern them."
—GBS

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it was a stage to be passed through and left behind in much the same way by men and women. It has never occurred to me that this might not in fact be the case. I am really so new to the question that I can't say with any assurance what freedoms and privileges I have enjoyed just because I happened to be born male, and what restrictions—and worse, uncertainties—I have been spared.

Why my awkward indignation at Miss Kate Millett and her "Sexual Politics"? Would I be able to laugh at Henry Miller's sexual gymkhana, Mailer's flights of fancy, if I were a woman? Or would I take unkindly, personally, to those writers' fictional female characters—debased and wretched, scheming and monstrous women? I blamed Kate Millett for failing to accomplish what was not intended. Low-grade think pieces like hers are not published for their language, or profundity, or wit, but because they intellectualize emotions their readership wants to be convinced it is justified in already feeling. The word spreads, sales are brisk.

Perhaps I am beginning to make some progress. Orthodox Jewish men thank God during the morning prayer for not having made them women. If I were observant, and knew my own mind, would I recite these words with conviction? Also: could an ideally shrewd observer have seen this coming? I remember what I used to hear about—the computer dating, the hectic beach resorts, the girls who complained that a wave of faggotry was upsetting the balance. Further back still, from college, a whimsical memory; a movie was shown, once, in bio class of a female praying mantis destroying and devouring a male during sexual connection, and when it became clear what was happening a number of girls in the lecture hall began to applaud.

VI

While the female squatting down to empty her bladder in a china bowl may not be a sight to relish, no man with any feeling can deny that the sight of a male standing behind a tin strip and looking out on the throng with that contented, easy, vacant smile, that long, reminiscent, pleasurable look in his eye, is a good thing. —*Miller*, Black Spring

The New York Public Library is superlative, especially compared with the Bibliothèque Nationale, where the index cards are still inscribed with a quill, and a request to look at a book is taken as announcement of criminal intent. I jot down a few likely titles from the tens of thousands that are listed under "Women's *Clothes*, — *Diseases*, – *Organizations*, — *Rights*," etc., and while the friendly woman at the desk takes care of my call slips, I look at the girls from NYU and City College writing their term papers under the green lamps in the Main Reading Room.

Presently, in books of sociologists published by recognized university presses, I find the following knowledge concerning how and why feminism is reviving.

The Nineteenth Amendment was passed in 1919, giving women the vote and depriving them of an easily identifiable cause for which women's r groups had agitated for at least two generat The 1920s were a time of postwar innovatic morals and dress; ordinary women bobbed hair, wore short skirts, drank and smoked in pu and took to the backseats of Model A Fords. I 1930s there was a depression: people concent on trying to get work. In the 1940s there w world war, during which many women brought in to do men's jobs in factories. Afte dislocation of the war GIs came home and w to settle down to a normal life. The government them money to pay for mortgages for houses i suburbs. In the 1950s women lived in the sub They were mothers to their children and wiv their husbands. Girls married early and had of babies. They didn't complain, because the *value system* of the time told them that their *ninity* was *best expressed* in being suburban h wives. Political agitation in the interest of w was nil; its only existence was as a topic fo torical scholarship.

In 1960 John Kennedy was elected Pres Something began to happen to the way Amer thought of themselves and of each other. All so people who had before perhaps only vaguel something was not right, were encouraged, as something in the air, to do something to put a to their own persecution, the infringement of rights, to reduce their discomfort, to allay boredom. Officially this meant, at the begir the poor whites and the Negroes. Women, too for some forty years had not thought of them as more than atoms, began to be heard from. early phase they tended to be older women than younger, upper-middle-class and with co tions to government rather than students, be to begin with the students who were femal *politically aware* involved themselves with th erty, Negro, and peace movements, making between their sex and their politics. A speci reau for women was set up in the Labor D ment; Congress passed an Equal Pay Act in and attached a rider prohibiting discriminat employment on the basis of sex to Title VII Civil Rights Act of 1964; and Betty Friedan *Feminine Mystique* ran through many prin

However, to backtrack smartly, all this contradictory developments of great impo had been taking place. Through the aban Twenties, the depressed Thirties, the war F and even the Ike Fifties, girls had been go college, more and more of them, and gradu and the apparent difference in education and est between middle-class males and female getting small. Especially inside the colleges, was little to differentiate the life of a girl fro of a boy, and girls were being told by their sors and housemothers (if indeed they were ing—or cohabiting—off-campus) that they *fulfill themselves intellectually*. In the postgr world of reality, however, things were not a promised to be in college, because nothing that simple. Antagonistic prejudices and tra

d. Therefore, somewhere in the mid- or late-
, on the crest of a wave of generalized protest
ssatisfaction, and simultaneously with a drop
rriage and birthrates, there began to build
he great cities a resentful population of typ-
aders, and assistants who felt they had been
and who, if they had once been politically
were now getting restless, because the Ne-
didn't want white liberal help anymore, and
ice groups were getting bogged down in help-
s.

, the first organized advocates of a renascent
sm were not young. They were the ladies in
Friedan's NOW (created 1967). Only in the
ear or so has the cause been taken over by
who have the most energy, the greatest sense
vance, and the best ability to make a dent
consciousness of the average TV-watching
an: the young women who were freshmen
Jack Kennedy was inaugurated.

is the received sociological wisdom. I have
son not to accept it as good and valid. Some
occurred to me, however, while I was being
ted. First, Virginia Woolf was wrong when
d that all it takes for a woman to chuck off
culiar worries of her sex is five hundred
per annum and "a room of one's own." To-
ls with a college degree can earn the equiva-
five hundred pounds and support themselves
t help from a man. This does not prevent
n New York with rooms of their own from
he support of an immense headshrinking in-
Second, there's this to be said of the politi-
inism of middle-class girls, that in contrast
ating for the rights of workers or Negroes
tnamese, it is founded, at least in part, on
limpse of self-interest, and so runs a smaller
turning morbid. True, it is hard for someone
ed in dialectics to see how the established
led radical groups—SDS for example—are
o come to terms with female liberationism
t risking further breakup. One of the splinter
cational) sections of SDS has resolved "that
eration of women must become a conscious
our struggle for all peoples' liberation." At
he name of the SDS chapter was changed
Eugene V. Debs" to "Rosa Luxemburg." But
tokenism, and it will not impress girls who
solutions seriously. There would seem to be
r of an "adventurist" party splitting off and
to solve the woman-problem not, as Marx
gels would have it, by destroying property
tting workers in possession of the means of
ion, but by revolutionizing the minds of
There is also the danger, obviously more
ing to men inside SDS than outside, that if
ls are really in earnest, they will begin with-
their favors.

radicals of both sexes will thrash out the
cal implications is not very important. After
number of people who belong to political
novements in America is small, and the num-
o desperately care about making their lives
nt with certain ideas out of books and pamphlets is smaller still. There is not much prospect that great numbers of women are going to cut men out of their lives; but it is not at all farfetched to expect that the lives of a good many American fathers, boyfriends, and husbands are going to be complicated in the next decade. This is because radical ideas have shown the ability, in the last decade, to spill over to great masses of people who are not actually radical. The jargon is appropriated, the assumptions taken over, and these apparently superficial things inevitably become a part of the way people behave. TV may have something to do with this diffusion of what are, not so much ideas, as styles. As a style, Women's Lib is ideally suited to be exploited by TV: it is "provocative"; it is "controversial." It is, moreover, a proselytizing style. The ideologues of Women's Lib are not elitist; they feel in their bones that what bothers them also bothers many others who are as yet unconscious; they want to awaken them. Thus for every two or three "crazies" like Valerie Solanas, there are probably two or three hundred Committed to the Cause, and two or three thousand Concerned, and twenty or thirty thousand (or—who knows—hundred thousand) Discontented But Unconscious. It will be the aim of the Women's Lib organizations to reach, first, the girls on the campuses and in the big cities; meanwhile TV, presumably neutral, will send the message into the remotest living rooms of America, in the towns where the business of America is still business, and the business of women is to take dictation and have babies.

"As a style, Women's Lib is ideally suited to be exploited by TV: it is 'provocative'; it is 'controversial.'"

That this is what actually is going to be happening, and that I will be able to do nothing about it, becomes, suddenly, absolutely clear. I leave the library. Not that I would want to do anything, even if I could. All I plan to do is to try and stay out of the way of anyone who, for reasons of her own, thinks I am a powerful oppressor—I have noticed altogether too much readiness to dismiss violent talk as mere rhetoric. For the rest, I will, in the privacy of my mind, grant the necessity of the demands which, sooner or later, must be made by American women. I will do this mainly because of my horror of playing the unconscious colonizer, the slave owner who had *no idea* the slaves were unhappy; didn't even know they were slaves. So—again, in the privacy of my mind—I will support the enforcement of existing laws having to do with employment and pay; I will applaud middle-class girls who learn karate (though I will be puzzled why they do it, unless they plan to go with unskilled laborers: when was the last time a college man hit his wife?); I will push for mandatory quotas so that women will participate in greater numbers in all the professions; I will be in favor of child day-care centers. In the privacy of my mind.

I will not give serious consideration to whether the *trend* is reversible. Let the sociologists say what they want: taking one decade with the next, it seems that the long-term trend has been for more and more American women to be taught to expect the possibilities men have, and reality has always been more or less slow in catching up to the promises. I

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will not complain about the bad manners of women today, for I realize that they are a minor by-product of a half-achieved revolution; or more exactly, because classes historically underprivileged are at their meanest right after the enemy has capitulated, and yet no bright new day has dawned. If women still pleased us, it would signify we still had them in thrall. I will not try to be fuzzy-minded, and I will drive delusions out of my mind as I encounter them—the hope, for example, that this is only a passing phase of frivolous militancy, which may debouch into an era of graver concerns, as has happened when eras of prosperity ended and depression or general war set in. The progress of expectation is like a trip down a tube lined with spines all pointed in one direction.

I will defend, to myself, the right of the more imaginative among these women to experiment, while feeling no need to see them or talk with them. They would not like me and I wouldn't like them, and there is nothing, really, wrong with that. I will not accept the judgment of a sterner part of my mind which says that if women are to have as full access to the top ranks as men, they must also expect to bear something like the same pressure to get there. No: for the next few generations, at least, women should have the right to both liberty and protection—both reparations and alimony. Perhaps, after new social institutions have been created and are functioning, which will be judged, as Simone de Beauvoir says, "according to their effectiveness in giving concrete opportunities to individuals," women may choose voluntarily to give up the head start which men owe them after innumerable centuries of restriction.

I will keep my reservations to myself. For example, everyone seems to agree that the "nuclear family" must go. The substitute most often mentioned is some sort of communal living, modeled on the *kibbutz*—talk about transplanting the *kibbutz* is having a vogue. It seems to me the Israeli experiment is not what many seem to think it is: furthermore, it succeeded in a very special circumstance not understood by those who want to try it here. It was a rural settlement, and its success was judged in the interest of the greater, capitalistic society around it, which gave support and money. America is urban, and communes here—in the East Village, in California—enjoy at best the indifference of society. Perhaps all that can be overcome. What remains is that inside the *kibbutz* the single dominant ethic has always been compounded of work, sobriety, and puritanism. Has this had anything to do with the success of the *kibbutz?* It is hard to imagine such an ethic being adapted by those who are now most "alienated" from ordinary American life, those whose saving motto is not "Work" but "Pleasure"—no doubt properly so. In the *kibbutz*, the rare case of adultery is brought before a general meeting, and the offenders, together with their children, are expelled from the settlement.

Yet if young people start *kibbutz*-communes in America, I will silently wish them good luck, as sincerely as I will support free abortion and the rest for women. Maybe it will work. I will do t things, but in the privacy of my mind, becau suspect that if they were all enforced, passed, and made real, it would mean exactly nothing.

VII

Understandably, the maximum physiologic i sity of orgasmic response subjectively reported c jectively recorded has been achieved by self-regu mechanical or automanipulative technique. The highest level of erotic intensity has resulted from ner manipulation, again with established or self- lated methods, and the lowest intensity of target- response was achieved during coition.

—*Masters*, Human Sexual Res

It's hubris, though assuredly a venial form to think that the wars, technology, art, mar etc. of the time one is living in constitute an esting departure from the wars, technology, e past times. In nine instances out of ten the r one believes his time is novel is that he is livi it. But the fact that this is true doesn't mak old "Nothing-New-Under-the-Sun" pose an treacherous. Indeed, occasionally, very r there *is* something new under the sun, and si appears on earth, there is the distinct possi that someone may be around and living h when it appears. Usually, of course, it goes pletely unnoticed.

Now as it happens, we, people living in 197 guilty of no sin of pride, nor do we simply ourselves, if we believe that there is som about our time that is different from all other However, since we live surrounded by nois alarms, we are in danger of confusing what is new with what are only the latest models of fa things. For example, the man in the street m atomic power as the thing we have that no o fore us had: or the trip to the moon, or some accomplishment of technology which actual only accelerated but by no means changed t process that began with the invention of th and the domestication of the horse. The man street is right to this extent, that he faintly pe that what is new has something to do with nology. Where he goes wrong—besides not k what the new thing is—is in thinking that it machine or gimmick itself which is new, overlooking the primacy of ideas over obje

Let me explain. The thing under the sun witnessing firsthand is the effective separat sex from consequence on a mass scale for t time in history. This is a momentous novelty could not have come about without the devel of a safe, cheap, universally obtainable con tive pill. This Pill is a little bit of chemistry took all the apparatus of technology grants, laboratories, materials—to develop, the machinery of business—packaging, adve sales, to distribute. But it was not develop distributed by accident. Before there was thing as the Pill, there were ideas why such was necessary: unless those *ideas* are und

w, the effects of the existence and use of the some effects foreseen and hoped for, others itely not—will stay a puzzle, and the Pill will in just another of those controversial subjects, pace exploration and heart transplants, which sh topics for talk shows, to be lumped together everything else under the vague heading lern Times."

is hard to resist the current fashion to down- this country. America is polluting its air, is ng an aggressive war, is in the pocket of an trial-military complex—America, in short, is nger the land of the democratic dream. The nce of the eyes goes a certain way toward borating such statements of disillusion, but at an equal way toward putting them in doubt. ially as regards the old and honorable belief vor of the unhindered "pursuit of happiness" is question whether much of what passed for epressing turmoil of the last decade (and no will continue) has not been precisely the of a powerful attempt to affirm that belief. sociologists say John Kennedy started it, but s not convincing: at most, he only saw what oing to happen.

iat has this got to do with the Pill? Just this, he novel idea of a pill or something like it absolutely necessary came out of an Ameri- elief in the unhindered pursuit of happiness, ecade where that belief would either begin to attered on the rocks of a fairly grim reality, vindicated. The grants to set up the labs would ave been awarded, the talent to synthesize the stry would not have been collected, if there ot been an agreement too deep and profound out into words, that the democracy of sex must ablished. It would be a state, and a state of in which sex would be separated—as far as e, will, and conscience could separate it—duty, pain, and fear, from everything but ire, and there would be an equality of giving ire and taking it, as in a mythic democracy power would not be exercised by one group rson over another: in which La Rochefou- s cruel maxim about there always being, in one who loves and one who lets himself be would no longer obtain.

e determination that this must be done was with the means to do it. Out of an egalitarian ot, by way of a technological product, the on landscape has been altered in a way that te unprecedented. Which, among the many of this alteration, have been the most signif- For one, the sexuality of women has been se of traditional restraints and perversions, urre nature of which can only now be appre . This relief was not unexpected: in fact, it ished for by the doctors and psychologists inisters, and, indeed, the women, who were advocates of the development of a pill. What nge, in uncensored America ("Up Against the ..."), is that some of the most interesting s of female sexuality to have come to light t discussed.

To begin with the publicized and accepted: it certainly must be counted among civilization's great negative achievements that until now only prostitutes and sterile women who ruled men outright, like the Empress Catherine, could have been allowed to act in some accordance with their instinct, while the greatest number of women, bowing to the superior force of custom over desire, played out a role distinctly in opposition to the one they really wished. The pronouncements made and swallowed on the subject of sex until a few years ago, having as their purpose the preservation of a customary social practice, are so far out of line with what we now know is true that it may be worthwhile, someday, for someone to investigate the supernatural power of custom. For example, men were said, by and large, to be "naturally" polygamous: women were said, by and large, to be "naturally" monogamous: the protection of the family, that unit which stabilized society, depended on the state's and the church's giving their influence over on the side of the woman in marriage, against the chaotic, disruptive potential of her husband. What is striking about this arrangement is how sly custom was—by forcibly inverting the instincts of the sexes, it succeeded for an unconscionable long time in persuading men and women that this was, after all, only "natural," and in preserving an unequal social practice that only now, at last, is breaking up.

Is it because I have some fear of women that I seem to suggest that the new egalitarianism in bed is going to smash society? I have no idea about my "unconscious": I am aware of some fear, evident and simple. But I feel no need to apologize, nor to exaggerate. "Society" is not going to be "smashed"—it will get along. The egalitarianism, too, will be confined to the young, the middle-class, the people who are in college or have just gotten out. It is only their youth, their conspicuousness and tendency to talk, the power of ideas—which they are peculiarly susceptible to—that makes them appear the prototype-carriers of a nervous depression that will be more widespread in ten years than it is now.

Among these young people is the first generation of ordinary women, neither rich nor disreputable, who have not had to worry about pregnancy or gossip, have therefore had little to prevent them from becoming as polygamous as they like, other than their own surprise at, finally, being free. An important though misleading result of this has been that privileges formerly confined to queens and prostitutes have been distributed democratically among a much larger number of women, moving not only in palaces and bawdy houses, but in the daily round of life. The ubiquitousness of the Pill, therefore, seems at first inspection the answer to the prayer and fantasy of the middle-class adolescent male, who now finds, in college and later, single or married, among his own friends of the other sex the possibility of doing what, in his teen-age dreams, he thought he wished to do. The complaint of a Women's Lib propagandist that men are still happiest when cutting a swath through women—the complaint of "sexism"—would seem to be

"The novel idea of a pill or something like it being absolutely necessary came out of an American belief in the unhindered pursuit of happiness."

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plausible. On further inspection it crumbles. For consider: it tacitly revives the old fable about women: monogamous; men: polygamous. A first reason to suspect the complaint is made in bad faith.

What is more damaging is certain evidence recurring in the testimony of girls, the books of men, the faces of people seen on the street, the plentiful scientific data available but uninterpreted, that hints the idea of a democracy of sex is based on premises that are problematical, shoddy, or simply false. In a decade when actual breathing women make themselves available as never before, why should there be an explosion of voyeurism—untouchable women on stage—and pornography—women on paper? Why is it that the writing about women of old, pre-Pill male novelists like Miller and Mailer seems quaint, while Alexander Portnoy with his busy tongue, and the Little Latex Magic Fingers in the back pages of *Screw*, seem topical, of-the-moment, a far truer representation of the American middle-class male's relation to the female? Why does the domineering type of male who plays such a baleful role in the demonology of Women's Lib ring so false?

The most platitudinous answer is the most calamitous. It is that females are different from males. When at last unencumbered by tradition, unperverted by custom, their sexuality is stronger, more various, and a good deal less comprehensible than male sexuality. Why does this seem to be a calamitous discovery? It is, after all, only everyone's terrible, filthy little secret. It is public knowledge, but in an odd way it does not really exist, for it has not yet been sanctified by the act of being discovered by a research organization. Kinsey and Masters, otherwise fearless, developed an unwonted shyness in its vicinity. When will a laboratory combine find the courage to investigate the matter and announce its findings to the world, substantiated with electrocardiograms and affidavited testimonials?

Probably not soon. Too much has been wagered, and too much is at stake, for this platitude to be brought out of hiding with fanfare and reconciled with the ideal of an equal, reciprocal arrangement in bed. Among the minor casualties would be male pride: it would be galling to have statistical proof that men possess a tiny fraction of the endowment of women to experience pleasure, and as if that were not enough, that women gain in potential as they age, while men lose. More important, it would make too clear that most men and most women are not suited to each other—a blow at a basic assumption which motivated the makers and champions of the Pill. It would complicate things intolerably by the introduction of this paradox: while women demonstrably have a much greater appetite and potential to enjoy sex than men do, they are unable to proceed to satisfy themselves by a simple aggression on a faceless sexual object, not only because most males become puzzled, confused, and resentful when attacked (this might only be cultural lag), but because female sexuality appears to be bound up with female emotions (of fear, trust, affection, watchfulness) in a much more complicated than male sexuality with male emotion. In words, in contemporary speech, a male can have his petty orgasm, but a female's tumu coming is a difficult thing indeed for her to arr

The desirability, the quasi-divinity abo things, of the orgasm in America has to be r bered from time to time, or else the whole cr sex in America becomes incredible. "Mor better orgasms" could have been the motto banner of the Pill makers. It was unacceptab a part of the population (female) was depriv fear of pregnancy, of a significant pleasure, bolic prize, that another part of the popu (male) enjoyed by right of birth. Although i good claiming that the female orgasm was in out of nothing in or around 1960, it does seer that an unprecedented preoccupation with it dated to approximately that year. The phys possibility has probably always been there; new with us is the religious conviction that happen every time, or else something is w someone is sabotaging the democracy of sex

There would be little need to make so m this here if it weren't so obvious that it is c a great deal of pain. No doubt the girls in W Lib are causing trouble too, and will cause but not because, as A. said, "they don't kno they want." They do know: ineffably, the happiness; specifically, they want orgasm. hatred of men is understandable, since i memories men are associated most intimate the failure to make good on the promises of ness that the democracy of sex was suppo deliver. "The subject of orgasm doesn't c at our meetings," Roxanne Dunbar says. "If tensions persist, you can always masturbate

The single assured method of arriving prize which has become known as each w right, and without which there is danger of disease, is masturbation. It is a clean, unc method, dispensing with the complicated e that diminish, postpone, or prevent a w arriving at the prize when she is with a m only is the orgasm guaranteed when it is s but it is guaranteed to be more overwhelmi has been demonstrated objectively in the d lected by Masters *et al.* for *Human Sexual R* It is probably at one and the same time th important finding made by sexology, and t poetically just, for it reveals—as it were klieg light the characteristic act and agony time. The project volunteer beating herse front of the cameras, an adult not an ado killing her reflexes for the real thing, ey ankles sweating, guiltless, is the model of class educated depression in America. He hygienic, like brushing the teeth; or mea like yawning; or sublime, like grasping at It is either not important, or it is all-impo any event, it doesn't matter, for the de afterward is routine: it is that guiltless, knowledge, the knowledge, which is next to having been tricked. Only the dead objects

anist (in her modern bathroom the Kohler
the laboratory the EKG machine) are re-
d by her act. After the passion, their ma-
is twice as pitiless.

solitude of people in the cities is perhaps
rrible for a young woman. For the masturba-
s solitude is more than physical, it is meta-
l. This, finally, is the closest I can get to ac-
g for what Women's Lib is about and why
ld flourish now: it is a place where women
alone together. The manifestos, the demands,
posals and reforms—they are diversions,
of attention and support to be sure, but
y they are irrelevant, and finally they are
c. So long as the condition of being alone is
fronted, alone, there is little to be won. This
mula is brought to mind by the recollection
s Lessing's *The Golden Notebook*. Her novel
ably the best book written by anybody con-
a woman on her own, trying to gain the
completeness that only men are alleged to
t the same time striving to be "happy,"
neans inviting the men she loves to hurt and
int her—a crossing of purposes which is
d up in the recurring question of one of the
characters, "It's all very odd, isn't it?" The
s paid, not simply in ironical understate-
ut in terror. Nevertheless, though no woman
itten about what men do to women with
lusions than Miss Lessing has, nowhere does
or imply that women necessarily deserve
han men give them, because, as the reader
o understand, it can be said fairly of most
e but infants who die of leukemia that they
t they deserve. With all that might seem to
oicism or quietism inevitable—thoroughly
d, turned inside-out, above all, lived with,
nan-question is, after all, a bore—the pro-
s in *The Golden Notebook* are more active
resting a bunch than the one that stares out
amphlets of Women's Lib.

unhappiness of a character in a book, how-
ractive, is negligibly significant compared
e unhappiness of a living person, however
tive. My increasingly fervent reaction is of
e that I will never have to take the chance
an American woman. As a moral response
nacceptable. I know that what is urgently
is not scorn, or dissociation, but empathy.
much the same can be said about America
ds in need, not of scorn (that is cheap), but
thy. I know this well, therefore I am left not
a substantial measure of guilt, because my
for self-preservation is infinitely more per-
than my inclination to feel the sorrows of
s if they were my own. I am reassured by
means I have come a certain distance to-
Americanizing myself. In any event I can
a comfortable guilt, in a way I could not
te perplexity.

is not to say that I have found any an-
what is extraordinary in America. I am
stop reading, to start looking in earnest
partment, only because with overexposure
the extraordinary begins to be ordinary, and this is how one gets over the vulgar Gulliver Syndrome. Maybe I am wrong, maybe when I get back into it, the American reality will prove even more bewildering than I can imagine. But this time I think I may at least be able to keep from being stunned when, for example (as must happen), the last artificial distinctions between politics and sex are abolished, and proficiency will become a state responsibility—training films will be shown in high-school citizenship classes, exams will be administered and grades handed out, and middle-class students scoring low in orgastic potency will be required to take remedial sex as the poor and black used to be given remedial reading. In order to keep level it will be necessary to be able to quell feelings of puzzlement, outrage, sadness. Best of all, not to feel them at all. Perhaps a regular overdose of information will serve to deaden the nerve endings. This is improvisation, to be sure, but in a gynecological society love must be hardy and resourceful; it cannot disdain to improvise. It might also be useful—it might serve as a humanizing gesture—for me to remember from time to time the meaning of the fact that I am no longer young. When I see twenty-year-olds in the street I no longer think, subconsciously, *we*, but consciously I think, *them*. I have never been of anything but the well-off and liberal middle class, yet when I was a senior in college I was still using condoms. This homely touch of memory sets me in one universe, and the twenty-year-olds, who look so much like the most recent photos of me, in another. The mistake which, for my own good, I should keep from making is more serious than that of old-fogyism—it is the precarious judgment, aesthetic at its core, that a universe ordered on the Pill, on the effective junking of marriage and the family, and on the homosexual-like contracting of liaisons right through an eventful middle age, is ugly, whereas a former universe ordered on the condom was less ugly, more hospitable to playfulness, to grand passions and small comforts.

The judgment might be true, or it might be envious carping, wishful romanticizing. M.-L., my well-brought-up friend in France, warned me against romanticizing. I had said that Paris had an innocence about it, and I did not exempt the gigantic poster of Che Guevara which I saw hanging in the dressing room of an expensive boutique in the sixth *arrondissement*, where I accompanied M.-L. on a shopping tour. France recedes in my memory, becoming, strangely, less romantic. I recall now that strict culture weighing heavy on the people inside it—M.-L. telling me more than once how much she loves and *respects* her parents. Her parents sleep under a severe gold Crucifix I caught sight of while hiking to the john. I would not be astonished if their mattress was also full of gold napoleons. Is this what I admire?

Enough. For all I know, life in America is enjoyable. It is time I got an apartment. I've had enough of Ho-Jo's. Living in a hotel may have turned my thoughts in morbid directions. Save me from a purely aesthetic pessimism! I am a Yahoo too. □

"'More and better orgasms' could have been the motto on the banner of the Pill makers."

David Halberstam

THE QUESTIONS WHICH TEAR US APART

"Somehow he has not taken root, and grown with the office, come to terms with it perhaps because he has never come to terms with himself."

Perhaps the tip-off came early in the Administration. Clark Clifford, to whom this nation owes a debt of gratitude—he who had written his article in *Foreign Affairs* and told the truth about Vietnam—said that the war was a failure and that we should reduce our troop level and do it quickly. Politically, for a new President this was a gift, a rare free one. One was reminded of a scene at the very end of the 1963 baseball season when Mickey Mantle, closing out his career, was trying to move ahead of Jimmy Foxx's homerun record. Dennis McLain was pitching for the Tigers: McLain had already won his thirty games, and now he was gesturing to Mantle, signaling where the pitch would be, and lo and behold there it was, not once but twice (the first time Mantle fouled it off) and Mantle dutifully hit it out and broke the record. It was the same way with Mr. Nixon. Clifford, whose role in the last year had certainly gone beyond partisan politics, the great Democratic lawyer who had at the end only one client, the country (and a shrewd eye on history: keep Clark Clifford's name off the escalation list), served Nixon the fat pitch. One could imagine Nixon's ensuing press conference:

> Q: *Mr. President, I wonder if you could comment on former Secretary Clifford's call for massive troop withdrawals in the latest issue of* Foreign Affairs.
>
> A: *I'm glad you asked me that. Well, I have not seen the article in its entirety, but Dr. Kissinger has, and we feel that the fact that someone like Mr. Clifford, a former Secretary of Defense, a close friend of President Johnson, a close associate of the men who initiated the war, in fact a man who participated in some planning himself, the fact that he feels this strongly, well, we think this is important news, we think this is quite significant.*

Let Clifford do it for you. But no, Nixon lashed out as he had not lashed out at anyone in recent months, indeed years. It was stunning, the petulance and tightness of it. Clark Clifford would not have Nixon to kick around anymore. His plan, the *Nixon* plan, still locked in that attaché case, was better, it would get more troops out faster, cleaner, with more justice, and who did Clark Clifford think he was, going around with his plan? The response partisan, petty, and, worse, bad politics. One not imagine Mantle waving McLain away (n an earlier Mantle but not the 1968 model, leg ing, eyes going; he, like Nixon, needed all the he could get).

So there was an uneasiness about our new dent and the war—month after month still in talking in vague terms about Vietnam, talking a plan, instead of talking to us about his vi Vietnam. After all, if you have the view that nam is the wrong war in the wrong place wrong time, that it is tearing them apart phys and us apart spiritually, if that is your view I think you will find the plan soon enough. I do not hold the view, then why bother with a Keep the attaché case locked. We watched h 1968 as he campaigned against crippled oppo (in his own party Reagan reeked of Gold Rockefeller was culturally unassimilated, Ro had a problem with the English language) an against Humphrey, he turned a landslide cliff-hanger, losing a marvelous chance to who he was and what he felt on Vietnam. He of course, to say nothing. He let us know tha nam was something that would hurt the Dem and help him. He told us that and nothing m

We waited through those first months—alr year now in office as we played the game of to define Nixon. The book we turned to most for quotes—they began to spring up in every written about the White House—was a book was not even written about him, Joe McGi book on the television campaign,* a book wh as much about the shielding and hiding of a date as it is on the selling of him, for it is hov Nixon is seen which makes the book remar And we found finally that one could defin more in negative terms, what he was not, than what he was.

The question must have perplexed Nixon h at times as well. In 1960 Jack Kennedy ha asked whether the campaign was too exha and he had said no, not for him, because he

**The Selling of the President 1968* (Trident Pres presented before book publication in *Harper's*, 1969).

David Halberstam, a contributing editor of this magazine since 1967, has published two books in that time while also writing articles on Robert Kennedy, Richard Daley, McGeorge Bundy, and other contemporaries. He is working now on a book about the decision to escalate.

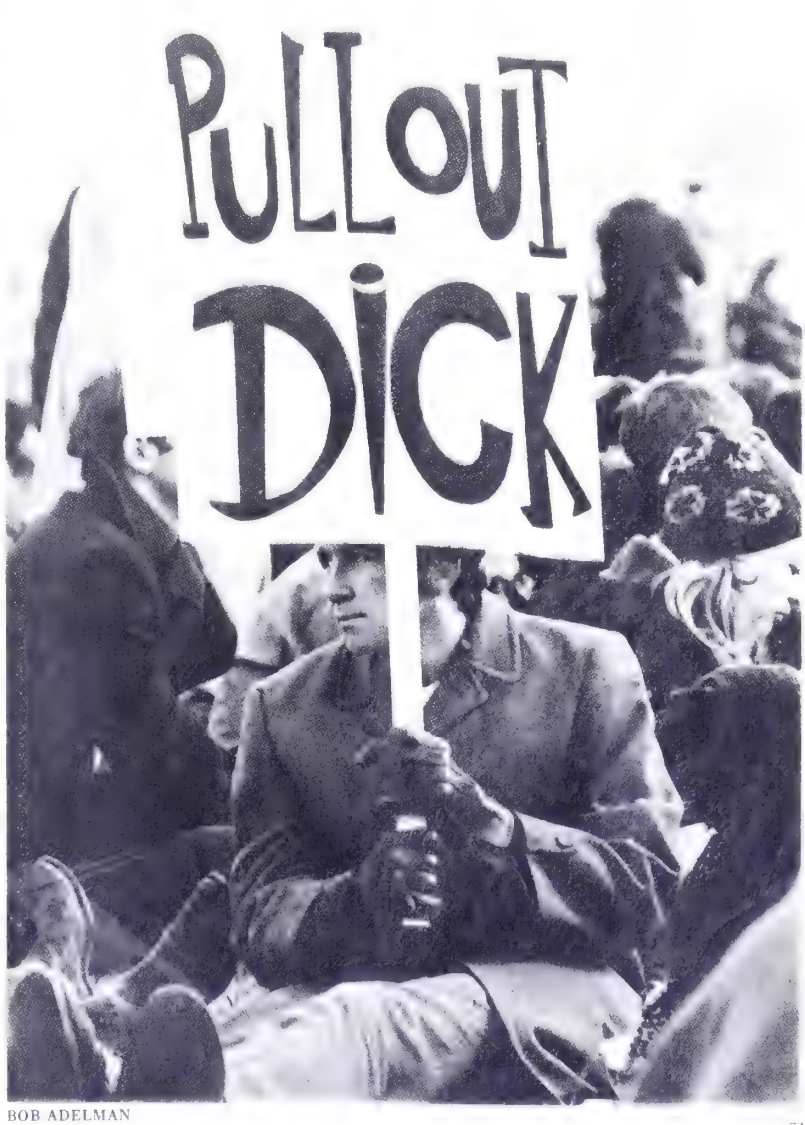
ho he was, but he felt sorry for Nixon, that be exhausting for him, always trying to ber each time who he was going to be that e watched Nixon; he would grow with the hey always do, we said; the office itself ive him confidence, and wipe out those early ties. (The early Nixon, we were assured, nan unsure of himself, and a man with con- would not lash out as he had done in the) One day he would look and sound like a nt, for the office does it to the man. If the already there, everything turns out (Harry . exhibit A after all, never doubted who or e was: he was above all Harry Truman. belligerently so).

ow as I write it is almost a year and it has pened, and I do not think it is going to Somehow he has not taken root, and grown e office, come to terms with it, perhaps be- e has never come to terms with himself. One re than anything else a sense of his limita- ne does not think of him and the office: he Nixon. Watching him recently one had a his political frailty, that he could be taken. had the look of a one-term President.

is not to say he *will* be a one-term President. mocrats right now seem to be even more ed than the Republicans by the turbulence ial change in the nation, their traditional ency more shattered, and it is this turbu- nd instability which seem to threaten us e-term Presidents for the near future. So far atic politics have not caught up with rapid nanges of the society. One has a sense that, Chicago, the party's eye is more on 1960 1972. (For the moment the party's most ndidate, the Mayor of New York, happens he is a Republican.) There is a sense that an be taken: one has above all a sense of ations.

olitics seems to be the politics of immobility something for everybody, a little nothing ybody, a Finch for us and a Mitchell for Moynihan for us and a Mitchell for them, a or us and a Mitchell for them. In general, ne same strategy which he had used in the n, a Border State strategy with enough of n Wallace to cost him the big Eastern and ern industrial states, which had been ach- fect, but without enough appeal to woo the e Wallace areas. In effect this amounted to f New York and Michigan and Pennsyl- minor Border States, and it was a strategy the end nearly cost him the election—one ard, and a step and a quarter backward, a ent of refined mediocrity. One saw this n the Supreme Court appointments, which y as good an indication of a President's nds as anything. (One had Earl Warren nder of the essential decency of the Eisen- ars, Goldberg represented the philosophi- lism of the Kennedy years, and Abe Fortas ance and cynicism of the Johnson years.) ard to feel anything about Burger except the total absence of uniqueness and brilliance, and with Haynsworth one was struck not so much by corruption, for corruption was not the issue, as by the limitations of the man and of his world. Were Burger and Haynsworth true reflections of the best of the judiciary, or were they simply reflections of Richard Nixon?

It always, of course, came back to Vietnam, for it hangs over everything, it is inescapable and warps all else. (In mid-November a distinguished columnist for the *Washington Post* wrote that there had been too much talk about Vietnam, that there were other issues to ponder, that he trusted Nixon and was calling his own moratorium on writing



BOB ADELMAN

David Halberstam

THE QUESTIONS WHICH TEAR US APART

about Vietnam. Two days later his paper helped break the Songmy massacre story.) We watched, wondering what he would do or say on Vietnam, and in November he talked to us. It was a puzzling performance. He had entered the White House charged with ending the war, the country was receptive to some darker truths about itself, wanting to know what had gone wrong and why; its jingoism was curiously tempered. One active political force on the war already existed, a dovish force, but even that force could be controlled by the most minor signs of good faith on the part of the President. The country above all was waiting to be led.

What was most striking, then, was Nixon's November language—hard, rigid, barren.* It was a speech which seemed to come from a time past, produced by the same illusions which produced the war. How can you end it, if you don't know what started it, one wondered. There were words like humiliation, and long details about atrocities, *their* atrocities of course. It all could have been written by Rusk. (A few days later at a White House dinner Rusk reportedly said that he was a member of the loyal opposition, but that after the speech he was more loyal than opposed.) What was surprising was not that he had written us off, we of the Eastern Seaboard with our typewriters and microphones, well enough and good. If he wanted to talk past us, that was his business. What was surprising was the politics of it all. For he had painted himself a little more into the corner, given himself less room, set harder and more rigid terms on the war; the use of the atrocities argument seemed a particularly self-inflicted wound. Of course his popularity would go up after the speech: it would not take George Gallup to know that the telegrams would come in. But we had been through all this before—the quick gesture, the flying trip, the rise in polls, the long-range paralysis. If Nixon's words are to be believed (an important point, since spokesmen for the Administration repeatedly tell reporters, Don't watch what we say, watch what we do), then he has simply made his own job much harder, set more strict conditions for himself, and finally created a new political force to contend with.

He had started the Presidency with powerful institutional forces still believing in the war, committed to earlier estimates, trying to make those estimates come true. Anyone who doubted how powerful those forces are would do well to read Townsend Hoopes's excellent book, *The Limits of Intervention*, which details the extraordinary difficulties of Clifford's battle to turn the policy around.

*Something that went almost unnoticed and unchallenged were his factual mistakes, for example, that 1.5 million North Vietnamese had become refugees (the accepted figure among historians is between 700,000 and 800,000). Even more important was his statement that he had a choice between an easy policy, getting out, and a difficult one, staying in a little longer. The sad fact of Vietnam is that his two predecessors considered getting out to be the riskier course in terms of domestic politics, and because of this had escalated the commitment, against their own better instincts.

Now, of course, it would be even more difficu
Nixon had created a public force to go wit
private one. He had asked those Americans
prefer to rally around the flag blindly, rathe
to doubt the national course, to form togeth
rally, and to articulate a position. One won
whether this would be used as a show of str
Would it prove to Hanoi that not all America
doves? Would Hanoi really care? Would it
that we can stay there as long as the NVA ca
somehow this will force Hanoi to lower its te
do we really after watching them fight thei
of war for twenty-three years think that thi
affect them at all? Do we really think Hanoi
about all those telegrams that are piled up
desk?

Nevertheless he clearly and willfully unc
something. Lest there be any doubt, we ha
follow-up gestures in the next couple of
Agnew's attacks on the press, including the
sion critiques of the Nixon speech, which wer
ticularly bland. (Only Bill Lawrence on
gravelly-voiced, dared to utter the ultimate
phemy, suggesting that maybe Nixon wasn't
good politician. But Bill, they said, he's Pre
of the U. S. A.)

The other possibility remains, that despi
words, despite his cry to the silent majority t
behind him, he still intends to cut and run (a
around him believe). If this is what he in
then he is creating, finally, long-range trou
himself and more important for the countr
he has seriously misunderstood the office
Presidency. It is above all a public office
public place.

One of the great problems Lyndon Johnson
was that he had trained all those many ye
private politics, not for public ones. He ha
tered the Senate and its inner workings and m
lations, he knew how to go behind closed doo
get things done—good things, in fact, for th
out there—but it was always a private act,
had at the end an almost pathological le
secrecy. He had never learned how to chart a
and tell the nation what it was and how to fo
There is a classic Feiffer cartoon showing J
flying above the people, envisioning all th
and great things to come—peace, affluence,
until at the end one of the citizens asks ho
will all come about. "I shall wheel and deal
he answers.

If Nixon's private thoughts are not his
ones, if he is playing games with the coun
Vietnam (games, of course, are always done
country's own good), then he is playing
dangerous game. A lot of people who, as
rally, have rallied may find themselves feeli
trayed, and looking around for the betray
went through all this once before. There is
to go through it again.

What he seems to have decided (writing
Nixon leads one to this, phrases like *seems t*
decided; for it is a Presidency without cla
decision and thus a Presidency without cla



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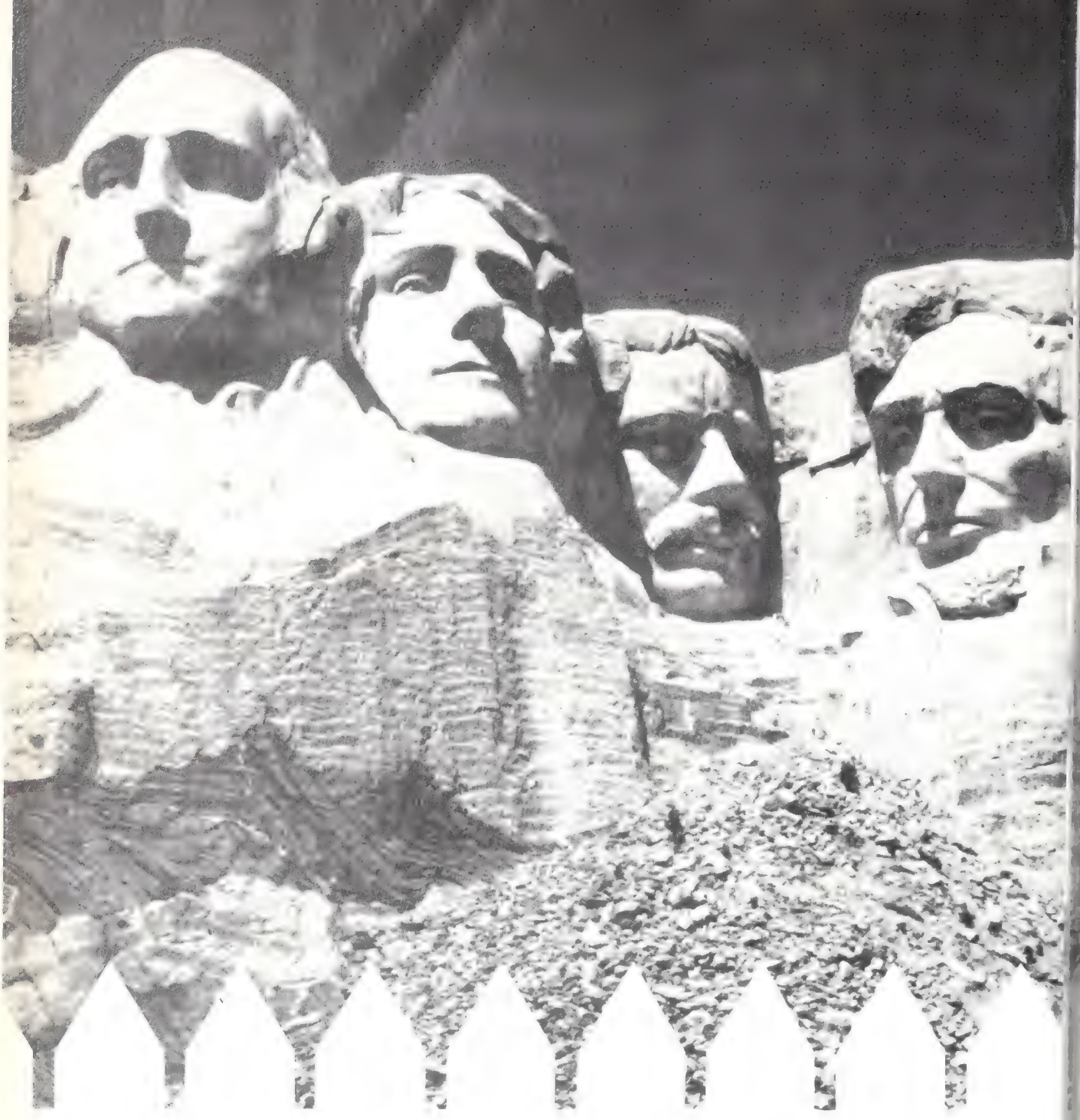
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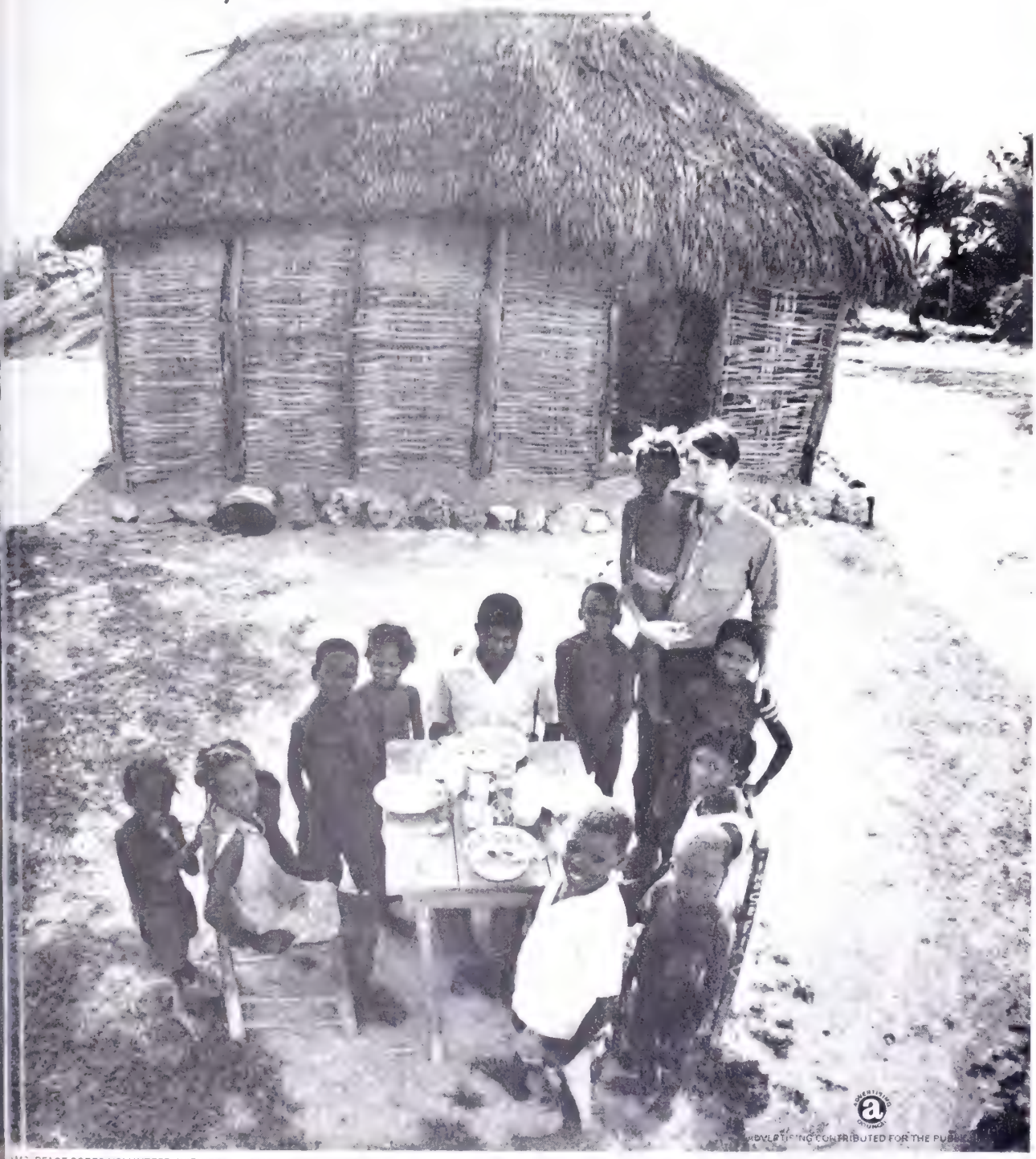
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ne hypocritical extension of an imperialistic
stablishment's military industrial complex, they
vould think you were crazy.

And you would be.



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David Halberstam

THE QUESTIONS WHICH TEAR US APART

writing) is that the great threat to him is not the Democrats, particularly after the Chappaquiddick incident, nor even Wallace, but the right wing (or Republican wing) of his own party—that is to say, Ronald Reagan. Nixon has never had a particular gift for national politics (he did not run well in 1960, 1962, or 1968) but largely a gift and genius for *Republican* politics (in 1952 and 1956 his job was to keep the Republicans happy while Ike worked the nation). If there was anything remarkable in his 1968 return it was his capacity to spot very early in the game the possibilities within the Republican party—that, and to build up infinite due bills within the party. The Republicans are largely people he knows, understands, and feels at ease with. The nation as a political entity contains too many people, too many divergent persuasions, ethnics, Negroes, workers, psychiatrists, who match his uneasiness with their suspicion.

Nixon must know that, even if he is the President, someone like Reagan is still closer to Republican hearts, that they tolerate Nixon. This is more an acceptance of him than a commitment to him, and it may be a weak tie that can be loosened further. Thus a specter in both Sacramento and Washington: Ronald Reagan runs for reelection, wins by the largest margin in recent history (perhaps at the same time that Nelson Rockefeller is having very serious troubles in New York), and secures his base. The last time he was barely a freshman Governor. But a resounding reelection victory would make him a proven politician and vote-getter, and a particularly liberated one—in the sense that the President of the United States is one of the least liberated, charged as he is with endless complicated responsibilities. Reagan is among the few who can for a short period anyway profit from disorder. The more that things break down in California, the more the kids protest, the stronger he is. So in the early Seventies, with Reagan suddenly charging out of the West, hawking on the war, he may be able to play some of Nixon's older roles, talking about Victory, attacking No-win policies—let's let the Joint Chiefs do it their way. All familiar phrases: the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away.

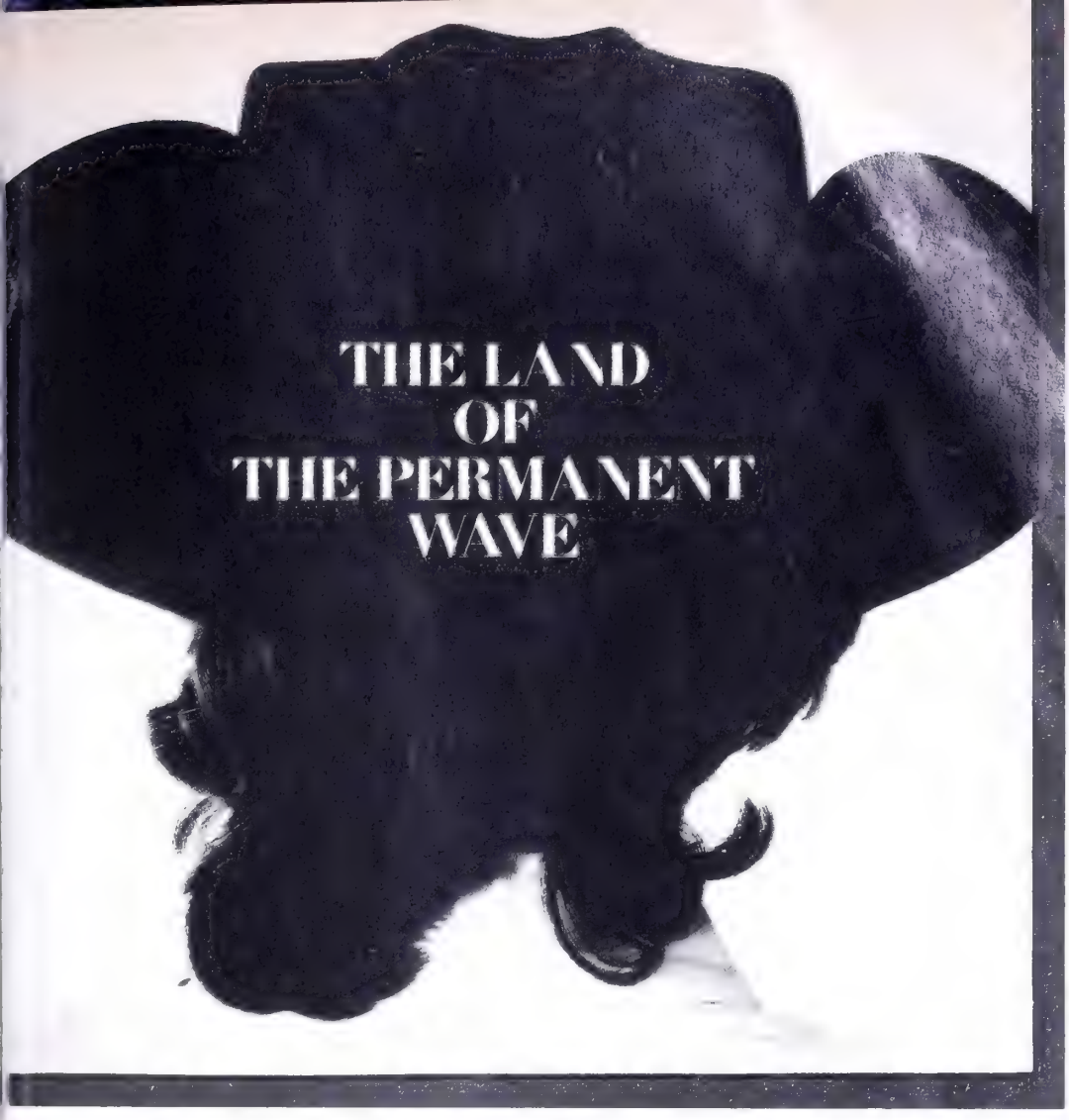
This is a real specter for Nixon, and some of the people around him, such as Finch, believe it now dominates his thoughts politically. He seems to be somewhat immobilized, unable to end the war quickly as a dove, which would after all contradict the old speeches, and put him in the hands of people who have never been his allies, and at odds with people who have always been his allies. Thus failing to end the war because he is a little more hawkish than it requires, he becomes vulnerable to the more committed hawks, the hawks purer of heart, in his own party. He is bound to contemplate the fact that Lyndon Johnson was defeated in 1968, not in the country, but in his own party. If Johnson can be beaten in open primaries, perhaps Nixon can be beaten in plush rooms behind closed doors.

After Chappaquiddick, with American politics out of balance, Nixon visualized, then, more threat from the Right than from the Left. This not mean that there is more of a threat fro Right than from the Left; it simply means tha kinds of gestures Nixon might make which w end the war seem outside his reach—as indee kinds of gestures which would have brought several big states in 1968 were outside his r Thus failing to have these people to build a constituency, he had to turn to something. H turned to what he knows best and has done hi and he has given us Spiro T. Agnew. We have able to watch Agnew dance for the last month "Bring Us Together Waltz," though, of cou is Nixon's dance, even if Agnew is a better d Agnew is something new for us; he is more American suburban grain than the American tical one. His arrival in politics was belated a was first and foremost a leader in the suburbs pictures him—not stupid, not to be underestim as a man whose world is a very small place, th of American who can travel around the worl never leave home. He will somehow—is it in or Beirut?—find the other Agnews at the hot talk with them, swap names; they would people in common. One sees him at the c club, perhaps not the oldest and best country nothing for John O'Hara there, but a countr a few notches down for the new upwardly m He is a good guy with an easy manner, likabl ting out the conventional wisdom of the co club bar in an easy, virile form. Good old T those years people would introduce Nixon a Dick Nixon, and it didn't seem right, not a man for a nickname, but Agnew seems more able—of course he's Ted. He is not surprised himself Vice President, for these things happ is more at ease in his job than Nixon is Agnew, after all, does not doubt what he is.

He is unleashed. He makes the Republican at ease. The old values will reign. That Dr. Ki may be all right after all, and the liberal C nists (in the immortal words of Mrs. Mitchel not take over Washington. Nixon has now Agnew, *his* Reagan, and they have created a ish right-wing force which is stronger and sl It exists, it must be fed. Just as it is easier t late a war than to de-escalate one, it is also to uncap an emotional force than to cap one. while the war goes on, nothing is solved, plan remains locked in the attaché case.

The impression is that Nixon plans maj backs in U. S. troops, perhaps down to 250, mid-1970 and the Congressional elections, w and less of U. S. ground forces and stepped of American bombing in the south—few A casualties, no more Songmys. Perhaps that he plans, and perhaps if he does it, he through the midterm elections.

But it will not change anything in Vietn the real combating forces there, and I do n it will touch or ease any of the terrible q which are tearing the nation apart. At the the first year we seem even more divided.



THE LAND OF THE PERMANENT WAVE

by Edwin Shrake

bout five hours I had been drinking Scotch skey and arguing with a rather nice, somenny old fellow named Arch, who was so ofby my moderately long hair that he had ed to know if I weren't actually, secretly, a nist. "Come on now, you can tell me, hell, I ate you for it. Wouldn't you really like to see mmunists take over this country?" Arch had acing his bare elbows on the table and leanvard to look trustingly at me, as though he tain that if I had one virtue it would prove hat I would not lie to him about such an nt matter. Arch was wearing a jump suit: s of gray chest hair, the color of his crew k out where the zipper had got caught in last Arch had excused himself from the e were in the guest lodge of a lumber coma small town in East Texas. Arch is an old of the president of the company. Sitting the table or nearby were my wife, a State in town to crown a beauty queen at a tion" the next evening, a U. S. Congressno had come down from Washington to speech between the parade and the barbecue wing noon, a lumber lobbyist who is mayor another town owned by this same lumber y, and I think one or two more people but my memory of that evening has a few holes in it.

"I don't mind telling you what I believe, Arch," I said. The Congressman, John Dowdy, was sitting in a chair in his shirt-sleeves holding a glass of bourbon and water that had been paid for—as had the Scotch that Arch and I were doggedly pouring down—by the lumber company in whose lodge we were comparing philosophies. Dowdy is a plump man with a pink face and sparse white hair. He sat forward with quite some interest when I spoke. Probably this was the first time he had ever been so close to a person he considered to be a Communist dopefiend hippie terrorist drunk. At first Representative Dowdy had been reluctant to drink in my presence. He knew I was a writer by trade, and thus unreliable, and it is not at all good for the Baptists in East Texas to discover their politicians have any vile habits. Most of East Texas is dry except for moonshiners and those who can afford to join country clubs or the private clubs to be found in motels. Representative Dowdy had no faith that I would not cruise the lonely roads through the pine forests shouting, "Dowdy drinks!" to the farmers on their porch swings and their wives chopping weeds in hollyhock beds in front of their wooden houses. However, a pretense of fellowship had been built up by the State Senator, Charlie

Edwin Shrake, a Texan, has written four novels and is finishing a fifth. An associate editor of Sports Illustrated, *he divides his time between Austin and New York.*

Edwin Shrake

THE LAND OF THE PERMANENT WAVE

Wilson, a tall Annapolis graduate who also works for the lumber company but is one of those curious creatures in Texas politics, a liberal. Wilson is enthusiastically disliked by Dowdy, and returns the feeling, but politicians will smile at and drink with their lowest, sorriest enemies. So Dowdy took a drink of bourbon and then two or three more and got interested in listening to me as he might have got interested in listening even to a nigger cotton chopper after sufficient liquor and with no physical menace.

"Arch, why are you scared of Communists, anyhow?" I said. "Do you think they're going to raid Waco and steal everything you've got?"

"Damn right!" said Arch. "Haven't you read Karl Marx? They're gonna take over our whole country if we let them! And you'd really like to see that happen, wouldn't you now?"

"You know what I think about Communists?" I said.

"You tell me," said Arch, waiting.

"What I'd like to do to Communists, like in North Vietnam for example, is I'd like to blow their ass to yellow powder," I said.

"What?" said Dowdy.

"I mean take that big bomb and blow their dirty ass to yellow powder!" I said.

"The whole country?" said Arch.

"The whole north part. South part, too, if that's what it takes. You can't give a Communist a damn inch, Arch. You know that."

"Well, but the whole country . . ." Arch said.

"Me, too. That's what I'd like to do, too. Use that big bomb over there," said Dowdy.

"That'd get our boys home in a hurry. Just blow their Communist ass to yellow powder. Turn 'em into sulphur," I said.

"You're right!" said Dowdy.

"You know it, I know it, the generals know it, Arch knows it, so what are we waiting for?" I said.

"We ought to do it right now!" said Dowdy.

Dowdy's bullshit detector had not been functioning while wet, but now there was a clattering in the machinery inside his head and he cast a suspicious, stricken look at us.

"I need to get some sleep," Dowdy said abruptly and headed off into one of the bedrooms.

I noticed that whoever had made my last drink had done so with too light a hand on the Scotch bottle. Arch and I required a couple more and, with the Communist worry settled (if not to his total satisfaction), we talked about fishing. East Texas has some fine fishing and used to have better before towns, lumber companies, oil companies, paper mills, and real-estate developers began pouring their crap and garbage into the rivers and creeks, and sportsmen's clubs began blocking off the choicer streams from the public. There are two very large lakes in East Texas—Sam Rayburn and Toledo Bend and several smaller ones, as well as countless bayous and ponds where the water is held by the red clay soil. Four sizable rivers carry crap down through East Texas into the Gulf of Mexico. One of them, the Trinity, flows through both Fort Worth and Dallas in the north and has become the and consistency of green paint by the time it r the Big Thicket, a truly vanishing wilderness

The Big Thicket has been a hiding pla bears, wild pigs, panthers, ghosts, Civi deserters, moonshiners, whooping cranes, iv woodpeckers, Texas's only reservation I snakes, magnificent stands of hardwoods and pines, so many rare plants that they have begun to be identified, and some very with reclusive people. Biologists view the Big T with profound wonder, and ecologists reg passing with despair. Roy Harris, the heavy fighter, came from the town of Cut and Shoot used to be in the Big Thicket before the in of the power saw. Six Texas governors have from the Big Thicket. For many years its ti forests blocked the westward trek of pionee forced them onto the plains to the north. I Indians hunted in canoes in the Thicket's and knew its few footpaths. Sam Houston in to hide his Texan army there if he lost the that was finally fought at San Jacinto. Not fa what is now the Hoop N' Holler Estates, w cottages for people fleeing Houston and Bea the Indians used to bathe in hot mineral spri drink crude oil as medicine. The springs ar up now, panthers are seldom seen, bears wa confusion as far north as Lufkin, where t shot trying to escape, and the oil of the Indi been drilled in dozens of pools that bred boo and formed such giants as Texaco. Senato Yarborough, a Texas Democrat, is trying a piece of the Big Thicket as a National Parl is perhaps a vain hope. As much as they n blood kin to the woods and streams that hav ished them for generations, most of the peo live in the Big Thicket, and in the rest of East depend for their livelihood on the industr are destroying them, and so they vote for can chosen by the big companies. "I don't see h thing can be done about a park, no matte the Sahara [*sic*] Club wants," Repres Dowdy had said earlier in the evening. As berman's friend, Arch would prefer to Thicket leveled. "It's a hot old swamp, full and snakes and not fit for man," he said.

After a while, as we were arguing ab Thicket, it occurred to us that all in the hou Arch and me had gone to bed. The two larg out front lay silent in the moonlight. The geese, pigeons, and peacocks that roam the g of the guest lodge had ruffled themselves great restless quiet for the night. The squir ceased to dart about in the cage that my w wanted to release them from, and there sound from the sawmill along the railroa beyond the fence. Now it was just Arch and ing up the noise at the table in the living the lodge, and we became convenial, no dou the liquor as much as from the sensing tha day, disparate though we were, we might

wo whose asses were not blown to powder,
y two left alive, as we now were alive on this

tell you something," Arch said. "You're not
bad fellow. I could learn to live around you,
could even get used to your hair. But there's
ing I've got to admit. I hope you won't get
me for saying this."

's hear it," I said, having begun to be fond
old man and finding it unimaginable that he
anger me.

ll, like I said. I could get used to your hair.
ere's no way in the world I could ever make
like your wife's hair."

wife's hair! So that was part of it too! I had
d the hostility we had encountered in the last
ys of driving through East Texas in our con-
e was directed at me. But my wife had been
ng her share of it, and maybe more, all
My wife's hair! My wife Doatsy is young and
nd her hair is the color of caramel; it is soft,
s, it smells like baby soap, and it is long,
g to the middle of her back, a glorious drop
that my grandmother would have been
of, that young girls of today strive for, and
ch could never make himself appreciate!

amazed there is a man in America who
to long hair on a woman," I said.

n't know what Arch thought I was calling
t he got up and went to bed, and I could tell
been insulted. But as I thought of the way
been treated for the past week, I understood
ch was telling me. As the beatniks long ago
out there in America hair matters, and here
in the land of the permanent wave. The shel-
ouffants and beehives, sprayed hard as a
nets' nest, had become acceptable at last,
ith high-heeled shoes, in East Texas, where
tion does not readily penetrate, but the
r a real lady still to have was a permanent
ke my mother used to come home with
ears ago. In East Texas, long-haired women
t of mode with long-haired men, about the
Kinley was shot, and in my big-city naïveté
ought I was the only one being scorned by
es for disregard of custom in a place where
neans everything.

air was not really all that long; it was just
naggy, somewhat in the manner of an old-
d country lawyer or editor or judge. If I
n a white cotton suit and black string tie,
ably would have had no trouble at all. In
xas, the older ones would recognize that
r. I would have smelled of the courthouse
and they would have been no more curious
e than about the rows of slave shacks that
d in the fields all their lives, or about the
ople who lived in those shacks and worked
fields as if there had never been a Civil
about the black children who still went to
hools as though there were no Supreme
this country. To the younger ones, I could
nted out that my hair was no longer than,
Moynihan's in a photograph in the *New*



BOB PIKE

Edwin Shrake

THE LAND OF THE PERMANENT WAVE

York Times, but then I would have had to explain who Moynihan was, and in the process I would have bored and annoyed them.

We had been at the Indian reservation on the north edge of the Big Thicket in splendid forest and dogwood country and then had visited the Heritage Museum—the only town rebuilt in the manner of a hundred years ago that I know of that is accurate in detail and does not look as if it were put together by Walt Disney's set designers. We drove up Highway 69 through a corner of the Angelina National Forest, and it was growing dark as we approached Lufkin. Billboards for the Shangri-La Motel advertised color TV. We were tired and that attracted us: dinner in the room, color TV, a long sleep, and the next day a drive over to the lumber company guest lodge near Sam Rayburn Lake. It was a good plan. Nothing went wrong with it until I checked in at the Shangri-La and discovered the color TV was in the lobby instead of in the room, where I would have preferred it. I looked in the Yellow Pages and saw that the Holiday Inn also advertised color TV. The girl at the desk in the Shangri-La had been examining me as though I were a maverick bear, and when she figured out my desire she said, "Naw, they don't have no color TV ove-ur."

"It says so in the Yellow Pages."

"Shoot! I don't care whut's in at book. I use to work ove-ur. They don't have no color TV." She phoned the Holiday Inn. "Marge, yew got color TV ove-ur? Naw? I knew it, but they's some guy here says yew do. Yeah, he sure is." She hung up, giggling. I signed the register. The sight of the motel name on the card threw me into a fit of melancholy. "Thet'll be fourteen dollars in advance."

"Why in advance?"

"Why [illegible]."

I thought it was because they catered to traveling salesmen and urgent shackups. I paid, and the girl gave me a card that would allow us to buy a drink in the private club that occupied the rear of a restaurant. "We got a good barber-shop here," she said as I went out. I stopped and looked around, understanding. The door of the private club looked as if on many occasions someone had tried to propel someone else through without turning the knob. The rooms at the Shangri-La faced directly onto the parking lot, in the middle of which sat a swimming pool with a brick wall around it. My wife and I sat on the bed in our room, listening to car doors slamming, thoroughly despondent, peering wearily at a menu while the black-and-white TV played [illegible]. Then I jumped up.

"This place is on fire!" I said.

"A car is burning in the parking lot!" she said.

When I opened the door, a heavy white choking smoke floated into the room. I rushed to the office. "Something's burning!" I cried. The girl at the desk sniffed and said, "Oh, thet smoke? Thet's just the creosote plant. It gits like thet ever nat." I went [illegible] and [illegible] our [illegible] to the car. By now smoke was drifting up from [illegible] bedspread and clinging in wisps to the grimy to[illegible] on the rack, like swamp mist rising early in [illegible] morning. A cop was at the desk talking to the [illegible] when I returned to the office, and in my rap[illegible] expanding, galloping East Texas paranoia, I [illegible] they were talking about me. I said I was lea[illegible] because of the smoke and wanted my money [illegible] The cop eyed me as if he expected I would p[illegible] pistol and begin to speak with a foreign accent.

"I *tole* yew it's only the *creosote* plant!" the [illegible] said. "Nobody ever complained about it be[illegible] Thet smoke'll be gone by mornin'."

I said my wife had terminal bronchitis and w[illegible] also be gone by morning if we spent the night t[illegible] After protesting that there was no procedur[illegible] this, the girl grudgingly gave back the whole [illegible] teen dollars. The cop followed in his car as we [illegible] to the Holiday Inn. He parked near us an[illegible] watching and chewing gum or something. I pa[illegible] advance without asking why, we went to our [illegible] locked the door, called room service and reque[illegible] menu. "You got to pay in advance or we won't [illegible] you no menu," said the room-service woman.

"Pay in advance for food? Is that a genera[illegible] icy, or did they specify this room?" Doatsy [illegible]

"This is the deal for your room. You send [illegible] twenty dollars or we won't send no menu."

A frightened bellhop, an addled white boy [illegible] had probably seen *Bonnie and Clyde* at the dr[illegible] and expected to be greeted by a kick in the [illegible] stood well back from the door as he collecte[illegible] twenty-dollar bond and handed over the me[illegible]

"Is this, ah, unusual?" I asked.

"I just started work here today, but I ain't [illegible] it before," he said.

We ordered dinner. The boy brought up th[illegible] along with change from the twenty. I asked [illegible] cop was hanging around the lobby. "Y-y-[illegible] said the boy, trying to sneak a look at the f[illegible] mad dog outlaws without rousing us to viole[illegible] will always wonder what that boy overheard [illegible] lobby.

In the morning I compounded our cri[illegible] wearing rubber shower thongs into the coffe[illegible] where I ordered breakfast in a room crowde[illegible] red-faced, crop-headed men in short-sleeve [illegible] The waitress had but to glance at me to kn[illegible] did not wish to approach very close, lest G[illegible] ness somehow leap from me to her like a po[illegible] problem, of serving, she solved by sailing m[illegible] to the table as if playing Frisbee. Still ignor[illegible] the measure of our offense to society, I th[illegible] matters would improve when my wife arriv[illegible] least they would see I wasn't queer. I hadn'[illegible] oned that few people in East Texas believe t[illegible] such a thing, anyhow. In vast sections of A[illegible] sexual deviation means the woman on top [illegible] course does not take into account rural love [illegible] with cows and chickens). My wife caught her [illegible] fast with both hands as it skipped on the table [illegible] for the window.

Then the notion struck that I could quite [illegible] change all this. I went to the parking lot, [illegible]

k of the car, and put on a battered, well- cowboy hat that I have owned for years. ıed back toward the coffee shop, there stood His mean face slowly resolved into a baf- pectful expression, like that of a weasel trap.

l mornin," he said.

sumbitch today," I said.

sir, it is."

coffee shop I sat down at the table with my My wife, her long hair flowing down on le of her face, whispered, "They'll kill you." waitress came right up to the table and e sir. As we sauntered dramatically out, I t the front desk and told the clerk I'd made all from my room. "That's all right, sir. ze," she said, smiling.

· way out of town we stopped at a drive-in to buy ice for the cooler. I still wore my en I got out of the car I was assailed by of the noxious stinks that Lufkin is dis- d for. This one came from the huge paper ss the road. Smoke poured from the stacks ad across the neighborhood like a fog that f rotten-egg puke. The odor wrenched the and made one hesistant to breathe.

ved around here, I'd blow up that place," the man at the drive-in.

r, you wouldn't," he replied. "If you lived ere, you'd work there."

e "celebration" the following day I kept y hat, partly so as not to cost Charlie Wil- otes. He congratulated me on having lived k bareheaded in East Texas without get- n with a tire iron. "With that hat on, they our hair hanging down, but a long-haired s likely to be a dangerous man that is best ," Charlie said. We leaned against Char- arked on the main street and watched the here were a couple of black children on e floats, and a plump black tuba player with the high-school band. Charlie, the id that was progress. To hear the speech- e sat on pine logs in a field. Representa- dy, the main speaker, fretted about luring e away from the Ferris wheel that had p across the road. The rides were shut wdy spoke about the ship of state on the fe. The crowd gazed dully up at the plat- re Dowdy's white and pink head bent for- ae read his text through glasses. Three ntered past on palomino horses, raising atriot is a man that don't take orders from on," Dowdy said. A fellow in tooled boots and cheered, and they had to carry off n, overcome, in an aluminum chair.

ard I told Dowdy I liked that part about f state. He seemed neither to have heard have ever seen me before. For most of the we sat and ate—barbecue, fried chicken, hili, potato salad, coconut cream pie, pie—while I kept my hat on and people smiled and inquired politely about news from the other world, as though my wife and I were peculiar but important visitors from the Pampas. Except for my wife's, there was not one skirt much above the knee to be seen in town, not even on the cheerleaders. I searched among the throng for a pair of bellbottom trousers, a moustache, a peace symbol, any small sign that the styles of urban youth had been heard of. But no. They were clear-eyed, home-loving, right-thinking folks here. They would tell the Easy Rider to crawl on his bike and haul his bones out of the county, and if he moved fast enough he might make it.

The final phase of the "celebration" was held that night in the parking lot of the shopping center. Kids in cowboy boots and hats danced with girls in cotton dresses, a scene from years past. A fiddler, imported from Fort Worth, scraped at his fiddle and made screwling noises: you couldn't tell what tune he was playing but the kids danced the two-step cowboy polka, nevertheless, and what did it matter? Their elders formed a square and clapped hands, waiting for the drawing at which a boat, a shotgun, and a TV set would be given away. Charlie Wilson stood on the truck-trailer platform with the beauty-queen contestants. Charlie had got a haircut for the occasion. The beauty queens were sweet-looking girls, all of them very nervous and shy in their evening gowns, their hair newly done up and crinkly as valentines, reeking of cologne. "Hey, Sen-ter!" someone yelled. "The people back here say that fiddler's got to go!"

Charlie introduced the beauty-queen candidates and from an envelope pulled the name of the winner, who cried as he lowered the crown onto her permanent wave. "Bless your heart," he said and kissed her. Lugging her trophy, the bawling girl wobbled down the ramp into the arms of her beaming family and boyfriend. At the top of the ramp stood Charlie, an enormous bouquet of roses in his arms. "Your flowers! You forgot your flowers!" he called. But the girl was gone. Charlie shrugged and said into the microphone. "That's all. The program's over." The crowd stayed where it was. There was a spreading mutter. A voice shouted. "Sen-ter, who won the damn boat?"

My wife and I went to our car before the drawing. We ran into Arch, still in his jump suit, his eyes showing that his hangover ranked right up there with mine and that he was troubled, besides. "Listen, I hope you're not mad at me," he said. "By God, I can't help how I feel. I'm an old man. It's too late for me to change, but it ain't too late for you."

"Yeah, Arch, it's too late for me," I said.

We shook hands. With an old Southern courtliness, he said goodbye to my wife and wandered into the crowd around the platform. Then we were on the road again, heading out of East Texas, the headlights picking up bits of sparkling water, black patches of thicket, dark houses well back from our passing, and we could smell the pines in the night wind with the car top down. I took off my hat. It was giving me a headache. □

"Long-haired women went out of mode with long-haired men, about the time McKinley was shot."

HOW I MET JOSEPH MULLIGAN, J



ed in ripples you could see in the streetlight. dillac people used the hill to test their cars he summer, and over the winter people with ls coasted so far they got tired walking back. lligan house was a flat, with a swing on the and room beneath it to store his Flexible Mrs. Mulligan sat waiting for us in the swing. in it sideways, gripping the chain, with one ngling so she could push off.

you're Joie's best friend," she said and me. When she stood up we were all the same t not so thick. What a pity it was, she said. vas half an orphan, but since Joseph was my he would share his mother with me. Did that ne? I said that sounded fine. We then went he hall to the kitchen where we ate chocolate am and devil's food cake. Joseph was ten ld on November 7th, and I would be eleven ld in January. On the doorjamb between the and the kitchen she measured where our ame, with our shoes off. We were both the ze. On the table in the pantry sat a big crock am at the top like an ice-cream soda. This she said, was Mr. Mulligan's business, and was asleep in the room off the kitchen, where ds were drawn. Joseph Mulligan, Senior, s and worked nights, due to the fact that a pressman at the *Omaha Bee*. They, too, rangers in the city, having come from Salt here they had an ice-cream store, and before m Minneapolis where they both had their ople. Here in Omaha I was Joseph's best and he was mine. When I was asked if I ome again I said sure. Joseph walked [illegible] and Farnam with me from where we could and Dewey, and the street that led through s to Harney, where I lived. Straight west. arnam, was the Blackstone Hotel where I d in the lobby with my stepmother, and nice es gave me money to run them errands. I ow why I didn't mention this to Joe. I was friend, he was mine, but I seemed to sense plications in being half an orphan with a ber who looked like my sister, had fights father, but got along with me just fine. A e other way was the Willys-Knight show- [illegible] away so you could see just how it worked. a good look at it since my father's car was -Knight.

[illegible] pretty often, over the winter [illegible] we lived in opposite directions. At best, Santa Claus brought me a Flexible junior racer for Christmas, which I kept [illegible] Mulligan's porch in order to have it The winter was so bad the milk deliveries because the horse could neither come down [illegible] up it. We poured water on the snow e the hill so slippery a sled with two people could coast forever. To get back up the hill [illegible] use the alley that had never been paved, d with seventeen people on it went all the way to 28th Street, where it jumped the curbing, crossed an empty lot, and hit a car put up on blocks for the winter, ruining the tires. Joseph Mulligan told me this: I didn't see it, because I was home at the time with a felon. To get it treated properly I stayed overnight with Joseph Mulligan. What you do is make a poultice of fresh bread and milk which you stuff into a glove and then put your hand in it. Your fingers feel like your toes when your socks are wet, but it's a sure cure for a sick finger. When I returned to my father I delivered a letter addressed to him, and not my stepmother. I may have let it drop, the way you sometimes do, that my father hadn't seen much of her either, although when I happened to see her she looked all right.

Mrs. Mulligan wrote that a growing boy, like me, needed all of a mother's attention, and since I was like one of her own lost sons this was something she could give me. Her first son, Louie, had died of the smallpox in a pesthouse. I had become like a brother to Joseph, he had become like a brother to me, and while there was room in their house they wanted me to come and live in it with them. We were so much like twins, Mrs. Mulligan wrote, that I could even wear Joseph's clothes, but his feet were much bigger than mine so I should bring my own shoes.

My father didn't discuss this letter with me, so his opinion is not on record. It had been a bad winter: he had lost a wife and I had lost a pretty stepmother. She had last been seen with two Hawaiians who wanted her as a hula dancer. Sometimes my father might say, "Leave it to your dad, son," by which he meant he would soon have me a new stepmother, but this was not often at breakfast which was the time I usually saw him. If he was still asleep I took a quarter from his pants when I left for school.

One Saturday, in my father's Willys-Knight, the back seat removed so he could use it to deliver eggs and picked chickens, we drove over to Capitol Avenue, which we came down with the brakes squeaking. I had seen better cars go up it, testing their power, but no better car had come down it. I explained to my friends about the sleeve-valve motor and why the back seat was missing. In the Mulligan kitchen my father loomed like a giant and sat with his coat on, his driving gloves in his hat. He wore oxfords. He wore Paris garters and silk socks. Invisible to others but known to me was the Hickok buckle I had given him for Christmas, silver-plated, with an initial that was hard to read. My pride was so great I stood in the pantry, half-concealed by Mr. Mulligan's crock of near-beer, a better head than usual on the top. Mr. Mulligan made it himself, every winter, with the malt and hops he bought at Weinstein's grocery, then stored it away in the bottles that blew up on the basement stairway. When the cellar door opened you could see the glass gleaming like gems.

Mr. Mulligan slept through the whole thing, since we had come over on Saturday morning, but when my father departed it was known that I was now part of the Mulligan family, and that my father

Wright Morris

HOW I MET JOSEPH MULLIGAN, JR.

would pay one dollar a day for my keep. In the exhilaration of this occasion Joseph and I ran up and down the hill, hooting, then trailed along behind the car waiting for my father to start the motor. When it did we waved, my father waved back, and we watched him till he turned on 29th Street, the air blue as water with the sleeve-valve motor's patented exhaust.

Some weeks later, no longer having room for seven rooms of furniture in his new apartment, my father had delivered, in a van, a three-piece parlor suite, an Axminster rug, and our walnut Victrola with two albums of records. The suite featured a sofa that turned into a bed at night. The outside half, where I slept, curved one way, and the inside where Joe slept, curved the other. There was also a rocker with the seat so high Mrs. Mulligan's legs were too short to rock it. The Axminster rug went better in the bedroom, where it made the noise less in case you had to cross it. The folding doors were closed, almost, in the morning, so Joseph and I would use the hallway to get to the kitchen, waiting to put on our shoes over the floor radiator. The walnut Victrola was put in the corner so the sun wouldn't shine on it. One of the albums had mostly Harry Lauder records, which made Mrs. Mulligan laugh till she cried. The other album had "The Sheik of Araby" and music I used to play for Gertrude. She ruined some records because she wouldn't change the needle as often as she should. My father's favorite tunes were "When You Wore a Tulip, a Bright Yellow Tulip," and "Where the Silvery Colorado Wends Its Way," which he liked to sing to himself when he was candling eggs in the dark. Also from my father were two hand-painted pictures of snow-capped mountains and friendly-type Indians: they lived in wigwams and sat at the front smoking their pipes of peace. In the dim glow of the gas jet—it was kept softly hissing through the night—I felt I was hiding in the woods at the edge of the clearing, spying on them. The sunset sky was as red and sticky as Dentyne gum.

On Saturday nights Mrs. Mulligan might stay up most of the night, doing the ironing, trying to remember not to let the iron sit where it would scorch her new pad. Toward morning she would forget and either Joe or I would smell it. We were supposed to go tell her, but we both liked the scorched smell. We could tell by the sound the drip made if the icebox pan was empty or about to spill over. If there was no sound at all it was already too late.

Around the house Mrs. Mulligan wore old stockings that kept the kitchen linoleum shiny, only putting on her slippers when she hung out the washing. She might sit in the swing on the porch until the lamplighter turned off the street lamp. The milkman would think she had just got up and was one of these early risers, like he was. He carried so many bottles they tinkled like glass chimes when he walked. If Mr. Mulligan had not been asked by a friend to have a beer with him, which he couldn't refuse, he would come down the hill in his fireman's shoes with the sure-grip Black Cat heels, sometimes walking along in the curb grass to ease his fe
he was thirsty he might have an eggnog, or
was tired a fresh cup of coffee, then he would
at the crack between the folding doors to see
we were sleeping. He didn't like us to sleep
our hands under the covers. You simply never
what your hands might be up to while you
asleep. I always had my hands up where he
see them, but Joseph had really crazy ways of
ing. He put his head down low, as if trying to
with his bottom in the air. His hands never sh
and just might be anywhere. Mr. Mulligan
give him a whack across the butt and Joe
almost put his head through the end of the
Lucky for him, that part was padded, being a
time part of the sofa. The last sound we hear
Mr. Mulligan winding his watch. He left it o
dresser, but if I opened my eyes and stared
dog on the lid of the Victrola, just like him I
hear it ticking, like his Master's Voice.

One Saturday Mr. Mulligan did not come
At nine o'clock Mrs. Mulligan calle
Omaha Bee who said that he had left with his f
Mr. Ahearn. They sometimes stopped at
Ahearn's house, on 23rd and Dodge Street,
little refreshment. Joseph and I went over
if he was there, or if he had stopped to
with Mr. Weinstein. Ordinarily Mr. Mulliga
trusted Jewish people, but he could turn
around and spend all day discussing malt and
We were speaking to Mr. Weinstein, at the fr
his store, when he pointed and said, "Isn'
him? That one?" Coming down Dodge Stree
two cars, with Mr. Mulligan at the wheel of th
one. It was being pushed by Mr. Ahearn w
driving a Butternut Bakery truck. They ma
turn at 26th Street and went along so slow an
we went right along with them. Mr. Mulligan
great. We had no idea he knew how to drive
Over on Capitol Hill he didn't need to be p
and he was on his own as he took it down the
where it wasn't paved. Joe and I went ahead
ing up bottles and cans, to where he coul
coast into the Mulligan yard, right up to the
There he squeezed the rubber horn on the d
side and Mrs. Mulligan came to look at it.
just a Ford, not a Willys-Knight with a sleev
motor, but there were leather straps on th
and the fenders, with the crank in a sling
front. Why didn't he crank it? It wasn't quit
yet to be cranked. The great thing about t
although it was six years old, was that all
done for five years was just sit, so that th
the leather cushions, and the engine wer
tically new. We could see that. All it really
was cleaning up. Like any fine machinery t
sat without running—like Mr. Mulligan's w
Joseph's bicycle—what it needed before it
all was to be taken apart and oiled. That wo
a little doing, but Mrs. Mulligan's bro
plumber's assistant in Minneapolis, would be
ing his vacation with them and he would h

n do it. What they didn't finish up while here Mr. Mulligan would finish in his own me. He had all fall.

Lindstrom, Mrs. Mulligan's brother, was a ndly man with size eleven shoes. He put the floor and we could step right into them. r own shoes on. In practical terms, what it as that Mr. Lindstrom was too big to work he car, so that was where Mr. Mulligan ost of his time. To make sure they didn't me foolish mistake they put a number on gine part they took off, and wired on the there were any. They hung the parts on the tool shed in what they figured was the ey had come off, so all they had to do was a back on again the same way. After ten hich was three days longer than he had to stay in the first place, Mr. Lindstrom had ack to Minneapolis. Mr. Mulligan still had the fall, but doing it alone had all sorts of ks. He never had the piece he seemed to en he was under the car. Once he thought almost together, but he had left out some had to go somewhere. When the time came yard with sand in order to pave the alley inter, Mr. Mulligan had it all put together or a dishpan full of loose parts. He could cough when he cranked it, but not kick didn't seem to care too much when the ks backed into the yard and dumped the und it till it was sunk in it up to the hub s. Mulligan thought it looked like a lawn d in some respects she liked it better. Joe the side curtains up and slept in it.

t sand in the yard meant that Mrs. Mulli- to hang her washing in the kitchen, with covered with newspapers to catch the drip. re in the sand Joe lost his St. Christopher d I lost two chameleons, both for good. bought at the Hagenbeck & Wallace cir- were there just as plain as day, one min- then they were gone. On the good side it eonard Seidel and his brothers from using ard as a shortcut, passing right beneath igan's window before he got up. On the too, was that the sand was there when igan threw Joseph through the window. nights the way he did, and trying to sleep e him subject to fits of temper. Joe would forget what time of day it was when he ing with me, which he did pretty often. ime Mr. Mulligan didn't say a word either appened or after. He came out of the bed- t as a ghost and got Joe cornered before run, gripped him by the collar and the pants, and threw him right through the didn't hurt him any, but it tore all the his shirt.

ould probably like to know how they the alley, how the yard looked without n it, and how Mr. Mulligan finally made is Model T Ford. I missed all of it be-

cause my father figured he had found me a new stepmother. Mrs. Van Meer was a widow, with a daughter, Claudine, and a room I could have all to myself in her basement. Her backyard was almost part of a golf course, and some of the players often lost their balls in it. If it was on her property, Mrs. Van Meer believed, then I could have the ball. I found almost a bucketful, while it lasted, and sold most of them back to the men on the golf course, saving the money up to buy me a Ranger bike. I also made money, if I couldn't escape it, helping my father on Saturdays pick chickens. If he remembered to pay me I got five cents for each chicken I picked. In Mrs. Van Meer's opinion I smelled so much like wet feathers it was good I lived down in the basement.

Claudine claimed to be engaged to Mr. Otis Kahn, who worked as a soda clerk at 24th and Farnam. Mrs. Van Meer disagreed, so they eloped to Council Bluffs in a truck my father loaned them, and got married. The question then arose if there was room in the house for all of us. My father moved in downstairs with me and we began to eat most of our meals in restaurants. My favorites proved to be baked heart with dressing and chicken-fried steak. It was not turning out the way my father had planned although we didn't openly discuss it. He might be gone somewhere on business for four or five days. I took to selling papers at 24th and Farnam, where my father would pick me up, if he saw me, or I would eat White Castle hamburgers and have a chocolate milk.

One night I came home to find Mrs. Van Meer's house dark, and the basement door locked. There was no note for me in the mailbox, so I sat in the swing until I remembered the bed reserved for teachers in the nurse's annex. Sometimes Mrs. Partridge would use it when she got one of her chalk-dust headaches. I could get to the annex by going up the fire escape and opening the window where we cleaned the erasers, since it was never locked. From the outside of the building the windows looked black, but when I got inside the room lit up whenever one of the streetcars passed. I found graham crackers in the nurse's cabinet, and apples in one of the desk drawers. After the janitor opened the building in the morning, I just pretended to be the first one in it, one of Miss Healy's early birds.

I was selling extras on 24th and Farnam when a car pulled to the curb as if the man wanted a paper. It had side curtains on the driver's side only, and there was my father in a Big Six Studebaker.

"Kid," he said, "how are you?" Couldn't he see I was fine? He had changed or he wouldn't have called me Kid. "Get in," he said, and while we were eating supper in the YMCA cafeteria, he explained that he saw more of a future in Chicago for a man of his caliber and experience. I agreed. The only objection I had—when I thought it over—was that I had left my new bike in Mrs. Van Meer's basement, and would never really know how the alley looked paved or if Mr. Mulligan got his car put together so it would run. □

Maya Angelou

I KNOW WHY THE CAGED BIRD SINGS



"What you looking at me for?
I didn't come to stay . . ."

I hadn't so much forgot as I couldn't bring myself to remember. Other things were more important.

"What you looking at me for?
I didn't come to stay . . ."

Whether I could remember the rest of the poem or not was immaterial. The truth of the statement was like a wadded-up handkerchief, sopping wet in my fists, and the sooner they accepted it the quicker I could let my hands open and the air would cool my palms.

"What you looking at me for . . .?"

The children's section of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church of Stamps, Arkansas, was wiggling and giggling over my well-known forgetfulness.

The dress I wore was lavender taffeta, and each time I breathed it rustled, and now that I was sucking in air to breathe out shame it sounded like crepe paper on the back of hearses.

As I'd watched Momma put ruffles on the hem and cute little tucks around the waist, I knew that once I put it on I'd look like a movie star. (It was silk and that made up for the awful color.) I was going to look like one of the sweet little white girls who were everybody's dream of what was right with the world. Hanging softly over the black Singer sewing machine, it looked like magic, and when people saw me wearing it they were going to run up to me and say, "Marguerite [sometime u 'dear Marguerite'], forgive us, please, w know who you were," and I would ansu erously, "No, you couldn't have known. C I forgive you."

Just thinking about it made me go arou angel's dust sprinkled over my face for d Easter's early morning sun had shown the be a plain ugly cut-down from a white once-was-purple throwaway. It was old-l too, but it didn't hide my skinny legs, w been greased with Blue Seal Vaseline a dered with the Arkansas red clay. The c color made my skin look dirty like mud, a one in church was looking at my skinny le

Wouldn't they be surprised when one da out of my black ugly dream, and my r which was long and blond, would take the the kinky mass that Momma wouldn't straighten? My light-blue eyes were goin notize them, after all the things they said a daddy must of been a Chinaman" (I thou meant made out of china, like a cup) be eyes were so small and squinty. Then th understand why I had never picked up a accent, or spoken the common slang, and to be forced to eat pigs' tails and snouts. I was really white and because a cruel f mother, who was understandably jealo beauty, had turned me into a too-big N with nappy black hair, broad feet, and a tween her teeth that would hold a nu pencil.

"What you looking . . ." The minist

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oward me, her long yellow face full of sorry. spered, "I just come to tell you, it's Easter I repeated, jamming the words together, metotellyouit'sEasterDay," as low as pos- ıe giggles hung in the air like melting clouds e waiting to rain on me. I held up two fin- se to my chest, which meant that I had to e toilet, and tiptoed toward the rear of the Dimly, somewhere over my head, I heard ıying, "Lord bless the child" and, "Praise ly head was up and my eyes were open, but see anything. Halfway down the aisle, the exploded with, "Were you there when they l my Lord?" and I tripped over a foot stuck ı the children's pew. I stumbled and started omething, or maybe to scream, but a green ıon, or it could have been a lemon, caught een the legs and squeezed. I tasted the sour ongue and felt it in the back of my mouth. fore I reached the door, the sting was burn- n my legs and into my Sunday socks. I tried to squeeze it back, to keep it from speeding, n I reached the church porch I knew I'd et it go, or it would probably run right back y head and my poor head would burst like ed watermelon, and all the brains and spit gue and eyes would roll all over the place. ı down into the yard and let it go. I ran, nd crying, not toward the toilet out back but ouse. I'd get a whipping for it, to be sure. ıasty children would have something new to about. I laughed anyway, partially for the lease; still, the greater joy came not from erated from the silly church but from the ge that I wouldn't die from a busted head. wing up is painful for the Southern Black ıg aware of her displacement is the rust on r that threatens the throat. It is an un- y insult.

1.

rother Bailey and I had come to the musty le town of Stamps when I was three and he had arrived wearing tags on our wrists ıstructed—"To Whom It May Concern"— were Marguerite and Bailey Johnson Jr., ng Beach, California, en route to Stamps. s, c/o Mrs. Annie Henderson.

arents had decided to put an end to their us marriage, and Father shipped us home other. A porter had been charged with our he got off the train the next day in Ari- d our tickets were pinned to my brother's at pocket.

remember much of the trip, but after we the segregated Southern part of the jour- gs must have looked up. Negro passengers, ays traveled with loaded lunch boxes, felt "the poor little motherless darlings" and with cold fried chicken and potato salad. er I discovered that the United States had ssed thousands of times by frightened ldren traveling alone to their newly affluent parents in Northern cities, or back to grandmothers in Southern towns when the urban North reneged on its economic promises.

The town reacted to us as its inhabitants had reacted to all things new before our coming. It regarded us awhile without curiosity but with caution, and after we were seen to be harmless (and children) it closed in around us, as a real mother embraces a stranger's child. Warmly, but not too familiarly.

We lived with our grandmother and uncle in the rear of the Store (it was always spoken of with a capital *s*), which she had owned some twenty-five years. Early in the century, Momma (we soon stopped calling her Grandmother) sold lunches to the sawmen in the lumberyard (east Stamps) and the seedmen at the cotton gin (west Stamps). Her crisp meat pies and cool lemonade, when joined to her miraculous ability to be in two places at the same time, assured her business success. From having a mobile lunch counter, she set up a stand between the two points of fiscal interest and supplied the workers' needs for a few years. Then she had the Store built in the heart of the Negro area. Over the years it became the lay center of activities in town. On Saturdays, barbers sat their customers in the shade on the porch of the Store, and troubadours on their ceaseless crawlings through the South leaned across its benches and sang their sad songs of The Brazos while they played juice harps and cigar-box guitars.

The formal name of the Store was the Wm. Johnson General Merchandise Store. Customers could find food staples, a good variety of colored thread, mash for hogs, corn for chickens, coal oil for lamps, light bulbs for the wealthy, shoestrings, hair dressing, balloons, and flower seeds. Anything not visible had only to be ordered. Until we became familiar enough to belong to the Store and it to us, we were locked up in a Fun House of Things where the attendant had gone home for life.

Each year I watched the field across from the Store turn caterpillar green, then gradually frosty white. I knew exactly how long it would be before the big wagons would pull into the front yard and load on the cotton pickers at daybreak to carry them to the remains of slavery's plantations.

During the picking season my grandmother would get out of bed at four o'clock (she never used an alarm clock) and creak down to her knees and chant in a sleep-filled voice, "Our Father, thank you for letting me see this New Day. Thank you that you didn't allow the bed I lay on last to be my cooling board, nor my blanket my winding sheet. Guide my feet this day along the straight and narrow, and help me to put a bridle on my tongue. Bless this house, and everybody in it. Thank you, in the name of your Son, Jesus Christ. Amen." Before she had quite arisen, she called our names and issued orders, and pushed her large feet into home slippers and across the bare lye-washed wooden floor to light the coal-oil lamp.

The lamplight in the Store gave a soft make-believe feeling to our world which made me want

to whisper and walk about on tiptoe. The odors of onions and oranges and kerosene had been mixing all night and wouldn't be disturbed until the wooded slat was removed from the door and the early morning air forced its way in with the bodies of people who had walked miles to reach the pickup place.

"Sister, I'll have two cans of sardines."

"I'm gonna work so fast today I'm gonna make you look like you standing still."

"Lemme have a hunk uh cheese and some sody crackers."

"Just gimme a coupla them fat peanut paddies." That would be from a picker who was taking his lunch. The greasy brown-paper sack was stuck behind the bib of his overalls. He'd use the candy as a snack before the noon sun called the workers to rest.

In those tender mornings the Store was full of laughing, joking, boasting and bragging. One man was going to pick two hundred pounds of cotton, and another three hundred. Even the children were promising to bring home fo' bits and six bits. The champion picker of the day before was the hero of the dawn. If he prophesied that the cotton in today's field was going to be sparse and stick to the bolls like glue, every listener would grunt a hearty agreement. The sound of the empty cotton sacks dragging over the floor and the murmurs of waking people were sliced by the cash register as we rang up the five-cent sales.

If the morning sounds and smells were touched with the supernatural, the late afternoon had all the features of the normal Arkansas life. In the dying sunlight the people dragged, rather than their empty cotton sacks. Brought back to the Store, the pickers would step out of the backs of trucks and fold down, dirt-disappointed, to the ground. No matter how much they had picked, it wasn't enough. Their wages wouldn't even get them out of debt to my grandmother, not to mention the staggering bill that waited on them at the white commissary downtown.

The sounds of the new morning had been replaced with grumbles about cheating houses, weighted scales, snakes, skimpy cotton, and dusty rows. In later years I was to confront the stereotyped picture of gay song-singing cotton pickers with such inordinate rage that I was told even by fellow Blacks that my paranoia was embarrassing. But I had seen the fingers cut by the mean little cotton bolls, and I had witnessed the backs and shoulders and arms and legs resisting any further demands.

Some of the workers would leave their sacks at the Store to be picked up the following morning, but a few had to take them home for repairs. I winced to picture them sewing the coarse material under a coal-oil lamp with fingers stiffening from the day's work. In too few hours they would have to walk back to Sister Henderson's Store, get vittles, and load, again, onto the trucks. Then they would face another day of trying to earn enough for the whole year with the heavy knowledge that they were going to end the season as they started it. Without the money or credit necessary to sustain a fa for three months. In cotton-picking time the afternoons revealed the harshness of Black Sou life, which in the early morning had been soft by nature's blessing of grogginess, forgetful and the soft lamplight.

2.

When Bailey was six and I a year you we used to rattle off the times tables wit speed I was later to see Chinese children i Francisco employ on their abacuses. Our sur gray potbellied stove bloomed rosy red d winter, and became a severe disciplinarian thr we were so foolish as to indulge in making takes.

Uncle Willie used to sit, like a giant black had been crippled as a child), and hear us to the Lafayette County Training School's ab His face pulled down on the left side, as if a had been attached to his lower teeth, and h hand was only a mite bigger than Bailey's, I the second mistake or on the third hesitati big overgrown right hand would catch one behind the collar, and in the same moment thrust the culprit toward the dull red heater, throbbed like a devil's toothache. We were burned, although once I might have been y was so terrified I tried to jump onto the st remove the possibility of its remaining a Like most children, I thought if I could fa worst danger voluntarily, and *triumph*, I forever have power over it. But in my case o facial effort I was thwarted. Uncle Willie hel to my dress and I only got close enough t the clean dry scent of hot iron. We learn times tables without understanding their principle, simply because we had the capac no alternative.

The tragedy of lameness seems so unfair dren that they are embarrassed in its presen they, most recently off nature's mold, sen they have only narrowly missed being ano her jokes. In relief at the narrow escape, th their emotions in impatience and criticism unlucky cripple.

Momma related times without end, and any show of emotion, how Uncle Willie ha dropped when he was three years old by a who was minding him. She seemed to h rancor against the baby-sitter, nor for h God who allowed the accident. She felt it sary to explain over and over again to the knew the story by heart that he wasn't "bo way."

In our society, where two-legged, tw strong Black men were able at best to eke the necessities of life, Uncle Willie, w starched shirts, shined shoes, and shelves food, was the whipping boy and butt of j the underemployed and underpaid. Fate disabled him but laid a doubled-tiered ba his path. He was also proud and sensitive

couldn't pretend that he wasn't crippled, ld he deceive himself that people were not by his defect.

once in all the years of trying not to watch saw him pretend to himself and others that 't lame. Coming home from school one day, dark car in our front yard. I rushed in to trange man and woman (Uncle Willie said ey were schoolteachers from Little Rock) g Dr. Peppers in the cool of the Store. I wrongness around me, like an alarm clock l gone off without being set.

w it couldn't be the strangers. Not fre- but often enough, travelers pulled off the ad to buy tobacco or soft drinks in the gro store in Stamps. When I looked at illie, I knew what was pulling my mind's . He was standing erect behind the counter, ing forward or resting on the small shelf been built for him. Erect. His eyes seemed me with a mixture of threat and appeal.

fully greeted the strangers and roamed my und for his walking stick. It was nowhere en. He said, "Uh...this this...this...uh, e. She's...uh...just come from school." the couple—"You know...how, uh, chil- ...th–th–these days...they play all d–d– chool and c–c–can't wait to get home and some more."

eople smiled, very friendly.

ded, "Go on out and pl–play, Sister."

dy laughed in a soft Arkansas voice and Well, you know, Mr. Johnson, they say, nly a child once. Have you children of ?"

Willie looked at me with an impatience seen in his face even when he took thirty to loop the laces over his high-topped ....I thought I told you to go...go out- play."

I left I saw him lean back on the shelves t Snuff, Prince Albert and Spark Plug tobacco.

a'am...no ch–children and no wife." He ugh. "I have an old m–m–mother and my t–two children to l–look after."

uple left after a few minutes, and from the the house I watched the red car scare raise dust, and disappear toward .

Willie was making his way down the long l aisle between the shelves and the counter ver hand, like a man climbing out of a stayed quiet and watched him lurch from bumping to the other, until he reached the ank. He put his hand behind that dark d took his cane in the strong fist and is weight on the wooden support. He e had pulled it off.

er know why it was important to him ouple (he said later that he'd never seen re) would take a picture of a whole Mr. ack to Little Rock. He must have tired rippled, as prisoners tire of penitentiary bars and the guilty tire of blame. The high-topped shoes and the cane, his uncontrollable muscles and thick tongue, and the looks he suffered of either contempt or pity had simply worn him out, and for one afternoon, one part of an afternoon, he wanted no part of them.

I understood and felt closer to him at the moment than ever before or since.

During these years in Stamps, I met and fell in love with William Shakespeare. He was my first white love. Although I enjoyed and respected Kipling, Poe, Butler, Thackeray, and Henley, I saved my young and loyal passion for Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Langston Hughes, James Weldon Johnson, and W. E. B. Du Bois's "Litany at Atlanta." But it was Shakespeare who said, "When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes." It was a state with which I felt myself most familiar. I pacified myself about his whiteness by saying that after all he had been dead so long it couldn't matter to anyone anymore.

Bailey and I decided to memorize a scene from *The Merchant of Venice*, but we realized that Momma would question us about the author and that we'd have to tell her that Shakespeare was white, and it wouldn't matter to her whether he was dead or not. So we chose "The Creation" by James Weldon Johnson instead.

3.

Weighing the half-pounds of flour, excluding the scoop, and depositing them dust-free into the thin paper sacks held a simple kind of adventure for me. I developed an eye for measuring how full a silver-looking ladle of flour, mash, meal, sugar, or corn had to be to push the scale indicator over to eight ounces or one pound. When I was absolutely accurate our appreciative customers used to admire: "Sister Henderson sure got some smart grandchildrens." If I was off in the Store's favor, the eagle-eyed women would say, "Put some more in that sack, child. Don't you try to make your profit offa me."

Then I would quietly but persistently punish myself. For every bad judgment, the fine was no silver-wrapped kisses, the sweet chocolate drops that I loved more than anything in the world, except Bailey. And maybe canned pineapples. My obsession with pineapples nearly drove me mad. I dreamt of the days when I would be grown and able to buy a whole carton for myself alone.

Although the syrupy golden rings sat in their exotic cans on our shelves year round, we only tasted them during Christmas. Momma used the juice to make almost-black fruit cakes. Then she lined heavy soot-encrusted iron skillets with the pineapple rings for rich upside-down cakes. Bailey and I received one slice each, and I carried mine around for hours, shredding off the fruit until nothing was left except the perfume on my fingers. I'd like to think that my desire for pineapples was so sacred that I wouldn't allow myself to steal a

can (which was possible) and eat it alone out in the garden, but I'm certain that I must have weighed the possibility of the scent exposing me and didn't have the nerve to attempt it.

Until I was thirteen and left Arkansas for good, the Store was my favorite place to be. Alone and empty in the mornings, it looked like an unopened present from a stranger. Opening the front doors was pulling the ribbon off the unexpected gift. The light would come in softly (we faced north), easing itself over the shelves of mackerel, salmon, tobacco, thread. It fell flat on the big vat of lard and by noontime during the summer the grease had softened to a thick soup. Whenever I walked into the Store in the afternoon, I sensed that it was tired. I alone could hear the slow pulse of its job half done. But just before bedtime, after numerous people had walked in and out, had argued over their bills, or joked about their neighbors, or just dropped in "to give Sister Henderson a 'Hi y'all,'" the promise of magic mornings returned to the Store and spread itself over the family in washed life waves.

Momma opened boxes of crispy crackers and we sat around the meat block at the rear of the Store. I sliced onions, and Bailey opened two or even three cans of sardines and allowed their juice of oil and fishing boats to ooze down and around the sides. That was supper. In the evening, when we were alone like that, Uncle Willie didn't stutter or shake or give any indication that he had an "affliction." It seemed that the peace of a day's ending was an assurance that the covenant God made with children, Negroes, and the crippled was still in effect.

Throwing scoops of corn to the chickens and mixing sour dry mash with leftover food and oily dishwater for the hogs were among our evening chores. Bailey and I sloshed down twilight trails to the pigpens, and standing on the first fence rungs we poured down the unappealing concoctions to our grateful hogs. They mashed their tender pink snouts down into the slop, and rooted and grunted their satisfaction. We always grunted a reply only half in jest. We were also grateful that we had concluded the dirtiest of chores and had only gotten the evil-smelling swill on our shoes, stockings, feet, and hands.

Late one day, as we were attending to the pigs, I heard a horse in the front yard (it really should have been called a driveway, except that there was nothing to drive into it), and ran to find out who had come riding up on a Thursday evening. The used-to-be sheriff sat rakishly astraddle his horse. His nonchalance was meant to convey his authority and power over even dumb animals. How much more capable he would be with Negroes, it went without saying.

His twang jogged in the brittle air. From the side of the Store, Bailey and I heard him say to Momma, "Annie, tell Willie he better lay low tonight. A crazy nigger messed with a white lady today. Some of the boys'll be coming over here later." Even after the slow drag of years, I remember the sense of fear which filled my mouth with hot, air, and made my body light.

The "boys"? Those cement faces and eye hate that burned the clothes off you if they pened to see you lounging on the main street d town on Saturday. Boys? It seemed that youth never happened to them. Boys? No, rather who were covered with graves' dust and age wit beauty or learning. The ugliness and rottenne old abominations.

If on Judgment Day I were summoned b Peter to give testimony to the used-to-be she act of kindness, I would be unable to say any in his behalf. His confidence that my uncle every other Black man who heard of the K coming ride would scurry under their hous hide in chicken droppings was too humiliati hear. Without waiting for Momma's thank rode out of the yard, sure that things were as should be and that he was a gentle squire, s those deserving serfs from the laws of the which he condoned.

Immediately, while his horse's hoofs were loudly thudding the ground, Momma blew o coal-oil lamps. She had a quiet, hard talk Uncle Willie and called Bailey and me int Store.

We were told to take the potatoes and o out of their bins and knock out the dividing that kept them apart. Then with a tedious fearful slowness Uncle Willie gave me his ru tipped cane and bent down to get into the enlarged empty bin. It took forever before l down flat, and then we covered him with po and onions, layer upon layer, like a cass Grandmother knelt praying in the darkened

It was fortunate that the "boys" didn't rid our yard that evening and insist that Momma the Store. They would have surely found Willie and just as surely lynched him. He m the whole night through as if he had, in fact guilty of some heinous crime. The heavy s pushed their way up out of the blanket of veg and I pictured his mouth pulling down c right side and his saliva flowing into the e new potatoes and waiting there like dewdro the warmth of morning.

4.

What sets one Southern town apart fr other, or from a Northern town or l or city highrise? The answer must be the ence shared between the unknowing majorit and the knowing minority (you). All of hood's unanswered questions must finally be back to the town and answered there. Hero bogey men, values and dislikes, are fir countered and labeled in that early environm later years they change faces, places and races, tactics, intensities, and goals, but l those penetrable masks they wear forever th ing-capped faces of childhood.

Mr. McElroy, who lived in the big ra

ext to the Store, was very tall and broad,
ough the years had eaten away the flesh
shoulders, they had not, at the time of my
him, gotten to his high stomach or his
feet.

is the only Negro I knew, except for the
rincipal and the visiting teachers, who wore
g pants and jackets. When I learned that
othes were sold like that and called suits,
ber thinking that somebody had been very
for it made men look less manly, less
ng, and a little more like women.

cElroy never laughed, and seldom smiled,
is credit was the fact that he liked to talk
Willie. He never went to church, which
nd I thought also proved that he was a
rageous person. How great it would be to
like that, to be able to stare religion down,
y living next door to a woman like Momma.
hed him with the excitement of expecting
anything at any time. I never tired of this.
ie disappointed or disenchanted with him.
from the perch of age, I see him now as a
ole and uninteresting man who sold patent
and tonics to the less sophisticated people
(villages) surrounding the metropolis of

seemed to be an understanding between
lroy and Grandmother. This was obvious
ause he never chased us off his land. In
late sunshine I often sat under the china-
e in his yard, surrounded by the bitter
its fruit and lulled by the drone of flies
on the berries. He sat in a slotted swing
rch, rocking in his brown three-piece, his
ama nodding in time with the whir of

eeting a day was all that could be ex-
om Mr. McElroy. After his "Good morn-
!" or "Good afternoon, child," he never
rd, even if I met him again on the road
of his house or down by the well, or ran
behind the house escaping in a game of
seek. He remained a mystery in my child-
man who owned his land and the big
dowed house with a porch that clung to
ll around the house. An independent Black
ear anachronism in Stamps.

was the greatest person in my world. And
at he was my brother, my only brother,
l no sisters to share him with, was such
tune that it made me want to live a
life just to show God that I was grateful.
was big, elbowy, and grating, he was
ceful, and smooth. When I was described
ymates as being shit color, he was lauded
vet-black skin. His hair fell down in black
my head was covered with black steel
l yet he loved me.

ur elders said unkind things about my
my family was handsome to a point of
ne), Bailey would wink at me from across
and I knew that it was a matter of time
would take revenge. He would allow the
old ladies to finish wondering how on earth I came about, then he would ask, in a voice like cooling bacon grease, "Oh Mizeriz Coleman, how is your son? I saw him the other day, and he looked sick enough to die."

Aghast, the ladies would ask, "Die? From what? He ain't sick."

And in a voice oilier than the one before, he'd answer with a straight face, "From the Uglies."

I would hold my laugh, bite my tongue, grit my teeth, and very seriously erase even the touch of a smile from my face. Later, behind the house by the black-walnut tree, we'd laugh and laugh and howl. Bailey could count on very few punishments for his consistently outrageous behavior, for he was the pride of the Henderson/Johnson family.

His movements, as he was later to describe those of an acquaintance, were activated with oiled precision. He was also able to find more hours in the day than I thought existed. He finished chores, homework, read more books than I, and played the group games on the side of the hill with the best of them. He could even pray out loud in church, and was apt at stealing pickles from the barrel that sat under the fruit counter and Uncle Willie's nose.

After our early chores were done, while Uncle Willie or Momma minded the Store, we were free to play the children's games, as long as we stayed within yelling distance. Playing hide-and-seek, his voice was easily identified, singing, "Last night, night before, twenty-four robbers at my door. Who all is hid? Ask me to let them in, hit 'em in the head with a rolling pin. Who all is hid?" In follow-the-leader, naturally he was the one who created the most daring and interesting things to do. And when he was on the tail of the pop-the-whip, he would twirl off the end like a top, spinning, falling, laughing, finally stopping just before my heart beat its last, and then he was back in the game, still laughing.

Of all the needs (there are none imaginery) a lonely child has, the one that must be satisfied, if there is going to be hope and a hope of wholeness, is the unshaking need for an unshakable God. My pretty Black brother was my Kingdom Come.

In Stamps the custom was to can everything that could possibly be preserved. During the killing season, after the first frost, all neighbors helped each other to slaughter hogs and even the quiet, big-eyed cows if they had stopped giving milk.

Throughout the year, until the next frost, we took our meals from the smokehouse, the little garden that lay cousin-close to the Store, and from the shelves of canned foods. There were choices on the shelves that could set a hungry child's mouth to watering. Green beans, snapped always the right length, collards, cabbage, juicy red tomato preserves that came into their own on steaming buttered biscuits, and sausage, beets, berries, and every fruit grown in Arkansas.

But at least twice yearly Momma would feel that as children we should have fresh meat included in

our diets. We were then given money—pennies, nickels, and dimes entrusted to Bailey—and sent to town to buy liver. Since the whites had refrigerators, their butchers bought the meat from commercial slaughterhouses in Texarkana and sold it to the wealthy even in the peak of summer.

Crossing the Black area of Stamps, which in childhood's narrow measure seemed a whole world, we were obliged by custom to stop and speak to every person we met, and Bailey felt constrained to spend a few minutes playing with each friend. There was a joy in going to town with money in our pockets (Bailey's pockets were as good as my own) and time on our hands. But the pleasure fled when we reached the white part of town. After we left Mr. Willie Williams' Do Drop Inn, the last stop before whitefolksville, we had to cross the pond and adventure the railroad tracks. We were explorers walking without weapons into man-eating animals' territory.

In Stamps the segregation was so complete that most Black children didn't really, absolutely know what whites looked like. Other than that they were different, to be dreaded, and in that dread was included the hostility of the powerless against the powerful, the poor against the rich, the worker against the worked-for and the ragged against the well-dressed. I remember never believing that whites were really real.

Many women who worked in their kitchens traded at our Store, and when they carried their finished laundry back to town they often set the big baskets down on our front porch to pull a singular piece from the starched collection and show either how graceful was their ironing hand or how rich and opulent was the property of their employers.

I looked at the items that weren't on display. I knew, for instance, that white men wore shorts, as Uncle Willie did, and that they had an opening for taking out their "things" and peeing, and that white women's breasts weren't built into their dresses, as people said, because I saw their brassieres in the baskets. But I couldn't force myself to think of them as people. People were Mrs. LaGrone, Mrs. Hendricks, Momma, Reverend Sneed, Lillie B. and Louise and Rex. Whitefolks couldn't be people because their feet were too small, their skin too white and see-throughy, and they didn't walk on the balls of their feet the way people did—they walked on their heels like horses.

People were those who lived on my side of town. I didn't like them all, or, in fact, any of them very much, but they were people. These others, the strange pale creatures that lived in their alien unlife, weren't considered folks. They were whitefolks.

5.

"Thou shall not be dirty" and "Thou shall not be impudent" were the two commandments of Grandmother Henderson upon which hung our total salvation. Each night in the bitterest winter we were forced to wash faces, arms, necks, legs, and feet before going to bed. She used to add, with a smirk that unprofane people can't control, venturing into profanity, "and wash as far as sible, then wash possible."

We would go to the well and wash in the ic clear water, grease our legs with the equall stiff Vaseline, then tiptoe into the house. We the dust from our toes and settled down for work, cornbread, clabbered milk, prayers, ar always in that order. Momma was famous f ing quilts off after we had fallen asleep to e our feet. If they weren't clean enough for h took the switch (she kept one behind the be door for emergencies) and woke up the o with a few aptly placed burning reminders.

The area around the well at night was da slick, and boys told about how snakes love so that anyone who had to draw water at nig then stand there alone and wash knew that mo and rattlers, puff adders and boa constrictor winding their way to the well and would arr as the person washing got soap in her ey Momma convinced us that not only was clea next to Godliness, dirtiness was the inve misery.

The impudent child was detested by Go shame to its parents and could bring destru its house and line. All adults had to be addr Mister, Missus, Miss, Auntie, Cousin, Unk, Buhbah, Sister, Brother, and a thousand ot pellations indicating familial relationship lowliness of the addresser. Everyone I k spected these customary laws, except powhitetrash children.

Some families of powhitetrash lived on M farmland behind the school. Sometimes a g them came to the Store, filling the whole roo ing out the air, and even changing the wel scents. The children crawled over the shel into the potato and onion bins, twanging time in their sharp voices like cigar-box They took liberties in my Store that I wou dare. Since Momma told us that the less yo whitefolks (or even powhitetrash) the bette and I would stand, solemn, quiet, in the d air. But if one of the playful apparitions to us, I pinched it. Partly out of angry fr and partly because I didn't believe in reality.

They called my uncle by his first na ordered him around the store. He, to m shame, obeyed them in his limping dip-stra fashion. My grandmother, too, follow orders, except that she didn't seem to be s cause she anticipated their needs.

"Here's sugar, Miz Potter, and here' powder. You didn't buy soda last mont probably be needing some."

Momma always directed her statemen adults, but sometimes, Oh painful someti grimy, snotty-nosed girls would answer h Annie..."—to Momma? Who owned the l lived on? Who forgot more than they w learn? If there was any justice in the wo should strike them dumb at once!—"Just

try sody crackers, and some more mac-

st they never looked in her face, or I never hem doing so. Nobody with a smidgen of not even the worst roustabout, would ht in a grown person's face. It meant the as trying to take the words out before they med. The dirty little children didn't do that, threw their orders around the Store like m a cat-o'-nine-tails.

I was around ten years old, those scruffy caused me the most painful and confusing ce I had ever had with my grandmother. mer morning, after I had swept the dirt leaves, spearmint-gum wrappers, and auage labels, I raked the yellow-red dirt, e half-moons carefully, so that the design clearly and masklike. I put the rake behind and came through the back of the house randmother on the front porch in her big, te apron. The apron was so stiff by virtue rch that it could have stood alone. Momma iring the yard, so I joined her. It truly ce a flat redhead that had been raked with thed comb. Momma didn't say anything w she liked it. She looked around, hoping e community pillars would see the design e day's business wiped it out. Then she pward toward the school. My head had th hers, so at just about the same time we op of the powhitetrash kids marching over d down by the side of the school.

d to Momma for direction. She did an ex- b of sagging from her waist down, but waist up she seemed to be pulling for the oak tree across the road. Then she began a hymn. Maybe not to moan, but the tune low and the meter so strange that she e been moaning. She didn't look at me hen the children reached halfway down alfway to the Store, she said without turn- er, go on inside."

d to beg her. "Momma, don't wait for ne on inside with me. If they come in the go to the bedroom and let me wait on ey only frighten me if you're around. ow how to handle them." but of course I ay anything, so I went in and stood behind door.

the girls got to the porch I heard their rackling and popping like pine logs in a ove. I suppose my lifelong paranoia was hose cold, molasses-slow minutes. They lly to stand on the ground in front of At first they pretended seriousness. Then m wrapped her right arm in the crook of shed out her mouth and started to hum. that she was aping my grandmother. An- , "Naw, Helen, you ain't standing like here's it." Then she lifted her chest. arms and mocked that strange carriage nnie Henderson. Another laughed. "Naw, do it. Your mouth ain't pooched out 's like this."

I thought about the rifle behind the door, but I knew I'd never be able to hold it straight, and the .410, our sawed-off shotgun, which stayed loaded and was fired every New Year's night, was locked in the trunk and Uncle Willie had the key on his chain. Through the flyspecked screen door, I could see that the arms of Momma's apron jiggled from the vibrations of her humming. But her knees seemed to have locked as if they would never bend again.

She sang on. No louder than before, but no softer either. No slower or faster.

The dirt of the girl's cotton dresses continued on their legs, feet, arms, and faces to make them all of a piece. Their greasy uncolored hair hung down, uncombed, with a grim finality. I knelt to see them better, to remember them for all time. The tears that had slipped down my dress left unsurprising dark spots, and made the front yard blurry and even more unreal. The world had taken a deep breath and was having doubts about continuing to revolve.

The girls had tired of mocking Momma and turned to other means of agitation. One crossed her eyes, stuck her thumbs in both sides of her mouth, and said, "Look here, Annie." Grandmother hummed on and the apron strings trembled. I wanted to throw a handful of black pepper in their faces, to throw lye on them, to scream that they were dirty, scummy peckerwoods, but I knew I was as clearly imprisoned behind the scene as the actors outside were confined to their roles.

One of the smaller girls did a kind of puppet dance while her fellow clowns laughed at her. But the tall one, who was almost a woman, said something very quietly, which I couldn't hear. They all moved backward from the porch, still watching Momma. For an awful second I thought they were going to throw a rock at Momma, who seemed (except for the apron strings) to have turned into stone herself. But the big girl turned her back, bent down and put her hands flat on the ground—she didn't pick up anything. She simply shifted her weight and did a hand stand.

Her dirty bare feet and long legs went straight for the sky. Her dress fell down around her shoulders, and she had on no drawers. The slick pubic hair made a brown triangle where her legs came together. She hung in the vacuum of that lifeless morning for only a few seconds, then wavered and tumbled. The other girls clapped her on the back and slapped their hands.

Momma changed her song to "Bread of Heaven, bread of Heaven, feed me till I want no more."

I found that I was praying too. How long could Momma hold out? What new indignity would they think of to subject her to? Would I be able to stay out of it? What would Momma really like me to do?

Then they were moving out of the yard, on their way to town. They bobbed their heads and shook their slack behinds and turned, one at a time:

"'Bye, Annie."

"'Bye, Annie."

"'Bye, Annie."

Momma never turned her head or unfolded her arms, but she stopped singing and said, "'Bye, Miz Helen. 'bye, Miz Ruth. 'bye. Miz Eloise."

I burst. A firecracker July-the-Fourth burst. How could Momma call them Miz? The mean nasty things. Why couldn't she have come inside the sweet, cold Store when we saw them breasting the hill? What did she prove? And then if they were dirty, mean and impudent, why did Momma have to call them Miz?

She stood another whole song through and then opened the screen door to look down on me crying in rage. She looked until I looked up. Her face was a brown moon that shone on me. She was beautiful. Something had happened out there, which I couldn't completely understand, but I could see that she was happy. Then she bent down and touched me as mothers of the church "lay hands on the sick and afflicted" and I quieted.

"Go wash your face, Sister." And she went behind the candy counter and hummed, "Glory, glory, hallelujah, when I lay my burden down." I threw the well water on my face and used the weekday handkerchief to blow my nose. Whatever the contest had been out front, I knew Momma had won.

I took the rake back to the front yard. The smudged footprints were easy to erase. I worked for a long time on my new design and laid the rake behind the wash pot. When I came back in the Store, I took Momma's hand and we both walked outside to look at the pattern.

It was a large heart with lots of hearts growing smaller inside, and piercing from the outside rim to the smallest heart was an arrow. Momma said, "Sister, that's right pretty." Then she turned back to the Store and resumed, "Glory, glory hallelujah, when I lay my burden down."

6.

The year that I was seven and Bailey eight, our mother had sent for us and we had been shipped off to her in St. Louis. To me it seemed a foreign country. I would never get used to the scurrying sounds of flushing toilets, or the packaged foods, or doorbells or the noise of cars and trains and buses that crashed through the walls or slipped under the doors.

In my mind I only stayed in St. Louis for a few weeks. As quickly as I understood that I had not reached my home, I sneaked away to Robin Hood's forest and the caves of Alley Oop where all reality was unreal and even that changed every day. I carried the same shield that I had used in Stamps: "I didn't come to stay."

Mother was competent in providing for us. Even if that meant getting someone else to furnish the provisions. Although she was a nurse, she never worked at her profession while we were with her. Her boyfriend, Mr. Freeman, brought in the necessities and she earned extra money cutting poker games in gambling parlors. The straight eight-to-five world simply didn't have enough glamour for her, and it was twenty years later that I fi her in a nurse's uniform.

Mr. Freemen was a foreman in the S Pacific yards and came home late sometime Mother had gone out. He took his dinner stove, where she had carefully covered it. quietly in the kitchen while Bailey and I re rately and greedily our own Street and Smi magazine. Now that we had spending mo bought the illustrated paperbacks with thei pictures. When Mother was away, we were an honor system. We had to finish our ho eat dinner, and wash the dishes before w read or listen to *The Lone Ranger*, *Crime* or *The Shadow*.

Mr. Freeman moved gracefully, like a bi bear, and seldom spoke to us. He simply wa Mother and put his whole self into the wai never read the paper or patted his foot to r waited. That was all.

If she came home before we went to bed the man come alive. He would start out o chair, like a man coming out of sleep, s would remember then that, a few seconds had heard a car door slam; then Mother's would signal from the concrete walk. When rattled the door. Mr. Freeman would have asked his habitual question, "Hey, Bibbi good time?"

His query would hang in the air while sh over to peck him on the lips. Then she Bailey and me with the lipstick kisses. "Ha finished your homework?" If we had a just reading—"Okay, say your prayers a bed." If we hadn't—"Then go to your r finish . . . then say your prayers and go to

Mr. Freeman's smile never grew, it stay same intensity. Sometimes Mother would and sit on his lap and the grin on his fa as if it would stay there forever.

From our rooms we could hear the glas and the radio turned up. I think she danced for him on the good nights, be couldn't dance, but before I fell asleep I of feet shuffling to dance rhythms.

I felt very sorry for Mr. Freeman. I fel for him as I had felt for a litter of helpless in our backyard sty in Arkansas. We fat pigs all year long for slaughter on the f frost, and even as I suffered for the cute lit things, I knew how much I was going to fresh sausage and hog's head cheese they me only with their deaths.

Because of the lurid tales we read and imaginations and, probably, memories of but hectic lives, Bailey and I were aff physically and I mentally. He stutter sweated through horrifying nightmares constantly told to slow down and start a on my particularly bad nights my moth take me in to sleep with her, in the large Mr. Freeman.

Because of a need for stability, child become creatures of habit. After the thi

bed, I thought there was nothing strange eping there.

iorning she got out of bed for an early ind I fell asleep again. But I awoke to a a strange feeling on my left leg. It was to be a hand, and it wasn't the touch of Whatever it was, I hadn't encountered the in all the years of sleeping with Momma. move, and I was too startled to. I turned a little to the left to see if Mr. Freeman ke and gone, but his eyes were open and ds were above the cover. I knew, as if I ys known, it was his "thing" on my leg.

l, "Just stay right here, Ritie. I ain't gonna ." I wasn't afraid, a little apprehensive. ut not afraid. Of course I knew that lots did "it" and that they used their "things" plish the deed, but no one I knew had ever anybody. Mr. Freeman pulled me to him. is hand between my legs. He didn't hurt. ma had drilled into my head: "Keep your d, and don't let nobody see your pocket-

I didn't hurt you. Don't get scared." He ck the blankets and his "thing" stood up own ear of corn. He took my hand and el it." It was mushy and squirmy like the a freshly killed chicken. Then he dragged p of his chest with his left arm, and his d was moving so fast and his heart was o hard that I was afraid that he would die. ries revealed how people who died wouldn't whatver they were holding. I wondered if nan died holding me how I would ever get ld they have to break his arms to get me

he was quiet, and then came the nice part. ne so softly that I wished he wouldn't ever . I felt at home. From the way he was ne I knew he'd never let me go or let any- l ever happen to me. This was probably ather and we had found each other at last. he rolled over, leaving me in a wet place up.

a talk to you, Ritie." He pulled off his at had fallen to his ankles, and went into oom.

true the bed was wet, but I knew I hadn't cident. Maybe Mr. Freeman had one while olding me. He came back with glass of d told me in a sour voice, "Get up. You e bed." He poured water on the wet spot. look like my mattress on many mornings. lived in Southern strictness. I knew when uiet around adults, but I did want to ask he said I peed when I was sure he didn't t. If he thought I was naughty, would that he would never hold me again? Or at he was my father? I had made him of me.

you love Bailey?" He sat down on the bed ne close, hoping. "Yes." He was bending lling on his socks, and his back was so friendly I wanted to rest my head on it.

"If you ever tell anybod what we did, I'll have to kill Bailey."

What had we done? We? Obviously he didn't mean my peeing in the bed. I didn't understand and didn't dare ask him. It had something to do with his holding me. But there was no chance to ask Bailey either, because that would be telling what we had done. The thought that he might kill Bailey stunned me. After he left the room I thought about telling Mother that I hadn't peed in the bed, but then if she asked me what happened I'd have to tell her about Mr. Freeman holding me, and that wouldn't do.

It was the same old quandary. I had always lived it. There was an army of adults, whose motives and movements I just couldn't understand and who made no effort to understand mine. There was never any question of my disliking Mr. Freeman. I simply didn't understand him either.

For weeks after, he said nothing to me, except the gruff hellos which were given without ever looking in my direction. This was the first secret I had ever kept from Bailey and sometimes I thought he should be able to read it on my face, but he noticed nothing.

I began to feel lonely for Mr. Freeman and the encasement in his big arms. Before, my world had been Bailey, food, Momma, the Store, reading books, and Uncle Willie. Now, for the first time, it included physical contact.

I began to wait for Mr. Freeman to come in from the yards, but when he did, he never noticed me, although I put a lot of feeling into "Good evening, Mr. Freeman."

One evening, when I couldn't concentrate on anything, I went over to him and sat quickly on his lap. He had been waiting for Mother again. Bailey was listening to *The Shadow* and didn't miss me. At first Mr. Freeman sat still, not holding me or anything, then I felt a soft lump under my thigh begin to move. It twitched against me and started to harden. Then he pulled me to his chest. He smelled of coal dust and grease and he was so close I buried my face in his shirt and listened to his heart, it was beating just for me. Only I could hear the thud, only I could feel the jumping on my face. He said, "Sit still, stop squirming." But all the time, he pushed me around on his lap, then suddenly he stood up and I slipped down to the floor. He ran to the bathroom.

For months he stopped speaking to me again. I was hurt and for a time felt lonelier than ever. But then I forgot about him, and even the memory of his holding me precious melted into the general darkness just beyond the great blinkers of childhood.

I read more than ever, and wished my soul that I had been born a boy. Horatio Alger was the greatest writer in the world. His heroes were always good, always won, and were always boys. I could have developed the first two virtues, but becoming a boy was sure to be difficult, if not impossible.

When spring came to St. Louis, I took out my first library card, and since Bailey and I seemed to

be growing apart, I spent most of my Saturdays at the library (no interruptions) breathing in the world of penniless shoeshine boys who, with goodness and perseverance, became rich, rich men, and gave baskets of goodies to the poor on holidays. The little princesses who were mistaken for maids, and the long-lost children mistaken for waifs, became more real to me than our house, our mother, our school, or Mr. Freeman.

7.

On a late spring Saturday, after our chores (nothing like those in Stamps) were done, Bailey and I were going out, he to play baseball and I to the library. Mr. Freeman said to me, after Bailey had gone downstairs. "Ritie, go get some milk for the house."

Mother usually brought milk when she came in, but that morning as Bailey and I straightened the living room her bedroom door had been open, and we knew that she hadn't come home the night before. He gave me money and I rushed to the store and back to the house. After putting the milk in the icebox, I turned and had just reached the front door when I heard, "Ritie." He was sitting in the big chair by the radio. "Ritie, come here." I didn't think about the holding time until I got close to him. His pants were open and his "thing" was standing out of his britches by itself.

"No, sir, Mr. Freeman." I started to back away. I didn't want to touch that mushy-hard thing again, and I didn't need him to hold me anymore. He grabbed my arm and pulled me between his legs. His face was still and looked kind, but he didn't smile or blink his eyes. Nothing. He did nothing, except reach his left hand around to turn on the radio without even looking at it. Over the noise of music and static, he said, "Now, this ain't gonna hurt you much. You liked it before, didn't you?"

I didn't want to admit that I had in fact liked his holding me or that I had liked his smell or the hard heart-beating, so I said nothing. And his face was like the face of one of those mean natives the Phantom was always having to beat up.

His legs were squeezing my waist. "Pull down your drawers." I hesitated for two reasons: he was holding me too tight to move, and I was sure that any minute my mother or Bailey or the Green Hornet would bust in the door and save me.

"We was just playing before." He released me enough to snatch down my bloomers, and then he dragged me closer to him. Turning the radio up loud, too loud, he said, "If you scream, I'm gonna kill you. And if you tell, I'm gonna kill Bailey." I could tell he meant what he said. I couldn't understand why he wanted to kill my brother. Neither of us had done anything to him. And then.

Then there was the pain. A breaking and entering when even the senses are torn apart. The act of rape on an eight-year-old body is a matter of the needle giving because the camel can't. The child gives, because the body can, and the mind of the violator cannot.

I thought I had died—I woke up in a whit
world, and it had to be heaven. But Mr. I
was there and he was washing me. His hand
but he held me upright in the tub and wa
legs. "I didn't mean to hurt you, Ritie.
mean it. But don't you tell... Remember, d
tell a soul."

I felt cool and very clean and just a lit
"No, sir, Mr. Freeman, I won't tell." I w
where above everything. "It's just that I'm
I'll just go and lay down a while, please,"
pered to him. I thought if I spoke out loud,
become frightened and hurt me again. He
and handed me my bloomers. "Put these o
to the library: our momma ought to be
home soon. You just act natural."

Walking down the street, I felt the we
pants, and my hips seemed to be comin
their sockets. I couldn't sit long on the h
in the library (they had been constructed
dren), so I walked by the empty lot whe
was playing ball, but he wasn't there. I st
while and watched the big boys tear ar
dusty diamond and then headed home.

After two blocks, I knew I'd never mak
unless I counted every step and stepped
crack. I had started to burn between my l
than the time I'd wasted Sloan's Linimen
self. My legs throbbed, or rather the insid
thighs throbbed, with the same force that I
man's heart had beaten. Thrum... step...
step... STEP ON THE CRACK... thrum... ste
up the stairs one at a, one at a, one at a
one was in the living room, so I went
to bed, after hiding my red-and-yello
drawers under the mattress.

When Mother came in she said, "We
lady, I believe this is the first time I've see
to bed without being told. You must be sic

I wasn't sick, but the pit of my stomac
fire—how could I tell her that? Bailey
later and asked me what the matter was. I
nothing to tell him. When Mother called
and I said I wasn't hungry, she laid her coo
my forehead and cheeks. "Maybe it's the
They say they're going around the neighb
After she took my temperature she said, "
a little fever. You've probably just caug

Mr. Freeman took up the whole doorwa
Bailey ought not to be in there with her. U
want a house full of sick children." She
over her shoulder, "He may as well have t
as later. Get them over with." She brushe
Freeman as if he were made of cotton. "
Junior. Get some cool towels and wipe yo
face."

As Bailey left the room, Mr. Freeman
to the bed. He leaned over, his whole fac
that could have smothered me. "If you tel
again so softly, I almost didn't hear it—"If
I couldn't summon up the energy to answe
had to know that I wasn't going to tell
Bailey came in with the towels and Mr.
walked out.

Mother made a broth and sat on the edge
d to feed me. The liquid went down my
ce bones. My belly and behind were as
cold iron, but it seemed my head had gone
pure air had replaced it on my shoulders.
ad to me from *The Rover Boys* until he
y and went to bed.
ight I kept waking to hear Mother and Mr.
arguing. I couldn't hear what they were
ut I did hope that she wouldn't make him
nat he'd hurt her too. I knew he could do
is cold face and empty eyes. Their voices
faster and faster, the high sounds on the
he lows. I would have liked to have gone
passed through as if I were going to the
st show my face and they might stop, but
efused to move. I could move the toes and
ut the knees had turned to wood. Maybe
it soon morning was there and Mother was
er my bed. "How're you feeling, baby?"
Mother." An instinctive answer. "Where's

id he was still asleep but that she hadn't
night. She had been in my room off and
about me. I asked her where Mr. Freeman
her face chilled with remembered danger.
ne. Moved this morning. I'm going to take
perature after I put on your Cream of

I tell her now? The terrible pain assured
couldn't. What he did to me, and what I
must have been very bad if already God
rt so much. If Mr. Freeman was gone, did
Bailey was out of danger? And if so, if
n, would he still love me?
Mother took my temperature, she said she
g to bed for a while but to wake her if I
r. She told Bailey to watch my face and
spots and when they came up he could
m with calamine lotion.
unday goes and comes in my memory like
nnection on an overseas telephone call.
iley was reading *The Katzenjammer Kids*
l then without a pause for sleeping. Mother
ing closely at my face, and soup trickled
chin and some got into my mouth and I
Then there was a doctor who took my
ire and held my wrist.
!" I supposed I had screamed, for he ma-
suddenly, and I asked him to help me
run away to California or France or
I knew that I was dying and, in fact, I
r death, but I didn't want to die anywhere
Freeman. I knew that even now he
have allowed death to have me unless he
to.
said I should be bathed and the linens
changed since I had sweat so much. But
y tried to move me I fought, and even
uldn't hold me. Then she picked me up in
and the terror abated for a while. Bailey
change the bed. As he pulled off the soiled
dislodged the panties I had put under the
They fell at Mother's feet.

In the hospital, Bailey told me that I had to tell who did that to me, or the man would hurt another little girl. When I explained that I couldn't tell because the man would kill him, Bailey said knowingly, "He can't kill me. I won't let him." And of course I believed him. Bailey didn't lie to me. So I told him.

Bailey cried at the side of my bed until I started to cry too. Almost fifteen years passed before I saw my brother cry again. He gave his information to Grandmother Baxter, and Mr. Freeman was arrested.

I would have liked to stay in the hospital the rest of my life. Mother brought flowers and candy. My grandmother came with fruit and my uncles clumped around and around my bed, snorting like wild horses. When they were able to sneak Bailey in, he read to me for hours.

The saying that people who have nothing to do become busybodies is not the only truth. Excitement is a drug, and people whose lives are filled with violence are always wondering where the next "fix" is coming from.

The day that Mr. Freeman's case came to trial, the court was filled. Some people even stood behind the churchlike benches in the rear. Overhead fans moved with the detachment of old men. The gamblers in pin-striped suits and their made-up women whispered to me out of blood-red mouths that now I knew as much as they did. I was eight, and grown. Even the nurses in the hospital told me that now I had nothing to fear. "The worst is over for you," they had said. So I put the words in all the smirking mouths.

I sat with my family (Bailey couldn't come) and they rested still on the seats like solid, cold gray tombstones. Thick and forevermore unmoving.

Poor Mr. Freeman twisted in his chair to look empty threats over to me. He didn't know that he couldn't kill Bailey . . . and Bailey didn't lie . . . to me.

"What was the defendant wearing?" That was Mr. Freeman's lawyer.

"I don't know."

"You mean to say this man raped you and you don't know what he was wearing?" He snickered as if I had raped Mr. Freeman. "Do you know if you were raped?"

A sound pushed in the air of the court (I was sure it was laughter). I was glad Mother had let me wear the navy-blue winter coat with brass buttons. Although it was too short and the weather was typical St. Louis, the coat was a friend that I hugged to me in the strange and unfriendly place.

"Was that the first time the accused touched you?"

The question stopped me. Mr. Freeman had surely done something very wrong, but I was convinced that I had helped him to do it. I didn't want to lie, but the lawyer wouldn't let me think, so I used silence as a retreat.

"Did the accused try to touch you before the time he or rather you say he raped you?"

I couldn't say yes and tell them how he had loved me once for a few minutes and how he had held me close before he thought I had peed in the bed. My uncles would kill me and Grandmother Baxter would stop speaking, as she often did when she was angry. And all those people in the court would stone me as they had stoned the harlot in the Bible. And Mother, who thought I was such a good girl, would be so disappointed. But most important, there was Bailey. I had kept a big secret from him.

"Marguerite, answer the question. Did the accused touch you before the occasion on which you claim he raped you?"

Everyone in the court knew that the answer had to be No. Everyone except Mr. Freeman and me. I looked at his heavy face trying to look as if he would have liked me to say No. I said No.

The lie lumped in my throat and I couldn't get air. How I despised the man for making me lie. Old, mean, nasty thing. Old, black, nasty thing. The tears didn't soothe my heart as they usually did. I screamed, "Ole, mean, dirty thing, you. Dirty old thing." Our lawyer brought me off the stand and to my mother's arms. The fact that I had arrived at my desired destination by lies made it less appealing to me.

Mr. Freeman was given one year and one day, but he never got a chance to do his time. His lawyer (or someone) got him released that very afternoon.

In the living room, where the shades were drawn for coolness, Bailey and I played Monopoly on the floor. I played a bad game because I was thinking how I would be able to tell Bailey how I had lied and, even worse for our relationship, kept a secret from him. Bailey answered the doorbell, because Grandmother was in the kitchen. A tall white policeman asked for Mrs. Baxter. Had they found out about the lie? Maybe the policeman was coming to put me in jail because I had sworn on the Bible that everything I said would be the truth, the whole truth, so help me, God. The man in our living room was taller than the sky and whiter than my image of God. He just didn't have the beard.

"I thought you ought to know. Freeman's been found dead on the lot behind the slaughterhouse. Seems like he was dropped there. Some say he was kicked to death."

Although he looked harmless, I knew the policeman was a dreadful angel counting out my many sins. A man was dead because I lied. Where was the balance in that? One lie surely wouldn't be worth a man's life. Bailey could have explained it all to me, but I didn't dare ask him. Obviously I had forfeited my place in heaven forever, and I was as gutless as the doll I had ripped to pieces ages ago. Even Christ Himself turned His back on Satan. Wouldn't He turn His back on me? I could feel the evilness flowing through my body and waiting, pent up, to rush off my tongue if I tried to open my mouth. I clamped my teeth shut. I'd hold it in. If it escaped, wouldn't it flood the world and all the innocent people?

Even Bailey was frightened. He sat all to himself, looking at a man's death—a kitten looking a
Not quite understanding it but frightene
same. In those moments I decided that
Bailey loved me he couldn't help. I had sol
to the Devil and there could be no escape.
thing I could do was to stop talking to peo
than Bailey. Instinctively, or somehow, I k
because I loved him so much I'd never
but if I talked to anyone else that person
too. Just my breath, carrying my words o
poison people and they'd curl up and di
black fat slugs that only pretended.

I had to stop talking.

I discovered that to achieve perfect
silence all I had to do was to attach myself,
to sound. I began to listen to everything. I
hoped that after I had heard all the soun
heard them and packed them down, deep in,
the world would be quiet around me. I wa
rooms where people were laughing, the v
ting the walls like stones, and I simply st
in the midst of the riot of sound. After a
two, silence would rush into the room fro
ing place because I had eaten up all the s

In the first weeks my family accepte
havior as a post-rape, post-hospital afflicti
came the last visit from the visiting nurse
doctor said I was healed. That meant that
be back on the sidewalks playing handb
joying the games I had been given when I
When I refused to be the child they knew
cepted me to be. I was called impudent
muteness sullenness.

For a while I was punished for being
that I wouldn't speak; and then came th
ings, given by any relative who felt himself

We were on the train going back to St
this time it was I who had to console B
cried his heart out down the aisles of t
and pressed his little-boy body against th
pane looking for a last glimpse of his Mot

I have never known if Momma sent fo
the St. Louis family just got fed up with
presence. There is nothing more appalli
constantly morose child. I cared less abou
than about the fact that Bailey was unha
had no more thought of our desination
had simply been heading for the toilet.

The barrenness of Stamps was exact
wanted, without will or consciousness,
Louis, with its noise and activity, its t
buses, and loud family gatherings. I wel
obscure lanes and lonely bungalows set
in dirt yards.

The resignation of its inhabitants enco
to relax. They showed me a contentment
the belief that nothing more was comin
although a great deal more was due. Thei
to be satisfied with life's inequities was a
me. Entering Stamps, I had the feeling
stepping over the border lines of the map
fall, without fear, right off the end of the

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eventy-five million voters throughout the world continue in their allegiance eral democratic socialism. What does it—and what can it—mean to them?

e opening of the 1969 Congress of the alist International—the direct descendant Marx's International Workingmen's Asso- f 1864—Bruno Pitterman, former Vice r of Austria and Chairman of the Inter- asked the meeting to stand in silent tribute ent dead. He singled out for specific men- n names as Norman Thomas, Clement nd Levi Eshkol. The delegates rose, and wings came the muted strains of the ionale," summoning up the memory of the ns of the Left. The anthem was played by , somewhat off-key, backed up by a drum almost jazzy rhythm, the combination like nothing so much as a Kurt Weil of faded revolutionary hopes. From the d on the very surface of this event, one d to see that socialism is either dead or exceptional case in Scandinavia perhaps, facade elsewhere to hide the grimy reality n European welfare states—but an inter- rrelevance.

ongress was held in June at Eastbourne, not far from London, whose very atmo- ory, genteel, and geriatric—seemed to how tame and bourgeois the Interna- d become. The delegates ate their way he five-course dinners for which the place ; and caucused nightly in the bar of the iously elegant Grand Hotel. At the offi- tions, a red-coated, white-tied-and-gloved er would rise, tap his gavel, and, after list- ignitaries according to protocol and in a oice, would "pray silence" for a speech he socialists, having begun their Congress ymn of the prisoners of starvation, car- in the full panoply of British banquet

rst International had been the scene of a ttle between Marx and Bakunin. The ternational, before 1914, had been called iament of the proletariat"; it witnessed her things great debates on the struggle r and the tactics of revolution. And with vik victory of 1917, the entire Left shared ion which the younger Liebknecht ex- n the midst of the German Revolution: storming the gates of heaven."

articular passion had, of course, been turned sour, long ago. There was even no f anything resembling the gates of heaven tolid Eastbourne. One might, then, simply report the death of democratic socialism, that it had gone out not with a bang but a sea-resort and banquet whimper, and earn for oneself not only relief from the specter of disappointed hopes that has haunted socialists for something like four decades now but the hearty approval of today's young Leftists as well.

The question of the present condition of socialism, however, is not so simple, particularly if, like the author, one is a socialist himself. For many of the ironies at Eastbourne turn out, on second glance, to be superficial. If the Marxist tribunes of the Second International before 1914 were infinitely more heroic and vibrant than those of us who gathered in 1969, they were also infinitely more deluded. Their dreams of a European proletariat whose common class interests transcended mere retrograde national loyalties, and who could therefore be persuaded to refuse participation in the bloodbath Europe's ruling class were preparing for their respective peoples, proved to be just that—dreams. When war came, their brave antiwar resolutions were not worth the paper they were written on. In 1969, then, there was less drama but a great deal more candor. And at the very same time the socialists were meeting, the Communists at their Moscow summit were learning that nationalism on the Left is not, as they once thought, the invention of traitorous social democrats.

"The social democracy," a young British delegate told one session at Eastbourne, "is like an aging prizefighter who is punch-drunk and more interested in talking about old fights than in getting ready for new ones." The same sentiment was echoed by virtually every speaker. But if, as a fashionable cliché has it, the socialists have been corrupted into timidity, have, in short, "sold out," why did the Eastbourne delegates talk with such brutal frankness in public? The Socialist International comprises some 51 parties boasting around 15 million members and has recently been mustering a total of some 75 million votes: if indeed it has made its peace with and adapted to the conditions that obtain, why should the socialists still be haranguing one another about the need to transcend them? The theory of the socialist sellout is too easy, too—one might also say—optimistic.

Christopher Lasch, in his book *The Agony of the American Left*, makes a brilliant distinction between those who hold a Populist theory of conspiracy, with villainous elites consciously deceiving the people to promote their own self-interest,

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and genuine Marxists. It was Marx's genius to grant, and even insist upon, the sincerity of ruling classes and to indict them not for their evil will, but for the economic and social consequences of their honestly held ideas. In other words, vast social movements are not to be explained, for good or ill, by the personal qualities of their leaders: the alleged treason of social democratic politicians does nothing to explain why 75 million voters still vote for them. (When Lasch himself deals with the socialists, he unfortunately falls into the very fallacy he had so perceptively defined.)

"Socialism," said Tage Erlander, who recently resigned as Prime Minister of Sweden, in a remark widely quoted in Eastbourne, "is at the beginning." Now this assertion is on the face of it outrageous. Here we have an idea which has persisted for several thousand years and which has one way and another expressed itself politically since Gracchus Babeuf's "conspiracy of equals" in the eighteenth century. And now the leaders of the major international organization dedicated to this idea would have it that they have only just begun. Yet there is something not only true but highly salutory in the admission of socialists that they have not yet arrived at a workable definition of their own terms.

In the classic period of Marxism before World War I, for instance, good revolutionists opposed the nationalization of industry until the very morning of the millennium (it was only shameless reformists, like the Fabian Sidney Webb, who greeted—refusing to make distinctions—any act of collectivization whatsoever, including the licensing of dance halls). As long as a society remained basically capitalist, the Marxists said, public ownership would only strengthen the system: it would turn the *état gendarme* into the *état patron*. Thus one had to wait until the moment of proletarian triumph before the economy could be quickly and decisively socialized. One hundred years after the Communist Manifesto, with the 1945 election of Labor in Britain, history confirmed these fears of the classic Marxists.

The Labour government did not simply provide social-insurance coverage from "womb to tomb" but went well beyond the specific promises of public ownership made so boldly in 1937, and nationalized the Bank of England, the coal, civil-aviation, internal-transportation, and other industries, and various firms in iron and steel. Moreover, their policy achieved real results: there was a revival of trade, coal was mined in much greater quantities than it would have been under private ownership, there was full employment, and so on.

But the people of England were not asking the socialists to make a revolution. They did permit them to nationalize a considerable portion of industry which, among other things, resulted in a huge leftist subsidy to private industry. The government, along with socializing those industries, was also socializing the losses of owners in the most archaic sectors of that economy, like coal. And even though the compensation stock paid just [illegible] per cent compared to 4 per cent for ordinar[illegible] in this period, the transfer of wealth from [illegible] hands to public was not great. In some ca[illegible] railroads, which accounted for half the co[illegible] tion stock issued, being the most obvious[illegible] advantage was more than offset by the fact [illegible] old stockholders missed capital losses.

Far more important than the above di[illegible] vantage to some private wealth, however, [illegible] other long-range and indirect one. In nati[illegible] industries the rates charged are usually t[illegible] the people's enterprise being not so in[illegible] greedy as private business—and the lower r[illegible] proportionately benefit the big users of c[illegible] electricity, rails, and the like: namely, the [illegible] tions. (Indeed, this paradoxical effect of s[illegible] tion is even more visible in an impoverish[illegible] try like India, where, as Gunnar Myrdal [illegible] cently documented, by selling goods and [illegible] cheaply, the public undertakings work "[illegible] private profit.")

On the other hand, to avoid this problem [illegible] ing the public enterprise charge mark[illegible] creates, from the socialist point of view, th[illegible] grave danger that publicly owned compani[illegible] then begin to imitate those capitalist pr[illegible] using profitability and efficiency as the o[illegible] sure for the allocation of resources—that [illegible] created to abolish. In France, for instance, [illegible] France has pointed out that state corporat[illegible] Renault cooperate with the National Plan [illegible] private firms do: and the public credit in[illegible] have been a bulwark of the private int[illegible] England in the Sixties when the Wilson [illegible] ment nationalized steel, the owners receiv[illegible] million in compensation, and, to a con[illegible] degree, remained in administrative cont[illegible] so it is in nationalized companies in Italy[illegible] and the rest of Europe: as long as society i[illegible] with commercial priorities, social ownersl[illegible] dizes, or behaves like, its enemies. Nor we[illegible] ber of sophisticated conservatives, at leas[illegible] land, unmindful of such a possibility. As[illegible] 1919, some among them began to suppor[illegible] of nationalizing selected unprofitable indu[illegible]

The Marxists had proposed to avoid the ir[illegible] of nationalization by holding out for a t[illegible] lutionary transformation of property [illegible] But, as we have said, socialists in office [illegible] given no mandate to carry out such I[illegible] measures. So it was that in 1952 Aneur[illegible] leader of British Labour's left wing, was [illegible] remark, "I have no patience with those [illegible] so-called, who in practice would socialize [illegible] while in theory they threaten the whole [illegible] property."

Most of today's militant Leftists, of cou[illegible] not countenance such a view as Bevan's. [illegible] scribe to what might be called the Leo[illegible] (or Robert A. Taft) school of politi[illegible] ideology is that the great mass of peop[illegible] herently revolutionary (conservative) bu[illegible] leaders of the Left (Right) do not allo[illegible]

orward socialist (capitalist) choice. There- only the treacherous politicians could be from power, there would be vast popular sm for a resolute march forwards (back- In 1964, Barry Goldwater tested the Taft of this idea and helped to generate a land- Lyndon Johnson by conceding him all the from the Right of Center almost to the Far the other side, in France in 1969, one year tumultuous upheavals of May, the candi- scribing to the demand for complete revo- Trotskyist, polled 1.06 per cent of the vote ording to *Le Monde*, ran better in middle- tricts than in the working-class *quartiers*. ymmetry of the flaws in the Trotsky and vs is neither an accident nor merely a kind joke. One must simply recognize that the of the people in advanced societies have, most of the time, been sufficiently integrated system so as to want increments of change total transformations.

ven suppose that the social democrats—in say—*could* have nationalized all of indus- single, coercive stroke. In any case, such a uld not have worked.* The old capitalism, Kenneth Galbraith has argued, was in the firms owned and managed by individuals ies, and it would have been fairly easy for ers to take property away from these entre- . For the advanced capitalism of the pres- however, administration and research— braith calls the "technostructure"—are far portant in a factory's operations than legal . The notion, for instance, that the French swer the "American challenge" by national- reign companies was rightly rejected by ques Servan-Schreiber. If France were to step, he said, the managers and techni- uld simply migrate and the public industry e worthless. Nor does this difficulty apply advanced technologized society. Servan- r's argument was given confirmation last by Kenneth Kaunda, the President of After first boldly announcing that he was take over the copper industry at "book Kaunda subsequently assured Congressman eid of New York that he wanted to main- vorable climate for investment in Zambia. would operate on the basis of sound busi- iciples, and that what he had really meant as that "true value" would be the basis of ation. Only a week before, the *New York* d reported as "a prevalent opinion among ndustry analysts" that Kaunda's original t would drive out capital and technicians.

The early Marxist scenario for economic take- over, then, was politically and economically impos- sible: and democratic socialists could not make a revolution because the people did not want one: and nationalization without revolution served to strengthen, even subsidize, the old society instead of creating a new one. History would certainly have been better advised to offer mankind more dramatic choices. But it didn't (except to fascists and counter- revolutionaries).

It is this predicament, unavoidable, inexorable, and not the corruption or fatigue of its leaders, that has brought about the change in socialism etched so clearly there in Eastbourne. In the words of Servan-Schreiber, "Power was a trap for the Left. If it observed the rules of the game it had to respect the status quo and thus betray itself; if it rejected these rules, it faced failure."

Besides offering no simple, dramatic choices, history has also speeded up immeasurably. Thus the new breed of youthful ultra-Leftists, now so contemptuous of social democratic timidity, may find themselves impaled on the very same socialist dilemma — and within a few months or years in this case, rather than in the course of half a century. During May 1968, the French journalist Jean Lacouture described the Sorbonne as being divided into two levels: downstairs in the amphi- theater and the courtyard, where utopia was on the agenda, and upstairs, where the question was re- form of the university. And Alain Touraine, in his brilliant *Le mouvement de mai ou le communisme utopique*, then observed that "the utopian discus- sions enveloped the reform of the university and made it possible to carry out reforms without being reformist." So one of the main consequences of the student rising may well be the modernization of one of the most rigid, inefficient institutions in France: and modernization, of course, is precisely in the interest of the very technocrats whom the young rebels detest.

"The anthem was played by a trumpet, some- what off-key, backed up by a drum with an almost jazzy rhythm."

The Socialist International has had to live with just such ironies for a generation now. And for about ten years the movement has been engaged— some of its leaders having taken the bold step of abandoning certain ideas because they had proven unworkable—in a series of internal debates whose purpose was to attempt a redefinition of socialism.

In one way or another the socialists came to sup- port the idea of what the Germans call a "social market economy." Title to property, it was said, was no longer crucial since it was not owners but managers who made the decisions and who were, in any case, more sophisticated and socially respon- sible than the old capitalists. Socialists in power, therefore, would seek to control and guide, rather than to own, the economy. As Anthony Crosland, whom Harold Wilson recently named to coordinate the entire British effort against environmental pol- lution, put it, "Postwar experience demonstrates conclusively that governments now have sufficient weapons to enforce their will (provided they have

xperience of Lenin and Mao, acting with dicta- er over much less sophisticated economies than he West today, corroborates this point. In fact, not want or intend to nationalize all of Russian But business, rather understandably, fled the vertheless, and it was this exodus, rather than militance, which caused the extremely rapid f industry by the state in Russia. Mao, of course, in cajoling a fairly significant "national bour- work with him.

one) on private industry."* In short, the Left will program the private market with a social purpose without actually socializing it.

The new ideas sometimes sounded startling to traditionally socialist ears. In France the Club Jean Moulin, a center of educated modernizers on the Left, said in 1965 that "the myth of public appropriation of the means of production has to be abolished" and the market "rehabilitated." And Crosland commented that the crucial economic dilemma of socialism is how to promote the high profits needed for investment while being socialist at the same time.

But startling or not, such ideas do have a popular mandate in Europe—even though it is perhaps somewhat indirectly expressed. In April 1969, it was reported in *L'Express*, a poll showed that 60 per cent of the French wanted socialism, and that of these 75 per cent held Sweden to be the model of their hopes (only 5 per cent cited Russia, and 20 per cent didn't know, which means that the majority of Communist voters in France prefer Stockholm to Moscow). In this connection, it is interesting to note that Swedish "socialism" has less of a public sector than French capitalism: 90 per cent of the means of production are owned privately; 6 per cent, mainly utilities, are state-owned; and 4 per cent belong to the cooperative movement. Significantly, though, in Sweden, unlike France, political power and economic power are not in the same hands. Theoretically at least, the state generates growth in the private sector and uses the resulting fiscal dividend for social purposes. This has now become official socialist doctrine in Europe.

Such a new definition of socialism is not without problems. Specifically, there are two major ones. First, the definition does not go beyond liberalism in the American sense of the term. Second, even such modest reforms as these require more radical measures than their proponents dream. If the revised socialist programs are a political tactic for the short run, there is an obvious justification for them; but if they purport to be a restatement of the basic aim of socialism, then socialism is dead and gone. What remains might be very much worth fighting for, since liberalism is certainly preferable to conservatism, but it has little to do with the dream of a new society.

But putting the ultimates aside for a moment, consider the practical difficulties in socialism's new strategy. Whether control of the means of production is vested in plutocratic owners or in socially conscious managers, the private sector of the economy still tends to dictate to the public, and not the other way around. If this "natural" incl tic of capitalism is to be offset, what is needed i on bold act of redistributing both power and ea within a given society. Harold Wilson's Lbo Britain provides a case in point.

In 1963, Harold Wilson did what Hugh G sk had failed to do: he won his party to a new tion. As an old Bevanite, Wilson had supp t the Labour Left; as a wily tactician, he m ag to avoid any head-on confrontations over s l principle.* Thus no one seemed to notice t was redefining socialism more drastically th a of the revisionists. The socialists, he said, ou modernize Britain, expand the economy th ug planning, and thus give social direction to th nological revolution. "If there never had en case for socialism before," Wilson told a cl ri Labour conference in 1963, "automation ou have created it."

Wilson became Prime Minister in 1964 d i the elections of 1965 won a substantial ma rit Planning was placed under George Brow a therefore had a powerful advocate within the ab net, but it did not really survive the first plan, nic as it happened, was never put into effect. I tea of a carefully managed expansion, the gove ne alternately encouraged affluence and austeri in "Stop-Go" pattern not unlike that of the rie And after three years of defending the poun en ciously, Wilson devalued in order to get out th straitjacket which he had insisted on wearing Wh did an administration which set so much st e b rational calculation stumble in this way?

Part of the answer lies in the undemocrati nfl ence of the private sector. For, as Joseph Sch np ter wryly understood, to take office is not t tak power, particularly in a capitalist society wh e much power lies beyond the reach of the elec rat This was most flagrantly obvious in the co e Wilson's struggle to support sterling. Bank i Britain and elsewhere, made it quite clear th the would only supply money if the gove nen promised not to engage in social experi nts When, for instance, increased pensions we a nounced in 1964, the immediate reaction th financiers was to sell £10 million. And the ver nor of the nationalized Bank of England at ke Wilson, his democratically chosen superio demanded the implementation of conservativ boh cies, including a wage freeze.

One of England's outstanding social th Richard Titmus, described the situation cor tly "[T]o many of our creditors and currenc co leagues in West Germany, France, and the ite States, the 'Welfare State' is equated with n

*Crosland's *The Future of Socialism*, published in 1956, is the most brilliant single contribution to the debate and is still very much worth reading. Even though I disagree with significant portions of that book's argument (and its sequel, *The Conservative Enemy*, of 1962), I think Crosland is correct in saying that, on the whole, the "left-wing" socialists were conservative defenders of the traditional wisdom while the "right wingers" were radical innovators.

*Gaitskell had openly proposed to take "Clause out of the party statutes. It committed Labour to "t mon ownership of the means of production, distri and exchange. . . ." Clause Four had been written i not by a revolutionary, but by that most technoc Fabians, Sidney Webb. In the debate over it, Gaitsk honest and challenging even if, as this analysis in he went too far. What defeated him was not any hi arguments but a united front of Labour's left w the sentimentalists.

nsibility and decadence. . . . These opinions, ver, do not differ markedly from those ex- l in public statements on welfare during the teen years by bankers, insurance directors, ers, and others in the city of London." So vas this pressure during the first eighteen ; of Wilson's administration that Andrew ld, an extremely shrewd observer of the economy, concluded that the government's it advocacy of an income policy which would own wages as well as prices was "a declama- vice to impress foreign bankers."

n even be plausibly argued that the power ney not only operated to restrict Wilson's ic options but helped shape his foreign pol- vell. There were many reasons for the special ship which Wilson built with Lyndon John- it certainly one of them was the need for an support in the battle to defend the pound. an indirect way, the political might of the disposed a socialist Prime Minister to en- tragic, horrible war in Vietnam.

there was a radical way to get out of the impasse. The government could, as James s of the Labour Left and a number of militant tuals proposed, nationalize the privately llar securities of British citizens. The owners be compensated in pounds and the nation have enough dollars to put its currency on a speculative basis. But, as George Lichtheim at the time, Britain depends on trade and g for its livelihood and the international re- against such leftism would have been swift. question of this kind foreign bankers and smen have more votes than British citizens. financiers were not the only problem. The ialists were also busy maximizing their pri- iorities at the expense of the common good. l Shanks, who was Wilson's coordinator of ial policy in the early years, wrote: "By and xports are very unprofitable compared to les even in today's not exactly buoyant mar- e result is that, despite every inducement, proportion of firms are not exporting at all, too many others, exporting is regarded as ."

erhaps the most devastating effect of private er on public policy is to be found not in 's failures but in its successes. When an y expands there is, in Wilson's own words , a "law of increasing returns to the rich." absence of countermeasures, the benefits of nmentally planned prosperity will be dis- according to the existing inequities in the *i.e.*, the rich will get the most, the poor the 1968 John Hughes of Ruskin College com- ne figures: income from property rose more rnings during the Wilson years.

e socialist program of giving political di- to an economy still privately controlled r by owners or managers, as we have said, t really matter) was hamstrung by the abil- ity of wealth to limit, and even veto, public policy. It is, after all, not only in America that regulatory agencies become the creatures of those they are supposed to regulate. In bad times, a socialist government no less than a capitalist must pay a ransom to get the good will of the corporations; in good times, the boom which this government induces will tend to favor its enemies more than its constituents. Possibly this dilemma is still the best choice open and must therefore be endured in order to get whatever increments of change are available (and Wilson's increase in social spending was a real achievement). But as a way of proceeding to a genuinely new society, such a tactic is largely meaningless.

Wilson's bitter opponents on the socialist Left insisted, with some justice, that his concessions were the essence of planned expansion within capitalism. In a document called *The May Day Manifesto* (which was edited by Raymond Williams and published in 1968), a group of intellectuals argued that the market was inherently antisocial and would not be bent to the meeting of major social needs. Moreover, the private sector, in the very course of netting huge profits from manipulated demand, would itself create public problems—such as the congestion and pollution caused by the automobile. Even the *Manifesto*, however, for all its scathing analysis, ends only with a call for a "break and development in consciousness, before we can solve the problem of organization." For intellectuals it is possible, and perhaps necessary, to make a program from a development in consciousness: for a government or party it clearly cannot be.

As in so many things, Karl Marx had a fascinating premonition of this problem. The year before his death, in the course of a surprising assessment of the Paris Commune—it never could have been socialist, he said, and should have compromised—he made a prescient aside: "A socialist regime cannot come to power in a country unless the circumstances are so developed that it can take the necessary measures to intimidate the mass of the bourgeoisie so as to gain the first desideratum—time for permanent action."

In the circumstances facing Harold Wilson in the Sixties, intimidation was not practiced by a socialist regime upon capital, but the other way around. And on October 2, 1969, Willy Brandt and the German socialists had to concede one of their main demands—worker participation in industrial decisions—in order to win a slim parliamentary majority. To generalize from this sad experience, it is likely that the social democrats will face the same problem whenever and wherever they take office in Europe, unless there were to be a marked shift in political opinion and power leading to those developed circumstances envisioned by Marx. For in a society with a system of social classes, however reasonable and polite to one another they may formally be, it is private and corporate wealth more than any other segment of society which stands to gain from planning—and nationalization—and which can impose the cost of bad times upon the mass of people.

". . . the crucial economic dilemma of socialism is how to promote the high profits needed for investment while being socialist at the same time."

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Even to get the following full benefits of a liberal reform, therefore, certainly to take any kind of step toward a new society, there must be a challenge to the basic maldistribution of money and power. There must, for example, be a rigorously progressive tax if planned expansion is not to increase disparities in income. And corporations, be they public or private, must be compelled to conform to certain social priorities. But such measures are bound to infuriate the business community and so can only be possible where a government enjoys the kind of massive political support which would afford it "time for permanent action."

If the circumstances in Paris in 1871 were not sufficiently developed for socialism, the delegates at Eastbourne in 1969 were obviously even more distant from the great day than the Communards. Still and all, there is one practical hope for the revival of the socialist dream as effective politics. It depends upon uniting the radical youth and social democratic elders who are at this point so thoroughly contemptuous of each other.

A young Dutch delegate at Eastbourne was blunt enough: if democratic socialism does not win the discontented, activist young, he said, it will disappear. He was commenting on an official report to the International which soberly admitted, "The social democratic parties and the trade unions are in many countries regarded as part of the Establishment. Their image in the new generation is that of a group which doesn't really question the fundamental principles of the present society but which is satisfied with minor reforms." And Jennie Lee, Nye Bevan's vivacious widow, spoke of the rebels, "Think not of what is wrong with them but of what it is in the society which has been fashioned for them which provokes their anger, ridicule, and disgust."

Practicing socialist politicians assign such an extraordinary importance to the new generation for good reason. Youth is, in the second half of the twentieth century, being drastically redefined. After World War II, the young in the advanced countries experienced an unprecedented loosening of the discipline of the labor market, of religion, and of the family. One of the first dramatic expressions of the trend was a new working-class style in England: Teddy Boys, Mods, and Rockers (and they had their counterparts all over Europe and in the Communist nations) and, for that matter, the Beatles.

But of far greater political importance was the development taking place elsewhere, in the new institutions of mass higher education. In 1959, more than 22 per cent of the Americans between eighteen and twenty-one were in college, and that was already an unprecedented number. In 1963 the percentage had risen to 26.8 per cent, and in 1968, to 34.2 per cent. The projections for the Seventies now regularly estimate 50 per cent. New York State, for instance, has adopted a policy of universal higher education. According to an international summary prepared for UNESCO, the college population between 1950 and 1964 increased by 3.3 times in France, 2.8 times in West Germany, 2.2 in the United States.

This pell-mell expansion of an old institution is obviously a major factor in the worldwide student militance of the late Sixties. For just as working-class radicalism often flourished among uprooted people in frontier situations, like the loggers and coal miners who became Wobblies, the vast new generation of the multiversity is restlessly responding to an unheard-of environment. In the traditional class analysis of the Left, the importance of student development would be mitigated by the transitional character of youth. But old-fashioned class analysis fails to comprehend that this generation of youth intersects with a major change in social structure and that many of its members will therefore retain some of their current social identity in adulthood.

After graduation, the bulk of the educated young will go to work in sophisticated public and private bureaucracies. There they will encounter the impersonality which they rebelled against in college days: the multiversity, as Clark Kerr understood, is in fact designed to accommodate and reinforce the industrial system. It is this continuity between education and work which explains one of the most interesting patterns in the 1968 French upheaval. The most militant adults came from the advanced technology—electronics, chemical, auto—and from journalism (particularly the nationalized and authoritarian radio and television industry). The coal miners, a classic model of proletarian intransigence, were among the first to strike with management and stayed out on strike because of their solidarity with the other workers.

Moreover, the most distinctive demands of the strikers were concerned with the processes of making decisions rather than with wages and hours. The Communist-led CGT contented itself with agitating for a traditional pay increase. But the CFDT, the former Catholic federation, which has been most successful at organizing in the areas of advanced technology—concentrated on the issue of democracy at the point of production and made considerable impact. Significantly, it was the CFDT which was the most sympathetic to the students during the May riots.

It is this anti-bureaucratic impulse which not only turns young rebels to the Left but which at the same time makes them suspicious of the traditional parties of socialism. For over a century, social democrats fought to impose restraints on the might of private capital. Accordingly, they favored the centralization of government, the codification of rights in the factory, the rational distribution of housing and education, and so on. And the gains in human freedom brought about by imposing such limitations upon arbitrary economic power have been immense. The radical youth, however, have set themselves against *all* bureaucratic styles, as oppressive as well as merely arbitrary. They refuse to distinguish between corporate bureaucrats who plan socially and welfare bureaucrats who, for all the attendant heavy handedness of their operations, are trying to right wrongs.

chances are, then, that the new and old gen-
s of the Left will never get together, for what
es them is not simply age and attitude but
different kinds of social experience. If this
here could be a marked decline in socialist
—but, it must be remembered, without the
of any revolutionary alternative. Anarchis-
implacable opposition to authority may
me as a style of life or as a vindication for
g out, but it hardly constitutes a philosophy
ordering of a modern society. The educated
an shake society up—or even drive it, in
ation, to the Right—but only by making alli-
ith other groups can they transform it.
ver improbable, there does remain the pos-
advocated by two of the most audacious of
gates at Eastbourne, Jennie Lee and Olof
a cultural revolution in social democracy
to a reconciliation of the Old and New
Europe. Anthony Crosland, conventionally
d to be on the "Right" of the Labour party,
nething of the same idea as early as 1956,
spoke of the need for gaiety in socialist

e and Lee both vigorously defended avant-
rt even when it seems nihilistic by tradi-
tandards. Palme, the new Prime Minister
en and an unwitting performer in *I Am*
(Yellow)—an interview was taped and he
know it would be spliced into the film—
the "unqualified right of the artist to work
m from all political or economic pressures,
wise from any form of censorship." There
noise, he said, in libraries and theaters
ates, disagreements, and discussion rather
sive acceptance.

t first glance it might seem anticlimactic to
up an analysis of the historic dilemmas of
tic socialism with what is, after all, by now
standard piety of all "right-thinking" peo-
where. Yet as Palme, Lee, and many of
ow delegates understood, it is style more
thing that sets up the immediate political
etween generations. If bridges are to be
ween the rational humanity of the social
s and the exuberant anti-bureaucratism of
g, they must be balanced on a tolerance of
style. If such a thing were to be achieved,
equences could be profound.
ot speaking here of the possibility of elect-
w more members of legislatures, or even
ng a socialist government into office, sig-
s these might be. A new unity between the
ns of the Left might do no less than bring
ose extraordinary circumstances which
ught necessary for truly radical action. As
nd now, socialism is in a Mexican stand-
g enough to be the mass party of reform
European nations, but not strong enough
through fundamental structural changes.
ucceeds in legislating some increments of
ve change, it strengthens the system it op-
poses: when it fails, it disillusions its more idealistic adherents.

But if affluence and the knowledge economy are producing a growing stratum of anti-establishmentarians, the Left could get a mandate for decisive change. This, obviously, does not mean nationalizing the economy overnight—a thing that simply cannot be done and that, in any case, is far from the central concerns of the youth. It does mean that countermeasures can be taken, such as the redistribution of wealth, so that reforms would no longer merely strengthen the status quo. Beyond that even are possibilities for revival of the socialist vision.

The history of this century has made it clear that private economic power, whether in the hands of owners or managers, is antisocial and capable of frustrating democratic decisions. The basic mechanism in this pattern is not the ill will of individuals but the sincere desire to maximize private advantages. But one of the characteristics of the leftism in mass higher education is precisely the desire for service, for nonprofit values. So Alain Touraine calls the rebels of May 1968 in France "utopian Communists." And a poll published in *Fortune* early in 1969 showed that 10 per cent of the eight million Americans between eighteen and twenty-four who are in, or have been in, college no longer look upon money as the decisive criterion for their life choice.

This paradoxical phenomenon could be put in economic terms. As individuals, classes, and nations reach a certain level of wealth, there is a declining marginal utility to money. Generations of profit may, in short, subvert the profit motive. If so, it would be possible to change, not simply the ownership and control of riches, but the very values underlying economic calculation. And that, in a manner unforeseen by the original socialists, could actually move society toward production for use instead of for profit.

Most of the signs indicate that the democratic socialists who gathered in the summer of 1969 will fail in this ultimate intention even if they achieve most of their immediate goals. The weight of history and the habit of style make it difficult for them to join a cultural revolution and help it become politically conscious. If they do not, if the generations of the Left continue to war, then the priorities of private economic power will prevail no matter what government is in power and that, in the context of our incredible technology, will be disastrous.

And yet, the radical vision still flickers even in the incongruous setting of a British resort and to the music of the "Internationale" played on a trumpet and drum. The delegates have the virtue of uneasy conscience and the courage of their uncertainty, and their fundamental idea of socializing private power through the democratic process is even more urgently true today than ever before. There is even the outside hope that the new protest of the children of affluence will merge with the old protest of the grandchildren of the wretched of the earth. Then there might be the approximation of a dream. □

". . . the revival of the socialist dream as effective politics depends upon uniting the radical youth and social democratic elders, at this point thoroughly contemptuous of each other."

Irving Howe

BOOKS

Fiction: Bellow, O'Hara, Litwak

Mr. Sammler's Planet, by Saul Bellow. Viking, $6.95.
Lovey Childs: A Philadelphian's Story, by John O'Hara. Random House, $5.95.
Waiting for the News, by Leo Litwak. Doubleday, $5.95.

From book to book, ornament and variations apart, Saul Bellow has really had one commanding subject: the derangements of the soul in the clutter of our cities, the poverty of a life deprived of order and measure. His work has in part continued the line of sensibility established by T.S. Eliot in *The Waste Land*, for in Chicago and New York one can ask as urgently as in London, "what branches grow out of this stony rubbish?" But Bellow has also diverged, in the more original portions of his work, from the Eliot line of sensibility, for he has come to feel that the once-liberating perceptions embodied in Eliot's great poem have, through the erosion of popularity, become clichés. Bellow now writes from a conviction that even today men can establish a self-ordering discipline which rests on a tentative-sardonic faith in the value of a life without faith. As he remarks in his latest and extremely brilliant novel *Mr. Sammler's Planet*:

> *. . . people exaggerated the tragic accents of their condition. They stressed too hard the disintegrated assurances, what formerly was believed, trusted, was now bitterly circled in black irony. The rejected bourgeois black of stability thus translated. That too was improper, incorrect. People justifying idleness, silliness, shallowness, decompet, lust, turning former respectability inside out.*

There is always a danger in the work of an urban novelist like Bellow that his books will turn into still another tiresome afterword to the literary talk about Angst and Alienation: but what has saved Bellow from that common fate has been his fierce insistence that, no matter how heavy the cloud of despair hanging over this (or any other) time, we can still find some pleasure in sociability and our bodies, or, at the least, still experience that root sense of obligation which the mere fact of being human imposes on us.

It is from such sentiments that Bellow moves into his latest book. More and more, in recent years, he has found himself cast as an adversary—not always openly, sometimes too cagily—of the dominant styles of our culture. Growing older, entering those hard years when one realizes that the middle of the journey is past, Bellow has not only become a master of his own special idiom, that verbal impasto which mixes demotic richness with mandarin eloquence, racy-tough street Jewishness with high-flown intellectual display: he has also found his place, no longer a dangling man, as person and writer, and set forth on a stubborn, uncertain quest for the cup of wisdom: that cup, if it exists at all, in which the veteran artist hopes to squeeze some essence of contemplation out of the wastes of experience.

For putting it so bluntly Bellow isn't likely to thank me, and indeed his characteristic strategy, at least until this new book, has been to protect his flanks through smoke screens of elaborate comic rhetoric. He has maintained two narrative voices signifying two world-outlooks, the first sententious and the second sardonic, yet with the declamations of the sententious voice never quite undone, and sometimes even slyly reinforced, by the thrusts of the sardonic voice. This has kept the reader on his toes, precisely where he belongs.

Mr. Sammler's Planet is set in a milieu that has become Bellow's own, a created province of the imagination quite as much as Wessex is Hardy's and Yoknapatawpha Faulkner's. The Upper West Side is a grimy place, at once unfit for human habitation and the scene of what must, I suppose, be called a vanced civilization. It is ugly, dangerous; it reeks with dog s streets are crammed with the of society: winos, junkies, p whores, grifters; yet here too are refugees, stuffy reformers, liter tellectuals, eager Puerto Rican most of all, elderly Jews haun memories of sweatshops and con tion camps and no longer able life as incessant struggle. In this gerie of integration, anomie, an feeling, people still manage to l

Bellow first immortalized this borhood in *Seize the Day*, but the West Side in that great novel mainly a bright-colored backdr personal drama. In *Mr. Sam Planet*, however, the Upper We is more than setting, it becomes gible sign of the nature of our t the Upper West Side, as Bellow the continuities of ordinary liv no means always a triumph bu to be sneered at, manage some coexist with the raspy notional ness our culture casts off like The Upper West Side becomes formed in Bellow's fiction into a ple of sorts, a mixture of heal sickness exemplifying our co and not merely through his gr for evoking every street, every every shade of light and dark, h more through the saturation of h acters with the spirit of the plac smaller scale, Bellow does for the West Side what Lawrence has d the Midlands and Hardy for D linkage of setting and figure s that the two come to seem inse parts in a tradition of shared ence.

Mr. Sammler is a Polish Jew seventies. In his early years worked as a correspondent in I which accounts for his old-fa liberal courtliness and values: escaped miraculously from a dea voy in the Nazi camps. Sated w periences beyond absorption a flections forever conjectural. Sammler looks out upon Americ

Mr. Howe is back home in New York this winter teaching English at Hunter College, after a year at Stanford as a Fellow of the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences.

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siness of America ess"

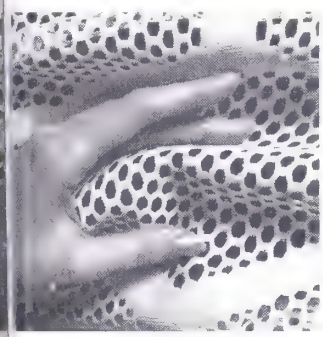
30th President of the United

z learned a thing or two since dak's board chairman puts it y: "The business of business development. The corpora- is not in the business of hu- elopment may not be in any At least not for long."

ement is often urged to state ives. "Why are we in business?" seems too basic a question. Nevertheless, it should be asked.

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ıd/or safety

ably don't know the term ıless you are in textiles, but "hand" when you feel it. see it. "Hand" means tactile distinguished from visual eauty of sound, beauty of If textile men ever forgot ans, life would grow drearier. dy agreed to forget about it, also be slightly safer. To assess just how much safer is one of the objects of the Flammable Fabrics Act of 1967, as expressed in provisions for compilation of statistics on burns from fabric fires.

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---

asymptote, Sammy

ODAK CAROUSEL *Slide Trays es arranged in a circle. Loaded y Slides created by Biological urriculum Study (P. O. Box r, Colo. 80301), they are now to high schools in gratifying ery gratifying.*

ted States is one of the few thout a ministry of educa- shall be taught to its youth y thousands upon thousands each of whom has a right to ar shade of opinion. Such an ted state of affairs is not deplorable.

ken straight-thinkers want to sit up there as an author- pelting out uncontroverted, e facts and meting out fair t for failure to fire them ac- ck on signal.

Missionaries for the scholarly way of life demand the schools send them ever more converts. Let the unconvertible become used-tire salesmen, or something.

In between sit some who foresee countless hordes learning painfully to think like Charles Darwin, only to face employers with little need and much fear of Charles Darwins.

In there pitching is BSCS. It describes itself as "an essentially autonomous organization of high school biology teachers, science educators, school administrators, and college biologists concerned with the improvement of biological education." Friendly to textbook publishers and others commercially involved with education (like us), BSCS nevertheless counters the tendency to leave the content of education to be decided in combat among sales managers. In addition to its well-established textbook program, BSCS now ventures forth with an initial 20 sets of Inquiry Slides in sequences of 6 to 15 slides, at various levels in various biological topics. A KODAK EKTAGRAPHIC Projector puts them on the blackboard. There teacher and class, employing thought, chalk, opinion, and normal roomlight, interact with data and questions presented in bold, colorful graphics and labeled coordinates awaiting curves to be drawn in by reasonable individual and group hypotheses. Next slide, bearing further data, may confirm or refute the predictions. As in life. Thinking like Darwin becomes less painful. Less painful also for the teacher not to have to feel all that authoritative.

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Sixties: its violence, its coarseness, its jabbery mindlessness, its sexual cult. He is not surprised, having lived in Europe after the first world war; he is alarmed, knowing that history can repeat itself. Yet Sammler is not a polemicist, he is too canny for easy visions of apocalypse. Preparing for death, he knows the world is no longer his. He looks, wonders, muses.

Sammlen means "to collect" in Yiddish, and Sammler, like all those compulsive talkers, half-clown and half-philosopher, in Bellow's novels, is a collector of experience, sometimes a tentative sorter of conclusions. First of all his *Sammlung* consists of relatives, mostly female, the lot of whom are presented by Bellow with wonderful vivacity and good-humored tartness. Shula, Sammler's daughter, was saved by a Polish convent during the holocaust and now is "almost always at Easter" a "week-long Catholic." Mercilessly devoted to the higher things in life, this amiable loon believes her father is writing an inspired memoir of H. G. Wells. The complications of the plot, if there is a plot, devolve partly around Shula stealing an Indian scholar's manuscript because she thinks it will help her daddy. Any day on Broadway, our garbaged Mortality Row, you can see Shula between 72nd and 86th Streets:

> *She turned up in a miniskirt of billiard-table green, revealing legs sensual in outline but without inner sensuality; at the waist a broad leather belt; over shoulders, bust, a coarse strong Guatemalan embroidered shirt; on her head a wig such as a female impersonator might put on at a convention of salesmen.*

Next, Sammler's niece Margotte, also mad for culture but in a more *gemütlich* Weimar way, a dumpy lady prepared to discuss Hannah Arendt's theory of evil (or anyone else's theory about anything) all day long, while looking helplessly for a piece of salami with which to make a sandwich. And last, Angela, "one of those handsome, passionate, rich girls . . . always an important social and human category," who is driving herself crazy through sheer sexual concentration. The derangements of the first two women are of earlier decades, Angela's of this very moment.

This cast, with several supporting players, is more than a bit mad yet not at all insufferable. Human all too human, [illegible] by Bellow with affectionate sardonic detail, and the incidents that pile up with seeming casualness bring them into quick changes of relationship, all calculated to set off Sammler's dilemmas and reflections. He detects a black pickpocket, superbly elegant and powerful, working the Riverside bus; the pickpocket, aware that he has been seen but not frightened, follows Sammler into an apartment lobby; and there, as evidence of his superiority of being—quite as if he'd been reading certain reviews—he exposes to Sammler his formidable penis. It is an act of symbolism Sammler is prepared to understand, if not quite appreciate.

In another episode, again shot through with the fevers of our moment, Sammler accepts an invitation to lecture at Columbia about England during the Thirties:

> *"Old Man! You quoted Orwell before."*
>
> *"Yes?"*
>
> *"You quoted him to say that British radicals were all protected by the Royal Navy? . . ."*
>
> *"Yes, I believe he did say that."*
>
> *"That's a lot of shit."*
>
> *Sammler could not speak.*
>
> *"Orwell was a fink. He was a sick counterrevolutionary. It's good he died when he did. And what you are saying is shit." Turning to the audience, extending violent arms and raising his palms like a Greek dancer, he said, "Why do you listen to this effete old shit? What has he got to tell you? His balls are dry. He's dead. He can't come."*

Lively-odd figures, brilliantly managed incidents—but what does it all come to? That, until the very last paragraph, is the question one keeps asking about *Mr. Sammler's Planet*.

Perhaps there's an answer of sorts in the lectures and speeches, more in the style of *Herzog* than *Seize the Day*, that Bellow scatters through his pages? For whole sections the book moves into a genre somewhat like those conversations Thomas Love Peacock wrote in the nineteenth century, in which voices of varying refinement representing disembodied but fixed opinions are set up in an interplay of friction. There are readers who have always felt these portions of Bellow's novels to be digressive or pretentious, in any case lessening the immediate emotional impact of his work. I think such criticisms mainly [illegible] not always ill-conceived, first because Bellow is a man of high intelligence so [illegible] intrinsically absorbing, and secondly because he has the rare gift of transmuting dialectic into drama, casuistry into comedy, so that one is steadily aware of the close relationship between [illegible] cursive passages and the central narrative. Here is Sammler-Bellow ruminating about the culture of the Sixties:

> *The labor of Puritanism now ending. The dark satanic mills changing into light satanic mills. The rebates converted into children of the sexual ways of the seraglio of the Congo bush adopted by emancipated masses of New York. Old Sammler with his screwy vision. He saw the increasing triumph of Enlightenment—Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, Adultery! . . . Dark romanticism now took hold. As old as the strange Orientalism of the Knights Templar, and since then filled up with Lady Stanhopes, Chateaubriands, de Nervals, Stevensons and Gauguins—those South-loving Northbarians. Oh yes, the Templars. They had adored the Muslims. One hair from the head of a Saracen was more precious than the whole body of a Christian. Such crazy fervor! Now all the racism, all the strange erotic persuasions, the tourism and local color, the exotics of it, not broken up but the mental molecules inheriting everything in a detached state, had formed an idea of the corrupting disease of being white and the healing power of black. The dreams of nineteenth-century Europe polluted the psychic atmosphere of the great boroughs and suburbs of New York. Add to this the dangerous lunging staggering crazy violence of fanatics, and the trouble was very deep. Like many people who had seen the world collapse once, Mr. Sammler entertained the possibility it might collapse twice. He did not agree with his refugee friends that this doom was inheritable, but liberal beliefs did not seem capable of self-defense, and one could smell decay. You could see the suicidal impulses of civilization growing strongly.*

Yet we are still dealing with [illegible] ments, episodes, set pieces: our [illegible] gifted novelist turning somersaults, negotiating leaps like Villella on a [illegible] Is that all? Are we not bound to [illegible] some ultimate unity of action, theme, no matter how slyly achieved?

It is there, but so risky in execution that many readers, I suspect, will miss its presence. Throughout the book Sammler keeps returning to the hospital room of a friend, Dr. Arnold [illegible]



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Not one person in a thousand suspects the real
of this famous double portrait by Jan van Eyck.
it portrays a wedding, and all the fascinating
e symbolic references to the sacrament of

As John Canaday points out in the first port-
e Metropolitan Museum Seminars in Art,
dog symbolizes faithfulness; the discarded
umility; and the single candle, the presence of
ve the mirror, which signifies purity, is an
meaning, "Jan van Eyck was here, 1434,"
script proper to a document. For the paint-
is a document: a painted marriage certificate!
you had come across this painting in a muse-
d you have understood what the artist was
tell you? Or would you have missed the
anings?

surprising number of otherwise cultivated
ve a blind spot so far as painting is concerned.
Visiting a museum, they stand before a respected work of art and see nothing but its surface aspects. It was to help such persons that New York's Metropolitan Museum and John Canaday, art critic of *The New York Times*, created the Seminars in Art, a unique program of assisted self-education in art appreciation.

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Metropolitan Museum of Art
Seminars in the Home

time Mafia abortionist, soured father of Angela the handsome nymph, and yet, as we come to see, a decent man in quite commonplace ways. Elya had rescued Sammler and Shula after the war, had given them money with which to live: a not very costly, and if you wish, a *bourgeois* gesture. Sammler knows his faults, but knows too that in this ordinary man there are strengths and resources of a kind we must have if we are not to perish on this earth.

An old man implicated, despite his wish for detachment, in the lunacies of his daughter, the gabble of his niece, the suicidal thrust of Angela, the brutalities of the Columbia heckler, the threat of the pickpocket, and a host of other menacing fantasies and realities that rise out of the very pavements of the Upper West Side, Sammler all the while keeps yielding himself to the most fundamental themes of gravity: a man is dying, a man who has been good to me. He has shown himself responsible to me, I must be responsible to him. Gradually all the foolishness of Sammler's days, all the absurdity and ugliness of his encounters, all the brittleness and bravura of his thought, give way. There remains only the imperative of the human obligation. Standing over the dead body of his quite unremarkable friend, Sammler speaks the final words of the book:

> *He was aware that he must meet, and he did meet—through all the confusion and degraded clowning of this life through which we are speeding—he did meet the terms of his contract. The terms which, in his inmost heart, each man knows. As I know mine. As all know. For that is the truth of it—that we all know, God, that we know, that we know, we know, we know.*

These lines, like all of Bellow's endings, constitute an overwhelming stroke. Carrying its truth as a precious cargo I yet find myself wondering whether Eliot, a writer of different persuasion, might not ask, "Yes, in our inmost hearts we know, or at least remember, but *how* do we know? Is it not through the memory of traditions lapsed and beliefs denied?" What Bellow might say in reply I would not presume to guess, but the strength of the position from which he would speak seems very clear to me. Of all the "American Jewish writers" of the last few decades Bellow is not merely the most gifted by far, but the most serious—and the most Jewish in his seriousness. In him alone, or almost alone, the tradition of immi-

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Margaret Mead liste to him.



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Our Congratulations to The New York Times

grant Jewishness, minus the *Schmaltz* and *Schmutz* the decades have stuccoed onto it, survives with a stern dignity. Sammler speaking at the end is something like a resurrected voice: experience fades, explanations deceive, the iron law of life is the obligation we owe one another. The *Sammlung* is complete.

Eight or nine years ago, in a collection of stories called *Assembly*, John O'Hara remarked that his feelings about the writing of fiction are "practically religious." One may well believe him. O'Hara is not the kind of man to drop casual revelations about his inner life, and nothing but some deeply grounded sense of responsibility, a belief that he had been "called" to fulfill a task, could account for the prodigality with which he has kept turning out book after book. Yet even his admirers might wonder how to reconcile this remark about a "practically religious" commitment with the truculent lowbrow image he has chosen steadily to cultivate in public. Here is a novelist who loves to snarl at everything intellectual and "literary," who growls his faith in a redskin mindlesssness as against the mystifications of paleface highbrows, yet in his own stolid way seems driven by the consecration to art we associate with a Flaubert or a James. In his public role as novelist-tough guy O'Hara is no doubt reenacting the dumb-ox pretensions of many earlier American writers, those who felt or pretended to feel that their brains would sap their vital creative powers. But something else, quite special to O'Hara, seems also at work here.

The psychology of the boy from the wrong side of the tracks has always been a strong element in O'Hara's fiction. It is an energizing force—a kind of undeclared icy moralism being lowered upon all his characters—in O'Hara's first and best novel *Appointment in Samarra*. A youth breaking out of lace-curtain narrowness into what he regards as the style and largess of the wealthy will be inclined to notice each detail of class bias, each inflection of speech, each setting and locale as he undertakes his journey of ascent. He needs to see things with a hard precision—one mistake can wreck him—that neither the man at the bottom nor the man at the top will bother to develop. And from book to book, both O'Hara and his various surrogate figures have cultivated this knowingness in the ways of the world, this expert capacity at measuring the look and feel of external life. Yet it is a knowledge that remains an outsider's knowledge, and confined to the outside of things. O'Hara has never been truly of the rich as Edith Wharton was, and he has always reported the manners of the upper classes with a glaring overfocus, a visible nervous stress, as if unable to shake off some inner lack of ease. Despite his endless depictions of motel seduction and country-club chicanery, he has kept a kind of innocence, an innocence resting on a behaviorist mystique. In all his work there is a naïve epistemological faith in the transparency of the material, the sufficiency of fact. If only he could pile up the details of American speech, dress, appearance, and manner into a mountain of sorted debris, if only he could diagram all the hidden channels of our social arrangements, then—he seems to feel—he might finally come upon the secret of our life. He might discover the secret of all that moves us and emerge, like his master Fitzgerald, into the blazing light of meaning.

Were mimicry the soul of art, O'Hara would be our greatest master. Not many writers know as much as he about the social surfaces of American experience. He knows about *things*, he writes about them like a woman gone berserk on a shopping trip, he credits their fetishistic power. And if, as I mean to suggest, this is a source of his severe limitations, it is nevertheless closer to the realities of American experience than the assumption of those young writers who feel they need know nothing about the external world, since by definition it is a locale of corruption.

Trusting more to measurement than inspiration, O'Hara charts with complete reliability the oscillations of power and prestige among the rival strata of our upper classes. In the stories he published about a decade ago, for instance, he began to notice that as a result of some years of postwar prosperity there was emerging in this country a new gentry or at least an ambitious upper stratum aspiring to the condition of a gentry. Its money was fresh, it had no particular family traditions to defend, it showed little concern with the substance of culture though much with the shades of cultivation, and it was determined to make for itself a style of life in which there would be a built-in principle of validation arising directly from its social pleasures. My description of this process is unavoidably abstract, but in O'Hara's fiction it acquired a good deal of vivid authenticating detail.

Surely this is the stuff out
the novel has traditionally bee
mobility, snobbism, a clash
elite and arrivistes. No one has
in recent America as well as
and no one written about it sc
Yet, once allowance is made
alertness and care, the fiction
tends often to be disappointin
is always something constricte
his most expert social chroni
just how constricted becomes
anyone who knows the three or
novels of Edith Wharton. She
portraitist of social surface, sh
close connections with the cla
which she wrote: but because
personal culture, she could brin
upon her material an enlarg
dard of humane tradition and
reflection. This, however, is
what O'Hara lacks: some cr
tachment from the world he
some inner resource never to
fused with anything beyond it

"Practically religious"—that
good way to describe his eff
cording the totality of our cust
it is a "religion" without a cle
of belief, and in reading
stream of fiction one someti
that he is like a man who m
litany without quite grasping
nificance of the words. H
always intent upon breaking in
—the grace of meaning and
through a plunge into circu
ity. No other writer in our
staked so much on the hope th
the exactly recorded fact woul
contingent dross and light u
radiant transparency. Most o
O'Hara has avoided direct
in his fiction, or even a sharp
ment of his materials that wo
the reader into a certain judg
he must surely have hoped th
thing would "fall into place
thing take on shape and signi

For most serious critics, I
the question of John O'Hara
They see him buried beneath
data or imprisoned in an expe
of complacence. But anyone
patience to read O'Hara in
one, I fear, has the patience to
in entirety—will discover that
enormously talented writer,
as social chronicler but also
of moral disturbance. In h
work it is the raw sensation o
sentment that gives his work it
Appointment in Samarra
beautifully finished piece of
here, as seldom again, O'Hara

WHEREVER YOU LIVE...

. . you have a stake in rural America.

ifty years ago our nation was half rural, half urban. Now 70 percent of our people are crammed st one percent of our land.

hrough the years, as millions have deserted the countryside in search of a better life ity, problems have been heaped on problems.

nd what have we got today? Smog, pollution and traffic jams in the cities. Abandoned farmsteads and tores in the country. And economic and social ills in both. We could have planned more wisely.

low is the time for us to decide on our national policy . . . what we want our country to be like 30 years from en we'll have 100 million people added to our population.

Ve must decide if we want to go on piling more and ople into small amounts of space . . . or if we want de a better balance of opportunity . . . creating os and building community facilities where millions live, work and play . . . in the countryside.



he consumer-owners of America's nearly 1,000 rural systems call upon our President, our Congress, and ntry's leaders to adopt AN AGENDA FOR RURAL — a national agenda relevant to the total welfare ation . . . relevant to the future . . . relevant to the otential of America's spacious countryside — **with iorities.**

We urge the President to appoint a National Coordinator for Rural Community Development . . . and consolidation and upgrading of existing community development programs now administered by ferent Federal agencies.

We urge development and implementation of programs to meet the following urgent problems of erica and its people:

ural Housing. Over half the nation's substandard homes — more than four million — are in rural America. o live in these homes are old. Many are poor.

ommunity Facilities. Nearly 30,000 rural communities are without adequate water systems . . . about 45,000 sewer systems. Thousands lack medical centers, libraries, good schools, recreation programs.

bs and Training. Few of the nearly 14 million new jobs created in the last 15 years were in rural America. l unemployment figures in many areas run nearly 18 per cent, compared to a average of about four per cent.

w-Cost Credit. The effects of high interest are most sharply felt in the countryside where there is a hortage of capital for housing and community and industrial growth.

tion *now* on this AGENDA FOR RURAL AMERICA will lead toward the solution of our nation's ills — in the cities and in the rural areas. The urgency of these problems demands efforts of us all, acting together with Federal, state and local governments, as well as te organizations in urban *and* rural America.

ross the land, the members, directors and employees of the nation's nearly 1,000 consumer-owned tric systems are providing leadership in their communities . . . leadership to develop central water systems, sing programs, spearhead drives for community colleges and recreation projects, and much more. e while rural electric systems continue to supply low-cost, dependable electric power he most remote areas.

t the welfare of America — all America — is everyone's responsibility. So, wherever you live . . . you do . . . whoever you are . . . you, too, have a stake in rural America.

AMERICA'S RURAL ELECTRIC SYSTEMS

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ore information write National Rural Electric Cooperative Association / 2000 Florida Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009

out of a conception adequate to his materials and his powers. A writer composing a novel needs a controlling idea: he need not be able to articulate it abstractly, he need not have it fully available when he begins to write, but it must be there, informing and shaping his book. This O'Hara had at the beginning, and occasionally toward the later part of his career. In his more recent stories there is again the glimmer of a commanding idea: some notion of the virtues of resignation, a notion of what remains in human life after all worldly and sensual energies have been spent.

Sentiments of this order seem also to motivate O'Hara's most recent book, a short novel called *Lovey Childs: A Philadelphian's Story*. The setting is Main Line: the time, the Twenties into the Depression: the characters, a familiar group of O'Hara rich, as they range from horsey mindlessness to the shrewd toughness of spirit that is the closest anyone in the book comes to intelligence. But there is a new and decidedly intriguing theme—it has appeared in some of his later stories and perhaps (though I can't say) in some of his later novels. O'Hara has become interested in sexual deviation, not as an emblem of sin or a supposed avenue to freedom but simply as a given, one of those facts marking the human condition, must be coped with, perhaps for a time enjoyed, and then subjected to the discipline of maturity. And for reasons I don't understand, O'Hara seems decidedly more interested in sexual deviation among women than among men. In *Lovey Childs* he portrays a wealthy family in which lesbianism first appears in a middle-aged matron who responds to the saucy advances of her daughter's chum during a holiday, and then in the daughter herself, Lovey Childs, who finds intense pleasure in lesbian sex, apparently more than she will ever find in the conventional kind. Later, as the time approaches to settle into family life, Lovey gains the strength to abandon her deviation, and for an adult—I think we are supposed to infer—this constitutes a serious moral act.

Lovey Childs is composed in the short novel form which has given us so many distinguished works in both European and American fiction, but despite the presence here of O'Hara's familiar gifts, it is not a very good book. The theme is interesting—O'Hara has got hold of something important, just as at the outset of his career something important had got hold of him. That civilization depends on patterns of denial neither comfortable nor "natural," that our culture is for good or bad purchased at the price of our instinctual desires, and more particularly, that the rich are allowed a measure of freedom in their personal arrangements which the rest of us neither possess nor can even fully imagine: all this lends itself to the complication of serious writing. But something has gone wrong. O'Hara's prose is flat and toneless, the characters interesting enough only to remind us of earlier O'Hara characters who were truly interesting, and the motivating idea of the book remains inert and unused. O'Hara seems to have reached that point of creative vanity—Faulkner reached it toward the end of his career where the writer assumes that a mere filling-out of his world, the telling of what happened to a minor figure who appeared in his third novel or a social group he didn't fully portray in his seventh, is going to be of interes apart from the imaginative en brings to it. And then there a some moments when one feel thing odd and disturbing in C new interest: what is the nature pleasure he takes in describi seeming detachment the way one manipulates another sexually?"

It is rather troubling, perh equivalent in literature to the costs we pay in our later years having confronted problems youth. And still more troubling a writer who has always prided on clarity should now produce which in its fundamental su seems opaque and out of contr

Leo Litwak's *Waiting for th* is a remarkably good nove despair for it. Novels by littl writers, unless submissive to modishness, have a hard tim these days. An atmosphere of b patience has settled upon our and the slow reflective eng that a serious work of art rec dismissed as a sign of the obs of literacy.

To such current tastes *Waitin News* yields no concessions. It ditional novel about a man's str keep his footing in the world takes that world seriously. Mr presents working-class Detroit its Jewish segment, during th immediately before the secon war, when men were still fearfu lessness, bread came hard, and joining unions risked their bo there's not a trace of proleta manticism or special pleading novel, nor what is right now i portant, a trace of that supercil with which our academic radi down their middle-class nos white workers. Mr. Litwak's tough-spirited, tense with the b moment: undeluded in its app of our cruel ways, yet friendl those who must live with them

Composed in a muscular a style, without adornment or af *Waiting for the News* stake everything on narrative mo that is, on the thrust of a strong lated plot as it releases its meanings. At the center sta Gottlieb, a brawny laundry dri we first meet him and a union murdered by hoodlums whe see him. From the opening p Gottlieb rises up as a man of

COLD SPRING IN ESSEX
by Donald Davie

Small boy in a black hat walks among streaky shadows
Under my window, and I am at ease this morning.
This day reminds me of Budapest. All over
Europe is the North, and Protestantism has conquered.

The Roman Catholic North in the black-oak cabinet of Antwerp
Is an irreplaceable grace-note, as at Sawston
The manorial chapel of the Huddlestons for the pilgrims.
"How many will make a good death?" my friend in Antwerp
Wondered through the plateglass over beer and coffee
Looking to the end.

But I am happy this morning,
Looking into my garden, seeing the cold light standing
Oblique to the gray-green tree-trunks and the grasses
All over my illimitable future.

energy, a theatrical figure in-
entertaining the world or, if
t listen, then at least himself.
iis boys to oaths of revenge in
ioodlums kill him; he fancies
shrewd tactician, the Lenin of
le Road; he bullies his wife
ds; he boasts to his sons with
essive sincerity, they are re-
a state of psychic numbness.
ate such a character is an
ent, but to place him within a
narrative which his abrasive
es not rip apart is a triumph.
outsized glory a Jake Gottlieb
r not only families and neigh-
but novels too. Most of the
Litwak has chained this burly
disciplined action, so that we
display or set piece, but a
iction.
power is more than personal,
from an historical drama. He
some idea of what a man
—and is that not at least the
of heroism? Here is Mr. Lit-
ig about Jake from the point
his young son:

ver managed to persuade my
reatening him with scars. His
is smile would spread his
nd give you a clear view of
ir of his front teeth. Caught
lums late one night as he
the stairs he lost his front
et his smile remained wide
wasn't made cautious. He
asy access for anyone who
finish the wreck of his bite.
he told us, "it only hurts be-
y give you the scar. After-
hey can't do you any more
I say to them—all the bosses
ns and hoods—'Be my
He had a profound voice, a
tone, and his laugh issued
nnon barrage.

this novel I found myself
whether the intensity of my
as a result of my political
special interest in the labor
f the Thirties. What would
Waiting for the News were
meone indifferent to those
Might not the book leave him

al answer we give to such
n and out of the classroom,
creative imagination is au-
our feeling about a novel
be dependent on whether we
its author's politics, etc.
ot enough. Barring extreme
olishness, you need hold no

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particular political opinion to enjoy a novel of this kind; but you do need to be responsive to human effort, you must be able to see the grandeur and the misery of the Thirties, and more particularly, you have to recognize that behind the work of men like Jake there was a strong urge to moral definition. Detroit, labor unions, radicalism: these in themselves neither validate nor invalidate a novel. What they do, however, is to give a writer like Leo Litwak the opportunity to create a fable of moral scope. For, given some novelistic skill and moral seriousness to begin with, it does matter whether a writer chooses subjects of magnitude or subjects of triviality. By stirring historical memories, or by creating an historical consciousness in those too young to call upon memories, *Waiting for the News* brings to imaginative life the half-forgotten experience of a generation; and then, by bringing that experience to imaginative life, it offers us the possibility of reaching beyond our limits, into the life of others. The historical and moral imaginations thereby become one.

Mr. Litwak's book has its subplot about Jake's boys th unavoidably pale every time J self appears, irritating passage oric about world events con neous with the story, and sev cluding chapters which trace beyond Jake but suffer from sence. It hardly matters. Sur ought to be a few thousand re in this country who can brush junk of the moment and resp novel as rich and vibrant as *for the News*.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

John Hollander, Richard Schickel

Nonfiction

Owl, by William Service. Knopf, $4.00.

I cannot think of a book this year that has delighted me more than William Service's *Owl*, which recounts the small adventure the author and his family enjoyed when a baby screech owl fell out of his nest and into their lives. He only stayed in their house briefly before dying of unknown causes, but he was, this few ounces of feathers, a considerable presence—as you might imagine. Gently, wryly, with full awareness of the essential absurdity of this brief encounter between man and a creature he doesn't ordinarily get to know much about, Mr. Service tells us how it was to have this comic, dignified fellow flopping, hopping, and winging around the house. With admirable precision and concision he recounts Owl's difficulties in learning to fly, his own problems in owl dietetics, everyone's concern over the bird's wary relationship with the resident cat. What one most likes about bird and protectors is the way Owl's essential integrity as a wild thing was preserved. The Services understood that theirs was a unique, accidental experience, of which they should not make too much, while Owl, for his part, betrayed no inclination to become a lap bird. Everyone remained friendly, curious, above all tactful. Mr. Service cheerfully admits that it is impossible not to anthropomorphize Owl, but he knows when he is doing so and maintains a sense of ironic self-awareness in the process. Above all, he keeps the experience in perspective, never more strikingly than in his last sentence: "He lived less than a year and a half, we take the shortness as a rebuke of some kind, but count that odd visit a minor privilege, and emblem of the household." I count his wonderfully controlled, beautifully styled little book a minor classic and an emblem on my bookshelf. I feel I'll be pressing it on wary friends for a long time to come, as an example of how one should think about, write about, encounters between man and the creatures with which he shares the world. —R.S.

The Epiplectic Bicycle, by Edward Gorey. Dodd, Mead, $3.00.

For some readers, the mere announcement of a new book by Edward Gorey would constitute description and praise enough. The graphic and verbal world of this extraordinary comic artist and man of letters has maintained a consistency since its creation, over sixteen years ago, in *The Unstrong Harp*, a great classic of neo-para-meta-Edwardiana (which, with other early works like *The Object-Lesson* and *The Doubtful Guest*, wants reprinting). But it has kept alive by evolving, as well, and the original parodic adaptation of nineteenth-century wood engraving in his graphic style has gradually shifted into a more independently personal realm in which solid blacks and determined, but never fussy, cross-hatchings, are no longer merely allusive in their wit and evocative power. Mr. Gorey's diction remains pristine—he can always be depended upon to say, as of the louche, stunted protagonists of *The Epiplectic Bicycle*, "they rapidly ate a quantity of berries," or, in another book, "he presented it with a length of string."

The present volume concerns a brother and sister of familiar Gorey aspect, with noses in place of foreh eyes too close together, living and having their sort of bein the dead-white, empty backgr the artist first introduced in *ous Sofa*, where conventions tatty Thirties English visual tattier circumlocutory por were jointly parodied. The pr have a rather nasty adventu peculiar bicycle, the outcome I am not at liberty to disclos

Rembrandt: Experimenta New York Graphic Society, $ **Rembrandt in Amsterdam** Fuchs. New York Graphic Soci

An expensive art book can anything from a meticulously two-volume study, usually pub a university press, to what t lishers euphemistically call, splendors and price in mind book." Particularly for the reader, an art book can by its ness and format comprise a show (short of being an exhib alogue), a university course, essay, a dose of instant connois or even a buying guide for t rich and aesthetically helple sionally, one can truly educate necessarily being a masterpie mane learning like the late nofsky's study of Durer.

Of two recent volumes distr the New York Graphic Society ing different aspects of Re work, one is indeed the catalo exhibition of etchings shown a seum of Fine Arts in Boston Pierpont Morgan Library in N It reveals the depth of significa artist's reworkings of his etch

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear...

somewhere amid the static.

The songs America sings have changed little since Walt Whitman heard them. Now, as then, our many tongues chant in praise—or search—of the basic qualities of human existence: Freedom. Love. Security. Peace.

Only today, the voices of the nation are amplified a hundredfold. Converging from the left, right . . . and all points in between. Echoing from one end of the country to the other until, in the desperate competition to be heard, none is heard.

Is it still possible to distinguish what America is struggling to say, and record the themes and beliefs of our frustratingly complex society? Is it still possible to sort out and understand the various undercurrents of our dilemmas?

Harper's Magazine believes it is not only possible, it is essential.

Whether it be a Vietnam requiem, a campus march or a political recital—or simply the tunes the individual man in the street hums to himself—every carol deserves to be heard. Individually. Understandably. *And critically.*

This then is the goal of *Harper's Magazine.* To redefine, modulate, and present in highly readable fashion, the component strains of our national anthem, 1970.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

America's First Monthly

and is aimed at the alert art lover rather than the print collector. The method of the exhibition and, hence, the book is to compare successive versions of twenty-eight of Rembrandt's etchings, on some of which he labored over the course of a decade. Restrained but pointed comment guides the reader's eye over the changes, in some instances (the so-called "Hundred Guilder Print," for example) through nine different impressions of one state. The 118 reproductions seem to be of more than sufficient quality to make extremely subtle differences quite apparent. Jointly authored by Felice Stampfle, Eleanor A. Sayre, Sue W. Reed, and Clifford S. Ackley of the two sponsoring institutions, the book is a splendid instance of instruction without condescension.

Likewise, R. H. Fuchs's book on Rembrandt's general *oeuvre*. Here, the format is more like that of a lecture series, with plates keyed by marginal numbers in what is now becoming standard practice. Rembrandt's work is considered in the light of (as the author puts it) "the city he lived in" and "the art of his own day." In the latter instance, even the relatively uninformed art lover, battered by the usual idolatries which emphasize Rembrandt's personal vision, depth of psychological insight, and so forth, has begun to be made aware of the problem of Tradition and the Individual Talent as it applies to painters. Art history, rather than mere art appreciation of the belle-lettristic sort, provides impulses and modes for studying individual achievements against the background of the conventions the artist has inherited. The Fuchs volume, drawing on some of the most recent Rembrandt scholarship, is successful in leading the unhistorical eye into the exciting identifications and revisionary readings of pictures which are far more moving than rhapsodic appreciations. J.H.

Ages of Elegance, by Gisele d'Assailly. New York Graphic Society, $29.95.

Here is another book, distributed by the New York Graphic Society, whose genre is mysterious. Another realm of standards entirely governs the stupidly lavish and pretentious *Ages of Elegance* (subtitled, with unconscious self-description, "Five Thousand Years of Fashion and Frivolity"). Anonymously and badly translated, Mme. d'Assailly's gossipy rundown of phases in the history of sartorial elegance contains a lot of expensively reproduced graphic material, from cave paintings to recent fashion photography. It is garishly laid out, blown-up, bled, montaged; the relation of pictures to text is vague, and the captions wrongly identify artists and subjects, and at best are pointless and silly. An irrelevantly fact-filled but ultimately disorganized and naïve text accompanies the artwork. Aside from coy insinuations that *plus ça change*, etc., and an uninteresting breakdown of the historical material into periods, it does little for the serious reader who for various reasons might be curious about costume history. An introductory book of this kind should really acquaint the reader with some basic questions, such as the historical change in the body form implied by costume modes, the historian's own problem of reading, through graphic conventions of the past, the actualities of textured fabric in motion over a body, what in any kind of costume mode is schematic and what can be varied, and the phenomenology of old-fashionedness. Except for the unusually generous sampling of pictures from the Regency and Directoire periods, this trivial and unscholarly book, thrown together, apparently, by a Studio Hachette crew whose own bibliography betrays their limited knowledge (they appear not to be aware of the great work of the Cunningtons in England, for example), seems a waste and a shame. It is pitched even lower than the Mila Contini book of some years back. Only the English ought to be allowed to write on the history of fashion, whether a detailed study of the history of underwear, or a jazzy introduction like this. —J.H.

The Power Game, edited by Clay Felker. Simon and Schuster, $5.95.

"Power is New York's sex," says Nicholas Pileggi in the lead article of this collection drawn from *New York* magazine, and it is accurate enough as generalizations go. What is disappointing is that the book that follows is not quite the Kinsey Report it pretends to be and might easily have been.

Every New Yorker is perforce a student of power and each will find his own serious flaw in *The Power Game*. To me, the most serious omission is a solid, analytical piece on the great law firms from which all the other powerhouses — including the big one in Washington — draw their intellectual priesthoods. The book also needs defining pieces on the real-estate and construction industries, which, more than other institutions, control the quality of the city's environment—disastrously. And how about medicine? New York is one of the world's gre cal centers and I have always w who its rulers are and why th much high-priced incompetence level of practice in the city. O go on and on—no piece on the tions, nothing on the commu industry (outside that curren ionable topic, the *New York* not much on the fashion indu

What the book has, inste plethora of "charm pieces," not good ones by Tom Wolfe or Power"—the care and breedi prep-school accent — and an the fun part of power, "Se Jump." There's a nice little Ralph Schoenstein on two-wa wave car radios as status sym a weary report from Mayor Li political banquets as tribal ritu

Pieces of this sort are what *N* has been good at ever since founded as a Sunday supplem old *Herald Tribune*. They are sociological footnotes and they ply social historians of the fut the kind of color that will books Book-of-the-Month selec the moment they supply the re the invaluable sense that he is in observing the small, despera of urban life.

But we need more. The trou this anthology (and with *New* general) is that it appears to resources, financial and intell undertake the kind of big-sca logical reporting it is always p on its cover and not quite deliv side. It gets by, like many of its on quick, bright, superficial the sort of thing that makes parties in Manhattan fun for a utes but ultimately depressing.

Still, the magazine appea catching on a bit and one can someday it will develop the to "stingingly anatomize"—to phrase from the jacket—the promises but mostly pretends We could use such a magazine. lar one that leads rather than opinion in New York's chic

The Headshrinker's Test. Kaufman. Random House, $5.

Sue Kaufman is the minor p big city's minor neuroses. *Di Mad Housewife* caught, better novel I know, the manner in w pressure of urban inconvenie

find a cab, the difficulty of thing as simple as shopping es, the way children are ill vith flus and colds, that sort combined with the driving ake it and to convincingly hers that you *are* making it, r bring a no more than nor- tive woman close to the edge . In her new book, which is ıner, a trifle less believable, onetheless, we see one of her going over that edge.

out a healthily virile insur- nan who, rather late in his a womanizer, discovers the dreams—a well-born, dilet- s in the process of recover- ychoanalysis, from a series that will seem archetypal to o has used New York City as school in life-styles.

year of marriage, however, been reversed. She is bloom- s withered into a state of paranoia, convinced that is wife and her doctor are to cuckold him. At the end ng ready to kill them. And is possible he will bungle he did an earlier attempt frighten them, we can't be is incompetence.

sibly, a rather heavily melo- evice to impose upon the ıcture of this novel, but it lapse under its weight. More in any case, is the way Miss as got so many things just xact ambience of the newly- the precise details of their the every sound of their their friends' voices, not to shrill, nerve-numbing back- vided by the city itself. She a battle-scarred veteran of or urban survival who has m her experiences. She is funny, wonderfully precise d it seems to me she has no ecorder of our nickel miser- es, and hysterics. —R.S.

American Jackpot, by ld. Random House, $6.95. Gold has, through the many career, touched many bases. on, he has done the young- road thing, the middle-class- the Jewish-father thing, and e long in the tooth but still as done the college-kid-in- lf-and-values thing. It is set, gainst the background of the we have had to invent,



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Back in the 1800's, the machine was used to grind meal. It was Lem Motlow who discovered it ground charcoal to just the right size for mellowing whiskey...and we've used it that way ever since. Of course, our bookkeeper complains some over the cost of maintaining such an old machine. But we figure it like this: Fine whiskey is made *first* to drink and *then* to sell. So we'll make Jack Daniel's the way it should be made, and let the bookkeeper go right on complaining.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

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through an act of collective imagination, in order for the literary intellectuals to lay off their contempt for common contemporary American values.

In *The Great American Jackpot* (graceless title!) a graduate student in sociology at Berkeley feels restless and rootless at great length, decides to rob a bank, does so, gets caught, suffers not briefly enough in jail awaiting trial, and then gets off, in the process becoming something of a cultural hero. The story is thin and predictable and utterly lacking in redeeming surprise or suspense. It exists mainly to provide Gold with opportunities to write set pieces—the Fillmore, a graduate seminar, a Black Muslim meeting, a TV unit on location, a police riot. And so forth. And so on. There are also a lot of determinedly ironic, allegedly comic characters running around—a smoothly cynical Black Professor making it big by explaining, exemplifying racial anger to Whitey, a cop who beats up suspects in order to get material for his graduate work in criminology, a ponce who is also a right-wing militant. And so forth. And so on.

But there is no life in any of this. In the course of his hard-charging career as a perpetually promising novelist Gold has used so many voices, so many modes, that it is no longer possible to say what his true tone is. But even if one were to hazard a guess, it would be impossible to prove it in this book, such is the stylistic clamor he sets up. Perhaps he is trying to evade the knowledge that his moral and social insights are obvious. Perhaps he is merely willing into existence a novel he does not seem to feel at all. Perhaps he should have skipped fiction entirely and settled for a collection of journalistic essays on the Northern California scene, since the only decent passages in the book are purely descriptive. Even those, however, go against the hallucinatory mood he is trying to create and sustain. Moreover, they have been—or could be—better done by someone like Tom Wolfe. But why go on? It is enough to say Mr. Gold has written a smug, cold, compassionless, nearly unreadable book. —R.S.

The Affair, by Morton Hunt. NAL-World, $6.95.

Here is some information about extramarital affairs: there are more of them going on, all around you, than you probably think: they range in length and intensity from brief, sexually unconsummated encounters to one-night stands to real home-wreckers; people from every walk of life ha
though people with religious
and/or a lack of extensive p
experience are less prone
sometimes they are psych
therapeutic for at least one o
ticipants, sometimes they are

That roughly summarizes
information to be gleaned fro
Hunt's *The Affair*, and I find i
he deplores so vigorously the
so much of our information
between people who are not
each other derives from fi
various sorts, but then has so
self to add to what we alre
from such sources. He has bee
dinarily diligent in his attem
us new information about th
—sending out 360 questionnai
ple who have had affairs, foll
with 91 "in-depth" interview
result of all this furious legw
the state of our knowledge no
vanced from the point at
novelists left off. Though a n
nalist, he has succeeded in ac
ing what most academic social
are so good at—proving the o

The trouble lies less in his t
than in his subject matter
though undoubtedly emotio
sequential for their participa
tellectually and psychologic
simple matters to understand
a severely limited range of l
patterns and choices to those
in them, all of which are com
derstandable to anyone with
imagination. The most Mr. H
is confirm what we hav
guessed (or experienced, if
ties are to be believed). He
a large number of lubric
studies, thus providing sho
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is that taken all in all affair
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one of Mr. Hunt's subjects
mental health. And his will
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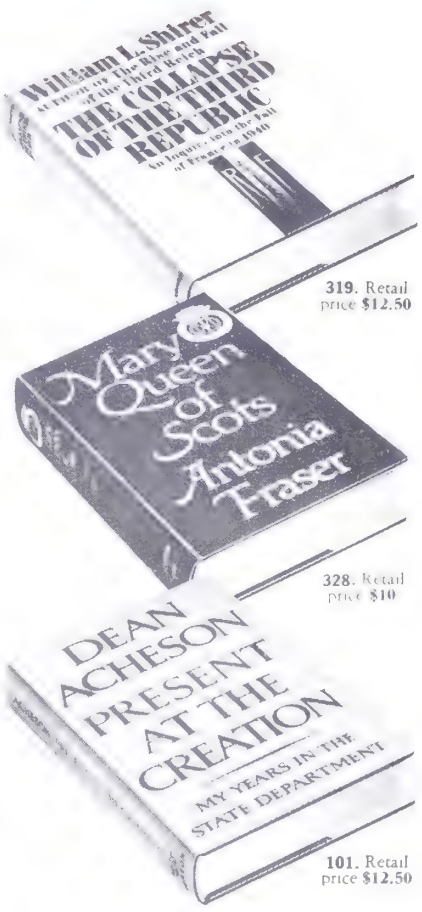
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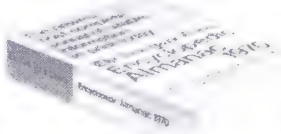
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ABOUT THIS ISSUE



It is Robert Townsend's theory that too many corporation executives and potentates are trapped in the sludge of "organization-think." Mr. Townsend should know. He is the original Number Two man, the Man Who Tried Harder and Got Everyone to Join Him: in short, the former chairman of Avis, who turned the company around the hard [illegible]

He does not believe that an organization's situation can be relieved by generalities. The specifics of his ABC Survival Manual for businessmen, managers, all alert starters—see page 73 of this issue—begin with Advertising, for example. "Fire the whole advertising department," he writes, "and your old agency." Overloaded with assistants-to? Listen: "The only people who enjoy being assistants-to are vampires. . . ." Worrying about wearing out your welcome? "Nobody should be chief executive officer of anything for more than five or six years. . . . If he doesn't retire gracefully—throw the rascal out." (Mr. Townsend is now retired himself, of his own accord.) Other specifics include a test for rating your boss (or yourself), ten rather strong questions designed to allow you to discover whether he is thinking right.

It's possible that *Up the Organization* is the sagest (and even most outrageous) book ever written about how businesses should be run. The man who wrote it took the tiny, then-unknown Avis Rent A Car Corporation and made it into the nation's best-known Number Two. What he says comes from the experience of his Avis years, as well as years at American Express. Al[illegible] generous portions are excerpted here will be published in book form by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. late in Mar[illegible]

And coming up soon in *Ha[illegible] Magazine* . . . The New Rush on [illegible] by *Lewis Lapham* . . . Sam [illegible] Johnson by *Larry L. King* . . . [illegible] cline of the WASP by *Peter Sch[illegible]* Voices from the Silent Majo[illegible] *Joseph Goulden* . . . Social Issue[illegible] Seventies by Secretary of Healt[illegible] cation, and Welfare *Robert Fi[illegible]* What Republican Majority? by *Fred Harris* . . . and a report [illegible] recent integration rites in Yaz[illegible] by *Harper's* Editor in Chief *[illegible] Morris*, who returned to his Mi[illegible] hometown for the story.

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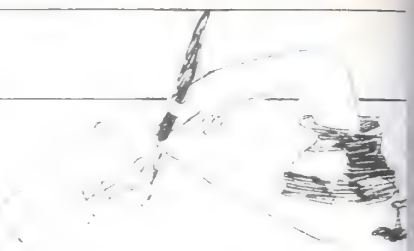
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LETTERS



Books in black

I found Irving Howe's comment ["Books: New Black Writers," December], "their appearance causes conflict, since it threatens entrenched cultural interests and styles," the most honest and truthful statement in a long "book review" in which Black writers of diverse aesthetics were lumped together in a cultural slave quarters. . . . Mr. Howe's critical approach demonstrates that he hasn't read with comprehension the newest White writers, let alone Black.

"He may intend his books as a black variation of Jonathan Swift," Howe writes of my novels in typical White chauvinistic manner. Perhaps I intended the books to be a variation of Afro-American novelists Wallace Thurman and George Schuyler but it seems that Howe is illiterate of Afro-American literature written prior to 1938: a fact which raises serious doubts about his ability to intelligently evaluate this novelistic tradition which dates back to 1854.

Incidentally the "review" of my work was a lazily assembled patchwork of reviews which have appeared elsewhere. Perhaps Mr. Howe can do for some of that "hard work" and "discipline" he so patronizingly counsels Hal Bennett to cultivate.

I would propose that the author of *A Treasury of Yiddish Poetry* and editor of *Dissent* is a delegate for these "entrenched cultural interests and styles" threatened by what is probably the most exciting upsurge in American writing history. With his flippant, nasty, arrogant comments—a phrase used by John Williams is termed "fatuous"—Mr. Howe has, under the guise of criticism, performed as a cop for these dying interests. . . . Thirty years ago during Mr. Howe's heyday this would have worked for Afro-American artists who naïvely believed that White criticism arose from the loftiest motives instead of serving as a subterfuge for certain political, cultural and *sexual* interests. . . .

A dying culture will always call up its intellectual warhorses—no matter how senile they may be—when pagans are breaking down the gates. Mr. Howe's hysteria—LeRoi Jones is called an "anti-Semitic vulgarian"—proves that we have drawn blood and we will now do what pagans have always done when confronted with a racist, imperialist, tyrannical system.

We will move in for the kill, and this is what the Seventies will be all about.

ISHMAEL REED
New York, N.Y.

IRVING HOWE REPLIES:

The one possibility that Mr. Reed seems unable to consider is that—unlike other young black novelists whose work I did praise—he has not yet written a book worth taking seriously.

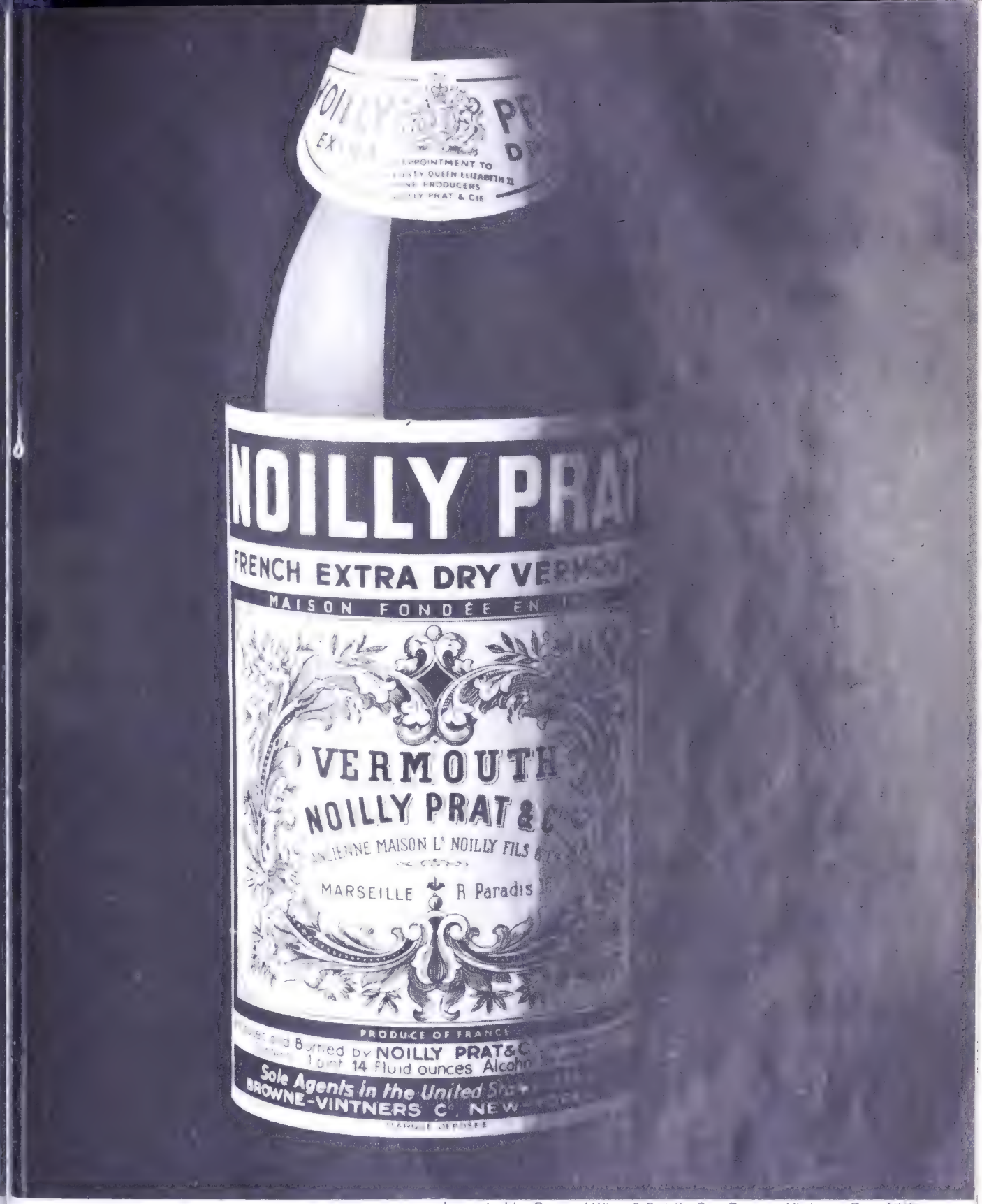
Politics in green

As a member of the National Association for Irish Justice (NAIJ) and a participant in some of the events described [Sara Davidson's "Bernadette Devlin: An Irish Revolutionary in Irish America," January] . . . I would like to clarify a few points.

The first concerns Brian Heron, National Coordinator for NAIJ. In Miss Davidson's article, Brian appears to be a sort of affable eccentric—enthusiastic, but harmless. I'm sure that this cannot be her true opinion of him, as no one who has ever heard him speak, publicly or privately, could so underestimate his intelligence and ability. Even his detractors admit that Brian Heron has done more in several months to mobilize the Irish American community than any other single individual or group in the past fifty years. Far from having the "slightly mad, comic quality [illegible] sentminded revolutionary," he [illegible] tremely effective organizer and [illegible] theorist who rarely, if ever, say[illegible] anything without a very specifi[illegible] in mind.

The second point which ne[illegible] clarification concerns the pu[illegible] Bernadette's visit, the money [illegible] and the reason for her hasty d[illegible] The fact is that Eamonn Mc[illegible] vised Bernadette to come her[illegible] gust, *not* to collect funds, but a[illegible] measure and for a rest. . . . T[illegible] lion dollar appeal" originate[illegible] press. . . . Without knowing all[illegible] ifications of the situation. A[illegible] wanted to help rebuild homes [illegible] children, so Bernadette was as[illegible] and over again: "Will this m[illegible] used for relief only?" And B[illegible] answered, "Yes." . . . Once the[illegible] was made, it had to be honored [illegible] strongly advised against this [illegible] Frank Gogarty, Chairman of [illegible] ecutive of the Northern Irel[illegible] Rights Association (NICRA) [illegible] tioned in Miss Davidson's arti[illegible] ever, the reasons for this advi[illegible] elaborated upon and they are v[illegible] understanding of the whole [illegible] . . . Everyone connected with [illegible] . . . was well aware of the fact [illegible] other attack on the besieged [illegible] Northern cities could come [illegible] tarily. They were also aware [illegible] cessity of legal defense fo[illegible] arrested under the Special Pow[illegible] . . . The NICRA monies were n[illegible] a variety of purposes, relief [illegible] but there was no point wha[illegible] building homes and feeding [illegible] while providing these same ho[illegible] children with no defense again[illegible] nent attack or against future [illegible] recriminations. . . .

Frank Gogarty finally de[illegible] coming here himself, first t[illegible] Bernadette, who was by this ti[illegible] verge of collapse . . . and sec[illegible]



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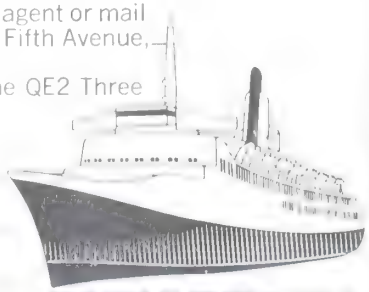
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tribute to the Relief Fund with
mark, "Because of the diffic
reaching Bernadette, many who
to help were frustrated and ga
This happens to be untrue. Wh
nadette Devlin landed in New
was not connected in any w
NAIJ nor did I know anyone e
was. Yet I had no difficulty wha
sending a check to Bernadette
address she announced repeat
television and in the press, nor
meeting her personally. Every
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comed in the NAIJ office. . . .

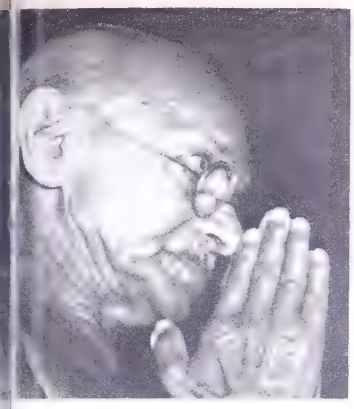
My great disappointment wi
Davidson's account is not so mu
any particular detail or incid
corded but with the way these ha
used and in some instances dist
order to cast a subtle suspicio
the activities of NAIJ. . . . Be
Devlin's tour was only one par
continuing effort on behalf of Ir
Rights . . . and the remainder n
with the only official voice of NI
America: the National Associa
Irish Justice. To sabotage its e
ness by ridicule and innuendo is
tremendous disservice to th
Bernadette Devlin came here t

MARY COTTER, P
Flatbush Irish American Acti
Brookly

As one of the organizers of
Ridge rally mentioned in Sara
son's article, I would like to me
incident which, I feel, is indic
the changing mood of the Irish
can community.

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our president, Timothy Disc
dressed the audience with a q
from Martin Luther King. This
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bled Irish Americans.

In 1969, the words "discrimi
"civil rights," "prejudice," and t
were heard in an entirely differe
by Irish Americans. Previous
troubles in Northern Ireland
words were met with fear, hatr
ignorance. Yet, with the advent
growing Northern Ireland civi
movement, many Irish American
to see the bitter parallel betw
struggle of the working class in







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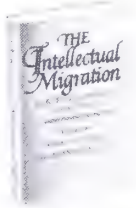
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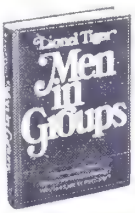
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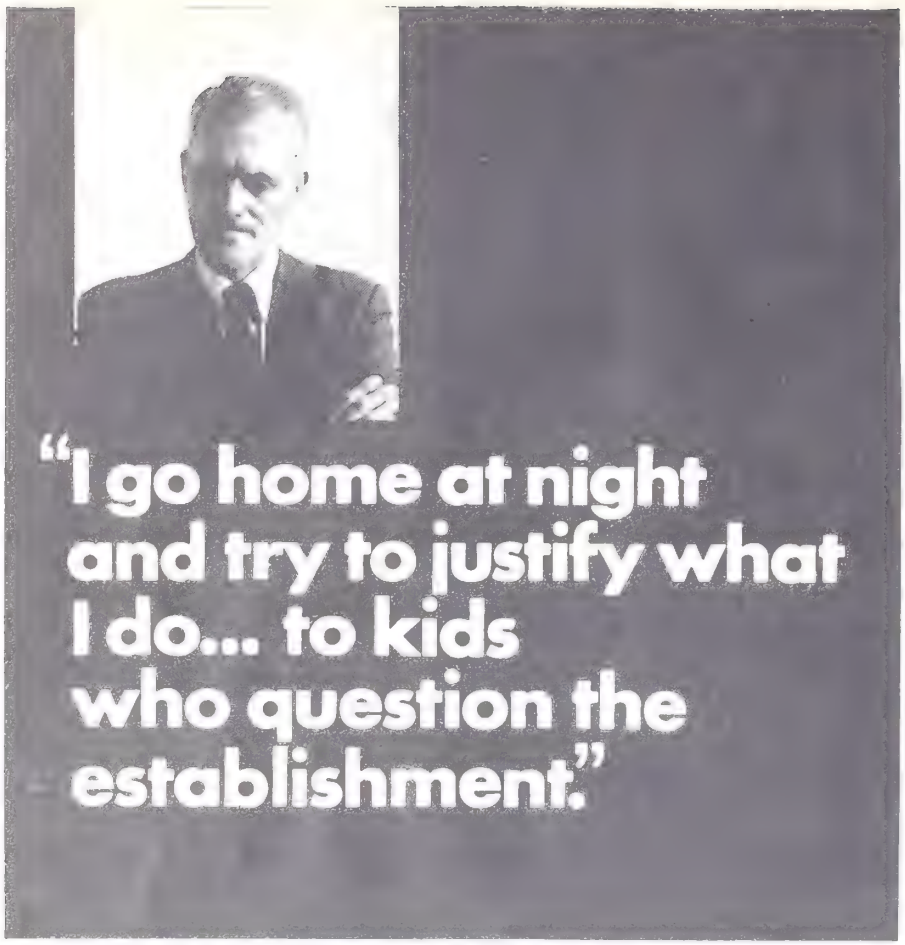
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and the struggle of the black
United States. For the first ti
saw the similarities between the
trymen in Derry and Belfast a
countrymen in Harlem, Bedfo
vesant, and other parts of Amer

Bay Ridge may still bear dis
racial attitudes, but things are
ing. The new, young, progressi
ers of the Irish American co
are determined to see the trad
Irish humanitarian radicalism
to America. In the spirit of Wol
Robert Emmet, James Conno
Bernadette Devlin, we, too, sh
come.

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Action Committee C
Bay Ridge Irish American Acti
Brooklyn, N

Broadcast

This concerns the article rel
Senator Pastore's proposed le
regarding Broadcasting Licens
cember, "The Easy Chair," b
Fischer]. . . . Based on my kn
of broadcasting, which covers a
nine-year career, I find that th
. . . is completely based on the
of a lie.

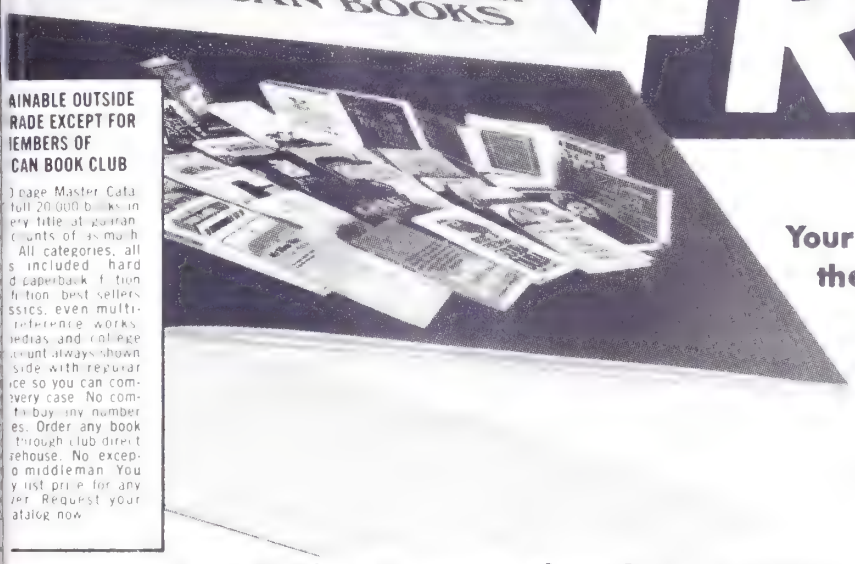
First, let me suggest that, a
fact, he obtain a copy of the Pas
and secondly, that he read it.
Pastore Bill simply states that
must first determine whether
present license is operating in
ance with the established legisla
Rules and Regulations. If the FC
that a licensee is not doing th
under the Pastore Bill the FC
accept other applications cove
particular license in question.
way does the Pastore Bill red
powers of the FCC, nor does it
individuals or groups from te
against a present licensee. . . .

My suggestion is that Mr. Fisc
a TV or radio property or arr
manage one for a certain period
and he will suddenly realize t
FCC is not timid and certainly
effectual. In his distorted art
failed to point out the fact that
vision industry in 1968 spent 2
26 million dollars to realize a p
194.3 million dollars. According
figures the television industr
broadcast revenues were 2 billi
million dollars. Percentage of pr
approximately 16 per cent. I
cludes the three major TV netwo
612 television stations. Perhaps
vision license is not quite so go

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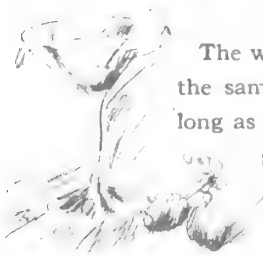
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"permit to print money." He also to point out that before televisi tion licensees could earn a dim had to invest and risk their privat tal. He uses a "depreciated tar figure of 550 million. . . . Does he of any businessman who would this amount of investment on the that they would be in business fo a three-year period before someo could step in, take over the licer vest a like amount of money to p the facility, and then be faced w same situation in another years? . . .

It is against Rules and Regulat sell a broadcast license. Only th can make a determination of whet not a broadcasting license is ferred. When television or radio p ties are purchased the purcha buying a facility located in a par market and his fixed assets plus will and other tangibles and intar determine the worth of a broadc facility. . . . If no facility exists party does hold a license to const television or radio station, this may be transferred to another However, in such a case the only a of money allowed to exchange ha a sum equal to the out-of-pock penses incurred in obtaining that in the first place. These expenses include attorney fees, travel, en ing studies, etc.

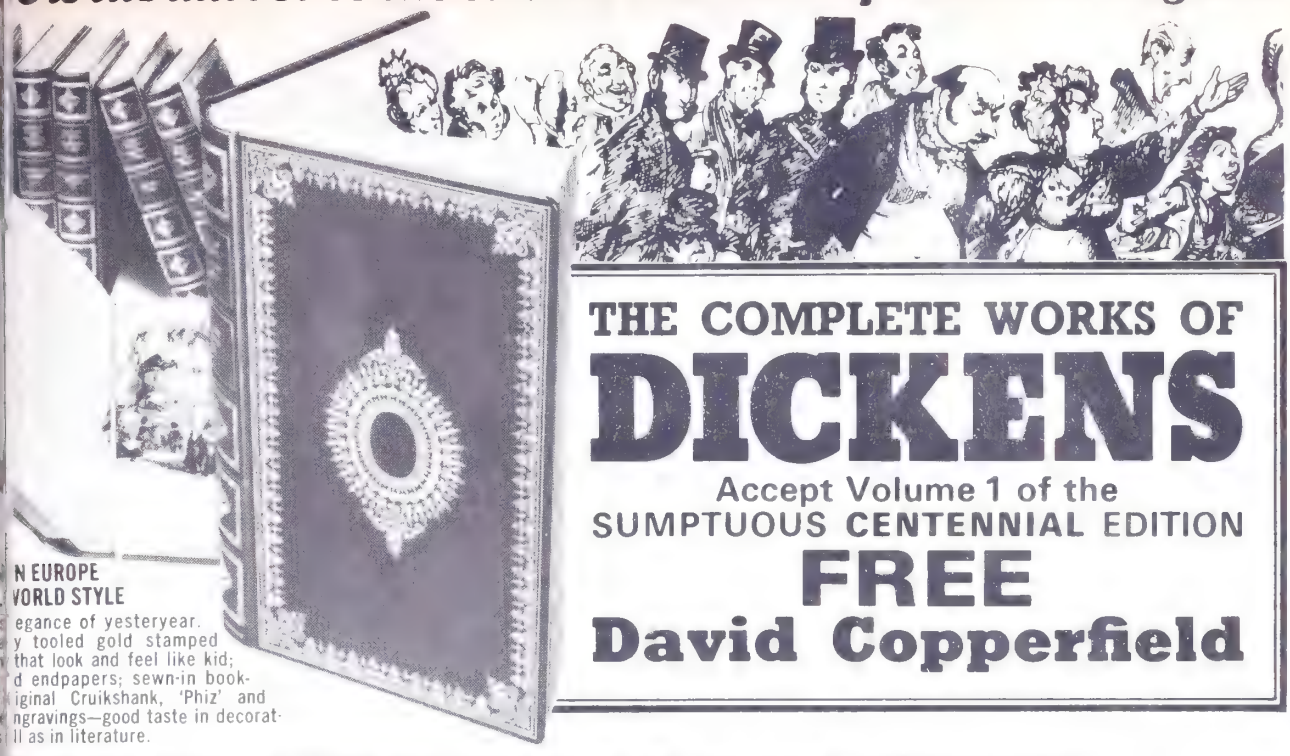
Broadcasting in no sense is a utility. I refer to the Communic Act of 1934, in which Congress lished the broadcasting business.

Television stations rarely en "lush monopoly." How many st do you have in New York City city is so small that it can only s one TV station, believe me the s generally would not be in a "lush' tion.

Again, I urge Mr. Fischer to i gate before he makes further stat similar to "and communications which is virtually immune to criticism." . . . Unlike *Harper's zine*, for example, broadcasting i tually 100 per cent dependent up *general* public's acceptance. A b caster cannot stay in business with

Assume that . . . the majority o vision stations changed hands three years. . . . Assume also tha highest bidder gets the license an this money is turned over to the poration for Public Broadcastin "finance a noncommercial TV s which might *really* operate in the interest." The several hundred m

...e is the mirror to the virtues and vices of Victorian England



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that look and feel like kid;
d endpapers; sewn-in book-
iginal Cruikshank, 'Phiz' and
ngravings—good taste in decorat-
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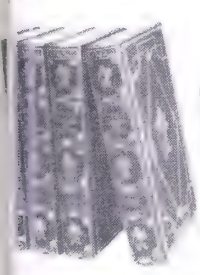
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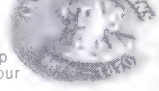
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dollars which would be fed to Uncle Sam, not on a yearly basis but on an every-three-year basis, wouldn't even *build* a TV system, much less finance the operation of same. Our present total operational expenses come to more than $2 billion per year. Is the general public prepared to spend this kind of money to operate a comparable system to the one we now have?

. . . No broadcaster has gotten rich at the taxpayers' expense. The taxpayer has little or no investment in broadcasting except for the dollars needed to operate the FCC, or unless a taxpayer owns stock in some broadcasting corporation. Frequencies are public property, not the facilities which make possible the operation of these frequencies. Without this private enterprise investment the frequencies owned by the public would be silent and dark. Perhaps that is the end desire of Mr. Fischer's journalistic endeavors.

JOHN VACCA, Vice President
Doubleday Broadcasting Company
KOSA-TV
Odessa, Texas

JOHN FISCHER REPLIES:

I did read the Pastore Bill: I also read the comment on it in the *New York Times*, and in a good many other publications, which interpreted its intent exactly as I did. The *Times* compared the Pastore proposal to a law which would make it necessary to impeach a Congressman before anybody else could run against him.

Under the original statute setting up the Federal Communications Commission, broadcasting stations were given temporary licenses to operate "in the public interest, convenience, and necessity." Instead, broadcasters have notoriously treated their licenses as a permanent grant of permission to use the public air channels for their own private profit—and the FCC has notoriously acquiesced in this behavior.

My figures on the profitability of the broadcasting industry were taken from the 33rd annual report of the Federal Communications Commission, pages 173 and 176.

Broadcasters have flooded the airwaves with violence, distortions of history, and downright lies: see any television western. The taxpayer obviously has to pay in the long run for this pollution of his communication channels, since the price of virtually every purchase he makes includes the cost of the advertising which supports broadcasting enterprises.

Apparently some of our differences are merely semantic. When a TV operator sells his station for ten times as much as he invested in it, he claims that "good will" and "intangibles" account for the difference. To the rest of the world, however, his only intangible of any real value is his broadcasting license.

Confessions

My congratulations to Larry King ["Confessions of a White Racist," January]. I could feel, as I read, many of the same developing emotions. I was born and raised in the South: in Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia, and Louisiana, and as a Southerner I was born inheriting the best and worst of the Southern tradition. Perhaps the only thing that saved me from blatant bigotry was my parents, who, though they would never have invited a black into our home, never overtly attempted to teach me hatred.

But growing up Southern requires certain education in the relative positions of the two races. I learned it as I had to, as Mr. King had to, simply because it was there and there was no other education to be found until we turned cosmopolitan, or got some other education, somehow, somewhere. I got that education in smatterings: a book here, a black man there, an exposure to virulent and poisonous bigotry that offended my intellect.

When I went to college (at Louisiana State University) I had only two black friends. For one thing, though LSU had integrated much earlier than most Southern universities, and with less pain, there weren't a lot of blacks on campus. I had the privilege of being in the honors program for freshmen and sophomores and met my first black friend. My deepest education in blackness came the night that, over our customary beer, he told a few of us that he thought we were probably pretty damned armchair, and would we go with him where he lived. I had to admit to myself that I would have been very scared to go into Scotlandville even in tranquil 1965.

It was with the only other black I have known well at all that I experienced the same gnawing fear that Mr. King notes at the end of his article. When Dr. King was assassinated, the reverberations that shook the world shook even staid LSU. The flagpole in the parade ground became the rallying point for the blacks, demandin[g] the flag be flown at half mast. [T]was danger of trouble until our [c]ellor, Cecil G. Taylor, stepped [i]handle the situation with his cust[o]grace and ability. The danger [w]and the flagpole became the [s]"black masses" as we called the[m] [M]morial services took the place [o]tension.

Then the tension resumed agai[n] something I don't even recall no[w] I do remember walking out to th[e] pole with Fred, my huge black [f]We reached the sidewalk and he [s]and looked down at me and said, [C]is where we part. You can't com[e] me now. This is our scene." I [k]from the tone of his voice and th[e] he looked that a division had oc[c]which might not ever be bridged [a]

I went over to the Chancellor's [o]and unloaded on him the greate[r] pression I had known to that t[i]was afraid that there was no longe[r] hope between the races—the gap[,] becoming militantly wider. A[t] course there was the aching fea[r] most Southerners know—is our c[o]real, or is it merely an emotional [r]tion of the sins of the South? [D]really care?

I didn't have much chance to fi[nd] Shortly thereafter I graduated an[d] drafted (opting for OCS and [a] bar). I have gone back a few time[s] seen Fred. But in a year and a h[a]has become even more distant an[d] itant, drawn away by a necessar[y] understandable desire to acknow[l]his blackness. The whole atmosph[e]my campus is changed, I think. Th[e]a new tension in the air, a new[e]tricity that may not be harnessed, [d]anybody any good.

I have not lived in the cities [o]King has, but for my own small [e]tence in the South and the Army, [I] acknowledge that there is some[p]where once there was hope, ev[e]there was only a little hope.

JOHN H. F[ORD]
Ft. Hood, [Texas]

The juxtaposition of the photo[graph] of the segregated war memorial [with] that portion of Mr. King's article [which] deals with Midland could leave [one] with the impression that this part[icular] monstrosity stands in Midland. It [does] not.

TOM R. S[MITH]
Midland, [Texas]

EDITOR'S NOTE:

It stands in Waynesboro, Geor[gia]

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John Fischer

THE EASY CHAIR

War as theater of the absurd

The Pentagon has just sent me Volume No. 70 of its official history of World War II—a painfully detailed account, in 491 pages, of the Italian campaign from the Salerno invasion to the fall of Cassino. Like the earlier volumes, it is a solid piece of work, researched from all known sources including the enemy's. So far as I can tell, it is accurate. It even records moments when American troops were less than heroic, and when famous generals made mistakes.

Yet as I read it, I kept feeling that something was missing. Finally it came to me: official histories make everything that happened sound rational, the end product of a logical chain of cause and effect. But to the people there at the time, these happenings seldom looked that way. More often they seemed downright zany, like scenes stolen from the theater of the absurd.

The reason why official accounts lack this dimension, I suspect, is that they are based on documents—as all respectable histories are supposed to be. So they have to leave out all the oral history of the war—that rich compost of anecdote and hearsay which veterans have been turning over for thirty years in countless beery bull sessions.

This unwritten history is the depository of all the ridiculous aspects of war. It also contains clues to the spirit of the World War II armies, which was very different from that of the draftees now fighting in Vietnam. The earlier soldiers detested their role just as heartily as their present-day counterparts—but now and then they managed to play it in a comic key. Black comedy, to be sure, but sometimes it seemed to help.

A case in point is the inexcusable behavior of the crew of the *Assam Dragon*, a C-47 cargo plane assigned to hauling munitions, troops, and bales of Chinese money (printed in the U. S. A.) from northeast India to Kunming in China. It flew The Hump route, through the most forbidding terrain in the world. "Through" is the right word, because the plane—a military version of that old workhorse, the DC-3—couldn't fly over it: its top altitude was about 18,000 feet, and many of the Himalayan peaks were several thousand feet higher than that. So the C-47s had to wind their way through the passes, often in fog or snow storms and always tossed by unpredictable gales. Losses were high. Eric Severeid, among others, had to parachute out of a plane that couldn't quite make it over The Hump; he was lucky enough to walk out, after a week or two in the jungle, but scores of other ships disappeared without survivors. Pilots who had to fly this route month after month tended to become jumpy, morose, and when possible, alcoholic.

One day in the spring of 1943 a brash young brigadier general arrived in Chabua from Washington. His mission, he announced, was to find out why the cargo tonnage moving over The Hump was lagging behind schedule. He already had inspected, with disapproval, the cluster of soggy, rain-drenched airstrips where the planes took off from India. Now he wanted to go to Kunming, to see what was wrong at the receiving end, and the *Assam Dragon* was assigned to take him.

The pilot was Captain Itchy Bourne, so called because he suffered from a persistent case of *dhobie* itch, a tropical disease less serious than leprosy but almost as annoying. He despised all generals, especially drop-ins from Washington. Like everybody else in the China-Burma-India theater, he felt that Washington had forsaken him. That theater was at the end of the line—far away from the decisive battles being fought in Africa and the Pacific, and therefore chronically starved of equipment, manpower, and liquor rations. Itchy's copilot and cargo supervisor were, if possible, more browned-off than he was.

The general and his companions—a beautifully tailored aide and two chicken colonels—did not enjoy their flight. They had an oxygen flask which they passed from face to face. It wasn't enough to stave off high- nausea; and the granite crags loomed out of the clouds now ar apparently just beyond the wi were not reassuring. At one p general was heard to mutter, "I God that pilot knows what he is

Just at that moment the door the pilot's compartment opene inches, and a hand tossed out a beer can. It rolled down the a tween the two rows of bucket se clattered around on the metal f the plane pitched in the gusts of the passengers said anything.

About ten minutes later, th opened again and another b popped out. At short intervals th thing happened, and kept on hap until the visiting officers felt th ankle deep in empty cans. The ai testified that he thought, brie perhaps it was his duty to go and find out what the hell was h ing, but when the plane hit a than-usual downdraft, he deci stay strapped in his seat.

By the time the *Assam Dragon* at Kunming, in a cloud of yello the general was white, shaki erupting profanity. He tottered the airstrip toward the operation screaming for somebody to co court-martial instantly. His id to have the whole crew convi drunken flying, disrespect for a officer, and probably treason, they could sober up.

The only hitch was that Itchy and his fellow crewmen turned be as sober as Billy Graham on morning. And the impromptu couldn't find a line anywhere Regulations and Standing Ord forbade a pilot to put a case of beer cans in the cockpit before off. The incident was reported b of mouth throughout the whole within a week, to the vast be everybody's morale. Even the commander, Vinegar Joe Stilwe had his own grievances against ington—cracked a grin when he the incident.

Mr. Fischer is former editor in chief of Harper's. *In 1943-44 he served as an economic intelligence officer on the staff of General Stilwell in the China-Burma-India theater.*

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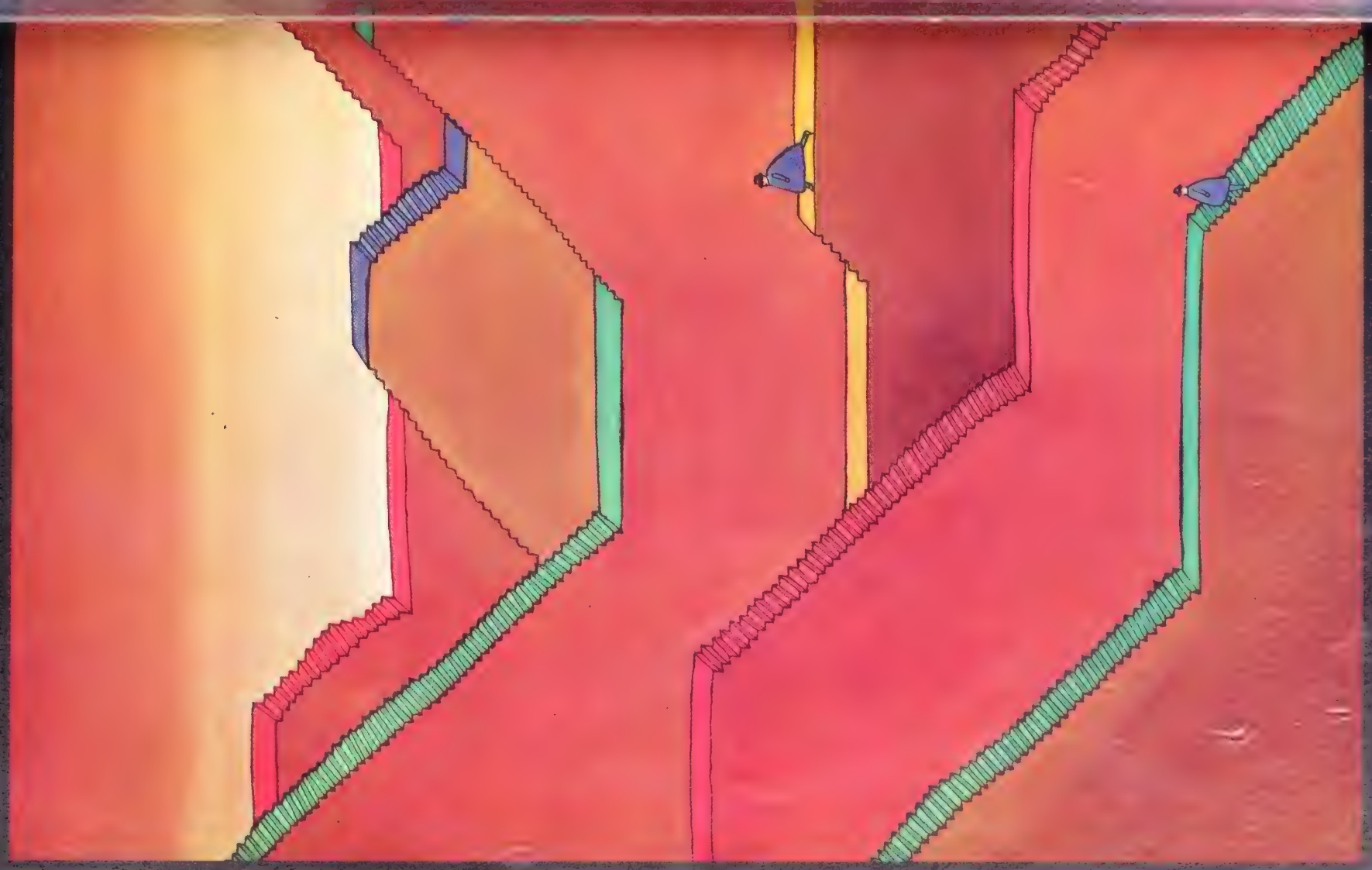


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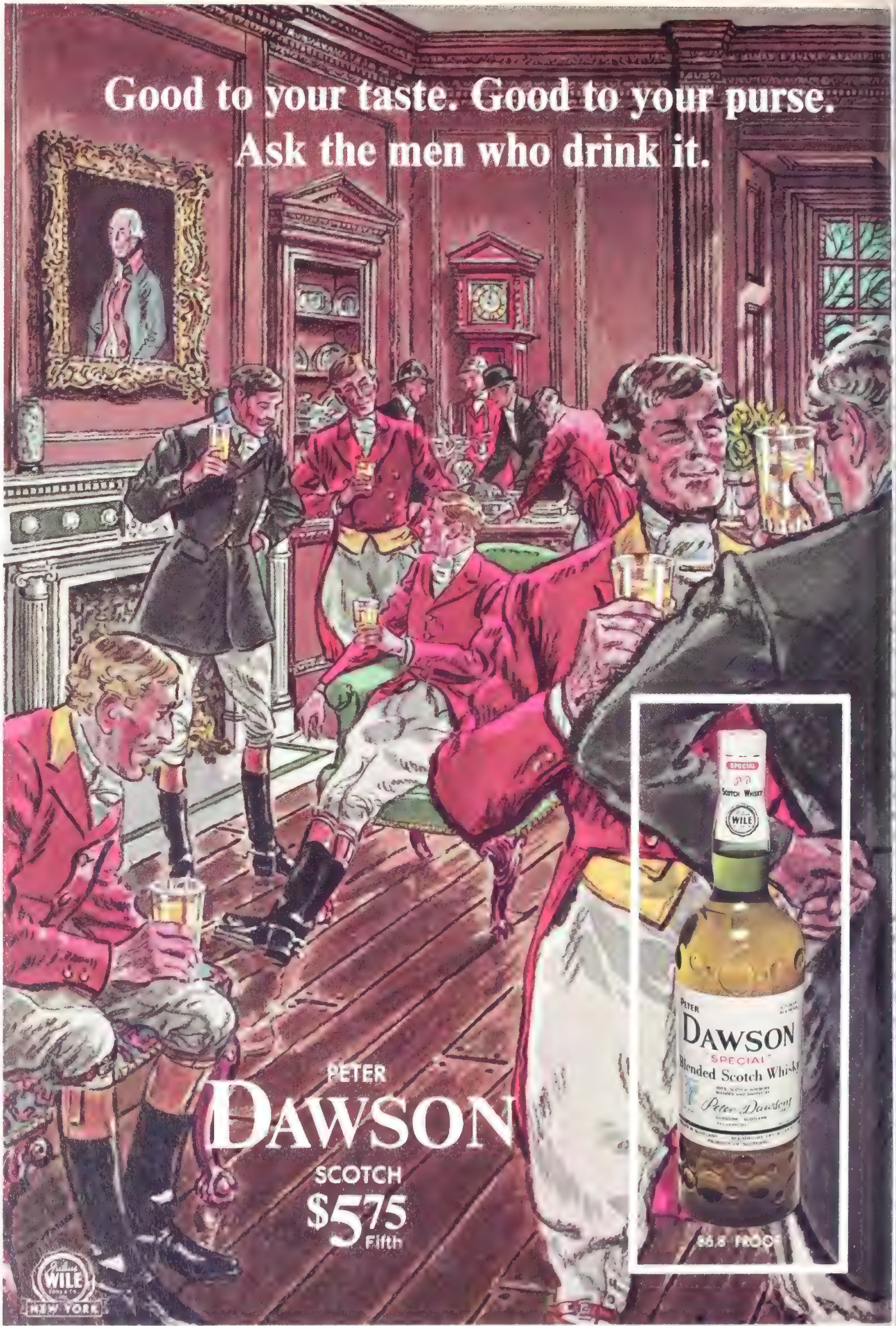






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: Hump route produced a maxim hich ought to be preserved some- in the folklore of the war: "There l pilots, and there are bold pilots. ere are no old, bold pilots."

r also deserves a place in the non, because next to sex it was ain preoccupation of practically ody not in combat. For a long it reached the CBI theater only in ts: typically, a ration of four cans an once a month. Since ice and eration were of course unknown ost posts throughout Southeast and the thermometer usually was ıg 100 degrees, drinking your ra- asn't easy; as soon as you pushed ener into the can, most of its its spouted all over the landscape eyser of foam. A scene Andy War- ould have loved.

ne soldiers found a solution to roblem soon after the first squad- B-29 bombers was stationed at a base south of Calcutta. On ration very company within jeep range truck all its beer to the base. , for a modest bribe, some pilot s could be persuaded to load the in his bomb bay and take off on a ing flight." After he had circled ı hour at 20,000 feet, the beer be well-chilled and ready for de- to the troops waiting alongside inway when he landed.

uring only the amount of aviation ne expended, I once calculated he cooling of this beer cost the ican taxpayer $9 per can. And at the price.

casionally the official historians tumble into error, because they understand the larcenous nature merican soldiery. For example, solemnly record the miraculous s of the Flying Tigers, a group unteer fighter pilots under Claire ault who fought in Burma during 941 and early 1942. During a little han six months they were credited shooting down at least 286 Japa- anes, or roughly fifteen for every f their own.* At the same time, h squadrons fighting alongside barely broke even in their combat To anyone except a historian,

ese figures, with slight variations, are n many published accounts. See, for e, the article by Robert J. Milch in the 967 issue of *American History Illus-*



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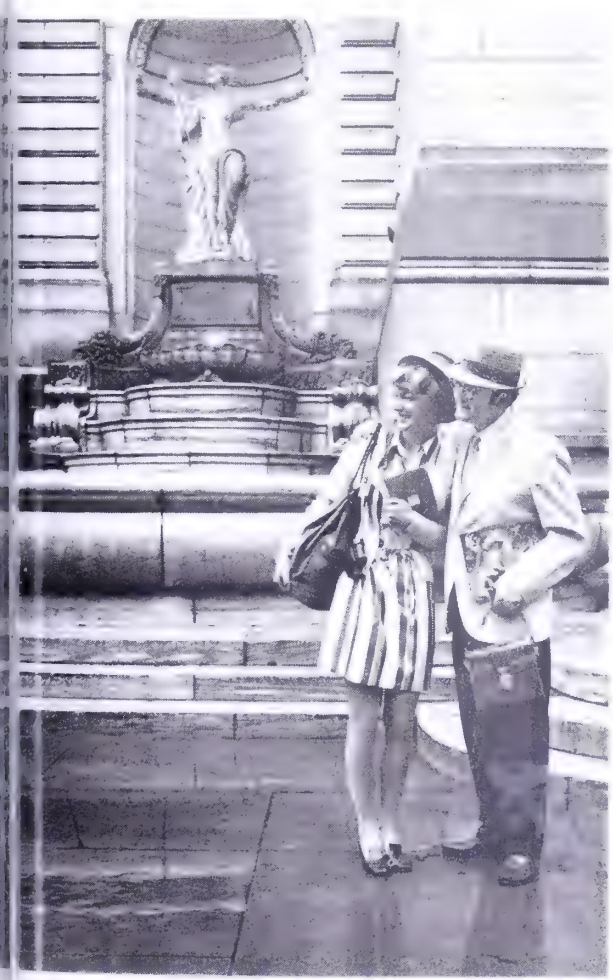
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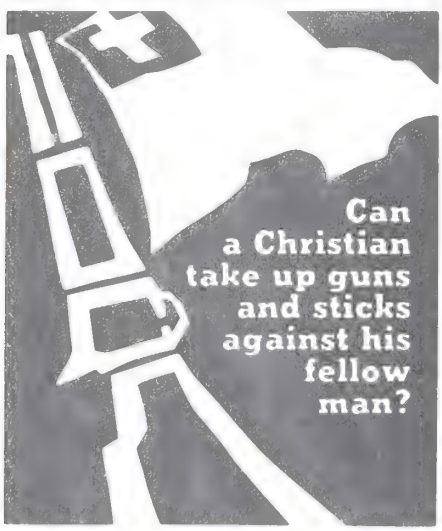
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with his touching faith in the written record, these figures could sound a mite suspicious—especially since the British pilots were no less brave and well-trained, and were flying Hurricanes, a plane at least as good as the American P-40s.

The explanation—at least the way I heard it—is a credit to the free-enterprise system. The Chinese government, which had hired the Flying Tigers, paid them a bonus of $500 for every Japanese plane shot down; but the RAF pilots merely got their regular pay, regardless of their scores. Inevitably the allied fliers made a deal. Suppose a squadron of Tigers and an RAF squadron jointly tackled a flight of Japanese bombers and shot down, say, ten of them. When they were debriefed back at their airstrips, the British might claim one victory, just for the sake of appearances, while the Americans would claim the other nine—and collect bonuses totaling $4,500. Next morning, of course, they would split the loot with their British friends. A happy arrangement, but not the sort of thing likely to find its way into official documents.

In all theaters the British were constantly appalled by the American soldier's slap-happy approach to the art of war. A Scottish cousin-in-law of mine, Finlay Wilson, was an officer in a commando unit assigned to that bad-luck parachute attack behind the German lines at Arnhem. American planes—again, those C-47s—were to lift the commandos from a British air base to the jump zone over Holland. Finlay shepherded his men aboard, checked their equipment, and then waited, dry-mouthed and sweaty-palmed, for the American air crew. Short minutes before takeoff time the pilot and copilot did arrive: Finley thought they looked over-hung. Still they waited, with propellers idling, because the navigator hadn't showed up. Finlay began to "expostulate," as he put it, because he knew that in this operation precise timing was vital: I take it that he meant his language blistered the paint.

At the last possible moment the navigator came trotting across the tarmac, a cup of coffee in one hand and a hot dog in the other. As he clambered aboard, he said,

"Hi, you guys, where we going? Arnhem, huh. Arnhem? Where's that? Holland, you say? Well, we ought to have a map of Holland somewhere around here . . ."

Still gnawing on his hot dog, he began to thumb through a sheaf of maps as the plane rolled down the runway. To Finlay's surprise, he and his men were dropped about an hour later approximately the right place—and after a week of hard fighting, he was captured with the exhausted remnants of his command. To this day Finlay is not sure whether or not that navigator was putting him on.

Another British officer told me he had lost all confidence in American troops after he happened to observe an infantry platoon on a training march across the English countryside.

"Take ten," the lieutenant in command said, and the men flopped down by the road for their hourly rest period. To English eyes, they did not look like a military unit, but "more like a troop of mutinous Texaco dealers. The lieutenant didn't look like an officer either. He sat with his back against a tree, jacket unbuttoned and a cigar in his mouth. When a staff car drove up he saluted sitting down and stilled chewing his cigar. More unbelievable, whoever was in the staff car did not rise to reprimand this breach of discipline.

"Furthermore," the Englishman went on, "the lieutenant apparently had never learned how to give a proper command. When the ten minutes was up, he merely gave his men a look of loathing and said, 'Okay, you lugs, get going.' And do you know, they actually did."

People who know about Army life only from *South Pacific* and other written accounts of World War II—history or fiction—seem to think of it as a heady blend of Florence Nightingale, Joan of Arc, and Goldie Hawn. Most of those I met were, in fact, middle-aged harridans with souls of leather and an ingrained conviction that every GI who applied for medical attention was probably a malingerer. Usually because they so overworked they had no time for compassion, much less romance.

A friend of mine working on the Ledo Road in Burma left his tent in the middle of the night to go to the latrine and stepped on a cobra. His tent mate called the Twentieth Station Hospital on the field telephone and asked the duty officer what they should do. "Do you have a jeep?" she asked. "Yes." "All right, then you can get him here in three minutes. I'll give him some anti-venom serum. If you can't, don't bother."

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When they read about the 1968 massacre at Songmy, some of my younger neighbors found it hard to believe that American soldiers could shoot civilians in cold blood. I had to assure them that this was quite possible, and not only in the heat of battle.

For some weeks after the Americans occupied Algiers, they reacted to every air-raid alarm by blacking out the whole city instantaneously. It was easy: a sergeant at the central power plant simply yanked the master switch as soon as he heard the sirens. One night when this happened an officer working at Eisenhower's headquarters—then in the Aleti Hotel—heard a burst of rifle fire just outside the main entrance. He groped his way through the dark until he found the sentry guarding that doorway, and asked what was happening.

"I just shot me an Ayrab," the sentry said.

"Why? Was he trying to break into headquarters?"

"No. I guess not. He just started flapping around out there in the street in them white robes, so I shot him."

That sentry was no more muddled, probably, than most people in uniform at that time. Although the official histories don't admit it, I am convinced that bewilderment is the normal state of every military organization. The historians do mention "the fog of war" which traditionally falls over a battlefield—but they don't explain that it also rolls hundreds of miles to the rear until it engulfs even the most remote echelons.

When Lord Louis Mountbatten was appointed Supreme Commander of Allied Forces in Southeast Asia, he immediately perceived that security in that theater was pretty slack. He decreed, therefore, that nobody should be permitted to enter his headquarters compound in New Delhi without a special pass, adorned with a photograph of the bearer.

Those of us who had to go in and out of the compound a dozen times a day were willing enough to humor El Supremo's whimsy. The difficulty was that nobody could find the British brigadier who was the sole man authorized to issue the passes. Some said he was on a prolonged vacation in Kashmir; some that he had eloped with an Anglo-Burmese girl; others held that he was dead.

The sensible thing, no doubt, would have been for everybody to take the order seriously, and to stay away from the compound. With the headquarters offices empty, the war—in that theater, anyhow—would soon wind down, and we could all go home. Instead, alas, we improvised.

We knew that the Sikh sentries who picketed the gates of the compound couldn't speak English, much less read it, and that they were a little vague about this pass business anyhow. An English major whom I worked with thought that they might be satisfied with the top off a box of Murad cigarettes. It was a choice bit of graphic art, printed in purple and embossed with the gold medals Murads had won in a dozen international trade fairs. The major scissored off the edges, added a couple of flourishing signatures in green ink at the bottom, and headed for the compound. The first sentry he tried—a magnificent fellow in turban and full beard—peered carefully at the pass, then snapped his bayoneted rifle to Present Arms, and waved the major through.

Since I didn't smoke Murads, I decided to try my luck with a piece of yellow cardboard which had once authorized me to enter Temporary Building T in Washington, and which had remained in my wallet when I went overseas. It wasn't as pretty as the major's pass, but it worked just as well. So too, as others soon discovered, would any scrap of cardboa[rd] [of] propriate size, so long as it wa[s] Sikhs like color, as their re[li]turbans plainly indicate.

The foregoing illustrates [a] military maxim, which [re]holds valid for all wars: "Th[e] ence does not lie in carryin[g] orders of your superior: the tr[u]ent soldier carries out the [or]superior would have issued i[f] what the hell he was talking a[bo]

What may have been th[e] comedy in the World W[ar] theater of the absurd took pla[ce] other C-47 cargo plane, windin[g] the same passes that Itchy Bo[yd] followed on his epic beer-c[an] This one, though, was headed [the] way. It was carrying Chinese [so]from Chiang Kai-shek's tatter[ed] to an American base camp [in] where they were to be fed, [be]reclothed, reequipped, retrai[ned] formed into what General Stilw[ell] would be an effective fighting [un]

Normally a C-47 would ca[rry] thirty men. The Chinese loadi[ng] however, managed to squeeze [one] onto this flight, over the pilot's [ob]They were far underweigh[t] months of hunger and dysent[ery] carried no packs or rifles; a[ll] their uniforms were threadb[are] lousy, the Chinese officer orde[red] to strip down to their breech[es] any) before boarding the sh[ip] lightened, he argued, they sho[uld] much of an overload. The A[me] present suspected that he plann[ed] the uniforms and pocket the p[ro]at that time, any rag, howev[er] found a ready market in Weste[rn]

As he took off, the pilot c[ould] from the way the plane handle[d] was indeed overloaded. An ho[ur] straining to reach 18,000 feet, [he] to suspect that he wasn't going [to] it. Their best hope, he decide[d] lighten ship. He explained th[is] copilot and the sergeant who [was] his crew, and told them to get [ready] jump. He hoped to parachu[te] somewhere near Fort Hertz, a[n] outpost in a valley of the Hi[gh] With luck, and the guidance [of] scarves, they might be able to f[ind] foot. (Every American who h[ad] The Hump was issued a nylon [scarf] which was printed a map, sho[wing] main trails, passes, and milit[ary]

THE DEATH OF LOVE
by Robert Graves

The death of love comes from reiteration:
A single line sung over and over again—
No prelude and no end.

The word is not, perhaps, "reiteration"—
Nature herself repunctuates her seasons
With the same stars, flowers, fruits—
Though love's curious reluctance to survive
Springs always from the same genetic fault:
The needle jumps its groove.

roughout the area; I still keep ound somewhere, just in case l have the ill-fortune to fly that in.)

wo men strapped on their para- shouldered their duffle bags, and the door leading from the cock- he cargo compartment. It was with shivering Chinese, stand- ılder to shoulder. Some of them n vomiting, from altitude sick- the floor was slippery. Neverthe- Americans managed to shove uirm their way through this mass of yellow bodies to the oor, toward the rear of the fuse- hen they slid it open, they could the plane was laboring to hold ıde—but they also could see just he saddle of the pass that the ped to clear. He seemed to have hundred feet of leeway, and essed that with just a little less o carry he might be able to skin . They threw out their duffle nd braced themselves for the ut before taking off, the sergeant for a last glance at his passen-

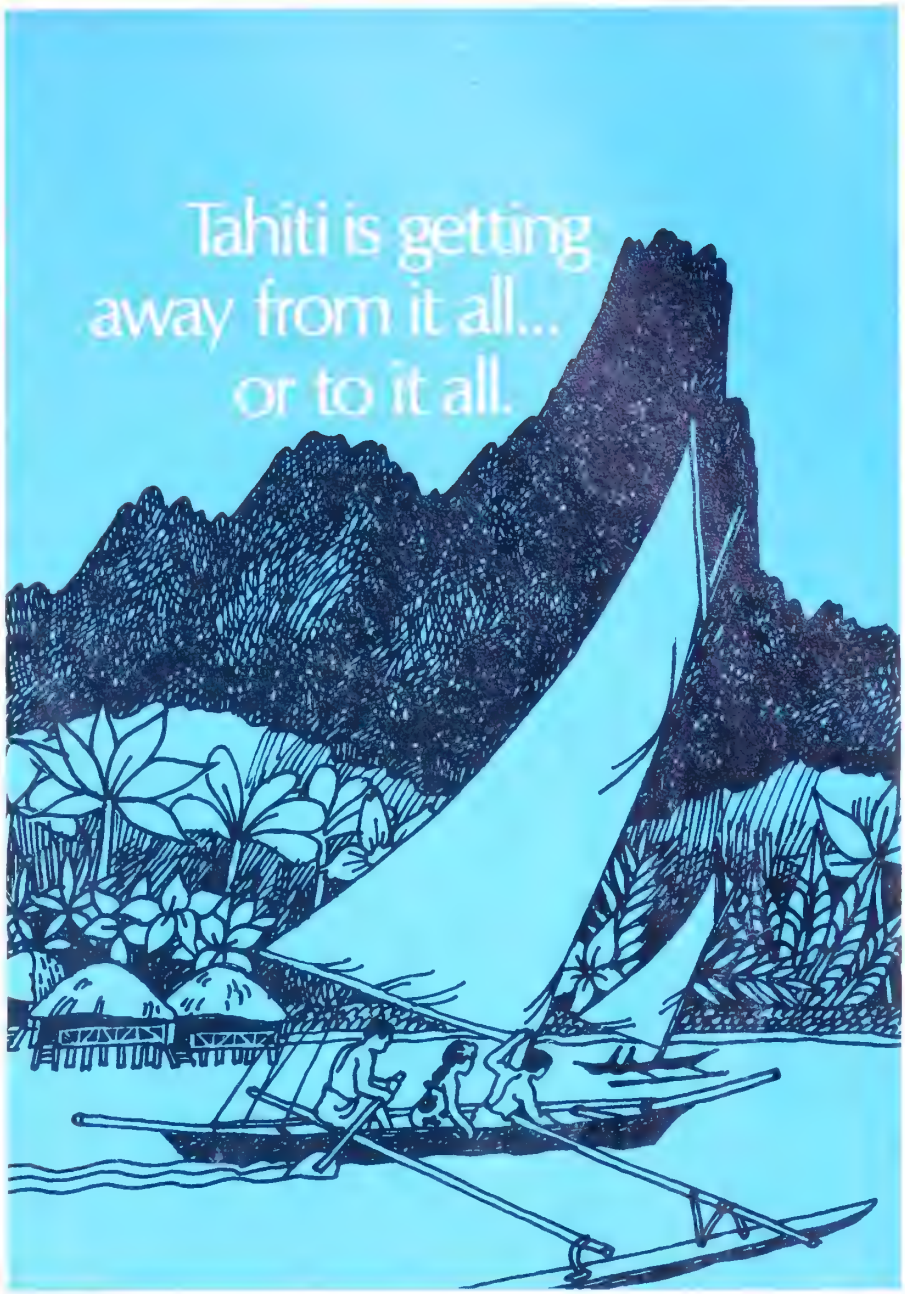
ıve never seen such looks of nd hatred on human faces," he later, "and hope I never will t dawned on me then that those ımned Chinese had no way of g how many Americans were the plane—and there was no way ould tell them that the pilot was the job up forward.

ırally they thought they were eserted in midair by the Ameri- y had trusted. We were well-fed y clothed, and we had the only tes. They were sick, naked, cold. —and convinced that within they would be smeared all over ılayan peaks.

t pretty helpless and horrified but there was no time to explain i had known their language. So aved to them, in what I hope eassuring gesture, and pushed ackward out the cargo door.

, eventually the copilot and I o Fort Hertz with nothing worse sprained ankle and a few con- The poor damned Chinese got Ramghar training base a good ner. But I'll bet that not one of ll ever again trust any Ameri- ınybody else."

ever I remember the story these an't help thinking what a lovely would have made for the Mar- Sade and his company of actors Charenton asylum. □



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Norman Macrae

FOREIGN REPORT

What will destroy apartheid?

It is important that both black and white Americans should understand what is really happening today in Southern Africa. At the moment, for a variety of reasons, most of them don't. There is a great mixed bathing in eyewash. Anybody who tries soberly to discuss that eyewash risks becoming very unpopular. Not merely unpopular with any apologists for Prime Minister Vorster's odious regime (one could happily bear that), but also with one's fellow liberals. The traditional liberal American failing today is to strike all the right attitudes toward South Africa, and then simultaneously to harbor all the wrong immediate expectations about it.

Let it be said from the beginning that no honest report from South Africa today can bring any comfort to the decent-minded. Mr. Vorster's republic is a strong, muscular, and successfully expanding slave society. Its tyranny is not due, shameful to relate, to any especial degree of original sin among the 3.5 million rather ordinary white citizens of the country who are oppressing the 15 million nonwhites. The rich white citizens of Johannesburg and Cape Town are behaving much as the rich white citizens of Westchester or Wimbledon or Amsterdam would do in their embattled position. That is to say, they are behaving extremely badly. A terrible weight of collective indignity, individual oppression, and brutal police surveillance is crushed down on the black majority: springing partly from the normal insensitivity of rich toward poor, partly from the racial nastiness so common also elsewhere, and partly from a terror among the whites (by now probably justified) that any "weakness" on their part would increase the likelihood of an eventual irruption of bloody pangas in their backyards.

This makes the writing of poetic diatribes against the white oppressors the easiest and most temporarily satisfying form of political hack journalism and rodomontade today. We all indulge in it from time to time, because it is so nice to be able to accord with the radical young by having one right-wing dictatorship to assault, instead of always looking so square by only assaulting left-wing ones. But in writing about both right-wing and left-wing oppressors, the proper question for any liberal observer should be what can be done to speed an end to cruelty and beastliness between peoples, not who can show his radical purity by shouting the loudest abuse at the present perpetrators of it.

The favorite belief among progressive Americans, white and black, seems to be that the end will soon be speeded by a successful black revolution. South Africa, one is told comfortingly, amid the nighttime uneasiness of Washington and New York, is sitting on a powder keg. At a seminar I attended on South Africa at a prominent American university last winter, ardent black students carried round buckets for a collection "to help finance the South African war of liberation." A number of rather timorous (and decidedly non-revolutionary) white businessmen thought it most politic hurriedly to put in a few of their firms' dollars, and then looked guilty lest they might have thereby spilled the blood of some of their white South African customers. They need not worry. What they will mainly have done is contribute worthily to the living expenses of a few sad-eyed black South African emigrés.

There is at present no real "South African revolution" or "war of liberation" in progress. Those who want to believe that there is one are generally very angry to be told this; but the pretense that the problem is about to be solved in this way is a cruel delusion, fostered by liberals in comfortable countries at the expense of poor black Africans on the spot. What is true is that there are a few training camps for "freedom fighters" in the black African states to South Africa's north, and a few brave lunatics are sometimes infiltrated across the border with intentions of sabotage; most of them are then promptly picked up by the South African police.

Mr. Macrae, forty-six, is deputy editor of The Economist *of London, and has been on that paper since 1949. He has traveled all over the world and in 1968 wrote a study on South Africa.*

which has informers in every
those freedom-fighting camps, as
among most of the addressees t
the saboteurs are supposed to c
course, there will be rather mor
ing incidents in the years imm
ahead, and internal (as distin
imported) revolution among
South Africans will grow. But it
best to recognize from the be
that freedom is not at present m
south.

Buying northern

Indeed, it seems rather more p
that in the next five years the
grip of rich white South Africa
northern borders will appear
stronger, not weaker. The reaso
internal chaos and bloodshed m
be expected in some of the fr
African states to its north. Th
for this should be laid squarely
by now pretty uselessly—on the
left by British and French colo

British colonialism did try,
final and belatedly conscience-
years, to bequeath to Africa so
ciples of democracy, as seen by
progressive British governors f
poshest British private schoo
what they actually left behind, of
was a tradition of British class s
fatally overlaid on top of Africa
ing tribal and caste system, plus
last and retreating days) the les
power and glory could most e
won by demagogues who start
French colonialism, albeit start
a different philosophy (once d
as "make the best of these bla
Frenchmen, and pay them t
world price for their peanuts"
tually left much the same thing
with rather smaller encourage
riots and much greater demon
that anybody who won his way i
ernment could and would mak
tune through permitted corrupti

At best, this legacy from col
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rica's small, educated, and t
boss class—raised the risk tha
black Africa's first century of





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an essay on browsing

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/hile you may shop for groceries, look for clothes, or bargain for cars, ou only really browse for two items and at two different times in your life. s a child you must surely remember whiling away the hours, standing first n one foot then the other, trying to decide how best to invest your 5¢ for andy, measuring pleasure against pleasure. You, of course, know that this ame thing happens all over again as an adult when you scan volume upon olume at your local bookstore, measuring *what you should read* against *hat you would like to read,* author against author, expectation gainst expectation.

erhaps the two most patient people in the world are the candy store roprietor and the bookstore seller, for both must respect the customer's ght to take as long as he likes and both must be able to answer quite pecific questions about what's *really* inside and which, after all, is the etter choice. Both, in the last analysis, must like to browse themselves hich is probably their secret of success.

o if you are over the age of ten and beyond the temptations of licorice sticks nd rock candy, take some time this weekend to let your local bookstore emonstrate the pleasures of browsing. Your reading pleasure, your library nd, if you are not quite beyond the age of temptation, your waistline ill be better for it.

ome in and browse . . .

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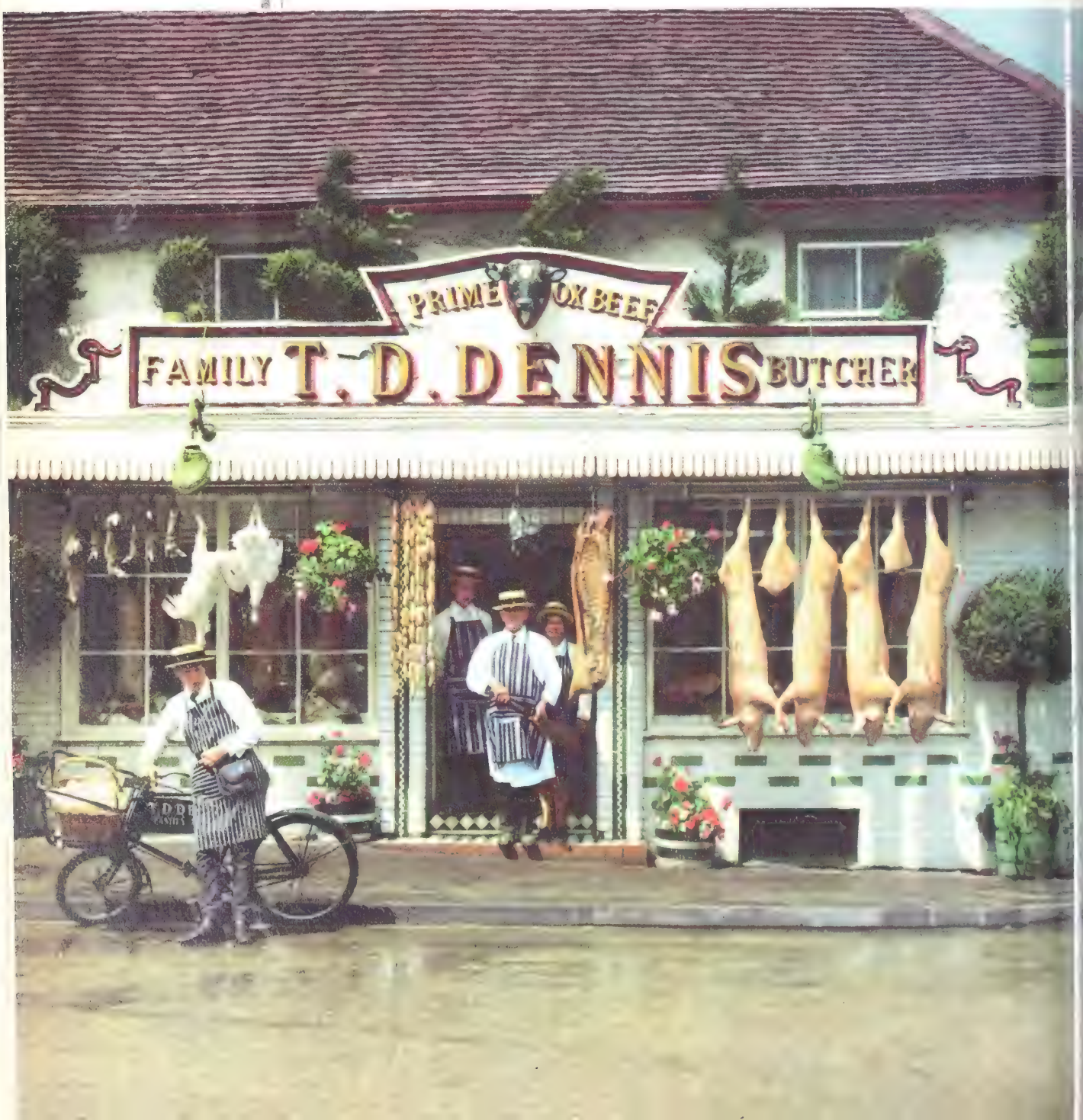
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Gamlingay and Great Grai en
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see King's College Chapel, b t b
Tudor Prince over a hundr
before the Mayflower sailed for neri

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remote, is Ely where Hereward :Wa
made his last stand against Wi m t



eror. The cathedral there was
d in A.D. 673.

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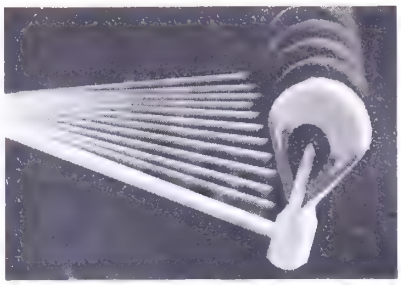
22

would lapse into a latter-day equivalent of Latin America's lost century after Bolivar: rootless patchwork states complete with intermittent soldiers' coups d'etat and ruling-class corruption. At the more likely worst, it raised the spectre of bloody civil wars like the recent one between Nigeria and Biafra. To South Africa's north, a few able black African politicians still stand out as national leaders, generally left over from the fight against British colonialism: world class statesmen like Presidents Kaunda and Kenyatta. But, when they have gone, tribal conflict seems liable to break out all over.

Mr. Vorster's South Africa is ready to move in to take advantage of this situation. South Africa intends to buy itself disruptive tribal leaders—or, much better, amenable national presidents or prime ministers—in free black Africa. Dr. Banda of Malawi is one of the first members of this strange fraternity. He has diplomatic relations with South Africa, gets aid from and trade with South Africa, and hopes he has bought protection from internal coups d'etat as well. And the strange thing is, one can see a patriotic Malawian case for his doing so.

For some years ahead, those black African leaders who thus sup with Mr. Vorster, although preferably using a pretty long spoon, will probably do better by their peoples than those who preach a racial war against South Africa, which they would be certain to lose. Premier Jonathan of Lesotho joined early with Dr. Banda, and leaders of other ex-British protectorates in Southern Africa are not far behind.

Two recent developments are likely to increase the strength of Prime Minister Vorster's drive to the north. One is the failure of both Britain and the United Nations either to check or placate the white rebellion in Rhodesia. When Harold Wilson paced round the decks of *HMS Tiger* and *HMS Fearless*, asking Rhodesia's Ian Smith to take most of what he wanted but please not to insist on making his (Wilson's) surrender too obvious to British Labour party backbenchers, most people assumed that the most reactionary of Wilson's advisers must have taken command over the British government's policy in that part of the world. Actually, and instead, the more liberal of Whitehall's old Africa hands were in favor of the attempted scuttle: they believed that any not-quite-apartheid buffer state between South Africa and free black Africa, even one as appalling as Smith's Rhodesia, would



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be useful in making it seem less necessary to South Africa to spread its influence further north.

Now that negotiations between Smith and Wilson have broken down, largely because Smith insisted on making Wilson's capitulation look even more obvious than the British Labour party was likely to bear, Smith's Rhodesia is likely to slide steadily into a virtual union with South Africa. Mr. Vorster's frontier now stands unwillingly on the Zambezi, and a few guerrillas are slipping over it bound on sabotage. The danger therefore has to be faced that South Africa will lean across the river, and buy itself a revolution or (if it can get one) a client government in place of Kenneth Kaunda in Zambia and probably also of President Nyerere in Tanzania. Nobody except a few liberal romantics really believes that there is any immediate likelihood that the spread of influence will come the other way: marching southwards with the banners of victorious black guerrilla armies.

The other development that may aid this Vorster policy is the new lack of competition. Red China is now the only other competitor in the business of trying to buy local puppet governments in Southern or even central Africa, and it is neither very rich nor very efficient nor very popular with black Africa's ruling class. Russia seems to have practically (at any rate temporarily) bowed out of the African power game south of the equator, and it has certainly given up wanting to overthrow South Africa: on the contrary, the running sore of the presence of this appalling tyranny among the rich white capitalist states of the world is one of the best propaganda weapons that Russia now has. Many South Africans honestly think that there is a Soviet conspiracy to overthrow their country, because from time to time genuine Communist "conspirators" [illegible] and written orders for overthrowing the South African government in quite impossible ways. These are not generally the real types of tough guy who run Soviet conspiracies elsewhere, but dreamy and intellectual-type Communists who in other countries would be used for having social contacts with genuine liberals (and who in South Africa have also been used for having social contacts with genuine liberals, so that a stupid South African government has taken some unforgivably tyrannical police action against many liberals as well). This is probably precisely why the Russians have set up these fall guys to be caught.

A problem about Vorster's new "northward-looking" policy is that it might make apartheid South Africa temporarily come to look almost respectable in the eyes of middle-of-the-road, as well as conservative, white opinion in both North America and Europe. This is the aim of those few of Vorster's supporters who have any skill in public relations. South Africa would gladly allow these black client states to follow what internal policies they liked: there might even be less internal and personal or tribal oppression than there is in some of the free black states at the moment. There would be definite economic advantages: South Africa (see below) is in the middle of an economic miracle, and could help to spread a sort of co-prosperity sphere. The Bantustans within South Africa—the so-called tribal homelands like the Transkei and Zululand—would join the ranks of independent client states later. At present any appearance of self-rule in these Bantustans is mostly a farce: but Mr. Vorster is not opposed to such black self-rule spreading within strictly limited areas (moreover, the green agricultural revolution spreading through underdeveloped countries will remove some of the argument that such Bantustans could never feed themselves).

Some quarter-liberals in South Africa feel that oppression against the black man in white-ruled South Africa would be less intolerable if each black man did have a black-ruled homeland nearby to which he could return if he grew too miserable under white oppression. Some half-liberals favor Mr. Vorster's "outward-looking" policy because the former "*verkrampte*" members of the Nationalist party—now splitting off into Dr. Hertzog's group"—are particularly opposed to diplomatic relations with neighboring black states. "We must not look outwards," Dr. Hertzog has said, "but upwards and inwards." The God of his fathers has told him so.

Economic miracle

For the longer term, however, this idea of a placid, fascist-led, South Africa co-prosperity sphere is not going to succeed. The main reason is a paradoxical one. It lies in racialist South Africa's one real success in the last few years: namely, its burgeoning economic miracle. The big surprise for any visitor to South Africa today is that its economy is most definitely o forward march. Real national ir there is growing at about 6 per c year: on course for doubling approximately every dozen years. is a country with a social systen that of the old, sleeping, slave-ow Confederate South of the United just over a century ago—but with a of growth that is greater than that brash, bustling, Yankee North o United States in the same period. on earth has economic growth beg sprout from such unpromising soi

Hitherto the economic histor most of the world has provided a sumption that an industrial dyr cannot really get going, or at least not proceed for long, while there huge gap between an artificially d entiated, exploited proletariat an artificially differentiated, ridicul privileged boss class—especially the latter is big enough to have to f the executive instead of merely decorative positions in society. The son for usual decay the enerv effect of such a slave-owning or colo ist society on the boss class itself. cheap-labor, servant-exploiting omy, it often seems a profitless bor a member of the boss class to turn a hard, calculating, and risk-ta businessman. Sleepy acceptance o traditional order of things will be deemed to give the reasonably cated idler as comfortable a livir the local climate and amenities allow.

Yet South Africa today has or the most efficient corps of thrustful nessmen in the world. I would p

[illegible] cabinet minister, is leading his "*verkra* (which means "cramped" or "hard-l [illegible] platform that is an extraordinary mixtu the inconsequential and the earth-shatte Afrikanerdom first, strict apartheid i spheres, no mixed sport whatsoever, and s ping of the "obsolete" parliamentary sy Hitherto, the furthest-out right-wing g have had a nasty habit of eventually capt the whole of the governing party; but t because they have usually stood for using greater brutality in stamping out any po [illegible] are mortally afraid. Oddly, Dr. Hertzog i a naturally brutal man. He honestly beli on mystical "religious" grounds, that and black men are different animals, like els and giraffes; and he seems to have an sexual horror that any contact between th [illegible] This view has an appeal to some elderly [illegible] that most young white South Africans wi [illegible]

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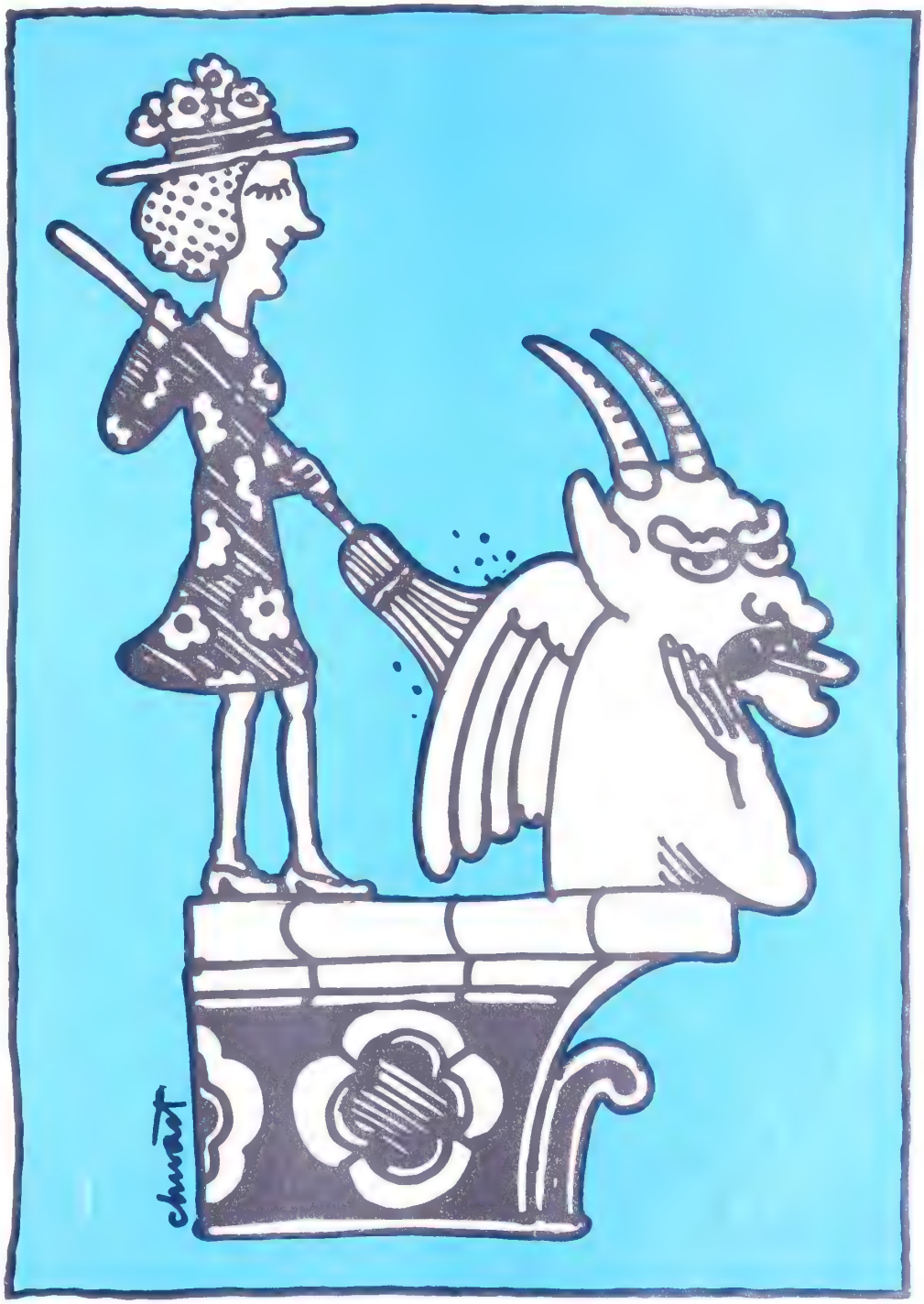
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among the top four in this res of countries that I have visited: bel d th United States, and on a rough p wi the next two of Japan and Franc (ce tainly above Germany, whose b ines efficiency at top managerial le distinct from middle operating vel is overrated). I suspect that th a three main reasons why South Afric surprising managerial revoluti ha got going. One is the extraordina in portance of education among lar boss classes. The proportion of bun white South Africans who go on uni versity is higher than in any othe com munity outside the United Sta s. A second great advantage has sun from what was once regarded the greatest of white South Africa's mis for tunes: namely, the sometimes itte rivalry between the English and Afri kaans-speaking sections of the hit population. The Afrikaans-spe cins majority, who since 1948 have full captured the government, have ov in these last twenty years recovered com the dreadful inferiority complex wic beset them after the Boer War, a fee which they used to find solace in fanatical Old Testament form of reli gion. Now many of them work off their feelings, instead, by a passiona de termination to beat English-spe cing South Africans in the Britons' old mi nant field of business. In the proc s of the new Afrikaner entrepreneurial rev lution, one has had sudden cau to remember that the Dutch have alwa s been among the great comm r peoples of the world.

A third economic advantage i hat the gold-mining booms of lon s have left South Africa with h sophisticated financial system a n corps of managerial expertise eli suited to the new age. When a co is in an early stage of galloping dev op ment—like Japan and Mexico to y there is some evidence that it may ar best if much of its business is in the hands of about half a dozen large fiercely competitive groups. The and other mines of South Africa- ow due to be a declining industry be low-wage miners are no longer ea to recruit—ended up in the hands of competing groups. Together with Afrikaans-speaking groups clu around some financial institution some very modern pioneers, thes now act in effect as South Africa's *zaibat* the wider field of manufacturing; are seeking new industries to devel a cracking pace.

Allied to this is the fact that bus

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in South Africa really does att the best white brains into it. Politi and the civil service are beastly occupations in South Africa, because gestures there have to be made right wing (as would probably in any country where only the ri because white—one-fifth of the population had the vote). The u ties are often not very pleasant either, because of the terrible pr put upon anybody who talks inte reason in this riven society. In quence, the able, educated, progr pragmatic reformer—who is to be in both the Afrikaner and E speaking communities of white Africa, quite as much as back in America or Europe—tends not to any sort of public life in South He goes into business instead, wh is at present making a devil of a money for himself and the co South Africa today is probably th country where the big-business c nity is visibly to the left of the g ment: and big finance is less co tive still.

The result is a rapidly risin national income, the first cou Africa that is quite visibly at the of industrial takeoff. When a cou at this stage—and this was Marx' diagnostic mistake—experience that the rise in incomes of the new ing class keeps pace with the other personal incomes: indeed, any system, it usually goes forwa slightly faster proportionate pac bosses' incomes do. In South Afri distribution of income is wicked equal. The average white still pr gets about eight times the mo comes of the average black. But cent years the black workers with industrial system seem actually t got a slightly larger proportiona crease in real incomes than white Anybody who points this out te become simultaneously unpopula South Africa's liberal enemies (w that such a thing could not p have come about) and with Africa's illiberal government (w not mean it to happen).

The urban nonwhite in South today therefore suffers what is ably spiritually the most agonizi humiliating and inhuman lot i modern world: but he also hap be improving his material stand living at a faster pace than an else on his continent (except th oil-rich states like Libya). He is trodden, segregated, and intol

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bullied; but he is also generally literate, he is used to shopping in the same department stores as one of the four richest white communities on earth, and he will sometimes be buying some consumer durables on installments. A rising (though still terribly insufficient) number own motor cars. He still has much less money than the average black American, but he is probably going to be the first black African to follow the black American into the consumer society. If South Africa continues to advance at its recent growth rate, the average nonwhite South African will reach the average black American's present standard of living some time in the 1990s.

And that, of course, is the most obvious reason why the present and wicked South African social system is singularly unlikely to last as long as that. It is the rising rate of South Africa's economic success which explains why South Africa is almost bound to be changed within the next twenty-five years by either evolution or revolution.

Revolutionary paradox

In a stagnant economy, toleration of appalling injustice can continue for a very long time. In the Mississippi of the 1930s there were no real forces that were working to protect the civil rights of black Americans, even when violations of them were clearly forbidden by the Constitution of the United States. Contrary to the sort of history we learn in elementary school, revolutions are not created by extreme economic deprivation, but come when man is just pulling away from it. Both France's revolution of 1789 and Russia's of 1917 came after a period of quite significantly rising gross national product for those two countries, when both were beginning to be affected by some stages of an industrial and urban revolution. Similarly, the overdue rise of black America's self-assertiveness in the 1960s has not come about during a decade when black Americans' average real incomes have been falling, but at the end of a decade when they have just risen at an unprecedented pace. Black South Africans' real incomes are just starting to reach the take-off point now, which is why the revolution (which is at present virtually nonexistent) might start to reach toward the take-off point too.

Revolution, or evolution. It is here that one comes to the toughest moral question for any outside observer of South Africa, and one on which I am quite uncertain of the most ethical answer. Should we want to see the quickest possible revolution to liberate black South Africans from their present helotry (even if that ran the risk of supplanting the white dictatorship with the sorts of black dictatorship, interspersed with intertribal civil wars, that are all too likely in some black African states to the north)? Or should one prefer that revolution be delayed, even if it means that helotry lasts up to fifteen years longer, in the hope that evolution to a decent society can take place by peaceful means? There is a fearful paradox here, and few people on either side of the anguished divide can claim to be really logical.

Those who want to speed the cause of black revolution at all costs are generally those who call most passionately for trade and other boycotts with South Africa, in the belief that this would slow the country's rate of economic growth and thus bring white South Africans to heel. Actually, to the extent that such world trade boycotts were effective enough to slow economic growth (either in South Africa or Rhodesia), they would also slow the advance of black revolution.

By the same token, those, including myself, who find that in the last resort we would desperately like to believe that peaceful evolution is a possible alternative to bloody revolution ought perhaps to favor any boycotts that slow the pace of economic growth. Illogically, however, I find myself supporting boycotts on trade with Rhodesia but not with South Africa. Those of us who would like to see a peaceful evolution should also recognize that we may be exaggerating the hope that it could come about: just as those who clamor for bloody revolution habitually exaggerate the extent to which it is in any sort of progress already.

The prospects of peaceful evolution to a decent multiracial society in South Africa may depend much more on what happens in the United States than on what happens in South Africa itself. For it is in the United States that the racial problem is surely either going to be solved first, or else is going to explode the planet. The present battle by the one-ninth of America's population which is black will be won when, some time within our lifetimes, it is recognized as natural that about one out of nine of American Presidents and top business executives and professional men should be black. Come tha[t] and even the suburban sno[b] Johannesburg can hardly say th[at] President of the greatest power o[n] is not the sort of person who [c]an allowed to bathe in their swi[m] pools.

To some extent there is alre[ady] change in the racial attitudes of [the] South Africans; downtrodden [by] whites' neuroses have given w[ay] frightened rich whites' bluster. T[he] and most horrible sort of *baassk[ap]* the type that based itself on [the] hatred of black Africans. It is [to] found mainly among white Afri[kaans]-speakers above the age of fifty, li[ke] majority of the present South A[frican] cabinet. The key point to remem[ber] that most of these people grew up [in] post-Boer War decade as poor w[hites] their one solace in life was tha[t they] were at any rate a class abo[ve] "bleeding Kaffirs." Among the [young] white Afrikaners, this hatred is [much] less evident. Their racial beastlin[ess] based more on fear of black retrib[ution], which is then hastily covered ove[r by a] professed scorn for what they reg[ard as] blacks' lack of achievements.

It has to be admitted that this [attitude] has increased in recent years, bot[h as a] result of the tragedies in indepe[ndent] black African states to the north [and] a result of the theatricality and r[acism] which has characterized some fe[atures] of the rise of the black-power mov[ement] in the United States. One's hope [must] be that as America moves to a ma[ture] and more integrated society—wh[ich I] still believe will happen—scorn wil[l have] to be abandoned. Whether fear of [retri]bution can also be abandoned wi[ll de]pend on the course of history. Bu[t at] the moment it is worth reporting [that] while the apartheid of the over-[class] among white South Africans is la[rgely] based on pathological considera[tions], the apartheid of the under-fort[unate] much more frequently defended [on] tactical considerations; and th[ere] could lie some seed of change.

It is still dreadfully difficult to j[udge] what can be done from abroad to [nur]ture that seed. At present nothi[ng is] being done to nurture it. It is so [much] easier and more satisfying jus[t to] demonstrate one's revulsion at [the] wicked things that are happening, [and] to rely on salvation by a revolution [that] is in practice not yet happening—[and] whose onset most of the white [and] black anti-apartheid demonstrator[s in] the rich northern hemisphere a[re in] practice doing something to delay.

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HE NIXON SUPREMACY

the President produces his astonishing balancing act and maintains a arious stability while doing it.

a centrist," Richard Nixon likes to say. And e says it, the hands take the cat's-cradle posi- palms vertical and facing inwards, about six apart, with the fingers extended. But not held bile, as if to figure that unvarying track across ureless plain, the middle of the road. On the ry, the hands saw the air; the shoulders ; and the eyes dart. The impression is of a held by force of dynamic tension, of a man ling Laocoön-like against tremendous gales ng from all sides. "I'm a centrist," in other , denotes a balancing act.

t balancing act expresses the central charac- that emerges from the first year of the Nixon inistration. The President has not solved many ms. He has not found his way into the heart erica. He has not even established a dominant But by playing off forces he has taken a com- ng position in the fastnesses of power that most. Elected by a narrow minority of the y with only lukewarm support from his own o face a Democratic Congress and a bureauc- elf-confident as rarely before, Mr. Nixon one ater was on top with his party, the Congress, reaucracy, and the country. So far at least, he en able to do something many despaired of he came to office. He has been able to rule.

instinct for balancing forces comes to the ent in the most forceful way possible to pol- men—which is through competition with Lyndon Johnson had a bastion in the Con- and with the producer interests of the South- John Kennedy had behind him the loyalty of ormous Catholic bloc. Eisenhower wore a nimbus. For Roosevelt and Truman, there orking the elixir of challenge stirring enough to mobilize the country. But Mr. Nixon has made his way almost alone, without a base—or rather with an anti-base. He has advanced at moments when better men, fatigued with public causes, sought satisfaction in the private achievement of better living. His natural constituency has been among those left out, or going against the grain of regular patterns. He has flourished among Republican Catholics in the East, hostile to the Protestant Establishment of their party; among executives and country-clubbers in the South, contemptuous of the rednecks; among small-town Republicans in the Midwest, envious of the cities of the Coasts; among the sabras, or native-born, of the West Coast, "fed," as they like to say, with Eastern domination. To hold together a clientele of such sundry resentments requires a constant shifting of stance. Even to his own following, Mr. Nixon has to be all things. And to do that he needs to carry with him, as Elizabeth Drew once put it, a portable Right and Left.

Bob Haldeman, the chief of staff in the Nixon White House and the official closest to the President, in physical proximity at least, can trace the workings of the portable Right and Left principle in the most minute details of almost everything the President does. A striking example was the replacement of Arthur Burns, when he was named to head the Federal Reserve Board, by two White House Counselors—Pat Moynihan, the flamboyant Irish giant with special sensitivity to the cities and the academic world; and Bryce Harlow, the pint-sized former Eisenhower aide and Procter & Gamble lobbyist known for dry understatement and a sensitivity to business views. Other striking examples abound in the Nixon Cabinet. In the national security field, the Cabinet arrays a downy dove, Secretary of State

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THE NIXON SUPREMACY

William Rogers, against a beaky hawk, Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird. In social policy, a with-it friend of the President's—Health, Education, and Welfare Secretary Robert Finch—is stacked against an out-of-touch Presidential friend, Attorney General John Mitchell. In economic policy, a banker and a businessman, Secretary of the Treasury David Kennedy and Secretary of Commerce Maurice Stans, are pitted against academic economists, Secretary of Labor George Shultz and the Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, Paul McCracken. Even among the academic economists, an orthodox Keynesian emphasizing fiscal measures, Dr. McCracken, is balanced by a semi-Friedmanite emphasizing monetary levers, Dr. Burns. It is typical that when it came to making one choice, Mr. Nixon picked the man who divided his followers least—the then almost unknown Spiro Agnew.

To be sure, the Nixon team—without a leading black or a well-known Jew or a Democrat of high standing—is not particularly diverse by national standards. But such differences as exist are well-publicized. Few if any Administrations have spread their discords so boldly on the record. Mr. Nixon was barely in office when Secretary Laird was saying, and Secretary Rogers denying, that the Russians were going for a "first strike" nuclear capacity against this country. As soon as the question of desegregating Southern schools came up, Mr. Finch wanted to go forward while Mr. Mitchell wanted to slow down. Similarly when it came to more tolerant laws for possession of marijuana. In July, the White House itself made it known that only three Cabinet members had backed the President's decision to replace the welfare system with a Family Assistance Plan. A couple of days later, it became plain that the White House was divided on the critical question of whether Family Assistance payments would eliminate or supplement the Food Stamp program. In August, the President announced postponement of a Vietnam troop reduction that had been publicly predicted only a couple of days earlier by both the Secretary of State and the Secretary of Defense. When the Vice President went on the warpath a little later he, among other things, attacked Averell Harriman for concessions on Vietnam that had been made by Lyndon Johnson with the full knowledge of Richard Nixon. As the year drew to a close, Secretary of the Interior Walter Hickel and Secretary of Labor Schulz were locked in combat as to whether to keep or scrap the oil-import system. Everybody knew that Minority Leader Gerald Ford fought, and nearly beat, the Administration on the extension of the federal Poverty Program in the House of Representatives. Everybody and his uncle saw that on the nomination of Judge Clement Haynsworth to the Supreme Court the Administration was successfully opposed by Minority Leader Hugh Scott and Minority Whip Robert Griffin in the Senate. And on the tax bill, Scott publicly attacked the Treasury, while Senator Charles Percy disdained even to use a screen for his feelings about the Administration. "We blew it," he said.

But did they blow it by chance? Is this spectacular disconcert accidental? Mr. Nixon was, after all, known for years as a tight-lipped, hard-detached professional playing politics by the numbers with ruthless efficiency. In line with that reputation he has established at the White House a system coordinating mechanism heading up in two figures of far greater importance than generally supposed. Bob Haldeman and John Ehrlichman, the Counsel to the President, are quintessential Nixonites. Unlike the President they come from the West—Haldeman from Los Angeles; Ehrlichman from Seattle. Where Mr. Nixon is a Quaker, they are Christian Scientists. They entered national politics as Nixon advance men in 1960, and they were far closer to Nixon than anybody else—Mitchell and Finch included—at the supreme testing time. When Mr. Nixon lost the race for Governor of California in 1962, Haldeman was campaign manager and Ehrlichman was his deputy. In effect, they waited Lazarus back from the land of the politically dead. "Their loyalty is to God, to country, and to Nixon," a junior White House aide once said. "In that order."

At the White House, they run a very tight ship. Haldeman controls all access—on paper as well as in person—to the President: he is the master of the FBI reports on personnel and of the massive White House perks in planes, helicopters, cars, offices and mess privileges. Ehrlichman is the chief coordinator of the President's domestic program—an internal czar, far more potent than Joe Califano was under Johnson or Ted Sorensen under Kennedy. The work begins early, with some meetings at seven in the morning, and lasts late. Most communications are in writing—"to cut out the bull," Haldeman once remarked. Gags are about as common as smoking and drinking, which, in turn, is so little a note of course that Henry Kissinger is considered a swinger, and Moynihan will break out a bottle in his office with a wry remark about being the last Catholic. No sentiment inhibits delivery of the mitten—even to friends outworn. When the President came to feel that he didn't want to have his old pal Herb Klein around all the time, Haldeman came up with one of his own protégés—Ron Ziegler—for the job of White House Press Secretary. Nobody is yet sure whether Moynihan's elevation to Counselor was a promotion or a kick upstairs. But it strains credulity to suppose that the hard-nosed gang of Nixonites in the White House could not police the Cabinet if they wanted to. In fact, they don't. The disconcert of the Nixon Administration is permitted, if not orchestrated. The President, except for the very biggest and most controlled occasions, keeps himself out of sight. He is exactly the opposite of what Ferlinghetti calls Tyrannus Nix. He lets the flowers bloom. The method of his Administration is to play off various positions and different staffs. That is how Mr. Nixon has become the arbiter of the national forums that count most.

Consider, first, his own party. Mr. Nixon has been obliged, not chosen, to have the Republican he beat for the nomination as key figures in

nistration. No Lyndon Johnson sits in the in-
rcles as Vice President, second-guessing the
Nor is there a Robert Taft, recalling from the
l of the Congress past promises forsworn. Mr.
has taken the beauty parts for himself and
n men. He has reached around the rivals who
hreatened to take the nominations, and stolen
tuff.

son Rockefeller was right off edged into
e by a mission to the Latinos that predictably
in ways bound to make him a figure of lesser
if not ridicule. Former Rockefeller loyalists
oushed forward as Nixonites—Spiro Agnew as
President; John Volpe as Secretary of Trans-
ion; George Romney as Secretary of Housing
Urban Development. Some of Rockefeller's
gifted protégés have been expropriated, nota-
issinger as the President's Special Assistant
ational Security Affairs and John Price who
for Ehrlichman in semi-succession to Moy-
as Executive Secretary of the Urban Affairs
cil. Mayor John Lindsay, Rockefeller's chief
ition in New York, was helped in all kinds
ys (White House appearances, Model Cities
, gift of the Brooklyn Navy Yard) until he
ne Republican primary for Mayor, and then
aigned against the President's Vietnam policy.
most important of all, there is the President's
ly Assistance Plan for replacing the welfare
n. It probably is, as its chief author Pat Moyni-
nblushingly claims, the most important in-
reform since social security. It takes a critical
the step past the Protestant Ethic with its
a about giving something for nothing—toward
ranteed annual wage. It fits perfectly with de-
alization, and the favorite Republican theme
ore power to the states: the "New Federalism."
ockefeller's phrase. If only because the labor
is sense that a guaranteed annual wage ren-
superfluous their summum bonum, the steadily
minimum wage, the plan could never have
advanced by a Democratic President. It is, as
Nixon was pleased to remind his aides, a classic
ple of a liberal measure put forward by a Tory
r. Though it may take years to enact, especially
the Administration's relaxed attitude on Con-
ional passage, progressive Republicans of all
es can cry up Family Assistance for decades to
. And in doing that, men who once had eyes
for Nelson Rockefeller accept Richard Nixon
eir legitimate leader.

e eclipse of Mr. Nixon's other Republican rival
been even more dramatic. Governor Ronald
an of California, and the rest of the Republican
t, have been encompassed by the Southern
egy. To be sure, Administration politicos from
President on down deny that there is such a
egy. But they acknowledge that Republicans
important opportunities in the South and par-
arly in what the President calls the "Southern
phery." And in numberless ways, the Adminis-
on has gone out of its way to make the most of
opportunities. There was the emergence of
rney General John Mitchell, the chief Southern
strategist, as the President's main adviser on all political matters from appointments through economic policy and on to Vietnam. There was the installation of Southern strategists in the other key political posts—Rogers Morton of Maryland as National Committee Chairman; Winton Blount of Alabama as Postmaster General; Harry Dent of South Carolina as the chief White House politico. There was the slowing down of school desegregation procedures in the Southern states. There was the ostentatiously reluctant bowing to the Supreme Court when it ordered the desegregation to proceed "at once." There was the choice of Virginia for the President's first political foray—on behalf of Linwood Holton's successful campaign for Governor. There were the repeated vacation trips to Florida, and the appearance at the Texas-Arkansas football game. There was the hard-line rhetoric dear to the South on military preparedness, Vietnam, and dissenters, heading up in Vice President Agnew's "impudent snobs" speech in—by no mere accident—New Orleans. No one can estimate exactly the impact of all these moves. But it is not for nothing that George Wallace has been complaining his script has been stolen. A Gallup poll shows that 49 per cent of the enormous Southern vote (one-third of the total) cast for Wallace in 1968 would vote Republican in the next Congressional election. A Harris poll shows Wallace "marginally weaker" than Nixon "in the border states." The fact is that the South, the most dynamic part of the country politically, is continuing to tilt Republican. Mr. Nixon has the process very well in hand, thank you. And Governor Reagan, who once shaped up as the darling of Dixie and natural heir to Goldwater, is nowhere.

"He has reached around the rivals who once threatened to take the nominations, and stolen their stuff."

Taming the Democratic Congress has proved scarcely more difficult than mastering the Republican party. The Congress, to begin with, is not all that important in Republican Administrations. Federal help is sought chiefly by Democratic clients—the poor and their patrons and the producer interests. The Republican clients want less rather than more government. President Nixon is not under any serious pressure from his own crowd to force laws through Congress. Indeed, he can claim it as an achievement that he has come up with only one new major program—Family Assistance—and passed none.

Republican Presidents, furthermore, are less dependent on the far-out backwoodsmen of their own party to get the essential business of government done. A Lyndon Johnson or a John Kennedy had to pay a price to Southern conservatives for approving such obvious requirements as a rise in the [illegible]imit. A Republican in the White House can make a majority simply by adding a few members of his own party to the large number of Democrats committed to essential programs. That is how President Nixon pushed the Foreign Aid bill through last year. More significantly, that is how the Poverty Program was sustained. On December 12, sixty-

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THE NIXON SUPREMACY

three Republicans gently lobbied by the Administration joined 168 Democrats to beat the assault on the program led by the chief Republican backwoodsman, Minority Leader Gerald Ford.

Lastly, Mr. Nixon has had just plain good luck. The normal divisions among Democrats along the North-South line on race and defense have been intensified by two untoward developments. Edward Kennedy, only months after demonstrating in his rise to the Whip's job that he could be a rallying point for Senate Democrats, had the uninhibited use of his energies cut down at Chappaquiddick. A few months later, Speaker John McCormack of the House was linked through an aide, Martin Sweig, to an influence-peddling affair building up around the New York promoter, Nathan Voloshen. Early this year Sweig and Voloshen were indicted, so there is more to be heard about them and the Speaker. But so far, Mr. McCormack has used the affair to build barriers of sentimental sympathy against the constantly brewing efforts in his own party to unseat him for reasons of age. The net result is that the House Democrats are less and less able to unload a leader who was something less than a tiger even before he had special reason to fear an Administration holding the prosecutor's whip.

In these circumstances, there is only one issue around which Democrats on the Hill can unite against the Administration. Be the trouble inflation or recession, the opposition in the Congress can always get up a good yell on the economy. But in managing the economy, Mr. Nixon has been wariness personified. His fight against inflation has been distinguished by some of the softest punches in history, and the most widely telegraphed. His chief anti-inflationary package last April included a cut from 10 to 5 per cent in the surtax which the Democrats had imposed as a minimal mop on excess purchasing power. Lecturing business and labor on their responsibilities to hold down prices and wages — jawboning as it was called in the Johnson Administration — has been foregone. The one exception — in the construction industry — was confined to an institution renowned for inability to take tough stands, a Cabinet committee. Treasury Secretary Kennedy, with his instinct for a strong show of force against inflation, has steadily lost influence in economic policy-making to the "gradualists" led by Chairman McCracken of the Council of Economic Advisers. When the "gradualists" wanted to deliver a sharp psychological shock to inflation with a sudden cut in construction last fall, the Vice President broke the news softly to a Governors' conference in a way that made it possible for the states to go right ahead with virtually all their building projects. The President himself has repeatedly told visitors that his concern for inflation is more than matched by his fear of recession. At one point, indeed, he said that if he were to allow a serious recession it would be the end of the Republican party.

Not only has Mr. Nixon handled the ball gingerly in economic affairs, he has been more than ready to pass it off to the Democrats. The tax-refor bill which is probably the most significant gove event of the economic year, is a notable point. At the outset the Administration soug an anti-inflationary package including the cent surtax, repeal of the 7 per cent inve credit, and a continuation of certain excise ures. An Arkansas Democrat, Chairman Mills of the House Ways and Means Committ the word "reform" into the bill, and himse tributed the chief reforms on oil depletion, gains, and abuse of deduction and depreciati cedures. The reforms, by adding revenue, the door to reduction in general tax levels.

Some reduction was promptly put into t by other House Democrats — notably Richar ing of Missouri. Then in the Senate, tax re became the big thing, thanks to still another crat, Albert Gore of Tennessee overcame truly Administration opposition to win an increase the basic exemption. Only when the Gore ment was followed by a series of other amend that threatened a massive loss of revenue d Nixon step strongly into the picture. At his conference of December 8, the President, asked if he could accept the tax bill, said, "No." There followed a series of letters to t full of high, serious stuff about the need for sible behavior in the fiscal crisis. At his House meeting with Lyndon Johnson on De 11, Mr. Nixon vainly threw out a hint that t mer President issue a statement condemni inflationary danger of too great a tax reducti after, as widely predicted, the tax bill was a in the House-Senate conference to ease the loss this year and next, Mr. Nixon, as wide dicted, let it go through. For the purpose operation had not been a confrontation economy. On the contrary, the purpose had b share responsibility. It is now widely belie Washington that the economy will go sour next year — through either rampant inflatio business downturn. As the man in charge, the dent will, of course, have to accept most obloquy. But he is at least in position shoulder off some of the blame on Democrati sponsibility. And that he is able to put the on the best issue the Democrats have goin measure of how much he has smothered their sition in the Congress.

What might have been an even better is President denied to the Democrats ear a muffling process inside the bureaucracy. I the so-called priorities issue, rooted in the spread feeling that far too much federal mon been going for defense as against internal Back in March when Mr. Nixon came down and almost surely too soon — for building the guard ABM system, it looked as though h going to be an easy mark for the priorities But through two little noted operations ce around Henry Kissinger and Budget D

Mayo, the Administration has made a mush
hole question of priorities.
Kissinger operation has to do with the way
are put for decision in the National Security
l. Under the loose system set up by McGeorge
for Kennedy, and continued in even looser
by Walt Rostow for Johnson, arguments
to be presented directly to the President by
ponsible departmental figures. Repeatedly
ere head-to-head clashes between conflicting
nents—notably State and Defense. When the
nt took a position in these circumstances, he
t just charting a course; he was, perforce, ac-
the view of one group and rejecting that of
r. When it happened that the position of the
hiefs of Staff was rejected—as occasionally
then there was let loose against the President
s Secretary of Defense the truly murderous
t the military bureaucracy and its tribunes
Congress alone command. That is one reason
ennedy and Johnson so rarely went against
iefs, and why they required elaborate insula-
hen they did. That is how the strongest
t member in modern times, Robert McNa-
was virtually broken.
er Kissinger's more formal staff system, there
direct departmental recommendations to
sident. The Joint Chiefs never get to submit
policy paper. Rather, Dr. Kissinger canvas-
various departments and agencies for their
These views are then worked up by the Na-
Security Council staff into a series of alternate
s. The President chooses one of the alterna-
or a mix of several. He does not have, ex-
, to fight anybody's recommendation.
e Mr. Kissinger formulates the alternatives,
s clearly superseded both the Secretary of
nd the Secretary of Defense in importance as
er of national security policy. He is probably
cond most powerful man in the world. But
ecause his services to the most powerful are
at. For, thanks to the Kissinger operation, Mr.
is spared the agony of direct confrontation
he Joint Chiefs of Staff. That is why he was
ith relative ease to formulate for the Strategic
Limitation Talks which opened in Helsinki
range of American positions that imply some
f parity with the Soviet Union. That is how
s able to get by with the Guam doctrine, pro-
for an eventual winding down of the Ameri-
ilitary presence in the Far East. That is how
s able to return Okinawa to the Japanese
o little fuss, and arrange for the United States
swear formally the use of biological and chem-
arfare weapons. And the same Kissinger tac-
made it possible to reduce military influence
defense budget once the Mayo operation was
ce.
Mayo operation involved returning to the
u of the Budget authority over Pentagon fi-
s which Robert McNamara and his RAND
ration Whiz Kids had centralized in the office
retary of Defense. As a first step, Mayo got
f a RAND Corporation Whiz Kid of his own

IN ANTHROPOLOGY
by William Stafford

Backward and upside down, but with an
enhanced clarity, our country comes through.
Cities gleam as if the sun shines
on them in the rain. That golden pool
already surrounding us is destiny.

Along the march we made we go back
some millions of steps to the one
that passed the turn to where we are going.
Not to go on but to find that step—
that is the point: we find it by thinking,
thinking the march by a dance around all our steps.

We are a pulse that everything has;
we can feel it; it's our beat too, our time.
Our eye is reading itself. Ourselves a greater, subtler,
unknown part of the world, we study ourselves,
the intricate pulse that built the seismograph.

—James Schlesinger, who became Assistant Director of the Budget Bureau, and, later, Acting Deputy Director. As a next step there came in June a Presidential directive ordering the Bureau to handle the finances of the Defense Department in precisely the fashion it handled the finances of all other departments. Finally, there was established—through National Security Council Memorandum 3031—a Defense Policy Review Committee. That committee is chaired by Kissinger and includes Schlesinger for the Bureau of the Budget, and Under Secretaries Elliot Richardson and David Packard from the Departments of State and Defense. By its mere existence, the committee ends the old military game of brushing aside civilian economizers with the airy assertion that defense is more important than money. The Pentagon now has to justify its money requests before a forum that has Kissinger around to judge the strategic implications of the proposed expenditure. Kissinger, in effect, gives the Bureau of the Budget a license to ask hard questions of the brass. The Budget Bureau's interest in the defense field has, in effect, been legitimized.

Through the joint Kissinger-Mayo operation, the President, with hardly anybody noticing it, has been able to stay ahead of the priorities issue by internal cuts in defense spending. A total of $4 billion was cut last year in the defense budget submitted by President Johnson for fiscal 1970. Among other things, the Manned Orbiting Laboratory, or MOL, a prime budget-cutting target for years, finally went down. This year, defense spending figures are to come down by another $4 billion—to about $73 billion. Other sacred cows that may eventually be hit are the Army's main battle tank; the Navy's carrier program; and the Air Force's drive for new fighter planes. And the probability is that Mr. Nixon can neutralize the priority issue for a long, long time.

Joseph Kraft

THE NIXON SUPREMACY

For what he has done, thanks to the Kissinger-Mayo operation, is to contain the armed services—the yeastiest element of the Washington bureaucracy.

But Washington is not you know what. So mastering the bureaucracy, the Democratic Congress and the Republican party does not mean mastering the country. Least of all in Mr. Nixon's case. He started his term as the most minority of minority Presidents in more than fifty years. Not only did he get only slightly more than 43 per cent of the vote in winning, but Hubert Humphrey, in losing with just over 42 per cent of the vote, touched what was probably rock bottom for a Democratic candidate. Moreover, Mr. Nixon has never been an actively popular figure—a man to set hearts afire. Even his best friends have loved him most for the enemies he has made, or at least the things he was not. "They like me here," he once observed to me, "because I have no accent. I don't grate on their ears." And that ultimate in left-handed self-compliments, with its implicit despair of ever being truly well-liked, was delivered in Nebraska, a state in which Mr. Nixon has consistently rolled up some of his biggest majorities in both primary and Presidential elections.

The Nebraska Formula—the avoidance of grating—for a while appeared to be the whole Nixon formula for winning popular support as President. Mr. Nixon cast himself deliberately as the staid and sedate leader—exactly the opposite of Lyndon Johnson and the style flamboyant. The chief theme of the Nixon inaugural was the stress on lowering voices. His public associations were with the blandest of good guys—Billy Graham, Bob Hope, Bud Wilkinson. When it had to be a black there was Duke Ellington. Appointments were regularly leaked in advance so that when finally announced, they came, not as bolts from the blue so much as anticlimax. On touchy subjects such as blacks and kids, the President chiefly asserted how little government could do—the modest role. Not only were there no surprises on his first European trip in February: there were no fireworks even when Mr. Nixon became, on a visit to Romania in August, the first President to enter a Communist country. For sheer flatness, it would be hard to match remarks addressed by Mr. Nixon to the astronauts after the first moon voyage. But what wasn't magnificent was politic. From January through July, Mr. Nixon's popularity mounted steadily. A Gallup poll showed that the President's approval rating moved from 59 per cent of those interviewed in late January to 65 per cent in July. In August, Mr. Nixon took off for the Western White House at San Clemente. No day passed without a shot of him visibly taking his ease—on the links; in the surf; at exhibition football games; browsing in a supermarket. It was, as Pat Moynihan remarked, "a summer of indifference." And then, the cool, calm, easygoing, relaxed-to-the-point-of-Perry Como Presidency was hit by Vietnam.

Mr. Nixon always knew Vietnam would be the key issue. He repeatedly told political as[sociates] that unless he was out of the war by 1972, h[e would] not be reelected. And so he approached th[e issue] with deliberation—with, as he put it, a pla[n]. The Nixon Plan for Vietnam, when he took o[ffice] least, was the so-called two-track approach l[aid] by Henry Kissinger in the January 1969 i[ssue of] *Foreign Affairs*. There were to be talks betw[een] United States and North Vietnam on mutu[al] drawal of troops from the fighting area. The[re would] also to be talks between the Saigon governm[ent] the Vietcong, or National Liberation Fron[t] political settlement for South Vietnam.

Mr. Nixon moved methodically to enga[ge] other side. Before taking office he sent two [private] communications to Ho Chi Minh. To replace [Averell] Harriman at the Paris talks, he named a fi[gure] high prestige who had the hawkish reputati[on] posedly required for making concessions, [Henry] Cabot Lodge. On March 25, President Nguy[en] Thieu of the Saigon regime, after much pr[essure] by the United States, declared that he was r[eady] meet, publicly or privately, with the Vietc[ong] discuss the future status of South Vietnam. E[ven] everything was in place. And at that point—b[ut only] then—Mr. Nixon opened private talks with th[e other] side in Paris.

The response was negative—almost certai[nly be]cause the other side did not want to acce[pt the] Thieu government. But the American miss[ion in] Paris, with a little nudging from the Soviet e[mbassy] there, came to believe that the trouble lay [elsewhere] adverse intervention in Hanoi by the Chinese Com[mu]nists. The notion that something untowa[rd had] occurred in Hanoi seemed to be validated wh[en the] chief Communist negotiator, Le Duc Tho, [was re]called for consultation on April 9. When M[r. Tho] returned early in May, he said something pr[ivately] to Mr. Lodge that brought a new wave of h[ope to] Washington. On May 8, the Liberation Fr[ont] troduced a new ten-point plan that seemed to [reduce] the eventual possibility of a neutral South Vi[etnam]. On May 11, President Nixon made his first [impor]tant policy statement on Vietnam—an eight[-point] declaration emphasizing that a new Saigon g[overn]ment might be chosen in free elections supervi[sed by] an international commission on which both S[aigon] and the Vietcong would be represented.

But once more the reaction of the other sid[e was] negative. On June 6, the Liberation Front [re]formed itself into a provisional government—[to] that complicated negotiations because the [Provi]sional Government was designed to replace [or] merge with, the Thieu regime. Toward the e[nd] the month, Mr. Tho gave Murrey Marder [of the] *Washington Post* a public interview in whic[h for] the first time, the other side directly crit[icized] Mr. Nixon. The stumbling block, once again [was] probably the Thieu government. But when [Mr.] Tho left Paris again in July, Washington [was] more convinced itself there was a power str[uggle] going on in Hanoi (connected, it was claim[ed] retrospect, with the terminal illness of H[o Chi] Minh). Mr. Nixon, accordingly, laid more [em]

essure on the other side to engage along
s of his May 11 offer. On July 15, he sent
ther letter to Ho Chi Minh, asserting it was
settle. On August 4, Mr. Kissinger passed
Paris and indicated to the Quai d'Orsay
United States would welcome new, secret
hes. Sometime during this period Mr. Nixon
vately in Washington with Jean Sainteny,
French High Commissioner to Indochina
old friend of Ho Chi Minh. When Ho died.
ember 1, Washington tried to signal interest
ase-fire by suspending B-52 raids for 36
he suspension was, in fact, supposed to last
but a foul-up in communications caused the
s to go back into action before the White
vén realized they were aloft). On September
Nixon dropped into an otherwise innocuous
Nations speech still another invitation to
e—an explicit recognition of the principle
United States would in time withdraw all
from Vietnam. But the other side, in its
e, kept up the insistence that there had first
me change in the Saigon government. And
time, while Mr. Nixon was fruitlessly trying
Hanoi's willingness to bargain with Thieu,
pressure was mounting in the United States.
nternal pressure took the form of demands
ateral American troop withdrawals. As early
h, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird returned
igon with a plan for Vietnamizing the con-
be initiated by early withdrawal of 100,000
an troops. Mr. Nixon made a first concession
pressure by announcing, in his May 11
that 40,000 Americans would be withdrawn
ext three months. But before June was out,
Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford had pub-
n article in *Foreign Affairs* recommending
drawal of 100,000 men by the end of 1969.
xon felt obliged to respond that he hoped
the Clifford timetable.

nid-September when the Vietnam Mora-
began gathering force with its demand for
ate withdrawal. Mr. Nixon was in a bad
is plan for engaging the other side in nego-
that preserved the existing Saigon regime
working. His attempted signal through the
id suspension had been goofed. His own
ry of Defense was pushing him for faster
ithdrawal, as was the last previous Demo-
Secretary of Defense. Coming against this
ound, the first Moratorium on October 15
ike the beginnings of an avalanche. At least
n people in all parts of the country partic-
They were not only kids, but solid citizens.
; politicos from both parties were involved.
ing to a Gallup poll, 57 per cent of the coun-
ked a proposal by a Republican Senator.
Goodell of New York, for total withdrawal
American troops by 1970. The President's
al rating in the poll was at a new low—56
t. Plainly, something had to be done.

Mr. Nixon did, in his November 3 election-
ech, was to make his first active bid for pop-
pport as President. He wrote the speech almost entirely himself, rejecting two staff drafts because, as he put it, they wouldn't "reach people." His own way of reaching people was to play upon resentment of the peace movement. The speech suppressed the possibility of negotiations which Mr. Nixon had been trying for all along, and presented a bogus choice between precipitate withdrawal and Vietnamization. The President called for a show of support from his old clientele of those left out—this time called "the silent majority." As one White House aide put it, "The President threw the ball to his favorite receiver."

The initial response was very good. And not only in the Niagara of wires, phone calls, and mail that poured into the White House, nor in the gross facts of electorial victories by Republican gubernatorial candidates in two states with Democratic incumbents, New Jersey and Virginia. Far more important signs were flashed by the internal composition of the vote—something to which Mr. Nixon is probably more sensitive than any previous occupant of the White House. For in two suburban counties noted for aversion to state politics—the 10th Congressional district in northern Virginia, which is a bedroom community for Washington, and Bergen County in New Jersey, which is a dormitory for New York City—record numbers of independents turned out to vote Republican. The turnout was pretty clearly stimulated by the President's speech of the night before. So Mr. Nixon said "great," as the election returns were relayed to him at dinner. And he pressed home his advantage with the hard-line stance against the November Mobilization: with the Vice President's attacks on the peace movement and the communications media; and then with his own announcement on December 15 that 50,000 more troops would be withdrawn from Vietnam.

By that time Mr. Nixon had achieved a truly impressive political coup. Using loyalty to the President on Vietnam as a fulcrum, he had turned public opinion around. According to a Harris poll 82 per cent of the country believed Mr. Nixon was on his way out of Vietnam. The same poll showed him well ahead of all possible rivals. A Gallup poll put his approved rating at the all-time high for his Presidency—68 per cent. And another poll at the end of the year showed that Mr. Nixon was the man Americans most admired.

To be sure, Mr. Nixon is still skating on some of the world's thinnest ice. He has got going in Vietnam a cut-and-walk operation, and it is hard to see how he can revive the negotiations which he knows to be the only safe way out. The economy is on a knife-edge between inflation and recession. In throwing the ball to his favorite receiver, he worked up the major source of social tension in the country the friction between Middle America and highly educated America. For all its high-sounding obscurity, social polarization is not an imaginary danger. The potential for internal turmoil is high. Still, Mr. Nixon's balancing skill looks more than equal to any of these occasions for some time to come. As the first year ends, the wind is favorable and he is letting out sail. □

"The Nebraska Formula—the avoidance of grating—for a while appeared to be the whole Nixon formula for winning popular support."

John Corry

THE MANY-SIDED MR. MEANY

The ex-plumber who rules labor by being "a papa, a rabbi, and a dictator."

Nearly everyone who knows him says that George Meany is blunt, although bluntness is not something ordinarily attributed to a clever politician, which is what George Meany is, and nearly everyone who knows him insists that George Meany says pretty much what he means, fitting his words and thoughts together as if he were installing something, a piece of plumbing, perhaps, which is something he once installed a lot of at various places in New York, it being his job to do so until 1922. He foreswore it then at an early age to become a labor statesman, first as a business agent for his plumbers' local, and finally as the president of the American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations, this being a position in which he represents 13.6 million Americans, lunches frequently at the White House, and in general makes of himself a power in the workings of this country and a few others besides. At seventy-five, Meany is the only president the AFL-CIO has had since it came into being in 1955, and even though great labor leaders tend to hang around as great labor leaders until they shuffle off to their just rewards, the business of being a great labor leader can be terribly difficult, demanding that a man mix into all kinds of things and all kinds of company, and all the while being terribly careful that another great labor leader does not cut him down, usually from behind, labor politics being sufficiently complex to insure that Cesare Borgia, unless he were careful, might never have risen above shop steward.

Consequently, at different times George Meany is different things, and sometimes he is a leader of the proletariat, which is what a union leader is supposed to be. Here he is at an auditorium in Manhattan, one of those grim places they hang with the banners of whatever organization is renting it for the evening. He is walking down an aisle, coat on, hat in one hand, dead cigar in the other. Union delegates downstairs are cheering him, and union chiefs on the platform are cheering him, and, most important of all, the troops in the balcony, whom the union chiefs always call their rank and file, know him as one of their own, and they are cheering, too. Moreover, when Meany speaks they know exactly what he is saying. General Electric is against all of them, he says, and so is Madison Avenue, and so is the press, and so is Chet Huntley. "You know who he is," Meany says, "he is the fellow who scabbed on his own union not long ago." Then he goes on to damn GE, indicting it for any number of reasons, all of which the troops understand, and when he finishes they applaud, really applaud, and upon the platform the leader of what is called the New York City Central Labor Council, w[illegible] body's fool, either, is on his toes, up a[illegible] flinging himself about, and saying, "Let's h[illegible] President George Meany."

Meany knows his constituents, and seldo[illegible] out too far in front of them, which is one [illegible] his power, and he knows his peers, and [illegible] to move out too far in front of them, whi[illegible] other. Here he is at a luncheon in the Whit[illegible] It is on a Tuesday, and it is the day af[illegible] Jennings, the president of the Internation[illegible] of Electrical Workers, has called for the res[illegible] of George Shultz, the Secretary of Labor. [illegible] presidents of the AFL-CIO are at the lunch[illegible] so is the President of the United States, an[illegible] Jennings and Shultz, and conceivably it [illegible] difficult day for everyone. Meany, howe[illegible] told Jennings hours before that he damn [illegible] ter not call for any more resignations, an[illegible] already told the President of the United St[illegible] the whole thing was just a misunderstand[illegible] soon the photographers move in to take pi[illegible] Jennings and Shultz, smiling weakly and [illegible] hands. Then, Meany takes Nixon's arm, gui[illegible] around the luncheon table, and introduces [illegible] the assembled vice presidents, all of them [illegible] of their own labor dukedoms. "Ah," says P[illegible] Nixon when they reach A. Philip Randol[illegible] is the president emeritus of the Brotherh[illegible] Sleeping Car Porters, "the grand old man of[illegible] can labor." "Ah," says Meany, "that ma[illegible] grand old men—him and me." It is not ever[illegible] old man who can be sportive with a Presi[illegible] has fought bitterly in an election, win the [illegible] of the boys in the balcony, and eat out th[illegible] of a powerful union when he picks a fight [illegible] White House. Even his admirers are not [illegible] sure how Meany manages, although his crit[illegible] gest that autocracy has something to do wit[illegible]

This, however, is probably too simple. Th[illegible] CIO is made up of 121 national and i[illegible] tional unions, many of them run by men who [illegible] they have been divinely inspired to do so. [illegible] over, there is a long tradition of union aut[illegible] which means that a great many unions oper[illegible] baronies in twelfth century France and they [illegible] like to be told what to do. "My number on[illegible] Meany says, like a Capetian king, "is holdi[illegible] boys together." "Meany," a colleague sa[illegible] sometimes like a papa, sometimes like a [illegible] and sometimes like a dictator." Nonetheless, [illegible] cannot rewrite a union constitution, or ev[illegible]

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DAVID OMAR WHITE

King holds court: clockwise from lower right: Jay Lovestone, George Shultz, Richard Nixon, Walter Reuther, Senator Fulbright.

John Corry

THE MANY-SIDED MR. MEANY

pend a union officer, although he saw to it that the Teamsters and a couple of other unions were expelled from the AFL-CIO because their leaders were running with hoods. From time to time Meany has insisted that he is not a reformer, and the extraordinary thing about the expulsion of the Teamsters was the expulsion itself. Labor takes solidarity seriously, proclamations from the Executive Council of the AFL-CIO read like unanimous declarations of the Supreme Soviet, and for years Meany and Walter Reuther of the United Auto Workers exchanged letters that began, "Dear Sir and Brother," ended, "Fraternally yours," and in between said, Drop dead. The point is that labor likes to keep its disputes to itself, and likes to present itself as one great fraternity, which, of course, it is not. There are union leaders in their middle years who have been shot, stabbed, and had the mob out after them, and who have then run to other union leaders rather than to the district attorney. The thing is to keep disputes in the family, and when Meany took out after the Teamsters he did not keep it in the family, but instead acted out of the simple faith that it is no good to get mobsters deeply into labor because ultimately they will hurt someone. George Meany, however, is not a simple man. Events have proved him more sophisticated than nearly all his opponents, but most often he seems to be inspired by the memories of a Catholic boyhood, a collection of pieties, general propriety, and a faith in what was once called the American way.

"I was here in Chicago last week and I saw the invaders who came to this city," Meany told the Machinists' convention just after the Democrats had nominated Hubert Humphrey. "I want to tell you quite frankly that I think the Chicago police did not overreact, or whatever that means. What would you do if some group advertised that they were coming in here to prevent you from doing business as you have a right to do—prevent you from holding this convention? I know what you would do with this dirty-necked and dirty-mouthed group of kooks. To be very frank, I am afraid that you might overreact." This is Meany being unattractive, but it's also Meany being sincere, speaking out from right where he lives. He does not like the children of the New Left, and he does not like black militants, and he cares hardly at all for a great many liberals. He dismisses them, and they, if they think about him at all, dismiss him, too. He is also, by anybody's reckoning, a hawk on Vietnam, and Senator Fulbright, for one, has suggested that the use of Alliance for Progress funds in one of Meany's Latin-American projects was "the price we paid" for his support of President Johnson's foreign policy. ("Who paid you when you voted to support their policy in Vietnam?" Meany then asked Fulbright at a Senate hearing. "Somebody pay you for that?") Nonetheless, Meany is still the most prominent person in what over the years has been the most progressive force in America, and which in these dark days may still be the best we have.

"Never threaten, never be intimidated, tell the truth," Meany says, explaining his own rules for lobbying. "I don't believe in telling membe[rs] Congress that we've got X number of member[s] so they've got to vote for our bill." It is, of c[ourse] more complicated than that because no one [will] pay the slightest attention to labor [un]less labor can not from time to time hit a Congressman, or [even] a Presidential candidate, over the head. "Me[any]'s power is enormous, and it comes from two sou[rces]," a Senate liberal says. "For one thing, he [has] a whole building full of lobbyists, and they [know] just how the legislative process works. The se[cond] thing is that he has money and organization, [en]ormous money, and if he has a candidate he'll tu[rn] all that money and all of his people loose to [wo]rk for the candidate."

Theodore H. White says that "in terms of G[eorge] Meany personally endorsing a candidate, it r[uns] that he may sway ten votes, but in terms of G[eorge] Meany being able to crank up a political orga[niza]tion like COPE, his influence is tremendous." C[OPE] is labor's Committee on Political Education, [and] in *The Making of the President 1968*, White [said] that COPE had spent $10 million while publi[shing] and distributing 115 million pamphlets and le[aflets], registering 4.6 million voters, and, most impo[rtant], getting union members by the thousands to wo[rk for] Humphrey. There were, White wrote, 24,6[00] of them manning telephone centers, 72,225 car[s] ing from house to house, and 94,457 of them [doing] things on election day like driving in car p[ools], baby-sitting, and poll watching. "We did the [whole] thing," Meany says. "We ran the whole camp[aign] for Humphrey, and I think if we had anothe[r] days we could have won. The Democratic [Party] was in such bad shape that it was a burd[en] Humphrey. We did it all." It is generally supp[osed] in Washington that Meany will call on Hump[hrey] to run again in 1972, having been one of the [first] to do so after Lyndon Johnson dropped out in [19]68, and sharing with Humphrey as he does the ki[nd of] New Deal *Weltanschauung* he shares with o[nly a] few other politicians. He did not like, for exa[mple] Robert Kennedy, having decided in the 1950s [that] Kennedy was a wise ass, and he does not see [fit] to care much for Ted Kennedy now, and labor m[oney] found its way into Eugene McCarthy's pri[mary] campaign, although, God knows, McCar[thy]'s pronouncements on Vietnam and the world [had] nothing to do with Meany's. Nonetheless, M[eany] becomes immensely displeased when it is sugg[ested] that labor ought to take over the Democratic p[arty] and when the Executive Council of the AFL [met] after the election, a vice president, mindf[ul] of the sorry part the regulars had played in the [cam]paign, said that, yes, the hour for it had c[ome]. Meany, in turn, got angry, pounding the t[able], changing color, and saying, Like hell, we a[re a] movement of all the people, and we will n[ot be] bound to any party. "I wondered, though, [just] how angry George really was," says a man [who] was there. "I think he was doing a certain am[ount] of it for effect. He wanted word to leak out t[o the] pros, which it did, that they couldn't take l[abor] for granted."

helps the union lobbyists, too, of course, them something to be reckoned with on matuching on labor and on a few other things . The unions have mustered perhaps eighty sts in Washington, and each Monday about of them meet as a sort of steering committee Andrew Biemiller, who is the chief lobbythe AFL-CIO. In the House they will address lves directly to the Congressmen, while in nate they are more likely to deal with staff rs.

they're really having trouble," the assis- a Senator says, "then Meany will get on one and call the Senator. The labor people save up their influence, but when they push have their state and local people call me and Hey, don't you remember how we arranged lly for you at the factory gate,' and perhaps ll go ahead and tell the Senator, 'Well, maybe uld take a closer look at this.' Or else, the r will say, 'Jesus Christ, I ran into Meany and he says they're having trouble with some ine bill. See about it.' All right, so then he man who works for the Secretary of the r, or whoever is responsible for the bill, and out what we can get, and how much bargain- y'll do. Then I write a letter to the Secretary, ng our position and perhaps asking for more e can really expect, and the Senator signs it. the way most things work around here."

any understands these things better than ost, and he understands the way the country better than most, and so the world ought to imple place for him, only it is not. It has to be conventional wisdom on the Left and a great many liberals that the labor move- is racist, that the building trades are most of all, and that Meany, having come out of the ng trades himself, and having spent much of reer in extravagantly denouncing the Red e, is incapable of understanding very much race, or for that matter anything else.

all expect more from the labor movement e do from other American institutions, even do not know exactly why, and some of the ng-trades unions, particularly those for the -paying jobs, have remarkably lousy records ening themselves to blacks. The figures show, ample, that only 0.2 per cent of the union ers and sheet-metal workers, 0.6 per cent electrical workers, 1.6 per cent of the car- s, and 1.7 per cent of the ironworkers are These are meager figures, and they are made in that they are from what are called referral , which are unions that in one way or another a gateway to the available jobs. Of late, n, the unions themselves, under a program Operation Outreach, have been recruiting in ettos for their apprenticeship programs. Most eymen in the craft unions, however, do not out of the apprenticeship programs, and it oly means more that not long ago the leaders of the building trades made what they called a "flat and unqualified recommendation to local unions throughout the United States" to invite black journeymen into membership. This is a small step, but it is something and it could even test the assumption that all over the country there are hundreds of thousands of unemployed blacks standing around with wrenches and pliers in their hands. Something else may be operating in that assumption, too. Liberal critics and progressive businessmen may know in their hearts that things like carpentry and plumbing are the natural tasks for the black man, there being scarcely anything for him to do in their own offices.

"I have always thought," Meany says, "that labor and the civil-rights organizations can make hay together." This is homely and unfashionable, and also true. "Without the support of the AFL-CIO," A. Philip Randolph says, "most civil-rights legislation would not have been passed." Mr. Randolph is a black socialist, and he has seen it all, and he is very nearly saintly. He began to organize the Pullman workers in 1925, when things were truly tough, and at one time or another he has been up against every institution in America, including, of course, the labor movement. "In the early days," he says, "George Meany was quite, quite opposed to my methods of abolishing discrimination in the trade unions. He thought they were too drastic. I had always the feeling that it was the result of his failure to realize how extensive discrimination was in the labor movement. We have had some very bitter encounters." The most famous of these encounters was at the AFL-CIO convention in 1959. On the fourth day of the convention, Randolph said that the International Longshoremen's Association discriminated again Negroes and Puerto Ricans, whereupon Meany told him that he should have brought that up in the Executive Council, keeping it in the family, and certainly not have mentioned it at a convention. "I think it is time he got on the team," Meany said of Randolph, and went on to tell him "to stand a little closer to the trade-union movement and pay a little less attention to outside organizations that render lip service rather than real service." The next day there was a resolution to condemn all segregated unions, and when someone said that some black unions wanted to stay that way, so why bother them, Randolph said, no, they must desegregate, and Meany, full of scorn, shouted, "Who appointed you as the guardian of the Negro members in America? You talk about tolerance!"

You cannot easily abuse a man like Randolph and not be remembered for it, and while Randolph was speaking kindly of Meany the next day, Meany had made himself look like a bad and bigoted man. Four years later, in 1963, he announced that the AFL-CIO would not endorse the March on Washington for civil rights, although individual unions could do so, and this time he made himself look like a hopeless racist. (It is worth remembering, however, that the March was in August, and that until June of that year a liberal Administration in Washington was using its own secret ways to discourage such a

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demonstration, calling up its friends and supporters and asking them to ignore it.) We are nearly always more impressed by style than by substance, and the year of the March was also the year that Meany asked President Kennedy to include an equal employment opportunities act in his civil-rights bill. No one else really wanted it there, not even the churches, much less the businessmen, employment agencies, and Senator Dirksen, and the Administration itself thought that it might complicate the passage of the rest of the bill. Meany, however, told Kennedy that he wanted it in, and that he wanted it to apply to the unions. "He went to Kennedy," says a man who was around at the time, "and said, 'Mr. President, the only way I can get to some of my own bastards in the unions is to go to them and say, this is the law and you must comply.' "

In 1942, Randolph had himself organized a march on Washington for a Fair Employment Practices Commission, and had been visited by Mrs. Roosevelt, who told him to call it off, and had been summoned to Washington, where Mr. Roosevelt and his entire Cabinet also told him to call it off. "Roosevelt said," Randolph recalls, " 'If you bring 100,000 Negroes to Washington there will be bloodshed and violence. You can't guarantee they will be peaceful.' " Randolph, however, refused to stop the march unless Roosevelt signed an Executive Order wiping out some forms of discriminatory hiring, which Roosevelt finally did, and twenty-one years later Randolph was trying to see if another Democratic President could not get a much wider measure through Congress. "I asked President Kennedy about it," Randolph says, "and he said, 'Well, Mr. Randolph, I'm unable to give you a very encouraging report.' But the AFL-CIO stood behind it, and we got it. George Meany has had an extraordinary evolution on civil rights. Years ago I couldn't even speak to some members of the Executive Council: they would ignore me, and at conventions there was no one who would take the floor and support me in my position. At every convention I would attack the AF of L, and no one except John L. Lewis would even talk to me. He would sit at my table, although some of the other leaders wouldn't like that. I think that George Meany's early opposition to me was based on his conviction that I was a radical who would stop at nothing. I never doubted that he had the moral conviction that racial discrimination was wrong, and I don't know of anyone who is the head of an organization, as he is, who has fought as vigorously as he has for civil rights. George Meany has sound moral convictions about the brotherhood of man."

Randolph, who is eighty, speaks in the rhetoric of an earlier time. Meany hardly turns to rhetoric at all, and on him it would be unbecoming. He is a horny-handed man, with a vast waistline, who chews on dead cigars, and grew up in the Bronx a long time ago. When the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People held a convention in Mississippi last year, he sent it a letter saying, among other things, that he wanted to "publicly associate the AFL-CIO with the efforts of the NAACP to heal the schism within the Negro community caused by those black extremists. It is unlikely that many delegates to the convention were totally out of sympathy with those black extremists, or even that many wanted to be publicly associated with the AFL-CIO. Meany would not buy that, of course, but who would expect him to?

"Part of the problem," Meany was saying, "is the Negro leadership. For too many years, Negro leaders exploited the Negroes. Adam Clayton Powell was one. He exploited the Negroes, and he exploited them for his own pocketbook. Now, Roy Wilkins is a good man, but he's got some wild men in the NAACP." Meany was saying these things in the low, forgetful way that big men use only when they are not thinking about themselves, and he was sitting in his office, 21 feet by 21 feet, all Honduras mahogany, and the White House outside his window if he wanted to turn around and look. "We have not allowed the black militants to intimidate us. I've always had this theory—that the unions and the civil-rights organizations working together can do more for the Negro than anyone. When I became secretary of the AF of L in 1940, twenty-three unions had color bars in their constitutions. We put constant pressure on them. We had absolutely no power, but we kept up the pressure. Every time they came to a convention they had to listen to Bill Green speak, and Phil Randolph speak, and it would embarrass them. I remember Carlton McGowen and how embarrassed he was. He took it all directed at him. With the Supreme Court decision of 1954 we had a real revolt, but we never backed down, and we supported it right down the line. We got thousands and thousands of letters. I remember one letter I got from a Southerner who said he had to decide between being a trade unionist and being a Southerner. But we never looked down."

These are not particularly bold things, but they're not bad, and most consummate old pols like Meany back down a lot more often than he does. In *The Labor Revolution*, Gus Tyler, who is a labor intellectual, as well as an official in the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, says that when Congress was drawing up the Landrum-Griffin bill in the 1950s, a number of Southerners were willing to vote against it if labor would curtail its campaign for civil-rights legislation. Meany refused, and Landrum-Griffin, which restricts unions, was passed. Then, in 1966, the House passed a bill to repeal Section 14B of the Taft-Hartley Act. That was the section that allowed the states to pass legislation banning the union shop, and labor had spent an infinite amount of money and energy fighting it. Labor had lost the fight in about twenty states, mostly which had passed "right-to-work" laws, but in 1966 there was a liberal majority in Congress and the Senate was ready to follow the House, repeal 14B, and give labor its biggest victory in years. Instead, Senator Dirksen led a filibuster against repeal, although he let it be known that he would

ff the filibuster if labor would end its op- on to his Constitutional amendment overturn- e Supreme Court's one-man, one-vote decision. mendment would have allowed each state to tion one house of its legislature on a basis of hing other than population, and it would have gislatures all across the country back into nds of people generally considered unrespon- o majority rule. Meany, however, refused to ng with Dirksen, thereby doing America a , but losing his chance to repeal 14B. "We had even votes in the Senate to beat it," Meany "but I always said that Dirksen was playing ie blue chips, and he just wanted to put the atures back to where they were controlled by ecial interests."

any does not get much credit for this kind of , but he comes out of a tough school, and may- does not expect it. He is not a man to be d with, though, because he has, as all men power in Washington must have, a great feel- or the appearance of power. When the colum- Rowland Evans and Robert Novak wrote the '66 elections that labor was distressed the Democratic losses, but that Meany had unable to get in to see the President and talk it, Meany personally delivered a letter to arine Graham, the publisher of the *Washing- Post*, saying that he had indeed been in to e President, and that furthermore he had been to see him anytime he wanted to. "I would st a new annual award," Meany wrote, "which t well be called the un-Pulitzer prize, or the alistic booby prize for the worst reporting of ear. Although I realize the keenness of the etition, I would like to nominate Evans and k for one of the many 1966 awards that might opriately be presented." Then he went on to about "journalistic garbage," and suggested the *Post* warn everyone before "unleashing s and Novak upon the unsuspecting public." , Evans and Novak had not said very much, but vay to stay influential is to look influential, and had not made Meany look that way at all. In Meany has widened his influence over the s, and sometimes it shows in unexpected ways.

When some Scandinavian trade unions passed a resolution not long ago that criticized ny's position on Vietnam, an American Am- ador, apparently fearful of some kind of retri- on, did not allow his labor attaché to report the State Department. Meany and the director e department of international affairs of the -CIO, Jay Lovestone, have over the years had e real influence in the conduct of foreign affairs one problem in understanding this influence is it is sometimes hard to tell when Lovestone is g on his own, when he is talking for Meany, when he is a sort of unofficial representative of government. When Meany, at his own request, ared before a Senate committee to defend the rican Institute for Free Labor Development, which trains union leaders for Latin America, he said that his views on world affairs were the same as the American government's—which could be an indictable offense right there—and that he does no more than any other patriotic citizen would. His man Lovestone, however, who was the secretary general of the American Communist party until he broke with Stalin in 1929, seldom appears anywhere at all in public, and hardly ever speaks aloud about those things that interest him most. He directs, nonetheless (or perhaps he is just a part of; no one knows quite for sure), an intelligence network of his own that reaches into the world's undergrounds and touches on academics, emigrés, spies, counterspies, information hustlers, and all the others who work on the dark side of global politics. Lovestone began to court his sources as early as the 1930s when he set up his own Communist party. His adherents then were known as Lovestoneites, and they tried to reform the regular party. They did not succeed, and in 1936 Lovestone reorganized his people into the Independent Labor League of America, still calling for a dictatorship of the proletariat, only this time free of Stalinism. Sometime after this, however, Lovestone rejected Marxism, and dedicated himself simply to fighting Stalinism, in whatever form he saw it taking. He worked for the United Auto Workers and the International Ladies Garment Workers Union when they were ridding themselves of Communist influence, and early in the war, when Stalin and Hitler were bound by a nonaggression pact, he worked to enlist support for the Allies among the European underground groups.

David Dubinsky, then president of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, admired Lovestone, and after the war he got him to direct his own department of international affairs, which had been set up to ward off Communist influence in the international trade-union movement. This was about the same time that Dubinsky, William Green, who was the president of the AF of L, and Meany were also setting up the Free Trade Union Committee, which was supposed to do the same thing, and Dubinsky suggested that Lovestone direct that, too. This was the start of a true collaboration between Meany and Lovestone, and when labor now speaks on foreign affairs, it is Lovestone speaking as much as anyone. Somewhere Meany is on record as saying that labor has been more right more often than the State Department, and that may be, but labor has also been stunningly wrong. At its 1965 convention the AFL-CIO passed a resolution pledging "unstinting support of all measures the Administration might deem necessary to halt Communist aggression." Lovestone himself was confidently explaining then that nothing could be resolved in Vietnam until the Soviet Union was convinced that the war there could lead to a confrontation between the United States and China, and that the only way to bring this about would be to steadily increase the American forces in Vietnam. "It may take up to 500,000 troops soon," Lovestone was saying.

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A good part of Lovestone's, and Meany's, involvement in foreign affairs is spent in things that hardly seem to matter to anyone else, in deciding, for example, who are the good guys and who are the bad guys in the international trade-union movement, or in showing displeasure when, say, the Secretary of Labor allows himself to be visited by some foreign union leader whom they count among the bad guys. This may not sound like much, but there are important men in Washington who tremble at the sound of Lovestone's name, and who would do anything rather than offend him. A couple of years ago, the *Washington Post* ran a few stories about Lovestone that suggested that he and the AFL-CIO and the State Department and the CIA were frequently entwined, especially in Latin America. Subsequently, Lovestone boasted to a friend that he had seen to it that the stories did not reach the United States Information Agency people in South America. Stories like that frequently are sent to them just to keep them informed, but Lovestone said he told the head of the USIA not to send them, and so therefore, he said, they were not sent.

For some time Lovestone and Meany also pretty much controlled the appointments of labor attachés to overseas assignments — although this control seems to be waning lately—and for some time Lovestone has been getting classified information slipped to him by friends in the State Department. The source of all this activity, besides the monumental anti-Communism shared by Meany and Lovestone, is the heavy involvement of the AFL-CIO in overseas affairs. It spends about one-quarter of its budget on foreign operations, and it has fraternal ties with unions around the world. Meany and Lovestone, however, have recognized only two kinds of unions, the Communist kind and the other kind, and periodically they insist that the other kind prove they are not the Communist kind. A problem has been that there are neutralist and socialist unions, but the AFL-CIO never seems quite to believe it, and one accusation against it is that in the poorer nations it always aligns itself with those unions that have the least chance of bringing about real social change.

This is almost certainly true, and the other accusation is that the AFL-CIO does this with the money, influence, and support of the American government. What we are really talking about is an involvement with the CIA, which, of course, the AFL-CIO will deny, and which may really be irrelevant, anyway. There is not much reason to think that the other side is a great deal more moral than the CIA, or that it is less deeply involved in all sorts of foreign places than the CIA. Everybody infiltrates everyone else, particularly in the poorer nations, and for years union men have been getting killed and we scarcely hear about it. It is hard to think of the CIA not being involved.

Meany himself has always been alert to any new threats from Communism, and he has always shown a fine consistency in his feelings about it. Indeed, he first became celebrated nationall 1947, when the AF of L was debating in its vention the wisdom of a federal proposal requi union leaders to sign affidavits saying they were Communists. John L. Lewis spoke against it, then Meany, with the kind of outrage known to the pure in heart, said that Lewis had "n fellowship with . . . stinking America-haters love Moscow." He went on to say that he w not only sign a non-Communist affidavit, he w also sign one saying that he had never beer comrade of the comrades." This could hardl doubted, even then, and it is still the official s in the AFL-CIO.

When members of Students for a Democratic S ety said they would demonstrate outside the L Department one Saturday to support the stril General Electric workers, the AFL-CIO took p to announce that it had not asked for SDS supp did not want it, and generally considered such alliance unthinkable. On the day of the New Mo zation in Washington, when the town was ful young people who wanted to protest Vietnam, t young men with long hair, knapsacks, and me lions were chased from the lounge of AFL-C headquarters, where they had arranged to meet of the younger staff members. "May I use the b room first," one of them said on the way out. ' mother is a member of the International La Garment Workers Union." "Out," the receptic said. "Please," the young man said, "I'll only l minute." "You can use one in the park," the ceptionist said. "Out," a building guard said.

It is not likely that many young people, acti or otherwise, are going to be greatly excited by labor movement, and it is not likely that Me worries much about it, either. "Workers are get younger and younger," a man once started to Meany. "They are like hell getting younger younger," Meany said. "I'm not getting you and younger, and I'm still working." It is a q tion of style, and it is sad. Labor surveyed itse few years ago and found that a quarter of its m bers were less than thirty years old, and that ne a half were less than forty. Not many of them about the epic battles of the Thirties and For when union members were getting their he busted on picket lines, and in 1968 a great m of them were threatening to vote for George Wal for President. The sadness of it all is that the yo union members may not know where their own interests lie, and the young radicals do not c The young radicals are probably not nearly so portant as they sometimes seem, and what is ca the New Politics may matter even less than they Labor, however, is a constant, one of the few i tutions able to call for something above its narrow interests, and one of the even fewer i tutions able to make itself heard. Meany may off the young, the labor movement may be suffe from atrophy, and Jay Lovestone may be wr on his pronouncements. The pity of it is that movement itself may still be one of the best thi around.



TENNESSEE LONESOME END

r McClain is the first black football player in the Southeastern Conference.
is the story of how he is making it.

by Peter Schrag

scene is like a tribal memory, a fantasy of e race. In the last triumphant moments of the oon, the rays of the low autumn sun filter gh the banners of the Confederacy, softening lors. *Mississippi 21, Tennessee Nothing; Mis-i 24, Tennessee Nothing; Mississippi 31, ssee Nothing; Mississippi 38, Tennessee ng.* "Rebs Put Big Squeeze on Big Orange The intensity, hysterical, catatonic, is of the nt, but the currents that give it life are beyond ll, flowing from some underground source rises here. At the end of the game the shades race Benbow and Temple Drake—Faulknerian in camel's hair coats and bouffant wigs—will r across the field, greeting other ghosts, re- the game through the exits, through the g lots, through the lobbies of Howard John- Motor Lodges and Holiday Inns, through bars untry clubs, far into the evening and through ght, shouting To Hell With Tennessee, To Hell Vanderbilt, To Hell With Georgia Tech.

s an eternal celebration of time defied. The on the field measures no dimension except the itself, no continuity beyond the formal hour of quarters, halves, and minutes to go. The clock is a liar. Individuals live in other continuities, but here, in this Southern stadium in Jackson, Mississippi, the crowd does not. On the Tennessee side, a young woman in an orange suit, with orange jewelry, orange boots, and an orange ten-gallon hat, watches the hopeless progress of defeat, and screams obscenities at the team, her face contorted with rage. Her husband, similarly dressed, humiliated now not only by his costume but by his partner, understands. "Don't be so hard on those boys," he says to her, loud enough so that all around can hear. "They're fighting all our battles for us." It is not a joke. Battles, he knows, can be lost, but Bruce and Bobby, Charlie and Archie, their achievements committed to memory, will return, eventually with new names, to fight the clock another day. The New South is there, somewhere, in glass and steel and electronics, but this is where youth eternally verifies the past. To defy time is the greatest of heroic acts.

The Negro is time's intruder. From the beginning, the battles were fought by white men while the great Southern black athletes went to Negro colleges which were even more undistinguished

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TENNESSEE LONESOME END

academically than the white universities which refused to take them—to the A and I's, to Grambling and Morgan State—and later to the Big Ten, the Big Eight, and the Pacific Coast. Black athletes have begun to predominate in professional football and, increasingly, in college football as well, and the Southeastern Conference—Alabama, Auburn, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, LSU, Ole Miss, Mississippi State, Tennessee, Vanderbilt—has begun to suffer, even if the worshippers at Ole Miss and Alabama don't quite know it yet. A year ago, Bobby Dodd, then the Georgia Tech athletic director, declared, patronizingly, "It's just amazing how good the Negro athlete is if given a chance," a remark that must have sounded peculiar, even in the South, at a time when black players had won the National Football League rushing championship six years in succession and the National League baseball batting title seven years of the previous eight, and when virtually every professional basketball star was a Negro.

But Southern football has remained white. The confrontations took place at the schoolhouse door where they were symbolic, not in the stadium or the locker room where they might have gone straight to the heart. The SEC is more than a collection of universities which compete in football and other sports—and winning games, despite assertions to the contrary, may be only one of its considerations. It is the facade, the structure of a ritual, where the fantasy of superiority can be maintained not only by regional isolation, but by an athletic schedule that rarely exposes the region's teams to the real behemoths of national football.

In 1966, a few politically astute liberals—people not so much interested in football as in social change—tried unsuccessfully to persuade the federal government to bring legal pressure on deep-South universities to recruit and play Negroes: in Alabama, they knew, the most influential man was not George C. Wallace but Paul "Bear" Bryant, the university's football coach. "They didn't understand in Washington that it was important they were thinking about lofty things like education," one of those liberals said later. "But can you imagine what would have happened if we could have separated Bryant from Wallace, if there had been pictures in the papers of the Bear and some black football star kneeling together in church?"

Then three years ago—almost, it seemed, by accident—it began to happen, not at Alabama or Ole Miss, but at Kentucky and Tennessee, where the passions of football and race, always running together, were channeled by a sense of the inevitable. Lester McClain, six foot three, 198 pounds, came from Nashville as Tennessee's first black recruit. There had been abortive efforts to integrate Southern football before: players were recruited but didn't come or didn't stay: some, according to the coaches in the Conferences, were academically unqualified, and one quit after playing a few games. McClain, who was signed as a companion to another black player who later withdrew, received the last of Tennessee's quota of football scholarships in 1967. (Football scholarships cover room, board, tuition, and a little free cash; they are controlled by the coaches, not the university, and is rare, if not impossible, for a student not on scholarship to play varsity ball.) "The high school started to integrate," said Tennessee's head coach Doug Dickey, "and we figured it was time for us to do something." Since then Dickey has recruited several more; in 1969 three black men were playing varsity ball for Tennessee, Jackie Walker as a linebacker, Andy Bennett as a second string halfback, and McClain as the starting split end. (There are now also a few Negro athletes in other sports at Tennessee, Auburn, Florida, Kentucky, Georgia Tech, and Mississippi State.) Walker, Bennett and McClain are all highly skilled athletes, but none is a Jimmy Brown or an O. J. Simpson. "I think it's easier that way," one of the Tennessee coaches said recently. "The pressure on a superstar would have been that much greater."

Ole Miss leads 21-0. McClain, wearing Number 85, lines up wide to the right, three or four yards beyond the tight end. He cannot hear the signal count of the quarterback, Bobby Scott, over the screaming spectators. When he sees the ball snapped he runs, almost lopes, ten yards downfield, then cuts sharply to the inside, and takes the pass from Scott. He then turns and gains perhaps another three yards before he is tackled. First down, one of the few Tennessee will get that afternoon. "Hey nigger," someone yells from the Ole Miss stands. McClain, who can hear nothing but the crowd, returns to the huddle. "Hey Leroy," the man screams again. Laughter in the twentieth row. "What you doing giving the ball to a nigger." Last year, in Knoxville, when Tennessee beat Ole Miss 31-0, McClain scored two touchdowns. Some of the Mississippi fans, one of the Tennessee coaches said, were yelling nigger then too, but McClain didn't hear them either.

McClain never said it was hard; you have to say that for him. It is a long way from his old preacher's place outside Nashville—the 40 acres, the hogs and cows, the seven children spread over two generations—to the University of Tennessee in Knoxville, to Bill Gibbs Hall where the team lives, to Mississippi Memorial Stadium, where the sun sets behind the banners of the South and the band plays "Dixie." (How did it feel to be playing there, you ask later, and he answers, "I've never seen so many Confederate flags.") For five years the road began at 6:30 A.M. every day, forty miles across the city to the black high school where he started to play football: two hours on a bus every morning, two hours every afternoon: then, after integration (in his senior year) to Antioch Junior where he learned the style and etiquette of the black player on the white man's field: don't be the second man on a tackle (he thinks, playing defense for Antioch) some referee might call a penalty (though, in fact, none ever did); don't be too aggressive. "I played ball and people got to know me

e. Then I did the same thing when I got to
ssee. Maybe the word will get around that
people click just like other people. Maybe the
uys won't have to do this."

irst, in the early conversations in the trophy
of the Athletic Building, you think that per-
ie hasn't thought much about what he has to
what others are now doing. (Or is he putting
?) Has he heard about the revolt of the black
s, the 1968 Olympic boycott, the suspension
ck football players at Wyoming and Indiana
her places who protested racism in their own
s or among their opponents? "Why," he
at one time, "do they always play 'Dixie'?"
didn't pursue the question. McClain will have
g to do with the Black Student Union at Ten-
(there are some 300 black students of a
f 23,000 on the Knoxville campus), and will
n alone rather than mix too much with any-
lack or white. He doesn't date students at
ssee; there is a girl at home and, occasionally,
nds an evening with girls he meets through
people who work here," meaning the maids
ooks. Between the lines he tells you that clus-
f blacks make him uncomfortable, but he has
arned, somewhere, that the price of integra-
not to ask too much of white men either. His
nate, a "fifth string" quarterback, is white:
ett and Walker room together). "The BSU
d me to participate in a protest but I didn't
stand what they were complaining about.
e it's because I live over here with the other
es, but I didn't have the complaints they had.
wanted black separatism I could have gone
nessee A and I."

oxville (AP) — Tennessee's Lester McClain
s being the first Negro to play varsity foot-
l in the Southeastern Conference has posed
problems at all.

'I haven't given it any thought," said McClain,
o returns to his hometown of Nashville Satur-
to play against Vanderbilt. "There have
n no problems or incidents of any kind,"
Clain said. "To the fellows on the team, I
l like I have been just one of the guys from
beginning.

'So far as our opponents are concerned, there
e been no problems. Sometimes one of the
yers will say 'nice block' or 'that was a nice
ch.' When we beat Mississippi (in 1968)
eral of their players sought me out to con-
tulate me."

McClain was named SEC Lineman of the
ek for catching two touchdown passes
inst Kentucky in Tennessee's 24-7 victory
r the Wildcats Saturday. It was the third time
s season McClain had caught two TD passes
a game. He grabbed two against Georgia Tech
l two more against UCLA.

the afternoon before the game, two large
stop at the side of the empty stadium, and
ennessee players—for the moment ranked as
xth-best football team in America—file out,
silent in their orange blazers and their too-tight trousers. The cold East wind and the deserted stadium make this a moment of unspeakable loneliness. You have seen lines of young men like this in other places, at induction centers and military schools, and you wonder whether any of them really want to be there. They walk quietly into the dressing room under the concrete stands and reappear on the field a few minutes later, this time in orange sweat suits and helmets, and begin to run their plays and practice their kicks. Sometimes, after a good catch or a long kick, they whoop and cheer, but their voices are inadequate to the stadium, and the sound, swept by the wind, is almost meek. Between plays McClain stands cross-armed, usually alone, warming his hands under his armpits. It is something one may have learned from poverty in cold places.

"In Alabama, the most influential man was not George C. Wallace but Paul 'Bear' Bryant, the university's football coach."

"What I want to do," McClain had said, "is to make money." He came to college hoping to be an engineer because he had been good in mathematics in high school, "but when I got here, I discovered it was another world, so I switched to accounting." We were sitting on the steps of Gibbs Hall, stopping occasionally to chat with another player. "I had a little trouble in accounting, too, but I'm doing all right now. They'd be talking about some company—the other students knew about it—but living in the country I hadn't even heard of it." He speaks about his childhood, about a family in which, a decade before, no one could have expected to go to college, let alone to the University of Tennessee, which didn't begin to integrate until 1962. Saturday, for the Georgia Tech game, he will have ten visitors: three brothers, their wives, one of their children, his parents, and his girl who works as a bookkeeper in Nashville. His parents hadn't wanted him to play football, were afraid that he might get hurt, but his brother, now forty-two, encouraged him. When they saw his first press clippings from high school his parents dropped their objections. It was, even then, a possible way out. "*Hey Lester,*" *says a passing player, "I saw your picture in the paper again."* "*That wasn't me,*" *McClain answers, "that was my brother."* What does he talk about with them, you ask, and now he answers a little indefinitely: "Business sometimes, or maybe the high-school teams that we follow; or maybe movies or movie stars or music. We talk about girls, but never our own girls, and we never talk about politics. In politics people have different views and it breaks up friendships if you talk about it."

And then, riding in the Olds 442 that his brother gave him, there are dreams and fantasies, but the dreams are tempered by some deep hard sense of reality that seems almost strange on that early fall evening. "I'll play pro football if they pay me for it; otherwise I'll stick to accounting. Everybody would play pro ball if he had the chance. But what I'd really like to do is be an actor like Jimmy Brown, maybe play in a movie. Not really act, but be in a movie." The world eventually is at the end of some

Peter Schrag

TENNESSEE LONESOME END

road, in a big city, maybe Atlanta, but not in the rural South, not around here. And then he speaks about the world he is already in, a world between worlds: "I went back to a game at a black high school in Memphis and felt like a stranger. If I went to an all-white affair I'd feel like a stranger, too. I feel at home in a place that's integrated."

We stopped at Shoney's Restaurant for ice cream, the black athlete from Nashville, the Jewish writer from New York, talking now about how people grow up, how kids learn, about life in the streets and in the country, and about the subtle things one has to learn, each of you knowing that in a situation like this some things must be left unsaid. McClain tells of the Cotton Bowl game in Dallas the previous New Year's Day. There had been some hope that if Tennessee was up and Texas down it might be a close game, but it turned out to be the other way around, and Texas won easily. During the week in Dallas, McClain said, "some of the guys went clubbing. I didn't like Dallas—everybody walking around in ten-gallon hats and cowboy boots. I don't want to wear a ten-gallon hat and I didn't go clubbing. Some of the guys asked me to go along; I thought it was nice of them to ask me. There wasn't anything to do in Dallas; I didn't know where to go, didn't know any places, so I went home the day after the game." Then what's the point of it all, what's the use, you ask, and he says it does make a difference. "I know one guy—from Selma; his daddy won't have anything to do with black people. He told how he's discovered that black people click just like other people. He asked me to his wedding." The waitress brings our check—McClain has to get back to his dormitory for the 11:00 P.M. curfew. "It's good to talk like this, it's a load off you," he says. "It's been real nice serving you," says the waitress, like a recorded announcement.

Tennessee has just beaten Georgia Tech 26-8. In the team meeting room outside the showers, the orange carpet is littered with pieces of discarded tape and empty cans of Gatorade. Three or four young boys—all of them white—stop McClain on his way out, ask for his autograph, and wait quietly while he signs on programs and scraps of paper. He walks on toward the door leading into the stadium, meeting Walker and Bennett near the exit, and the three emerge together. Outside there are more autographs for waiting boys, handshakes from the parents of some of the other players, and an embrace from Marcia, the girl from Nashville. Bennett and Walker go on together; McClain and Marcia, arm-in-arm, walk alone across the field, up the steps on the other side, and finally into the street. On the way they are stopped several more times—handshakes, congratulations, introductions and when they arrive at the reception outside Gibbs Hall (held after each home game) they are absorbed into the chatter of the crowd, into the orange blazers and the tailored autumn dresses. It is like a fraternity party on a homecoming weekend, now familiar and jocular, now formal and awkward. At the edge of the crowd Andrew McClain, the brother, tells Lester of the family plans to dr Birmingham for the Alabama game and then, Lester and Marcia stop to talk to the fiancée of the other players, Andrew speaks about hi youth during the Depression. "Lester," he "will have it a little better." Resting again fender of a parked car, McClain's seventy-ye father, his wrinkled hands folded across his m looks absently at the orange pompon that M brought back from the game.

If football is the major ritual of the Sout its religion, its dream, its secret life—it is a a world unique to itself, a million-dollar ente ise directed by professionals, played by "amat rs" (for pride, for money, for an education), and ur- rounded by hordes of managers, publicists, s th- sayers, and assorted hangers-on, paid and un id, who live in the reflected glory of Saturday er- noon. One does not have to remain among em long to understand how bruised hips, pulled oin muscles, and twisted knees can become m or events, how and why athletes—black and wh— become chattels, or why, for that very reaso he one-dimensional assessment of players takes on at fundamental honesty which is interested, abov ull, in winners. All these things make it easier to te- grate Negro athletes than Negro students. If ery man is property, if self-effacement, good con ct and discipline (not to mention strength and sp d) are the highest virtues, then one can treat Ne ies and athletes in precisely the same way: they' all boys. But for that reason, also, the Negro at te may turn out to be the Trojan horse in the le er room. If he decides to rebel in the name of l ck freedom, how long will it take the white playe to decide that they're niggers, too, and that cur s, dress codes, and special dormitories are for il- dren, for boys, not for men?

"I don't understand what's the matter with n kind," a sportswriter from Nashville says. "Th re all crazy, letting those good colored player go North. The best thing that's happened to this pr e is getting Lester McClain. You know what ar Bryant told me? He told me Southeastern Co r- ence football would never be great again until y removed the restrictions."

What restrictions?

"I don't know that they got any rules; it's that there might be trouble, but people would ac it, just like they accepted it here. They keep sa g that the colored players can't make it academic y, but that's just an excuse. They're all taking pla es who aren't geniuses."

"Why don't they take them in under the Pos Program," asks a visiting football scout from Dallas Cowboys. "If they can't qualify under rules (the Conference imposes minimum stand ds for athletes) they'd have a year for remedial w Then, if they don't flunk out, you could give m football scholarships."

"Lester's just perfect," says another sportswr

nust have been raised well. His father's a ıer down in Nashville."

at about the revolt of the black athletes else- ? "Oh, you can tell," says the scout. "You ɔot the troublemakers."

hypotheses abound and the rumors flow, and riables become almost too numerous to man- coaches are professionals who want to win, ill play anyone who can help them do it: the e of Mississippi and Alabama, perhaps even ople of Tennessee, would never support teams ıated by black players: it is better not to get who are black since they would be too threat- to the faithful: it is imperative to get stars, are going to recruit black players at all, so is no doubt that their scholarships and their ıce on the team are justified. And as the recog- of the potential value of black athletes in- s, so do the defenses. "Sure, those black boys un," said someone from Ole Miss, "because e built differently, their legs are different. It's bones. Houston had a fellow—I can't remem- s name—he could run but he was yellow."

e Conference rules, you are told by the reason- eople, have made it difficult for black athletes alify academically, yet there is no evidence EC regulations are more stringent than those other Conference. Somehow Dickey has man- o get Negro players while Bryant at Alabama ohnny Vaught at Ole Miss have not. (This fall. ssippi State played two outstanding black ath- in its freshman football game against Ole Mississippi State won 51-0 and that may more pressure than all the civil-rights cases world.) "We're seeking athletes regardless of " said Vaught, who has the highest lifetime ng percentage of all college football coaches e country. "We signed a couple," meaning had signed letters of intent—mini-contracts. one didn't qualify academically and the other ed to go elsewhere. We would have liked the om Vicksburg [now the starting quarterback higan State]. He's an exceptionally fine boy."

ht claims that he has sought athletes at all- high schools in the state. "They're all sup- to be integrated now," he said, but there is lerable doubt about the diligence of his pur- n 1966 Vaught had said that when Ole Miss ated he didn't expect to be around anymore. iss fans, he says now, would support the team f there were black players—after all, he added, are many Negro students on campus—but in Oxford aren't so sure. "They'd accept it," omeone on the Ole Miss staff, "but they sure ll wouldn't like it." Whatever the hypotheses d any black man, indeed, play for a team call self the Rebels; could any crowd waving Con- ate flags cheer his touchdown?) the fact is y that there are none. In Jackson, a gentleman senting the White Citizens' Council was asked Council had a policy about black and white es playing on the same team. "No," he said. on't have a policy on that. But I'll make one Ve're against it."

On Thursday they begin to assemble: the advance men, the early travelers, the big-bellied men with their bulbous class rings, the bourbon-pickled loud-voiced women, debouching from Cadillacs and chartered planes, how-ya-doin' through the lobbies of motels, starting the party, greeting the arrivals—To Hell With Ole Miss, To Hell With Tennessee. "City Greets Vols for Nippy Reb Tiff." Each week they march through the South, armies of the faithful, forsaking their vacations for six or ten three-day football weekends, carrying their cushions, their bottles, possessed by what they can no longer possess, filling the void with noise. "Wasn't that a helluva game . . . we kicked to 'em but it hardly went past the line of scrimmage . . . Missed you in Memphis . . . The lot's right at the bottom of the hill, you turn right . . . You know Mrs. Davis, and this is her sister . . . To Hell With Tennessee." Sometimes they charter trains: $100 per person, Knoxville to Birmingham, for sleepers, club car, two breakfasts and Saturday dinner, sometimes they fly or drive. "In Birmingham or Jackson you can feel the electricity, the excitement," someone had said. "They're really proud of those teams; maybe it's because they haven't had much else to be proud of." If this is what it's like to be an adult, who would ever want to grow up? To Hell With Ole Miss, Mississippi goddamn. By the time they arrive at the game, they have given voice to the secret meaning, have, as it were, invented words for what words can't express. (It happens to be, through ironic coincidence, Youth Appreciation Week.) The big grudge, the longings and passions denied, cannot be played out, for when youth ends, so does life, and so little grudges, which can be adjudicated here and now, must replace them. Before the season began, a sportswriter had observed that Ole Miss seemed to have the horses for another good year, and Steve Kiner, Tennessee's All-American linebacker, countered that some people can't tell horses from mules. It was the sort of remark that nice boys aren't supposed to make, an insult, if you will, to the race, and it helped give this game its higher cause. Archie Manning, Mississippi's sanctified quarterback, moreover, had been reduced, on buttons worn by Tennessee rooters, to "Archie Who?"

Going into the game, Tennessee is undefeated, with a record of 7-0; Ole Miss has lost three, one of them to the University of Houston, whose team is integrated. When the announcer reads the starting lineups at Mississippi Memorial Stadium, he lists only ten starters for the Tennessee offense. McClain's name is omitted. At the same moment, according to the papers, Richard M. Nixon is preparing to watch Ohio State–Purdue on television, and the 500,000 people who came to Washington to protest the Vietnam war are gathering for their final rally. In Mississippi Memorial Stadium, a local minister reads the invocation: "God be with our fighting men in Vietnam who are fighting to keep our country free. In Jesus' Name, Amen." The Ole Miss band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner," and 47,000 people begin to scream, waiting for the battle.

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Peter Schrag

TENNESSEE LONESOME END

In the background hangs the specter of change and revolt, not merely among black athletes, but among all young men and women. References to riots and demonstrations creep incessantly into the discussions of collegiate sports, and you are reminded, without ever having asked, that the orderly, disciplined life of the athlete is far more conducive to "getting an education" than the turmoil of a disrupted campus. "How can you study," someone asked, "if the university is closed down or the students are sitting in? The rooms in Gibbs Hall are kept clean; there are no drugs. These boys here have a chance to learn." On the Tennessee campus itself, several hundred students chartered buses to attend the second Vietnam Moratorium: the use of marijuana is extensive, and the number of freaks—people given to long hair, beads, and joss sticks—grows every year. On the evening after the Georgia Tech game they held an outdoor "Freak Concert"—bands, folk singers, guitars—attended by five or six hundred people who were not above shouting, "Kill the Pig," when the campus police car came around. And while Doug Dickey quietly integrated his football team, the undergraduates themselves elected Jimmie Baxter, a black Air Force veteran, as president of the Student Government. (At the University of Alabama, Diane Kirksy, a Negro, was one of the three finalists for 1969 homecoming queen—the winner was a Japanese American named Sue Shimoda—and at LSU the Student Government Association asked the university athletic director to begin active recruitment of black athletes.)

What you learn from people like Baxter, and from the freaks, is that slowly the base of student support, even at Tennessee, is beginning to erode beneath the old forms and institutions, and the new rituals—the ceremonial passing of the joint, for example—have started to replace them. In the months before Baxter's election there had been several protests—on women's hours, an open speaker policy, and black studies—which helped focus student sentiment. "I ran against the usual fraternity candidates," said Baxter, wearing an Afro, beard, shades, and a blue denim jacket. "I was the only one who raised the issue of student power, and I got elected. This place is changing." As you talk with people like him you reestablish contact with the newer student world, people who speak about the Vietnam war, and about reform. "The students aren't half as turned-on about football as they were a few years ago. Football is still supported—by the alumni, the administration, the trustees, by the whole state. The students know it's there, and most of them go to the games, but they're not as wild about it as they used to be. These older people come into the Student Center on Saturday before the games in their orange suits and coats, with their Tennessee neckties, and they stare at the freaks with their long hair. But they haven't any idea how silly *they* look. They'll support a team with a few black players"—everyone's for Lester, said someone else, because he's *our* nigger—"but if we got too many they'd begin to wonder if it was really their team. And we're never likely to have a black quarterback. That's not the role they ima for Negroes."

And every day, the national black revolt c closer. What Harry Edwards, then a teacher a Jose State College, began in organizing the Olympic protest (first against participatio South Africa, then against American racism spread to major institutions in nearly every pa the country: black athletes demanding more coaches and teachers, refusing to participate in petition against what they regard as racist nents, insisting on better academic conditi among them black studies programs—and b treatment on the campus.

> *Gradually* [*wrote Edwards in his book* T Revolt of the Black Athlete] *most black colle athletes begin to realize that their white e ployers, their teammates, even their fellow st dents, in spite of the cheers and adulations th shower upon them, regard them as somethi akin to super animals, but animals neverthele A black athlete on a white campus cannot affo to make mistakes or perform occasionally at mediocre level. If he does, he does not play.*
>
> *If he fails academically, he is ridiculed; b if he quits he is despised. For he has not tak advantage of "the chance that his parents didn have." He has failed those who had faith in hi . . . A black athlete himself may feel guilty ev about the thought of quitting. But what he does realize is that he can never prove himself the eyes of white racists -not, at any rate, as man or even a human being. From their perspe tive he is, and always will be, a nigger. Fro their perspective the only difference between t black man shining shoes in the ghetto and t champion black sprinter is that the shoeshi man is a nigger, while the sprinter is a fa nigger.*
>
> *The black athlete on the white-dominated c lege campus . . . is typically exploited, abuse dehumanized, and cast aside in much the sam manner as a worn basketball.*

The voices in the athletic offices intone the w "no trouble" like an incantation against evil sp Counting track runners, Tennessee now has e black athletes on scholarship. Track integrate fore football. "You have to take into consider what kind of guys these Negroes are. They're marching or protesting. You know some guys an inferiority complex about being colored. T guys fit right in. The fans have kind of ado them." The coaches cannot bring themselves t to believe that there will be trouble here, or t frain from discussing it. They treat their pl equitably, and they believe in the validity o order they maintain. "The revolt of the black letes will be a passing thing," Dickey said. "Th following undisciplined leadership. The only on the campus where there's still discipline athletics and fraternities. ROTC is almost go most places. It's sad that Negroes as a race stable leadership. But there's been no problem Sure, there have been some confrontations, bet black and white, and between white and white

ll players, you have to remember, are com- types, and some of them can't always keep he field."

he time the Tennessee offense gets the ball the ime, Ole Miss has already scored and the is yelling for more. High in the Ole Miss someone has hung a hand-lettered banner: 'ruit Sucks Like a Big Orange." McClain lines de to the right; Scott gives the ball to Curt n, the fullback, who cracks into the line for ps two yards. McClain, blocking downfield, ie defensive halfback, Wyck Neely, a junior Magee, Mississippi, drives him backward, and s him down, but Watson has already been d. McClain helps Neely up, and trots back to ddle. Two plays later, on third and long yard- IcClain runs a pass pattern, ten yards down- nd clear, but Scott, looking for one of his other ers, doesn't see him, and fails to make the etion. On the way back upfield, one of the Ole defensive backs gives McClain a friendly pat rump. On fourth down, a bad punt gives Ole he ball on the Tennessee 38, and a few plays he Rebels score again.

e clock moves. During the Tennessee–Georgia ech game, a sportswriter from Memphis was to point out to the visiting Yankee journalist he band playing "Dixie" was not Tennessee's eorgia Tech's. Does he know why there are no cheerleaders, has he heard the story about hite Tennessee cheerleader who told a Negro ant not to come back unless she brought her lack man so that no white boy would have to a black girl in the air? Sitting in a small us office, Ralph Boston, a 1968 Olympic medal r in the long jump, now an assistant dean of its, one of the few black men on the Tennessee speaks about change: "It's coming here, too. ave to make some adjustments. If you're go- take black athletes or black students you just go on in the old way, expecting black o stand up when they play 'Dixie' or to accept nfederate flag. It's silly to say that a kid can't with a beard or a moustache, whether he's or white. Joe Namath wins games with a ache. I think some of these kids are angry, ey can't say much because they have to make mselves first. There's a story about O. J. on; he was supposed to have told the kids in , 'Give me three or four years to make it, to a real name as a football player, and I'll be o help you.' But of course three or four years ng time."

Clain says very little. They are all cordial, the es, the coaches, the flacks, but life around an ic dormitory doesn't permit much privacy. nust learn, in this helpful, hospitable despo- to keep one's mouth shut. "I don't think the s are really telling very much about what's on," he said one day at lunch. "One of the white guys on the team was saying that there must be something to the protest at Wyoming; they just wouldn't be doing all this without a cause." For people like McClain, football is the road to a better life; a means to an end. Some of the other black athletes, he said, have been doing some thinking, "but it wouldn't help 'em to say anything." For the coming summer, McClain himself already has several job offers from accounting firms "because they can't find enough black accountants." He is, as he hoped, on the way to "another class of life."

"The only place on the campus where there's still discipline is in athletics and fraternities."

A minute before the half, with the score 24-0, Scott attempts a long pass to McClain, who is a step or two behind the man who is covering him, but the ball is underthrown and the pass intercepted. "Hey nigger," shouts a young man from an end zone seat, "you be goin' to Jackson State with the other niggers." By now it is clear that the defeat is turning into a rout, and the crowd is beginning to celebrate. Everything is coming together again, the flag, the race, the time. The band marches, the eunuch steps and foppish costumes prance in unmanly counterpoint to the gladiators in the main event. "You're always hoping for the big play, hoping you can do something," McClain said later, but in the second half nothing changes. Kiner, still suffering from an injury, plays poorly, Walker is arm tackling, letting ball carriers run past him, and Archie Manning, never better, moves the Ole Miss team for two more touchdowns. The crowd, responding to the Archie buttons, begins to chant "Kiner Who? Kiner Who? Kiner Who?" (later some of them will send him vicious little postcards), while, in the Ole Miss cheering section, the students yell, rhythmically, "No School on Monday, no School on Monday." In Washington, at this moment, other kids are singing the songs of peace and listening to the last Moratorium speakers plead for withdrawal, and you remember how, a few weeks before, McClain, appearing at a pre-game pep rally, had made a V with his fingers, explaining that "usually this means peace, but on a Friday night, it stands for victory." In the last moments of the game Ole Miss intercepts a desperate pass by a second-string Tennessee quarterback, and, as the Mississippi substitutes go in to kill the clock, the defensive players, flushed, bouncing with triumph, come off the field and flash the V to their cheering fans. As the crowd disperses, Ross Barnett, former Governor of Mississippi, ghostlike, wanders around the end zone, greeting the scattered people who recognize him, and proclaims "Archie for Governor."

What are you angry about?" you ask McClain for perhaps the third time, but there is still no answer. And then, for a moment, he speaks about Lew Alcindor, the great black basketball star who, after graduation, wrote about the racism he encountered while playing for UCLA. "You know," said McClain finally, "someday I'd like to tell my story the way Alcindor did." □

a story by Bruce Jay Friedman

JUST BACK FROM THE COAST

At the time Apollo 11 took off for the moon, Harry Towns was in a reclining chair beside the pool at a Beverly Hills hotel, taking advantage of the first stretch of absolutely perfect weather he had run into in Los Angeles. On previous trips of his, whenever it rained or was generally dismal, someone would say, "I don't understand, it's never done this before, this time of year." When something went wrong in Los Angeles, people tended to say it was the first time in memory it had ever happened that way. Things didn't go wrong that often. And there was certainly nothing to quibble about on this trip. A poolside philosopher, sitting next to Towns, said the pool area at the hotel was probably the only enclave in the world in which people were totally oblivious to that trip to the moon. "That's because they probably haven't figured out a way to make money on it," the fellow said. Towns was thinking about the moon landing, but in the cool, even California sun, he could not honestly say it was pressing heavily on his mind. He was winding up his L.A. trip, milking the last juice out of it, and had it worked out so that he would stay slightly involved in the flight in California and then see the actual landing on the moon when he was back in New York. His son was away at summer camp and had asked Towns to round up at least twenty copies of the *New York Times* edition that reported the landing. "Can you imagine what copies of the Wright Brothers newspaper would be worth today?" he had asked. Towns thought his son was very enterprising and made a sacred pledge to round up the papers, although secretly he decided ten was plenty for the kid. Meanwhile, he was busy loving California. He had taken some short probing trips to the Coast before, barely taking time to get unpacked, but this had been a one-month visit and it was as though some of the seeds he had scattered earlier had come into flower. People fell in love with California by the carload, but he wondered if anyone had experienced quite the love affair he was having with the state. Did anyone love the orange juice as much as he did. It knocked him on his ear every time he had a fresh glass of it in the morning. The same went for the lettuce. Who ever heard of lettuce that had so much bite and spank and crunch to it. He loved the salad o so far he had not come across a wine that taste marvelous. He began to guzzle it like and that was another thing: he never got dr Los Angeles no matter how much he had to It was like being in a super-rarefied health lator that didn't let you get drunk. In the many New Yorkers, he had spoken a bit too of New York restaurants on the plane to L.A by implication, been a bit disdainful of resta anywhere else. The fellow next to him, wh been quite jovial up to this point, suddenly dr his voice and in a surprisingly ominous, cruel tone, asked, "Which restaurants did y to in Los Angeles?"

"I believe I've offended you," Towns said

"I believe you have," said the fellow. Th the style of a trial attorney with a witness hook, he asked Towns if he had been to su such a place and such and such a place, rattl a dozen winners and not waiting for Towns he hadn't heard of that one or hadn't gotten a to that other one. The once-friendly fellow gave Towns the world's thinnest smile and w sleep. In Los Angeles, Towns tried a few fellow's suggestions and they were first-ra right, although they tended to go in as heav ceremony as they did for food. A waitress come over, curtsy, and say, "I am Mary Jo your waitress for tonight and here is your s chilled fork for the Brasilia Festival Salad." one had tried that number on him in New Yo or one of his friends would have done twent utes on it, probably right in front of Mary Jo You could not admit you liked elaborate cu ceremonies in New York. It seemed perfec right in Los Angeles.

More than the restaurants and theater homes, it was the getting to them that he enjoyed. He loved getting dressed in the cool early evening and then stopping in the middl all you ever had to be was half-dressed in was not very typical of his life, but he had taken a journey that had brought him to a walled-up cities in Central Asia. He would no wanted the job of convincing anyone, but tha

Bruce Jay Friedman [illegible] *"A Mother's Kiss" and plays in Scuba Duba, a comedy* [illegible] *The Dicks and a new play,* [illegible] *for a spring opening).*

pulsing feeling he had each time he ap-
ed the Strip was every bit as profound as
he felt upon first seeing the outlines of
kand. Always he was astonished by the clean-
of the light along the Strip, the slow, clean
of beautiful blond children, the outrageous
nce of the high posters advertising Lake
entertainment trios but looking more like
novies shown in the sky. How did they get
ictures so large and startling and clear. . . .

was aware, of course, that so much of it had
do with him and not California. He was fond
ing, "When I get to the West Coast, there's
tely no hassle." (He used such expressions in
rnia. He said depressing people were "down-
a bad experience was a "bummer" and even
t himself describing a lively girl as a "dyna-
chick." He did not speak that way in New
There was always someone who would make
.) In California, he had no debts, no broken
age, no glum heartbroken feelings of work
e. Let him pass a day in New York without
ng and he would feel his stomach slowly
drawn out of him. In California there were
s going to be other days. There was always
of time. He would feel the drumbeat of ex-
ent the moment he got on the plane and
d for the West Coast. The many concerns
drop from his shoulders like an ancient over-
glum, massive, many sizes too large, one he
nherited from his forebears and pledged in
to wear through all seasons.

was a stranger in L.A. and he preferred it
way. There was no one looking over his
der, no one taking notes. He would not arrive
s Angeles so much as roll into town in the
of mysterious Western heroes slowly loping
trange Montana outposts. He preferred keep-
relationships (his most unfavorite word)
l, transient, and when he got to L.A. there was
e he raced to the phone to call. His one close
l was a chemist who had never married and
rrested, socially, at the college level; he loved
minisce about beautiful sorority girls they had
known as Lambda Chi's at Purdue. Towns had
r with this fellow once a trip. He had a sprin-
of friends in L.A., a bartender here, a waitress
, some people in the film colony. What he loved
was set out in the evening with no date and
articular destination, relying on the peculiar
of recklessness that possessed him in Cali-
a. In New York, he might be struck by the
y of a salesgirl, flirt with her a bit, and then
for a week's worth of tormented dreams. In
ngeles, if a girl fell into an intriguing posture,
often than not, he would simply scoop her up
hisk her away for the night. In most situations,
d not have the faintest idea of what he was
to do. It made him dangerous and at the same
exciting company for himself. In the event his
ly quests for adventure turned out a bit wilted,
ad a few late-night fallback positions. The



CHARLES WHITE III

Bruce Jay Friedman

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nostalgic chemist was one. There was a slightly over-the-hill TV ingenue who would generally take him in. And one late-night club where he could always count on a few familiar faces.

There was that special tribe of long-legged golden women that had always evaded him, dancing slightly beyond his reach. Some called them vacant, mindless, not worth the trouble. Ding-a-lings. A dark-haired dancer he knew saw him staring and said, "They're not worthy of you." But how he yearned for them. On previous trips, his adventures had been with cashiers, hustlers, leftover women on the frayed corners of L.A. life. But always he had felt an awareness of that golden tribe, eyes aloof, carriage regal, long hair trickling down tan delicious shoulders. On this trip, it had somewhat come together for him. Early on, he found an angry one. Angry when he met her, angry in bed, skulking off in a furor after a night of angered, begrudging love. She told him that yellow hair, perfect legs and all, she had been badly manhandled by an actor with a marred career. Perhaps what really irritated her was that Harry Towns had trapped her, straggling beyond the golden caravan. In any case, she was an official card-carrying member of the tribe. He had made contact. Soon after, he found another, standing high and golden on a stationery store ladder. Dusting boxes. "A girl like you dusting?" he said, not the most spectacular remark. But all things were possible in Los Angeles. "Actually," she said. "I've been looking for something else." He took her back to the hotel and at one point made her get out of bed and stand on a ladder, stationery-store-style. It was all right with her. Watching her that way, he fought for breath. He had one of those extraordinary sun girls up on a ladder, tan legs straining, just for him. L.A. was some town.

It had been that kind of a trip, fat, rich, lazy, most of the treasures of Beverly Hills one room-service call away. Now, at poolside on a late Friday afternoon, Towns felt the first stirrings of regret at having to leave Los Angeles. His work was completed. If he stayed any longer, he would have to pay his own bills. Not an attractive prospect for Harry Towns. All dollars aside, it struck him that part of the magical fun of Los Angeles was having someone else pay your way. He had to visit his son at camp within the next week, so he would be leaving in any case. Towns had promised to store up anecdotes about film stars for his young son. So far he had only run into stars of Forties movies which weren't going to mean anything to the boy. He reminded himself to go to places where the stars hung out that night and try to see some for the boy so he could report on what they were up to.

The crowning touch to this trip had been a lovely divorcee who had appeared to him at the pool the day before. When she walked by, he did a quick fantasy thumbnail sketch as he always did on people who interested him. He made her out to be the wife of a doctor, a gracious dinner-party-giver, very strong on fund raising for charities; the doctor was indeed to be congratulated because sh kept herself in marvelous trim, working har since she had to be getting on in her thirt private thing about her was that she was gi sudden and delightful thrusts of vulgarity, h and out of bed. The combination of fund-r good looks and the flash of filthy stuff wa sistible. He did some laps in the pool, had a l holding contest with himself to see how muc he was getting, and when he surfaced, wet, b and shining at the shallow end, she was wait him, legs tucked beneath her. "The Christ blance really does cry out for comment," sh She was a three-time loser in marriage, had a son, and had run away from her third hu registering anonymously in the hotel. The h lived about twelve miles away. He owned stores and was not a doctor, but Towns wa about the dinner parties. He was not very target on the sudden flashes of vulgarity, Towns was not sure he would be able to g favorite California wine of his in New Yor now that he was leaving he wanted to have as of it as possible. Over glasses of it, she said s been in love only once, to a silent boy who in and out of her life at college. After an inc short period, she looked at Towns and said, it's happening to me a second time." They back to Towns' suite. Why was it so easy girls to drift back to suites in California an a major operation in New York. They mad for a short while: he marked her as the k girl who liked to spend a short time makin and then a long time analyzing its ramific "It's not been that good for me," she said. many ways I wish I had never noticed a tann bearded fellow coming out of the pool like reborn." She said, however, that anytime he her, no matter where he was, she would c him and he could use her in any way he wan long as it didn't involve having another girl or anything in that family. When he was a y man, such an invitation would have paraly senses. Now it only sounded fairly good. case, she left a bracelet behind and then ca ask if she could come by to get it.

So now he waited for her, and it occur him that all he had done to attract her was bit distant, keeping his jaw set as though h been through some grim times and didn't w talk about them. He reminded himself to d more often instead of going in for cha occurred to him that if his wife were to me for the first time now—and he were to beha way he had with the divorcee—she would pr be terribly attracted to him and not be in D nik.

Late in the afternoon, he began to get edgy. He wished the girl would come get her let and disappear. There was some good s maining and it was almost as though he co really soak it up properly if he were scanning looking for someone. He thought about the nauts and felt guilty about his plan to ski

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ATCHING THE ANIMALS

tie into a Des Moines slaughterhouse where 450 pigs an hour test
ican efficiency.

loves of flint and iron are naturally a little
ther than those of the nightingale and the
. —*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

embered today about this country lake in
nsas where I live: that it is artificial, built at
n of the century, when Upton Sinclair was
g *The Jungle*, as an ice lake. The trains with
oads of fresh meat from the Kansas City
ards would stop by the Kaw River, across
d, and ice the cars. "You have just dined."
on once told what must have been a shocked
ian audience, "and however scrupulously the
terhouse is concealed in the graceful distance
s, there is complicity, expensive races—race
at the expense of race. . . ."

I-D Packing Company of Des Moines, Iowa:
ll outfit which subcontracts from Armour
oduction of fresh pork. It can handle about
gs an hour on its lines. No beef or mutton,
oked hams or hot dogs. Plain fresh pork. A
n outfit, with federal inspectors alert on all
es.

kind of slaughterhouse Upton Sinclair was
g about doesn't exist around here any more.
ast buildings still stand in Des Moines and
a and Kansas City, but the operations are
The big outfits used to operate on a profit
n of 1.5 per cent, which didn't give them much
, did it. Now they are defunct, and their
ngs, which look like monolithic enlargements
centration-camp barracks, sit empty, the hun-
of windows broken, dusty, jagged pieces of
sticking out of the frames as if the animals
the good news one day and leaped out the
t exit. Even the stockyards, miles and miles
ing, weathered board pens, floors paved fifty
ago by hand with brick, look empty, though
told cattle receipts are up compared to what
ere a few years back. The new thing is small,
lized, efficient houses out where the cattle are,
ver, in Phoenix, in Des Moines, especially in
, where the weather is more favorable to
ing cattle. In Iowa the cattle waste half their
ust keeping warm in the wintertime. But in
or in Texas, the point of meat-packing today
rigeration. It's cheaper to ship cold meat than
nimals. So the packing plants have gone out
farms and ranches. They are even beginning
up the ranches themselves so that they won't
o depend on the irregularities of farmers and
cattlemen who bring their animals in only when the price is up or the ground too wet for plowing. Farmhouses stand empty all over America. Did you know that? The city has already won, never mind how many of our television shows still depict the hardy bucolic rural. I may regret the victory, but that's my lookout. We are an urban race now, and meat is something you buy shrink-wrapped at the supermarket.

There are no stockyards outside the I-D Packing Company. The pigs arrive by trailer truck from Sioux City and other places. Sometimes a farmer brings in two or three in the back of his pickup. He unloads them into the holding pens, where they are weighed and inspected, goes into the office and picks up his check. The men, except on the killing floor, are working on the cooled carcasses of yesterday's kill anyway, so there is time to even out the line. Almost everything in a packinghouse operates on a chain line, and for maximum profit that line must be full. 450 carcasses an hour at the I-D Packing Company, perhaps 300 heavies if today is heavies day—sows, overgrown hogs. Boars presumably escape the general fate. Their flesh is flavored with rut and tastes like an unventilated gymnasium locker room.

Down goes the tail gate and out come the pigs, enthusiastic after their drive. Pigs are the most intelligent of all farm animals, by actual laboratory test. Learn the fastest, for example, to push a plunger with their foot to earn a reward of pelletized feed. And not as reliable in their instincts. You don't have to call cattle to dinner. They are waiting outside the fence at 4:30 sharp, having arrived as silently as the Vietcong. But perhaps that is pig intelligence too: let you do the work, laze around until the last minute, and then charge over and knock you down before you can slop the garbage into the trough. Cattle will stroll one by one into a row of stalls and usually fill them in serial order. Not pigs. They squeal and nip and shove. Each one wants the entire meal for himself. They won't stick together in a herd, either. Shoot out all over the place, and you'd damned better have every gate closed or they'll be in your garden and on your lawn and even in your living room, nodding by the fire.

They talk a lot, to each other, to you if you care to listen. I am not romanticizing pigs. They always scared me a little on the farm, which is probably why I watched them more closely than the other

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Richard Rhodes

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animals. They do talk: low grunts, quick squeals, a kind of hum sometimes, angry shrieks, high screams of fear.

I have great respect for the I-D Packing Company. They do a dirty job and do it as cleanly and humanely as possible, and do it well. They were nice enough to let me in the door, which is more than I can say for the Wilson people in Omaha, where I first tried to arrange a tour. What are you hiding, Wilson people?

Once into the holding pen, the pigs mill around getting to know each other. The I-D holding pens are among the most modern in the nation, my spokesman told me. Tubular steel painted tinner's red to keep it from rusting. Smooth concrete floors with drains so that the floors can be washed down hygienically after each lot of pigs is run through.

The pigs come out of the first holding pen through a gate that allows only one to pass at a time. Just beside the gate is a wooden door, and behind the door is the first worker the pigs encounter. He has a wooden box beside him filled with metal numbers, the shape of each number picked out with sharp needles. For each lot of pigs he selects a new set of numbers—2473, say—and slots them into a device like a hammer and dips it in nontoxic purple dye. As a pig shoots out of the gate he hits the pig in the side with the numbers, making a tattoo. The pig gives a grunt—it doesn't especially hurt, pigskin is thick, as you know—and moves on to one of several smaller pens where each lot is held until curtain time. The tattoo, my spokesman told me, will stay on the animal through all the killing and cleaning and cutting operations, to the very end. Its purpose is to identify any animal or lot of animals which might be diseased, so that the seller can be informed and the carcasses destroyed. Rather too proud of his tattooing process, I thought, but then, you know the tattoos I am thinking about.

It would be more dramatic, make a better story, if the killing came last, but it comes first. We crossed a driveway with more red steel fencing. Lined up behind it, pressing into it because they sensed by now that all was not well with them, were perhaps a hundred pigs. But still curious, watching us go by in our long white canvas coats. Everyone wore those, and hard plastic helmets, white helmets for the workers, yellow helmets for the foremen. I got to be a foreman.

Before they reach their end, the pigs get a shower, a real one. Water sprays from every angle to wash the farm off of them. Then they begin to feel crowded. The pen narrows like a funnel; the drivers behind urge the pigs forward, until one at a time they climb onto a moving ramp. The ramp's sides move as well as its floor. The floor is cleated to give the pigs footing. The sides are made of blocks of wood so that they will not bruise, and they slant inward to wedge the pigs along. Now they scream, never having been on such a ramp, smelling the smells they smell ahead. I do not want to overdramatize—because you have read all this before. But it was a frightening experience, seeing their fear, seeing so many of them go by. It had to remind me of things no one wants to be reminded of anymore, all mobs, all death marches, all murders and extinctions, the slaughter of the buffalo, the slaughter of the Indian, the Inferno, Judgment Day, complicity, expensive races, race at the expense of race. That so gentle a religion as Christianity could end up in Judgment Day. That we are the most expensive of races, able by affluence to hire others of our kind to do the terrible necessary work of killing another of creatures so that we may feed our oxygen brains. Feed our children, for that matter.

At the top of the ramp, one man. With black gloves on, holding two electrodes that look like enlarged curling irons except that they sport more of those needles. As a pig reached the top this man jabbed the electrodes into the pig's head and shoulder, and that was it. No more pain, more fear, no more mudholes, no more sunny lazy afternoon. Knocked instantly unconscious, the pig shuddered in a long spasm and fell to the stainless steel table a foot below the end of the ramp. Up came another pig, and the same sequence. And another, and another, 450 an hour, 3,000 a day, the belts returning below to coax another pig.

The pigs are not dead, merely unconscious. The electrodes are humane, my spokesman said, and relatively speaking, that is true. They used to stun the pigs—put them on a conveyor belt that moved through a room filled with anesthetic gas. That was humane too. The electrodes are more efficient. Anesthesia relaxes the body and loosens the bowels. The gassed pigs must have been a mess. More efficient, then, to put their bodies in spasm.

They drop to the table, and here the disassembly chain begins. A worker takes the nearest dangling chain by its handle as it passes. The chain is attached at the top to a belt of links, like a bicycle chain. At the bottom the dangling chain has a metal handle like the handle on a bike. The chain runs through the handle and then attaches to the end of the handle, so that by sliding the handle the worker forms a loop. Into the loop he hooks one of the pig's hind feet. Another worker does the same with the other foot. Each has his own special foot to grab, or the pig would go down the line backwards, which would not be convenient. Once hooked into the line, the pig will stay in place by the force of its own weight.

Now the line ascends, lifting the uncooperative animal into the air. The pig proceeds a distance of ten feet, where a worker standing on a platform deftly inserts a butcher knife into its throat. We call it "sticking," which it is. Then all hell breaks loose, if blood merely is hell. It gushes out, at first at a 45-degree angle downward, thick as a fireman's hawser, pouring directly onto the floor. Not quite so red as blood, an incandescent red and quite beautiful. It is the brightest color we drab creatures possess. Down on the floor below, with a long squeegee on a long handle, a worker spends eight hours a day squeegeeing that blood, so that it clotted, jellied, now, into an open drain that coveled through a series of pipes into a drive

e made into blood meal for animal feed. line swings around a corner, high above the th the squeegee, around the drain floor, turns eft at the next corner, and begins to ascend floor above. This interval—thirteen seconds, my spokesman said, or was it thirty?—so carcass may drain completely before further ing. Below the carcass on the ascent is a like those lowered from the rear of cement there to catch the last drainings of blood. are not skinned, as cattle are, unless you are e leather, and we are after the meat. But the ust be taken off, and it must first be scalded Courteously, the line lowers the carcass into trough filled with water heated to 180 de- The carcass will float if given a chance, fat ighter than water, so wooden pushers on afts spaced equally along the scalding tank e and roll the carcasses. Near the end of the my spokesman easily pulls out a tuft of he line ascends again, up and away, and cass goes into a chamber where revolving as tall as a man whisk away the hair. We the other side of the chamber and find two with wide knives scraping off the few of hair that remain. The carcasses then rough great hellish jets of yellowish-blue ne to singe the skin and harden it. The last polishing: more brushes. Our pig has pink and clean as a baby.

of the small mercies of a slaughterhouse: egins as a live animal loses all similarity as cessing goes on, until you can actually face kaged meat at the exit door and admire its flavor.

polished carcasses swing through a door with rubber flaps, and there, dear friends, ion begins. Saws. Long knives. Butcher Drawknives. Boning knives. Wails from the rge and small, that are driven by air like st's drill. Shouts back and forth from the kes, announcements, challenges. The tem- e down to 50 degrees, everyone keen. Men cing off little pieces of the head right in- door, each man his special slice, throw- n onto one of several lines that will depart ial bins. A carcass passes me and I see a eball staring, stripped of its lids. Deft knives e head from the neck leaving it dangling o-inch strip of skin. Around a corner, up to rm, and three men gut the carcasses, great guts, each man taking the third carcass as by. One of them sees me with my tape re- nd begins shouting at us something like "I greatest!" A crazy man, grinning and roar- s, turning around and slipping in the knife, comes everything in one great load flopped tainless-steel trough. And here things divide, nust our attention.

spokesman is proud of his chitterling ma- ine. "I call them chitlins, but they're really ngs." It is the newest addition to his line. A worker separates the intestines from the other internal organs and shoves them down a slide, gray and shiny. Another worker finds one end and feeds it onto a steel tube flushed with water. Others trim off connective tissue, webbings, fat. The intestines shimmer along the tube into a washing vat, skinny up to the top of the machine where they are cooled, skinny back down where they are cooled further, and come out the other side ready for the supermarket. A worker drops them into wax buckets, pops on a lid, and packs them into shipping boxes. That is today's chitlin machine. They used to have to cool the chitlins overnight before they could be packaged. Now five men do the work of sixteen, in less time.

"The oddments of sidemeat off the head and carcass will become by-products : hot dogs, baloney, sausage."

The remaining organs proceed down a waist-high conveyor: on the other side of the same walkway, the emptied carcasses pass: on a line next to the organ line the heads pass. By now all the meat has been trimmed off each head. A worker sockets them one at a time into a support like a footrest in a shoeshine parlor and a wedge neatly splits them in half. Out come the tongues, out come the brains, and at the end of the line, out come the pituitaries, each tiny gland being passed to a government inspector in white pants, white shirt, and a yellow hard hat, who looks it over and drops it into a wax bucket. All these pieces, the brain, the tongue, the oddments of sidemeat off the head and carcass, will become "by-products": hot dogs, baloney, sausage. You are what you eat.

The loudest noise in the room comes from the big air-saw used to split the carcass in half down the backbone, leaving, again, connections at the butt end and between the shoulders. Other workers trim away interior fat, and then the carcasses proceed down their chain at 50 miles an hour to the blast freezer, 25 below zero and no place for mere mortals, to be chilled overnight.

Coming out of the freezer in another part of the room is yesterday's kill, cold and solid and smooth. A worker splits apart the two sides: the hams come off and go onto their own line: the shoulders come off and go onto theirs, to be made into picnics, shoulder roasts, trotters. Away goes the valuable loin, trimmed out deftly by a worker with a drawknife. Away goes the bacon. Chunks and strips of fat go off from everywhere in buckets carried on overhead hooks to a grinder that spins out worms of fat and blows them through a tube directly to the lard-rendering vats. Who uses lard anymore, I ask my spokesman. I don't know, he says. I think we export most of it.

At the end of all these lines men package the component parts of pig into wax-paper-lined cartons, load the cartons onto pallets, forklift the pallets into spotless aluminum trailers socketed right into the walls of the building so that I do not even realize I am inside a truck until my spokesman tells me, and off they go to Armour.

Processing an animal is exactly the opposite of processing a machine: the machine starts out with components and ends up put together: the animal starts out put together and ends up components.

Richard Rhodes

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No clearer illustration of the law of entropy has ever been devised.

And that is a tour of a slaughterhouse, as cheerful as I could make it.

But the men there. Half of them blacks, some Mexicans, the rest whites. It gets harder and harder to hire men for this work, even though the pay is good. The production line keeps them hopping; they take their breaks when there is a break in the line, so that the killing floor breaks first, and their break leaves an empty space ten minutes long in the endless chain, which, arriving at the gutting operation, allows the men there to break, and so on. Monday morning absenteeism is a problem, I was told. Keeping the men under control can be a problem, too, I sensed: when the line broke down briefly during my tour, the men cheered as convicts might at a state license-plate factory when the stamping machine breaks down. It cannot be heartening to kill animals all day.

There is a difference, too, between the men who work with the live animals and hot carcasses and those who cut up the cold meat, a difference I remember from my days of butchering on the farm: the killing unsettles, while the cold cutting is a craft like carpentry or plumbing and offers the satisfactions of craftsmanship. The worker with the electrodes jammed them into the animal with anger and perverse satisfaction, as if he were knocking off the enemy. The worker at the guts acted as if he were wrestling bears. The hot workers talked to themselves, yelled at each other, or else lapsed into that strained silence you meet in deeply angry men; the cold workers said little but worked with deftness and something like pride. They knew they were good, and they showed off a little, zip zip, as we toured by. They used their hands as if they knew how to handle tools, and they did.

The technology at the I.D. Packing Company is humane by present standards, at least so far as the animals are concerned. Where the workers are concerned, I'm not so sure. They looked to be in need of killing.

Beyond technology is the larger question of attitude. Butchering on the farm when I was a boy had the quality of a ceremony. We would select, say, a steer, and pen it separately overnight. The next morning several of us boys—this was a boys' home as well as a farm—would walk the steer to a large compound and leave it standing, trusting as hell, near the concrete-floored area where we did the skinning and gutting. Then the farm manager, a man of great kindness and reserve, would take aim with a .22 rifle at the crosspoint of two imaginary lines drawn from the horns to the opposite eyes. And hold his bead until the steer was entirely calm, looking at him, a certain shot, because this man did not want to miss, did not want to hurt the animal he was about to kill. And we would stand in a spread-out circle, at a respectful distance, tense with the drama of it, because we didn't want him to miss either.

The shot cracked out, the bullet entered t[he] and the animal instantly collapsed. Then [the] manager handed back the rifle, took a k[nife] forward, and cut into the throat. Then we [rat]ch the steer onto the concrete, hooked its h[ock] through the Achilles tendons to a crosst[ree], laboriously winched it into the air with a di[ffer]ent pulley. Four boys usually did the work, tw[o] older two younger. The younger boys were sup[posed] to be learning this skill, and you held your [own] together as best you could at first while t[he] older boys played little tricks like, when they g[ot] to in the skinning, cutting off the pizzle and t[ying] it around your neck, but even these crud[e] were their place: they accustomed you to cont[act] with flesh and blood.

And while the older boys did their [work] splitting the halves with a hacksaw, you go[t] to the guts, which on the farm we did not sav[e] except for the liver, the heart, and the sweetbre[ads]. I wheelbarrow down to the back lane where y[ou] had with wood you had probably cut yourself, [and] funereal pyre. Then we doused the guts w[ith] gas line, tossed in a match, and Whoosh! off th[ey] went. And back on the concrete, the sawing d[one], the older boys left the sides hanging overnigh[t in] the winter cold to firm the meat for cutting.

By now it was noon, time for lunch, and y[ou] went in with a sort of pride that you had d[one] some important work, and there on the table w[ere] some other boys had killed on some oth[er] ceremonial day. It was bloody work, of cou[rse]; sometimes I have wondered how adults c[ould] set children to do such work, but it was part [of] a coherent way of life, as important as plo[wing] or seeding or mowing or baling hay. It had a [ritual] and I was literary enough even then to [understand] that burning the guts had a sacrifi[cial] significance. We could always have limed th[em] or dumped them into a ditch. Lord knows the[y] didn't burn easily.

I never saw our farm manager more up[set] than the day we were getting ready to butcher fi[ve] pigs. He shot one through the nose rather than [through] the brain. It ran screaming around the pen [and] almost cried. It took two more bullets to fi[nish] the animal off, and this good man was shakin[g] when he had finished. "I hate that," he said to [me]. "I hate to have them in pain. Pigs are so [much] hard to kill clean."

But we don't farm anymore. The cohe[sion] is gone. Our loves are no longer the loves [of] steel and iron, but of the nightingale and the ro[se], so we delegate our killing. Our farm manag[er] used to sleep in the sheep barn for nights on en[d] to be sure he was there to help the ewes delive[r] their lambs, ewes being so absentminded they so[metimes] stop labor with the lamb only halfway o[ut], say the beginning and the end on the ba[ck], but merely the prepackaged middle. Flint an[d] iron, friends, flint and iron. And humility, and [the] knowledge that this act of killing must be done, which in those days good men bowed their heads [and] then they picked up their forks.

LETTERS: MARCH 1969 by Adrienne Rich

1.
Foreknown. The victor
sees the disaster through and through.
His soles grind rocksalt
from roads of the resistance.
He shoulders through rows
of armored faces
he might have loved and lived among.
The victory carried like a corpse
from town to town
begins to crawl in the casket.
The summer swindled on
from town to town, our train
stopping and broiling on the rails
long enough to let on who we were.
The disaster sat up with us all night
drinking bottled water, eating fruit,
talking of the conditions that prevailed.
Outside along the railroad cut
they were singing for our death.

2.
Hopes sparkle like water in the clean carafe.
How little it takes
to restore composure.
White napkins, a tray
of napoleons and cherry tarts
compliments of the airline
which has flown us out of danger.
They are torturing the journalist we drank with
last night in the lounge
but we can't be sure of that
here overlooking the runway
three hours and twenty minutes into another life.
If this is done for us
(and this is done for us)
if we are well men wearing bandages
for disguise
if we can choose our scene
stay out of earshot
break the roll and pour
from the clean carafe
if we can desert like soldiers
abjure like thieves
we may well purchase new virtues at the gate
of the other world.

3.
"I am up at sunrise
collecting data.
The reservoir burns green.
Darling, the knives they have on this block alone
would amaze you.
When they ask my profession I say
I'm a student of weapons systems.
The notes I'm putting together are purely
of sentimental value
my briefcase is I swear useless
to foreign powers, to the police
I am not given I say
to revealing my sources
to handing round copies
of my dossier for perusal.
The vulnerable go unarmed.
I myself walk the floor
a ruinously expensive Swiss hunter's knife
exposed in my brain
eight blades, each one for a distinct purpose
laid open as on the desk
of an importer or a fence."

4.
Six months back
send carbons you said
but this winter's dashed off in pencil
torn off the pad too fast
for those skills. In the dawn taxi
in the kitchen
burning the succotash
the more I love my life the more
I love you. In a time
of fear. In a city
of fears. In a life
without vacations the paisley fades
winter and summer in the sun
but the best time is now.

My sick friend writes: *what's love?*
This life is nothing, Adrienne!

Her hands bled onto the sill.
She had that trick of reaching outward,
the pane was smashed but only
the calvinist northwind
spat in from the sea.
She's a shot hero. A dying poet.
Even now, if we went for her—
but they've gone with rags and putty to fix the pane.
She stays in with her mirrors and anger.

I tear up answers
I once gave, postcards
from riot and famine go up on the walls
valentines stuck in the mirror
flame and curl, loyalties dwindle,
the bleak light dries our tears
without relief. I keep coming back to you

in my head, but you couldn't know that, and
I have no carbons. Prince of pity,
what eats out of your hand?
the rodent pain, electric
with exhaustion, mazed and shaken?
I'd have sucked the wound in your hand to sleep
but my lips were trembling.
Tell me how to bear myself,
how it's done, the light kiss falling
accurately
on the cracked palm.

Kathrin Perutz

TEENAGE AMERICA: ENGAGEMENT IN FORT WORTH

Picking the finest flower of American girlhood: for publicity, profit—and love of country.



Melicia Babish. Miss Teenage America 1969.

The Braniff flight to Dallas/Fort Worth on Saturday morning was empty enough for stewardesses to slip wine from first class to economy with nobody caring. The girls were in pink from head to toe. Baby-pink tights, long-sleeved pink wool dresses with a flare to the skirt, pink bows in the hair, and a silver apron-tunic over them. Cotton candy, great big birthday lollipops wrapped in silver paper, delectable sweeties to lick all over.

We arrived early at Dallas Love Field; it was 88 degrees on November 8, and a few teenage girls in red, white, and blue were wandering through the airport to greet Miss Teenage America contestants and chaperons. I said goodbye to my travel companion, a man with pepper-and-salt hair and china-blue eyes who was separated from his model wife and worried that his teenage daughter, a student at Southern Methodist, was about to participate in the New Morality.

I rode the flatlands to Fort Worth, more than thirty miles away, to the Sheraton, where all people connected with the Miss Teenage America Pageant were staying for at least a week. The CBS technical crew had been there a week already, with some members of the Pageant staff, and by the night before, according to the master plan, all rooms were "set and ready to go." A red carpet ran from the entrance of the Sheraton across two streets, over an entire block and into the Convention Center. Donated by the Ashe Carpet Company (who assured its quality as palatial), it was, at 350 square yards, "thought to be the largest piece of carpet ever placed on a sidewalk." Cars passed over it and later in the week would wear it away, but now, for the moment of arrival, the red carpet was long, luxurious, spread to receive the steps of young women between thirteen and seventeen, local queens who hoped for national coronation.

The girls arrived with their chaperons, randy, full-breasted wives of local sponsors, skinny, pinched ladies of the local TV or radio stations, and mothers of the girls, whose broader, coarser features aped the younger ones and whose faces contained their own resignation, but also now held shrill ambition: faces that had turned harpy in spite of themselves, for the sake of their daughters. The women were put into a stagecoach driven by men in Hollywood makeup and they came t th Tarrant County Convention Center, a huge n m building that would, in a week's time, presen th fairest flowers of American maidenhood to a e timated TV audience of forty million. At the C- e a band of volunteers played lustily, majo te twirled batons, and cowboys shot off guns i local news photographers snapped the scene.

The Welcome Dinner was held at the Fort W rt Country Club. There was no liquor anywhere n none would be seen for the rest of the week ve the girls were, but would pour down the old th at and stiff guts of CBS people and in the roo c Pageant and PR people; cocktails can onl b bought in private clubs and vigilant bottl c scotch stand in bedrooms next to ice buckets r vided by the management. But at the Country cl no liquor, and the food game began: if it's r it's meat; if it's brown, it's sweet. From no ti next week (and for the reigning queen, for a y r there would be nothing but Dr Pepper to d k a cola concoction with cherry syrup (though m said prune), which was everywhere given away e because Dr Pepper is national endorser of the is Teenage Pageant, and will have free us c the queen.

I was at a table with Miss St. Louis, a chu plain, and friendly-looking high-school senior rhinestone dress, with small brown eyes, lank and pudgy arms. Miss Tidewater, Virginia, h long, preacher's face that would soon becom h picket fence of her family, keeping out disorder, and insubordination. Now she was still a little schoolmarm, in a navy dress with a white org z bow. Her voice was soft, she answered me t "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am." Miss Toledo neighbor, was an intense sixteen-year-old with h black eye-liner. She wants to be a dancer; s in this to be seen by forty million people. She w her chance, she wants it now, and she's giving self until she's twenty-five. If she hasn't made a dancer by then, she'll write poems. "Loneline the crutch of poetry, and intense feelings are crutch of poetry. And I have them."

In her nasal voice, Miss Toledo continu monolog. Horrendously verbal, bright, she like a thirty-year-old frenzied New York Jew

Kathrin Perutz has had four novels published, the last entitled Mother Is a Country. *Her next book will be* Beyond the Looking Glass: America's Beauty Culture, *to come out in the spring.*

goes to parochial school and her town is
itive, "because anywhere up in the North,
's industrial, people are buckling down and
working. They don't have time to sit and
it the great problems of the world and
iot philosophers."
ame is Lorna Zilba and the generation gap,
ts out, is simply a question of communica-
he's interested in people, not their fronts
prieties and false spontaneity: "Some are
on this great cloud of enthusiasm and when
n comes, they're snowed under with inhibi-
l self-denials and everything else."
ountry-Western band is fixing to play. Four
exans with short hair and steel instruments
"Did you ever see a short, fat Texan be-
zip through their happy, jingling songs of
t. The "ya-hoo!"s are like yodels and
sent a medley of Texas songs. "Deep in the
f Texas" has everyone clapping; there's
llow Rose of Texas" and songs to Dallas,
, Austin, and other towns, "The Streets of
' and then "The Eyes of Texas Are Upon
e all rise, stand at attention for this anthem
are asked to sing "America the Beautiful."
we'd done "The Star-Spangled Banner"—
re the Bishop's invocation.
es. The theme of the evening was the
the Pageant, "to show the world the quali-
merican womanhood," as one speaker put
Legros, chairman of the board of Miss
America, Inc., talked about his pride in
mericans. An investment banker, he owns
oint in Sandusky, Ohio, an amusement
here 2,500 well-groomed young people
n enormous establishment and abide by
policy to refuse entrance to anyone who
disruptive to the other guests. Mr. Legros
lemonstrates his philosophy: "Clean people
y places. Dirty people hate clean places.
ave a clean place, you won't get dirty
Cedar Point is spotless and Mr. Legros,
by the outstanding young Americans who
him, gave further proof of his faith by
liss Teenage America, Inc., last spring.
kindly-looking man with spectacles and a
y. He mentions the disruptions caused by
ssenting youngsters; he is disgusted by
has a solution to all these problems and
s. You build an enormous amusement park,
gh for half a million people, serviced by
lean-cut young men and women. People
here, relax, enjoy themselves with healthy
he world will be a friendly place to live in
thout all this protesting. Because, he points
dissenters "protest about schools and don't
ool; they protest working conditions and
zy to work; they protest the war and evade
" The chairman of the board was endorsed
use and Melissa Babish, Miss Teenage
1969, rose to speak.
s cute, wrinkled her nose, and made ges-
childish, helpless femininity. All were be-
en she began her speech with a long orig-
inal poem (in doggerel) about her year's reign. She finished, turned serious, and gave a homily reminding the girls that they were not better than others, that they must remember the worth of all people, that she herself had made mistakes. She gave examples: sitting next to a Congressman and dropping her steak in his lap; holding a small poodle that reminded her of her own apricot-colored one, only to have the dog "go to the bathroom" there. Then, in her charming, childish way, Missy upheld the beliefs of Mr. Legros, condemned the small minority of dissatisfied young people, and thanked everyone for her glorious year. She thanked Mr. Legros and Miss Teenage America, Inc., Dr Pepper, her official chaperon, all the people who were good to her, and especially her Mom and Dad. Asking Mom to come up, Missy held up an inscribed silver platter and read us the inscription:

To Mom and Dad
For Services Beyond the Call of Duty During
My Reign as Miss Teenage America 1969.
Love, Missy.

Mom cried, and when she returned to her seat, those on the podium asked to see the treasure.

Main speaker was Dr. Edrington, president of the Schriner Institute, a school for boys in Kerrville, Texas. He was articulate, witty, an historian who talked of the first beauty contest ever held—in Arabia 2000 B.C.—and led into Biblical parables of responsibility and duty. His theme was the Greater Cause and he ended his lecture with a personal story of World War II when he had been in the Navy: The Japs controlled a hill and our boys were being constantly repulsed. They couldn't take the hill, however, even though the battleship *Tennessee* was at the ready, because the Army had been assigned to do it. But Edrington, through cleverness, contacts, and courage, got the *Tennessee* to shoot. "They turned their guns and just took off the top of that hill. It was the prettiest sight you'd ever want to see. Of course," he added, "it wasn't a happy Mother's Day for some Japs."

Sunday was easy, a day of indoctrination and restful fun, before the judgings and rehearsals would begin. A trip to the Rex Cauble Ranch was planned and I could go along. I could do almost anything because, by fluke or design, I had been issued one of the seven "Honored Guest" badges and, except for directly contacting any of the girls, I had free scope. No one could contact the girls except the official Pageant staff; the hotel operators had orders to allow no other calls through, and no messages could be taken. The girls were minors and pure. They were valuable to America and the corporation. They could do nothing without their chaperons and no girl went to the ladies' room alone.

Candidates were now charges, the indispensable property of a million-dollar enterprise which would be beamed out across the land on Saturday, November 15, to (according to available Nielsen ratings)

"They could do nothing without their chaperons and no girl went to the ladies' room alone."

Kathrin Perutz

TEENAGE AMERICA

a bigger audience than any of its televised competitors. Even Miss America was second-rate compared to this: and those involved with Miss Teenage could figure out why. This pageant of teenage girls was no beauty contest. Girls were chosen for a combination of talent, poise, appearance, high grades, and ability to handle themselves with decorum and responsibility. The winner would receive a $10,000 scholarship to college, but during her year's reign would have to meet the demands of schoolwork and those of her endorsers.

This year only forty-five girls came, fewer than for the past years of the nine-year-old Pageant. Except for seven candidates-at-large, all were sponsored locally by enterprises that had bought the $10,000 franchise from Miss Teenage America, Inc. Local Pageants had been conducted in the same way as the national one was now to be. In Los Angeles, for instance, $20,000 had been spent by Bullock's stores. The local winner often received prizes of clothes or money, sometimes both. She was then available for publicity purposes, and in many towns local interests were promoted by the local girl who was most charmingly typical of, or exemplary for, her generation.

When the girl and her chaperon arrived at Dallas airport, the national committee took over expenses. The women were housed for a week at the Sheraton-Fort Worth and given three meals a day. Some of these expenses were undertaken by the Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce: and the Sheraton itself, mindful of publicity value in a hotelful of lovelies, offered cut-rate prices. CBS paid $150,000 for rights to televise. Their entire production budget was approximately one-third million dollars, but they received over $400,000 from advertisers. A total of $380,000 came from local franchises. Dr Pepper paid his fee, and associate endorsers (clothing and shoe manufacturers) paid theirs.

The girls were thirteen to seventeen, though almost all were sixteen or seventeen. One thirteen-year-old, one fourteen-year-old. One Negro (from Alexandria, Virginia) and a Miss Puerto Rico, but no one from the states of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and several others. Five from Texas, two from California—most in fact were from the West. These nubile Americans shared bad skin, bad taste in clothes (most wore things too old for them), and heavy, misapplied makeup. Every girl wore eye makeup, and blue shadow ran in Texas heat. Some wore pancake or foundation and blotches spread, islands of makeup holding up smaller islands of blusher or gleamer. Streaks of makeup ran into the hair, down the neck, across the forehead. Mothers wore less, chaperons had faces expertly covered: most girls wore their hair loose, but the women carried immobile structures on their heads.

At the ranch, under Texas skies and hot sun, we met Cutter Bill, the most famous cutting horse in the world. First Missy, Miss Teenage America, and then other girls were posed on the horse or beside him: one small contestant spent the entire time in the bus because she was allergic to horses. Cowboys were friendly, dressed in Western garb, and cowgirls wore eyelashes and makeup wh rode.

I went into the small saloon, through sw wooden doors, into the set of a Weste nickelodeon and old pictures. Girls and ch were drinking Dr Pepper, but the bartend me up, said journalists were the best kin drink most), and gave me a man-sized pla of scotch. Mrs. Cauble, our hostess, entered in orange, had her cup refilled, said next yea ask Mr. Teenage America down (I suggest Universe and she agreed, yes, that would be provement, but "there's just one man I wan out here, and that's Joe Namath"). She didn' how many horses they had because "we don' that way, we count in pastures." She didn' how many pastures either, and hated to spe of time at the ranch because it bored her. they sold horses at $50,000 apiece, the main was from cattle. She wasn't going to go out sun to watch the rodeo because "I've had tw operations and a brain operation this year a not going." I had to go: she pressed my ha told me to be back for a refill after each n With her, with other women, I found sweet, sisterhood through the secret, communal liquor.

The band struck up, we sang "The Star-Sp Banner," and Mr. Cauble came out on Cutt with a large flag. The Bishop was in attenda high, gave an invocation, and we all watch roping of steer, the ladies riding, the obstacl I sat next to Kathy, a Donatello madonna Sioux Falls, South Dakota, with no makeup o lucent skin, who said her talent act was the tion of "The Last Flower" by Thurber and, I it was a plea for peace, she had been advised use it. But Kathy, who writes poetry, is one teen children, and has organized a teenage dr workshop with her friends, insisted on keepi piece. She was missing rehearsals of *Viet* which the kids were doing at home. Earli had put on a play she wrote. They used the money for costumes, set, and everything el needed and sent a batch of tickets to the department, but nobody came.

She was, of course, different from the girls. Around us bright faces cheered, har buttocks and breasts, even harder hearts, wai der the sun for the next act. Like the girl movie *Last Summer*, their hardness and ten protected them. Little girls out for the big tin hampered by imagination or charity, they w together virgins ready to strangle someone o of flesh.

In the ring, small animals were chased b on horseback, brave studs performing for ladies, the men with Marlboros on their lips the flat Texas country, hoping to cop a fe false breast (one-third of the girls wore p bras) or a tight hip (many wore girdles).

On the ride back, with two PR people and a journalist (the buses were too full to take m discussed the New Morality. The journalist

f about fifty who had three daughters. The
one had told her father she was living with
She had, he said, become a hippie despite
hodox upbringing with literal interpretation
Bible. After her first few weeks of college,
d asked to be transferred because there were
ay atheists around she couldn't stand it. But
ıyed, and a few months later the father was
to the college with his daughter in deep de-
ın. She told him she no longer believed in
ng. A few weeks ago, the girl had asked him
r she could participate in the October 15
ɔrium. He said no and she obeyed him, com-
er to say he was marvelous, because he could
he word "Moratorium" without becoming
cal, as her mother would have. Father and
went to sensitivity sessions for five days,
ıours a day, and discovered they were basi-
ifferent people.
rl who lives away from home with a boy asks
her's permission to join the Peace March.
eys when he forbids it. I was still new to
nd didn't know about the faith that is above
as, the belief in America, the hatred of Com-
n, the complete acceptance of an interna-
conspiracy to take over the world. Sex was
misdemeanor: virginal parents could come
ot promiscuity, even pregnancy. But dissent,
stioning of our universe and our good was
mate falling from grace: it was despair, the
ı, and sooner murder your family than be-
ıerica.

ay night, back from the ranch, the girls had
ajama party. Their makeup had been reap-
ieir lashes were in order, and they wore elab-
stumes, American nights instead of Arabian
th peignoirs, prints, pajama boots, and roses.
t no man see them, rushed away from the
if a male approached, even though a police-
was inside and had been riding up and down
an hour before to clear the way.
irls looked tired already, but smiled for the
neramen who filmed the impromptu party.
ıgged their Teddy bears and cuddled with
ıer over autograph books and reproductions
American scenes they'd been given. Some
risen at four or four-thirty in the morning,
he Welcome Banquet had gone on till mid-
o that they could fix their hair and makeup.
e necessary to present themselves to judging
breakfast. In twenty-four hours, some were
defeated. Bitchiness was close to the surface
e had shed their layer of youthfulness for a
of gloss, the imitation of youth which would
hildish, too cute for anyone but forty mil-
wers to believe. They had learned to be
nyone here might have influence, every eye
m in, every word they spoke might prej-
em. A show of temper or individuality
isqualify them, so they smiled at each other
plimented all outfits and food and the room.
had learned instantly and in microcosm how to survive through fear. At lunch they had been indoctrinated in the worship of their president. A young man, the "ovation officer," had interrupted their meal by explaining that Mr. Meeker, president of Miss Teenage America, Inc., was an understanding man, but wanted to be treated as he deserved. He reflected his state of mind by the name he used for himself, either Mr. Charles Meeker or Mr. Charles R. Meeker, Jr. Right now he was the informal man, but he insisted on a standing ovation whenever he came to speak. We would rehearse it.

Mr. Meeker was introduced and the room stood, cheering. Mr. Meeker walked away and the young man returned. We had not risen quickly enough, we would do it again. We did, knowing that for the rest of the week we would have to stand and applaud every time our president approached.

Next morning the press room was bustling. Photos of the girls—in stagecoach, on horseback, in pajamas—and releases on them were collated for immediate dispatch to local papers. Interviews and TV spots were being arranged and long-distance calls were made to determine when the stars, the national selection committee, and influential journalists would be arriving. "It's quite a week," said Shirley Spiekerman, who handled most of the publicity. "The moon shot and the Moratorium will be competing."

Jerre Todd, head of the public-relations firm handling the Miss Teenage America account, greeted me in his usual manner: "Well listen, little feller, and listen tight. I'll tell you twice and maybe only once." This morning the girls were having their written test (a tough one, devised by World Book Encyclopedia, which many failed though the academic average of all girls was A-minus), and later would begin the Poise and Appearance judging, to continue over two days with four groups of four judges each, the judges being poised ladies of the Dallas–Fort Worth area, two of them Negro and two of them men. No one but the contestants could enter the judging rooms, which were guarded by a police officer.

"These nubile Americans shared bad skin, bad taste in clothes and heavy, misapplied makeup."

Time out. I parted from the singing PR crew and was free most of the day. Exploration: Fort Worth is known as "cow town . . . where the West remains." It's the third-ranking city in America in millionaires per capita (mainly oil and cattle). It has a wax reproduction of "The Last Supper" on continual display, and in a souvenir store with 59-cent and $1.49 items, two small Negro children and I examined the string ties, rosaries, towels, small guns, and containers of Mace.

Driving out, through the park, I came to the campus of Texas Christian University, where I saw almost no girl with virginal, unbleached hair. Cute Texas co-eds walked by in dresses an inch above the knee, blond hair sprayed and immobile, faces carefully painted and set. It was impossible to tell from a distance of thirty feet whether an approaching female was forty-five or eighteen. The natural look, the slouch and swinging hair, hadn't

come to TCU; we were in the Fifties and a large sign over a hamburger joint proclaimed: "Let's Get Out of Vietnam... the President's Way." Tacked on a tree, a poster invited participation in the Moratorium.

That night the party for the girls was a carnival, with cotton candy, booths, and a little jail. Mr. Legros walked around happily, chaperons became avid gamblers with play money, and the CBS people stuck around for fun. I put Lorna, Miss Toledo, into jail before she could put me in, but then gave her my stash of money. "You know how you should do your article?" said somebody. "Just pour a lot of Dr Pepper on the pages."

The grown-ups went to drink other things in other rooms. Tightness had set in and this was only Monday. Paul Levitan, producer of the show for CBS, was having problems. There was an edge on everything, the budget might be exceeded, the big family was growing apart and needed soldering. At three, four in the morning, bottles were set by and people went to bed. In one room, we'd been talking about war and the strong young Texan who'd come back from Vietnam said he could kill men, women, and children and then sit down to enjoy his breakfast. There was nothing wrong with killing, he said; it made you feel good and that's what it was all about.

"Why should we rebel against the structure when it's good?" a candidate asked the next morning. "The structure that this nation is built on is not bad at all. Look at it: justice, equality, happiness, peace for men—I don't consider these bad or evil or invalid at all."

From Puerto Rico came a voice of reason: "We've had some riots. They burned the ROTC building of the university campus. They were having a hunger strike... but one by one they were taken to the hospital because they were fainting. Blah. I hate them. They're stupid."

One after another told the same stories: it was great to be here, they'd already learned a lot. It was marvelous to be able to talk to girls from all parts of the country. It was an education, everyone was so nice, so interesting, everyone was like a sister. We all agree on things, there's no generation gap, that's silly, it's much harder to get along with some other members of your own generation than with your parents. These hippies are awful. Who do these kids think they are, protesting the President? What do they know, what does anybody know compared to him?

All day they came into the room adjoining the press room and my tape recorder caught the accents, the acts, the self-assurance. Missy talked about her year's reign, how hard it was to keep up her A average, how many interesting people she had met, how she'd developed her own style in dressing, and how, yes, she'd met some of the minority teenagers and they saw her as "a victim of the Establishment which is true in a sense." She meant (though couldn't tell me) that in her year as Miss Teenage America her purpose had been to prom- products of her endorsers. She had flowr o parts of the country, had missed sleep, sch friends for a reward not of self-knowledge ut o education in public relations. By selling she sold the goods, and Missy's laughter w no easy; her little shoulders bobbed up and d n i immediate appreciation, her smile was ead there, and the eyes had learned to quickly e luat response. "This year I found out a heck of ot o things," said Missy. "I believe in going up in ang and not going down. The SDS are making th ilen majority say, 'Hey, wait a minute. We're no oin to be silent anymore and we're going to sa-wha we want.' People are getting united throu thi Moratorium," she told me and concluded, "can' say the war is bad, because I don't know ever hin about it. And I can't say the war is good, b aus I don't know everything about it. And unti do I will not make that statement."

The war was a theme all week. There w s n avoiding the fact that the Pageant would b held on the same day as the March on Washingt ; i Dallas, the wearing of black armbands ha been declared illegal by a judge who said that th the ruling might be unconstitutional, it wo l b enforced. To wear red, white, and blue armund was proper and patriotic. The Miss Tnag America Pageant was, for the first time, e hat ically patriotic in theme. The opening n mbe would show candidates in red, white, and blu ing ing "It's a Grand Old Flag" and "Yankee D Dandy." Even the girls were aware that the ven part of a planned response to the diss tin minority. Miss Wichita said, "I'm glad i o Moratorium Day, the Pageant," because it oul show to all America that there were other un people, good ones, in the land.

Lorna said, "Youth is saying, we want mor freedom, we want no wars, we want all ty freedom of mind and body. But they're not om municating, they're not coming through t th people because they're being destructive ab They're trying to tear down the memories th a older generation has built up. And it's taken years to build up this memory of a life tha had, the good times that they had, the love ha they had, the heartbreaks they had. It's just e mammoth scrapbook that they've compiled. an they think that youth is coming in and gaso in everything and tearing it up. This is the prob m

The destructive youth was going to be met a on by constructive young people. A minor cr d was under way, and infidels would be crush the stern boot of higher truth. When, that ev n in the talent judging, one girl did a patriotic sc tation (prepared by her uncle) to "The Star-Sp Banner," no one was surprised.

Out of forty-five, eight would be chosen semifinalists would all have the chance to do e acts live to the largest audience of any TV spec lar. Out of the forty-five, most were bad. could not compensate for lack of talent and le lessness. The black girl came out dressed in

screamed her original monolog: "My mother's
! Mother, come back! Mother, you're the
thing I ever loved!" and so forth. Miss Puerto
recited her original poem (written in En-
for the occasion) about discovering faith
d. She was on her knees a lot of the time, look-
p. There were baton twirlers, singers, dancers,
acrobats, monologists, and musicians. Kathy
South Dakota came in a long white shift, bare-
holding a red flower. Miss Odessa, Texas,
d the piano in a pale-gold brocade culotte out-
y Valentina. Miss Colorado Springs, Sylvia,
a long brown skirt and cream shirt, and belted
k-type song called "Get Together," inserting
it an original poem, "Society, Why Do You
?" Her hair was a sleek black skullcap and
vas too good, we were all afraid, to be con-
ed amateur. She was something else, some-
like a woman, and her stage presence made
I think she was a personality. Lorna did a
ish dance, but ran over the two-minute limit:
girls did the bedroom scene from *Romeo and*
and Miss Newport, Rhode Island, began her
medley with "Happy Days Are Here Again."
o days later, after breakfast, the eight were
unced. Miss Colorado Springs was among
(Lorna stopped smiling for twenty-four hours,
Kathy seemed relieved.) The other semifinal-
ept with joy: Miss Odessa, Miss Dallas, Miss
onville, Florida (who'd acted out a compressed
on of Jules Feiffer's *Passionella*), Miss Denver,
Seattle (a cellist), Miss Indianapolis, and
Los Angeles, who began her act saying, "Art
y talent and fashion is my interest," before
ing her three drawings and then sketching a
h onstage.

e morning after talent judging, rehearsals be-
an for the telecast. No longer in the safety of
otel, girls and chaperons had to tread the red
t every morning to the Convention Center. The
first morning, Miss Oklahoma City arrived
minutes late. Mr. Meeker announced she was
f the Pageant. The girl wept, explained to
athetic stagehands that she'd been waiting in
oom for her chaperon, who had gone out to
returning a few minutes late. The girl's cause
hampioned and thirty minutes later she was
ated.

e girls were learning how to kick and twirl
under the tutelage of Judith Houghton, vice
lent and general manager of the corporation.
y Van, the dancing star who would feature in
ow, had arrived and was practicing with them.
ternoon the singing cadets would arrive, forty-
oung men from Texas A & M who, with the
would be dressed in red, white, and blue for
ening number and who would, from now until
oronation Ball after the Pageant, be the girls'
s and accompany them and their chaperons
meals and events.

ough their grand entrance was scheduled for
P.M., the cadets were not in evidence. I heard
they were going to be fitted before they entered, and entrance could be any time in the next two hours. Unfortunately, I couldn't wait. I had a clandestine rendezvous arranged by a young waiter from TCU, whose father is in the Air Force; he said he knew some kids interested in peace. When I asked to meet them, he promised he'd get them to the hotel room on Wednesday evening at six.

Just before five, the cadets were coming out of the fitting room. Some were blasé: "Can't wait till this is over. I was in it last year and it's tough." A few were tall and good-looking; many were small and bad-complexioned. These were the Aggies, the local joke, as Poles are in Chicago ("How many Aggies does it take to change a light bulb? Three. One to hold the bulb and two to turn the chair"). They went off to change. In the elevator I didn't register five hippie kids until one, handing me the white dove on a field of blue, asked, "You want a button, ma'am?"

They were cautious at first, and the lady journalist from New York posed disinterested questions ("How many young people here sympathize with you?"). They brought out the papers and leaflets. Within a few minutes, the interview was abandoned: we relaxed on the floor with beer and Cokes.

Bucky, a handsome small Mediterranean type with blue eyes and a baby's smile of happiness was a Jew who had left home because his parents considered him a traitor. Mike Reznikoff was tall, lined, with Allen Ginsberg hair and beard sentried by beagle eyes. His mother worked for the Dissenting Democrats, had organized the McCarthy campaign here, and was now trying to get the McCarthy people out for November 15. His father, an insurance man, had been told he would sell no more policies in Fort Worth, and Mike's parents were thinking of leaving town. If his parents left, Mike would stay. The others were also under twenty. Patti was a silent little girl who seemed younger than eighteen and wanted only to be there, embarrassed by direct questions. Greg and Ron spoke heatedly; Greg was a born debater, with small steel-rimmed spectacles and august sideburns. Their long hair and clothes made them all targets. They were not served in cafeterias: they were threatened and jeered at. I said that I would join them on the Friday march. Patti promised to pick me up. Strong handshakes, Bucky holding me in a grip of solidarity.

I went downstairs to the Grand Ballroom to see if the dinner-dance for cadets and candidates would include grown-ups other than chaperons. Mr. and Mrs. Legros greeted me and said I must come; five minutes later I was down again, dressed in gold, moving fast but overtaken by Miss Odessa and her chaperon. Miss Odessa wore a green chiffon Empire dress with a tiny rhinestone belt. In place of greeting, she asked me on the run, "Am I overdressed? Do I look all right?" Tensely, she fussed with herself without missing a step and rushed in front of me through the door. We were seated at the same table and throughout dinner Miss Odessa spoke to no one. She gave the nearest cadet a look of malevolence and held herself as though made of china.

"She had flown to all parts of the country, had missed sleep, school, and friends for a reward not of self-knowledge but of education in public relations."

To turn her head, she rotated her entire body (the glue wasn't reliable) and she ate like a marionette, her blond hair resting perfectly on her shoulders.

Everyone rose; Mr. Meeker was approaching the podium, where he would introduce Mr. Legros. Yesterday, Mr. Meeker had told me that the Pageant "is now in the best hands it ever has been. Mr. Legros said two things: it must be of great quality and must stand for something, and it must grow. This was the only mandate we were given."

When I asked what the Pageant stood for, the president cleared his throat. "You're really putting me into a philosophy of my own. . . . Things today have to be carefully said, because we live in that kind of world where the truisms sound cornball. And people do not take time to understand that the values of the human being have not changed very much—in three, four thousand years—and eventually we come back to them. Now, Miss Teenage America has had some very rough times that I believe would have sunk it, and I believe it has survived because from the first minute I have been a self-appointed guardian of its integrity. And it has one integrity that must transcend every other consideration, and that is that the girls have a positive reaction from the Pageant, because you know their life is going to be changed."

On his role in the Pageant, Charles Meeker said, "You call it what you want to call it, I'll tell you what I will call it. There must be somebody in an undertaking like this to whom they can look and of whom they can grab hold. We do not have the time otherwise, with the tremendous number of things we ask them to do. Now, I often say to them: we will ask you to do a lot of things. You may say anything to me except, 'I can't.' You'll do things you've never done before. Now someone, someone has to take control. And that's me. I do not try to create any kind of image except what I really am."

Mr. Meeker is never tired. He introduces the chairman of the board and majestically descends without recognition of the standing ovation. Mr. Legros repeats in essence his speech of Saturday night for the benefit of the cadets and offers a film of Cedar Point. I say goodbye and leave: I have another dinner appointment at ten.

Close to a dozen of us ride out to Lou Owens' house, where his wife Sam has prepared an Italian meal. Lou is owner of the Convention Center, a cupcake to beat all cupcakes, an anchored flying saucer, a double beanie. It seats 18,000, has offices and an enormous backstage area where trucks feed power to CBS, and additional offices have been constructed under yellow satin tents. The Center cost only $16 million, and the same thing in New Haven. Lou assures me, would have cost $75 million.

It's a cocktail party, most people are from New York, and no conversation gets going. I spend a few minutes talking to the young man who designed the set—enormous flats with cheery pastel flowers for which he charged CBS $42,000. At 2:30 A.M. I prevail on my hostess to lend me a bathing suit and I go for a swim in the heated pool. I'm considered bizarre, but amusing. Everyone is tired, and on the way back, acrimony settles in and the over[illegible] overdrunk occupants of the car are silent o[illegible]

Next morning, the eight semifinalists [illegible] nounced, the only ones to do their acts in [illegible] They'll have special costumes, pink rhi[illegible] gowns, while the others are in black and wh[illegible] the cadets in dress uniform), so the press [illegible] ence takes place in the dressing room. T[illegible] reporters are new to the girls and ask a[illegible] generation gap, the Moratorium, and dru[illegible] Denver tells us, "Happiness is a state of [illegible] Miss Dallas says she found God during thi[illegible] Pageant activities. Miss Seattle always ha[illegible] He brought her here after performing a mi[illegible] her by which she lost twenty pounds [illegible] Weight Watchers. Her ambition is to be [illegible] Weight Watcher lecturer and serve as ins[illegible] to other girls. All girls but one are famil[illegible] drugs, which circulate in their schools. Sylv[illegible] Colorado Springs, works with young drug [illegible] trying to rehabilitate them, and her pride [illegible] who was on heroin.

One of the semifinalists had false lash[illegible] hair, and false breasts. A few had acne. T[illegible] agreed that teenagers who rebel lack [illegible] strength and are lost. Some said they lack th[illegible] of prayer, and some, that they miss famil[illegible] For whatever reason, it was weakness tha[illegible] person to protest his society.

We've had calls last night and this mo[illegible] said Patti on Friday. "They tell us [illegible] going to be violence and there will be gu[illegible] 9:30 on the morning of November 14 I did[illegible] to die. I was for peace, yes, and all good thi[illegible] not enough to be killed for it. This was Tex[illegible] ple had guns and protested against registerir[illegible] Black armbands were illegal, kids had been [illegible] out of school for wearing the small peace [illegible] with a dove, and the Dallas Moratorium co[illegible] had been prohibited use of dead men's na[illegible] their casket. I had more protection than an[illegible] Texans planning to march: I was older, fro[illegible] York, and one of the CBS men was a lawyer[illegible] Patti to wait, ran to the Convention Cente[illegible] someone where I was and ask her to star[illegible] something if I hadn't reported back by 2:30.

In the car, Patti gave me a black armband [illegible] drove to Trinity Park. This was the last ti[illegible] would have use of the car. Her father ha[illegible] demned her for what she was doing, said if s[illegible] the car today she'd never be able to drive it[illegible]

At the park, kids were shivering and tr[illegible] make posters. The 39-degree temperatur[illegible] strong winds came as a blast from on high aft[illegible] in the seventies and eighties. Around a sm[illegible] some kids were warming their hands an[illegible] brought his mother to meet me. Mrs. Reznik [illegible] dressed properly, with hat and gloves, her fa[illegible] crectly made up and her coat well-tailored. "[illegible] the kids Clean for Gene," she said, "but i[illegible] worth it anymore. They've got to look the wa[illegible] do, it's part of what they're saying.



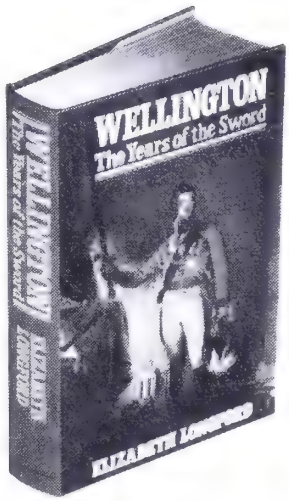
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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

Harper & Row

"I wasn't so enthusiastic about McCarthy, but he was the only one who came down here. We asked Bobby Kennedy, and he wouldn't come. We asked McGovern and he wouldn't come either. They said the time wasn't right. McCarthy came, and that was the only way we could organize."

Someone came around with a petition—"Any eligible draft-age boys haven't signed yet?" Only they could sign. I suggested another petition for those who supported draft resisters, which could carry at least twice as many names as the first. Patti said they hadn't thought of it but would do it next time. I asked to carry a poster and was given one saying, "Stop War." All slogans were mild: there was no reason to antagonize unduly.

An elderly woman carried a sign of "Life Against Death" and was delighted that I'd read the book. "It's the same thing, really," she explained. "Freud's view of life is antimilitaristic. Militarism is a form of death." She and I, Mrs. Reznikoff, and a handful of other women were the only participants over twenty-one. There were no members of the clergy, no men, no educators. This, today, was the first demonstration of any kind staged in Fort Worth. The October Moratorium passed and no one did anything. Since then, the kids had gotten together, using their own money to buy peace buttons, trying to sell them at 25 cents apiece, often giving them away and collecting only a few coins.

The police escort drove up, about half a dozen motorcycles, and we prepared to march to the Federal Building where the names of draft resisters would be given to the Selective Service Board. We would have no escort on the way home: but now, the sight of Texas cops frightened me more.

We walked, two abreast, about two hundred of us, for twenty or twenty-five minutes. The marshals were very strict in keeping us to the side: traffic was not impeded and we walked silently, a solemn march, trying to hold on to posters in the brutal wind, not singing, making no noise, giving the peace sign whenever we saw people in cars or buildings. Most didn't react: a few gave half the peace sign back, but more returned it fully and smiled. When we neared downtown, a soft chant began:

All we are saying
is give peace a chance

over and over and over again, hushed, the monotonous incantation as the religious procession slowly makes its way to the final altar.

At the Federal Building a man and woman, each with an American flag attached to his clothes, were distributing papers. The marshals called out (they had been unable to procure bullhorns): "You don't have to take it. But if you take it, keep it. Don't litter!"

"ARE YOU GUILTY OF TREASON?" the paper asked, and opened with: "The ultimate goal of International Communism is complete control of the world!" Most of us took it, folded it neatly, put it away. Not one piece of paper fell to the ground. There was no breaking of ranks and we continued our chant while settling ourselves in a close[d] the concrete. Some reporters were there, a local TV station filmed us sporadically. [A] couple of American flags in the crowd, a [few] patches of red, white, and blue attached [to] armbands. On our left, a small group [of] shouted obscenities at us. Nobody answe[red]. huddled in an oversized jacket, and Greg [Ol] in steel-rimmed spectacles stood in front [of] us they had 367 signatures on the petiti[on]. asked for some people from TCU to ac[company] them in and while the committee formed he[re] sang "We Shall Overcome." Another song [be]tion: and a quiet litany began with heads [bo]"For forty-five thousand dead, for forty-[five] sand dead. . . ."

A man walked through the crowd, shou[ting] we were traitors. Someone answered, "Ge[t] out of your heart," and the group called [Pe] brother." Then the committee returned. [We] had given the petition to the Board, had [been] it would be forwarded to Washington, and [the] ficers said they didn't make policy, they [were] forced it. Greg gave a small speech, saying [that] present rate of withdrawal means the war [will] be over in twenty years. He said we must [make] selves heard, that in the North we were a [big] but here nobody knew about us. Then we pi[cked] selves up to walk back. The motorcycle co[p] close by, though they had not been ordere[d] to cause they seemed to like us and wanted [to] an avuncular eye on things.

The kids were elated. First march ever a[t] gone off without a single violent incident. [We] spent last night in a candlelight vigil a[nd] were high from lack of sleep. They stroked [the] meters, laughed, and jeered happily at ea[ch] "Hey, you long-haired hippie, get a haircu[t]. there, go take a bath." "No good Commie." [A] Commie bastard."

At the park, everyone was pleased and co[ntent]. I congratulated Mike, Greg, and Buck; [they] thanked me and promised to take me ale[ng] day in the motorcade to Dallas for the rally [in] Plaza.

Patti let me off at the Convention Cent[er]. moved my armband, replaced my peace but[ton] the Honored Guest badge, and entered durin[g] dress rehearsal of "It's a Grand Old Fla[g]." cadets and candidates. I told my friend I w[ould] and walked out under the loudspeaker blari[ng] a Yankee Doodle Sweetheart."

On the red carpet, I was abducted by Jer[re] and two other men: the young presid[ent] corporation that had owned Miss Teenage [A]. until last year and another man, an assi[stant] Jerre's who used so many aliases that he wa[s] simply as Beau Brummell. They put me in t[he] seat of the car and announced we were g[oing] Popsicles. After a few minutes, we arrive[d] club. I had a double gin immediately an[d] what they had heard about this morning's

g," they said. "Nobody was there. The cold much for them."

another double and took out my black arm- ilence; heads slightly shaking. I laughed. you are, a musical-comedy team, always nd cheery and all I have to do is show you you're scared. You're all looking at me as I'm a Commie."

ı't care at that moment whether I'd be re- ıtrance to the Pageant or not. Tomorrow e in rehearsal all day and even if I became *non grata* I could always watch the show ision. I'd already seen most of what would except the selection of the new queen. I ford to launch a discussion on dissenters. men's Liberation Movement, they said, was of lesbians. The Peace Movement was just) had no place to go. We talked more and it clear that all three would like to get out am as soon as possible, but none had known e others thought and none would let the now. The small eddy I made by plopping midst would close again, the surface would ılm as before, but we all knew that these ıuld vote differently than they were ex- o (if the ballot was secret), and that, if ldn't live, at least they'd let live. We parted terms.

morning Patti didn't have the car and we into Dallas with another demonstrator shall call Anne. On the way, some cars as they passed and made the peace sign. rs and trucks went by with rifles placed next iver, just a slip away from his right hand. didn't want to make the peace sign; she to give the fist. A former SDS girl, she e to Fort Worth from Austin because there e to be done here and people had to be or- She has a black boyfriend and is in danger. en threatened, her car has been shot at, slashed, her phone service revoked. No ld come through or go out and when she got ıone the same thing happened. Only after when she threatened to take the company did her phone become operative.

ssed a car from which the driver jabbed ers up at us. "Is that peace or fuck you?"

you," said Anne mildly.

he want to? Would he, if he had the And is that what it's all about?"

't know." She considered a while. Around original plan for the Moratorium was im- to carry out. No one could go from house talking about the war because they'd I recoiled from this. "Don't tell me people oot a young girl coming to their house. I ieve it."

Patti nodded in back. Anne said, "First ıey wouldn't let you in. And then they shoot you in their living room, you'd be he way home."

We talked of other hatreds—the niggers and Jews —and knew sex was in it somewhere. The long-haired boys who came to your house were there to rape your wife and daughter; the free-living girls shamed their sex and forced each man to protect his womenfolk. Big cocks grew on all minorities; they had grown on Jews, on blacks, and now were bulging through the trousers of hippies.

In Dallas we parked the car and accepted flowers from young girls, to be later placed on the casket. Everyone was hungry and Bucky had fainted the night before because he hadn't eaten for three days. I bought ten hamburgers and ten cokes, Greg tried to pay me with funds they still had ($2.38), but finally accepted the donation. On the lawn of Ferris Plaza, fifteen of us shared the food and watched two men with dark glasses and swastika armbands parade their identical signs: "Death to Red Scum." A cop in the center looked through binoculars up at the large Dallas Hotel, a high wall of windows but all blank. We shrugged, lay back in the sun, and listened to speeches. About five hundred were there, at most, representing an area with two million inhabitants. We had our flowers, our Cokes, our black armbands, and the words from the microphone lazily circled us. There was much talk about the spirit of Jesus and the true meaning of America. One boy had a large Nixon-Agnew button painted over with the CND insigne. Many girls wore crosses around their necks.

Nothing much happened. The speeches ended, and high-school girls were singing "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" into the mike while we came up one by one to place our daisies on an empty, flag-covered casket. At seven in the evening another rally was planned, but I'd have to be back at the hotel earlier to get ready for the Pageant.

A carload of Fort Worth people was going back and said I could come along. David, the only black in the group, was driving. He was an elegant six foot three with a slim stretch of body and almost movie-star face, marred by delicacy. I was in back next to a young blond man who looked ill. He was stoned, there was no doubt, but the pallor had turned greenish and his lips were bloodless. He sat between me and a pretty eighteen-year-old, holding both our hands. We left him at his parents'—they hadn't seen him for a few days and later turned him in—and went to the pad of one of the girls. We got some beer (I had to buy it because I was the only one of age), and we nibbled on tacos, cheese, and bits of chicken. We spread out on the floor and talked. Robert, a mustachioed, burly young man, came from Odessa, Texas. "It's a town of 100,000, all rednecks. I'm a freak because I went to California when I was thirteen and I could see what was going on."

All these kids were going to Tarrant County Junior College in Fort Worth. They were there because tuition was very low, because they weren't sure yet what they wanted to do and thought it would be good to have some time, see if you could make it, and know before committing yourself that this was what you wanted.

David has never been out of Fort Worth. No other

"I removed my armband and replaced my peace button with the Honored Guest badge."

blacks are involved in the movement, he said, because they're apathetic: they don't want to get involved and it's just been a few years since they could start moving into the middle class. David spoke only after long rumination. An idea put forth half an hour earlier would return, fleshed, from his lips. He was taking a course in theology and gave us a short lecture on violence in religion. At three, he went out to get me cigarettes and came back breathless. A car had passed him and the men inside shouted, "Nigger, Black nigger." David showed them his middle finger and they got out of the car. He ran.

When David drives up to a filling station, all other customers are served before him, and if he's the only car left, he may get gas. Violence is inappropriate. There are no Black Panthers here, and none will come down. When David joins his friends going to their parents' houses (to pick up mail, for instance), they are not allowed to come in and sometimes not even permitted on the property. He and the others shrug: that's how parents are. The white kids talk the way Northern liberals did a few years ago: "I was going with a black chick and everybody liked her. They didn't mind, she was such a nice person." Nigger-lovers haven't been heard of yet.

They took me in, told me stories (how the freaks invaded the local radio station, about the Texas pop concert, about themselves, their parents, drugs) and wanted me to stay long enough to see their freak room at college, where all the freaks listen to music and lounge around.

Robert wants to go into advertising and public relations. David wants to go into radio and television, he wants to be where it's at, and he knows it's at communications. Melody, a very pretty exdrama student, wants to go into sociology and psychology. They're all getting a house together, about nine kids in a big house with no furniture. Melody had to leave home a few weeks back: "I was talking to my grandmother and I must have been crazy or something because I said something about the Moratorium. I've never talked to her about anything like that before. So she said I was a traitor to my country, and I told her I don't feel that way. I think I'm a patriot and that's why I do this. So she said, 'America—love it or leave it. If you don't like the way it is, get out.' And I told her, 'America—change it or lose it'."

All of them came along to drive me back to the Sheraton. They didn't know if they'd get to Dallas again in the evening because they were low on gas. I removed my armband, put on my badge, and left.

In my room, I had a scotch, ran a hot bath, and prepared for the evening. In my long black dress and long earrings I walked over the soiled carpet to the Convention Center and got a seat in the first row, in the section reserved for Press. Jerre sat next to me, but was too tense to lean back. At 8:30 Mr. Meeker came on stage. "We are richly rewarded that people of such eminence . . ." and he introduced the stars and the National Selection Committee. Then the cadets serenaded the live a[udi]ence of about five thousand:

This is my country
Land of my birth
This is my country
The grandest on earth
America. . . .

At nine the telecast began. Opening nu[m]ber, a huge flag of cardboard squares held t[o] ether by cadets: then each girl introduced herself ("Hi, I'm X. I'm X years old, from X"), and two [w]ere given the Friendship and Leadership Awards. [T]he candidates had voted for them: the first [f]or a girl they'd most like as sister: the se[c]ond, they thought should become the first wo[m]an President of the United States.

Dick Clark, Master of Ceremonies, spe[n]t one or two with each of the eight semifinalist[s] about their lives or ambitions. Miss D[e]nver she wanted to meet Neil Armstrong so [s]he could ask him how he felt when he went to the m[oo]n. Bobby Van danced to "Give My Regards [t]o Broadway." Miss Teenage America 1969 cam[e] down a long ramp in a cream-colored culotte su[it] and offered gratitude to everyone who had allow[ed] her the opportunity of showing what an America[n] teen is. The talent acts followed and four of the [e]ight chosen as finalists. Miss Colorado Spri[n]gs, appropriate with her sleek black cap of hai[r] was one of them. The four girls were each given a [m]inute and asked to improvise within it. Only Sylvia, [f]rom Colorado Springs, met the challenge.

Oliver sang while the four girls and the aud[ience] waited. At 10:20, Dick Clark announced that [M]iss Colorado Springs was third runner-up, M[iss] Illinois second runner-up, Miss Indianapolis . . . [a]nd tears flew, the screams resounded: Miss O[k]lahoma, new queen, tottered and wept. She was s[o] overcome violently she couldn't speak. The tensene[ss] of the week, this year, her life, suddenly erupted [i]nto violence to her body, and she received the [k]iss of the old queen across years of longing that [h]ad fulfilled.

Five minutes later she posed with Mr. M[a]rk for photographers, posed with the other finalists, [w]ith her parents, and with Dr Pepper people [w]ho opened bottles of Dr Pepper toward her. I [s]aw her evening. Charles Meeker kissed her, and re[p]eated for photographers, and Mr. Legros kissed [t]he finalists. Young people came up for autographs [f]rom the stars, candidates, the queen, CBS men. [O]ne brought his program to Sylvia, who signed "[w]ith Love, Sylvia."

"Pardon me, ma'am," he asked. "But w[hat] does that mean?"

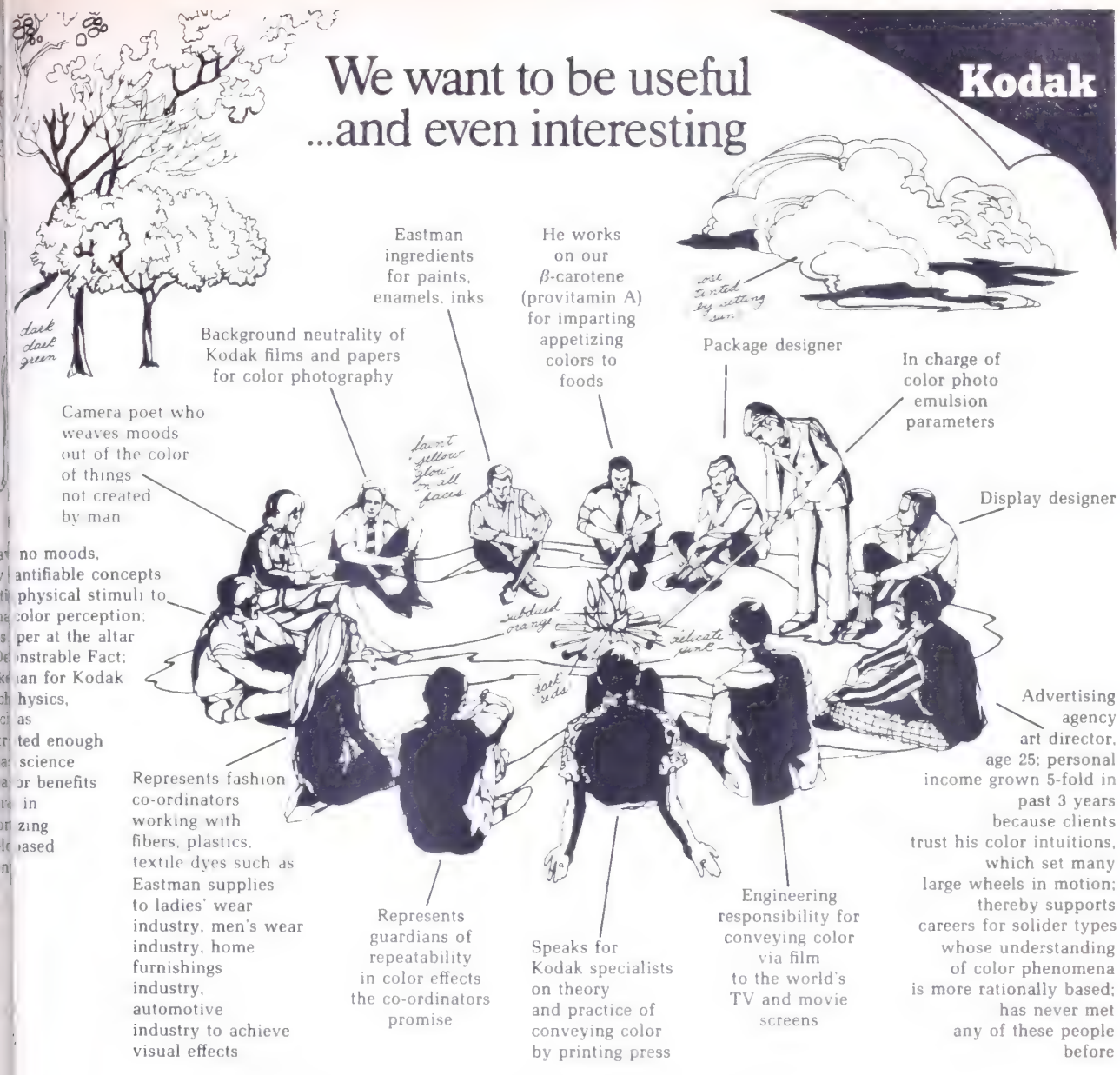
"Just what it says. Peace among people [a]nd in themselves."

Her father has been in the Air Force tw[e]nty years. Next morning in the coffee shop I [a]sked Sylvia. "I have just one question: If yo[u] had been here this week, would you have jo[ined] the Moratorium?"

"Yes."

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Kodak



We take counsel in preparation for the annual meeting of the Inter-Society Color Council in New York on April 13 and 14.

isn't trying to sell you anything in particular. Why be informative? Thought you should know that hing as the Inter-Society Color Council exists and sted since 1931. We don't endorse ISCC; ISCC endorse us. ISCC helps us; we help ISCC.

99.5% of human females and 92% of males are capable of seeing color the same way. So widely a sensation makes a broad base for a business. To extent it is the base of ours.

can object to objectivity. You have a right to re- e interplay between your psyche and a tulip as ness of physicists, chemists, psychologists, psycho- sts, etc. Be advised that numerous societies of such worthies constitute one side of the 29-member house in the Inter-Society Color Council. The other side consists of societies of professionals in the *use* of color.

Primitive man may have been starved for color. You are sated with it. No matter. Your economic behavior suggests you demand it. Thereby hang vast numbers of jobs. Therefore rivalries and disputes can arise. Objectivity is required. To supply objectivity and renew it, the Inter-Society Color Council meets again. Our people will be right up there on the speaker's platform.

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John Thompson

BOOKS

Some versions of subversion

Travels with My Aunt, by Graham Greene. Viking, $5.95.
In Transit, by Brigid Brophy. Putnam, $5.95.
Nunquam, by Lawrence Durrell. Dutton, $7.95.
The Entrance to Porlock, by Frederick Buechner. Atheneum, $5.95.
The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker, by Charles Webb. Lippincott, $5.95.

For his most recent entertainment, *Travels with My Aunt*, Graham Greene has chosen as his hero one Henry Pulling, a middle-aged retired bank manager. He is an extremely plain and prim fellow, proper, shy, dedicated to raising dahlias. We must expect him to become unwittingly involved, like those ordinary honest men of the earlier Greene entertainments, with forces of evil. To this end, Greene has given him a raffish Aunt Augusta of many sinister connections, and has provided him with something like an itinerary of the old Graham Greene routes of adventure. He has also given him a prose style that begins like a parody of a letter to the *Times* but cuts through now and then, as a sign of Mr. Pulling's eventual redemption.

> *It was, as I recognized, with some difficulty, from a photograph in the family album, my Aunt Augusta, who had arrived late, dressed rather as the late Queen Mary of beloved memory might have dressed if she had still been with us and had adapted herself a little bit towards the present mode. I was surprised by her brilliant red hair, monumentally piled, and her two big front teeth which gave her a vital Neanderthal air.*

Pulling's redemption, of course, since he is a Greene hero, even if only a comic or farcical hero, will be a redemption out of middle-class virtue and into sin. Before Mr. Greene allows his hero to be saved, however, he commits many indignities upon him for the delight of the reader. Henry Pulling must listen uncomprehendingly, or with very very slowly dawning comprehension, to the many racy anecdotes his aunt tells him about her days as a member of various establishments consisting chiefly of young ladies, establishments he long persists in believing to have been "theatrical troupes." As I said, he is sent unawares on old Greene trips, to Brighton, to Istanbul on the Orient Express, to the seedy tropics; he is visited by personages Greene chooses to call by the names of well-known English literary figures, "Detective-Sergeant Sparrow, John," and others; and he is made the uncomprehending vehicle for jokes about Kingsley Amis and Malcolm Muggeridge. In the end, he earns the approval of his author, of his readers (I should think), of his Aunt Augusta, and even of her senile, long-lost, utterly dishonest lover, Mr. Visconti.

His errant conversations with Wordsworth, Aunt Augusta's black lover, with Tooley, a doll-faced American girl pregnant and on her way to Katmandu equipped only with chocolate bars and marijuana (to the credit of both of them, Henry Pulling and Graham Greene are very fond of her), with a tired, nervous CIA man on a Brazilian riverboat—all these conversations are nearly as funny as any in Evelyn Waugh. Only a certain kindliness perhaps keeps them below that mark, the highest of our century. If it seems to you that so much self-reference, so many half-private jokes, so broad and inclusive a run-through of the old familiar repertoire, must necessarily be arch or self-indulgent or lacking in tact, then I have given the wrong impression. Everything Graham Greene has ever written is marked with his adv
intelligence and his unfailing s
while this book is chiefly a jok
self, for the benefit of his faith
ers, it bears his mark. I thin
there were a reader so unreac
could not smile to himself
recognition when he sees the o
iar Grim Grin (someone else's
would still have to respond to
with pleasure.

I wish I could say something
about Brigid Brophy's ne
In Transit. Much better known
land than here, Miss Brophy h
ten five other novels, a play, an
ber of prose studies, among the
Ship to Hell. That last is a long, i
sometimes turgid but always fas
psychoanalytic study of human
sion, which I have long admire
hope, learned from. I have re
two of her previous novels. Th
set pieces perfectly carried o
much wit and charm and verbal
The Snow Ball tells the story of
love affair at a costume party,
the telling, both in the elegance
narrative form and in the clear
the details, it is not unworthy
Mozartian themes that are its ba
Finishing Touch is a slight, bri
ire: the first word that would c
anyone's mind about it is "wa
and just so, its small climax is p
by the sting of a wasp. Withi
clearly defined limits, these book
not be better.

It is hard to see how *In Transi*
be worse. It begins with a nun
ideas in the head of some unide
narrator. First, the narrator rec

Mr. Thompson is the author of Th
ing Girl and Other Poems, *and bri
book critic in these columns.*

h by Morton Shapiro



without books is a body without a soul." Cicero

d McNally
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ufacturers
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that even thought, like speech, must be addressed to someone, some imaginary interlocutor—the infant's rag doll, even. Then we learn that the narrator is in the international transit lounge of an airport, and in bright sallies we are told this is the condition of our time, to be in transit, the airport is our only genuine setting, international, polyglot, all our own, "one of the rare places where twentieth-century design is happy with its own style. . . . Hotels are posh. . . . Twentieth-century hotels have carpeting, not carpets, and lighting, not lights. . . . Airports are smart but not posh. They do not keep you out, proletariat. They raise you, too, to the peerage." These sallies go on for some pages, with puns about "duty-free" and so on. The narrator decides not to take the booked flight, but to stay in transit. A shower of puns splashes reminiscences of Ireland and Irish literature all over. A brief and affecting incident recalls that a plane crash orphaned the narrator at three, and again, with the loss of foster-parents, at thirteen. Further brainstorms of puns, of literary and musical tags; and the narrator suffers amnesia to the extent that neither reader nor narrator knows if Evelyn Hilary O'Rooley, to whom we are listening, is male or female.

In my reading of the book, not much of a height has been reached at this point. The ideas, bright as they are, are extended into weary metaphysical conceits, the puns are mere clang-associations; the situation itself is already beginning to be as tiresome as a wait in a real transit lounge. And from here on it is downhill all the way. Where Graham Greene's self-references seemed modestly ironic, Brigid Brophy's seem ridiculous and self-indulgent. And to be clever is not always to be amusing. Along with some parodies of thrillers and of science fiction, there is a student-type revolution in the airport. A kind of wall-newspaper is made: "Was it a subversive feminist movement, for instance, that wrote up the words SIEGLINDE FREUD?" We readers are to recognize the name of the wife of the *Nibelungenlied*'s Siegmund, mother of Siegfried, and we are to be amused.

In Transit seems to me an expense of spirit in a waste of wit, but then, Brigid Brophy probably has another and quite different book ready by now.

Lawrence Durrell's *Nunquam* is much the same sort of misconception as *In Transit*. This is a sequel to his recent *Tunc*. *Tunc*, then; *Nunquam*, never. "Then or never," he tells us, and appends a letter, surely a joke, telling us it is all based on Spengler and Freud and duality, "the basic brick out of which our culture is constructed."

Durrell's hero, Felix Charlock, has invented a sort of super-computer, and so has fallen into the hands of the Merlin conspirators who need it for their machinations. I enjoyed *The Alexandria Quartets* and looked forward to *Tunc* but found it unreadable. *Nunquam* is much the same except there is a way to read it if you have to, as I will explain in a minute. We have the familiar Durrell exotic landscapes and much long empty philosophizing. On a much-described Alpine slope — "the dazzle of mountains dancing and shimmering with such purity in the light of the slowly westering sun"—this bit of dialogue out of many pages of it:

> *There was a pause while he lit a short cigar from the packet which Benedicta had brought with her. "I suppose you might agree that reality is sufficiently implausible to cause people great anxiety?"*
>
> *"The aphorism refuses to argue, Julian. That is perhaps its strength—or perhaps its weakness. Look both ways before crossing the road."*

What could Durrell be up to here? Like Brigid Brophy, he is making a kind of parody of thriller fiction and science fiction and, thanks to this, one can even read this book if, for instance, it were all you had on a long flight. There is a thread of story, about a girl automaton being made of plastic and "memory-circuits," with a lot of talk about the perfection of her genital apparatus. If you read like the wind, flipping and skipping, and never look back, you may get through. Chiefly, it gave me qualms about my memories of *Alexandria*: could it be that the *Quartet* also was elaborate hokum?

I must report briefly on two more books which eluded my interest and, probably, my understanding. Frederick Buechner has been well known for twenty years now, since the publication of his very skillfully mannered *A Long Day's Dying*. This latest novel, *The Entrance to Porlock*, is also very skillful, and very mannered, but in ways I find difficult.

In northern New England, an old man named Peter Ringkoping has a bookstore in a barn on a mountain. He is a quaint old man who somet... ghosts and believes he could ... the veil of reality, under the ... cumstances. He is also a whir... cal... man, and talks like this:

> *"Either somebody has ... under the house," he said, ... house has fallen on top of som...body ... I am looking at a pair of fee... ... are sticking out under the po... ... I know only one woman who... ... be interested in crawling u... ... house and only one woman ... would be interested in fallin... on," Peter Ringkoping said. "They ... same woman."*

His children and his gran... on... also quaint, and unhappy in ari... ways, and he decides to give h... mo... tain to a man he knew many ... ... fore as a landscape painter, no... kee... of a community for the men... ly ... tarded. They all go to visit this ... ... the way, one son, Nels, runs ov... a c... the other, Tommy, shoots a cr... T... the grandson, thinks about a gi... ... Libby whom he silently lov... ... mentally retarded people a... ... friendly and live in cottages ... Dancer and Firefly, Greentre... K... heart, Wigwam, and Sadly. Th... me... bers of the family have importa... spir... ual experiences there, under t... gu... ance of the keeper, Hans Stras..., w... explains to them that Mongoli... idi... are born to bring us a messa... f... Paradise. Then they all go hom... aga...

As you see, I am unable to ... ve... account of the book without in ... a... my distaste for it. No doubt it ... sk... fully written, and the parable n... do... is a good-hearted one. But ar... b... with a boy named "Tip"...

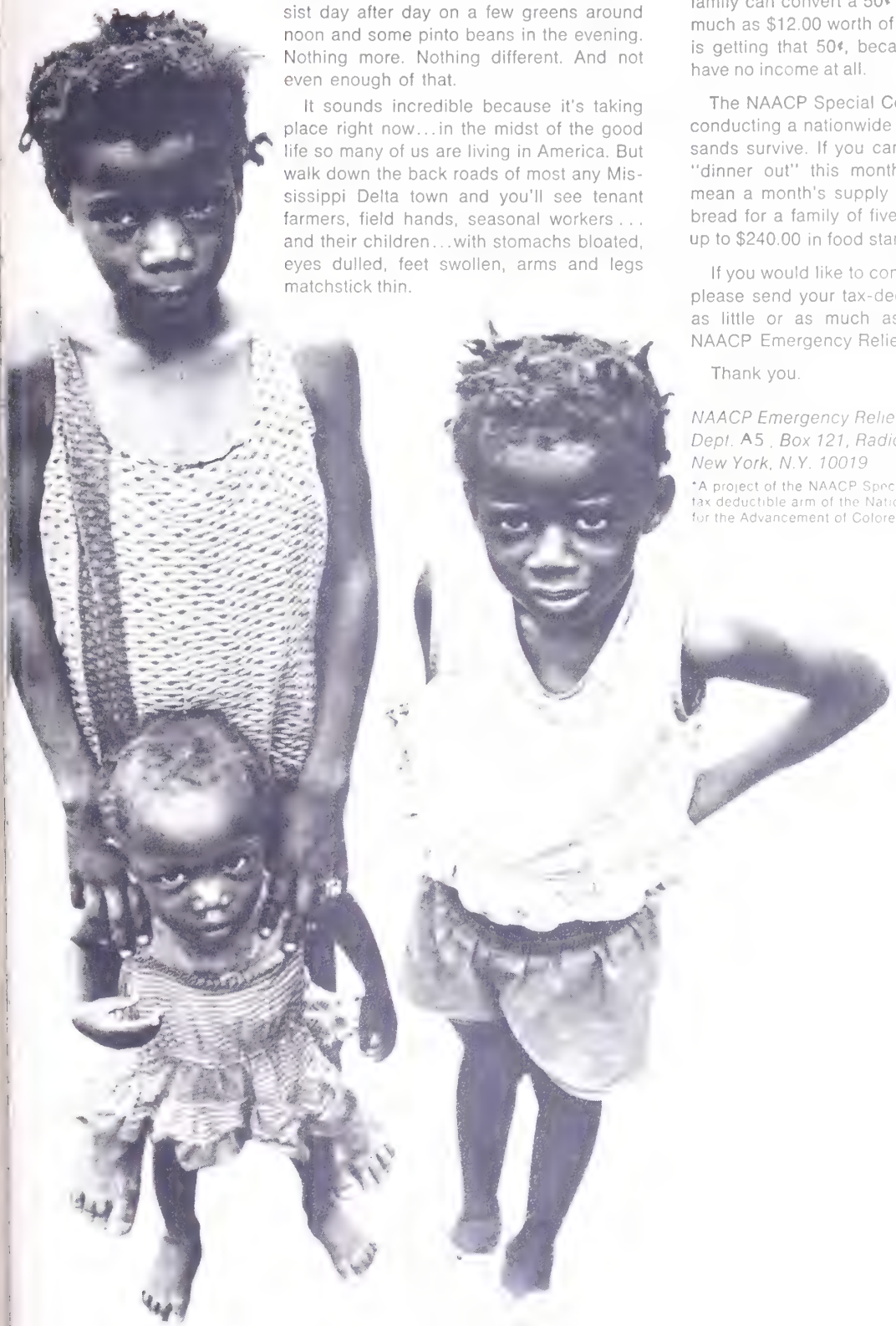
The Marriage of a Young ... to ... broker is a new novel by ... ... Webb, author of the book from ... th... the movie *The Graduate* was ... ar... This new book, like the movie— ... id... read the novel *The Graduate*— ... ve... again the horrors of middle-class ... m... life and its conspiracy again ... young. It might be a sequel, ... as... Hoffman as young husband. We ... have here any presentations of ... treme physical ugliness of midd... middle-aged people, such as we ... the movie, but they are easy to in... ... All those American teeth, those ... ... can nostrils!

Most of the book is dialogue, ... in the dread locutions of Dr. ... Franzblau.

Your $10 gift to these hungry kids can bring them $240 worth of meat, milk and bread.

These kids go through life never knowing what it is like *not* to be hungry. They subsist day after day on a few greens around noon and some pinto beans in the evening. Nothing more. Nothing different. And not even enough of that.

It sounds incredible because it's taking place right now...in the midst of the good life so many of us are living in America. But walk down the back roads of most any Mississippi Delta town and you'll see tenant farmers, field hands, seasonal workers . . . and their children...with stomachs bloated, eyes dulled, feet swollen, arms and legs matchstick thin.



The irony is that they aren't starving at a rate dramatic enough to arouse the indignation of the nation and the world. Otherwise something would have already been done.

One of the programs that is aiding many of these families is the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan. Under this plan a needy family can convert a 50¢ food stamp into as much as $12.00 worth of food. The problem is getting that 50¢, because many families have no income at all.

The NAACP Special Contribution Fund is conducting a nationwide drive to help thousands survive. If you can do with one less "dinner out" this month, the money can mean a month's supply of meat, milk, and bread for a family of five. Just $10.00 buys up to $240.00 in food stamps.

If you would like to contribute to this fund, please send your tax-deductible check, for as little or as much as you can, to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund.

Thank you.

*NAACP Emergency Relief Fund**
Dept. A5 , Box 121, Radio City Sta.
New York, N.Y. 10019

*A project of the NAACP Special Contribution Fund—tax deductible arm of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

"What do you think Lisa's role is in your marriage."

"I'm not sure."

"Then what do you think your role is."

"I'm not sure of that either."

Surely this is enough to drive any hero to distraction. Yet in his climactic scene, which could be quite comic on the screen and full of wistful appeal, too, as he denounces his sister-in-law during a tennis game, he employs the same language.

"You're insecure people," William said, "and that may be the reason you try and foist off your attitudes on anyone who comes near."

Actually, the book is a clever suspense story with an extremely meretricious happy ending tacked on. William is presented from the beginning as a dangerous psychopath, a compulsive voyeur and sexual misfit, and, in one scene after another, his wife seems in mortal danger. Again, this could be quite exciting in a movie. It is strange that the author could make us so aware of the menace of this stupid and aimlessly driven young man, and then in the end ask us to believe that all this is really innocence, and that he is rescuing his wife from the hideous country-club set for a lifetime of wedded bliss. This rescue is effected and his wife's love for him restored when he sneaks into the women's locker room and has [illegible] course with her in the linen cl[illegible] his sister-in-law showers nearby

"I don't care," he said, pressi[illegible] against her, "I'll do it here, I'l[illegible] in the street, because I love yo[illegible] I don't care about anything el[illegible] the two of us anymore."

Surely this is sick, and not [illegible] although there are probably tho[illegible] will be amused by it. Then how [illegible] differ from Graham Greene's [illegible] sion? His hero, too, finds salva[illegible] overthrowing his own middle-cla[illegible] rality.... But it is no case for arg[illegible] You can tell a smile from a snigg[illegible]

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Deborah Kaetz, Marion Magid, Ed Yoder

Nonfiction

The Collected Essays and Occasional Writings of Katherine Anne Porter. Delacorte Press, $12.50.

Miss Porter is a paleface from the redskin country—deeply anchored in the familial past of Indian Creek, Texas, and yet the writer of the cosmopolitan *Ship of Fools*. There is a rootedness about her—a nativism, one would say, if the word were not ugly—that is very Southern. She is closely bound to the remembered values and talk of her Texas-Kentucky-Carolina people, as the great stories "Noon Wine" and "Old Mortality" already suggest.

This collection of pieces, her first big offering since *Ship of Fools*, discloses a career of impressive scope. She writes about Southwestern history; the Mexican revolution; writers as varied as Joyce and Eliot and Willa Cather; roses; houses; fragments of biography (Cotton Mather!) and her own life and travels; there are interviews, apologias, and letters on writing, and (her least successful form, perhaps) a selection of poetry. Of these, her critical essays—"On a Criticism of Thomas Hardy" and "A Wreath for the Gamekeeper" are my favorites—bid for an enduring place. They lead off this collection, as it happens, bringing to view her tough-minded humanism and the autobiographical springs of her criticism. "It is a happy truth," she writes, reproving one of Eliot's sillier complaints, "that Hardy's novels are not really edifying." This is the keynote: a pox on edification. When a writer cannot subdue his messianism to art, when he hectors us with schemes of salvation, Miss Porter is impartially witty and devastating—whether the scheme is Eliot's Anglo-Catholicism or Lawrence's bawdy, exclamatory bravado about the pleasures of the genitalia. Of *Lady Chatterley*, she satisfyingly writes: "The great, wild, free-wheeling spirit of pornography has here been hitched to a rumbling domestic cart and trundled off to chapel, its ears pinned back and its mouth washed out with soap." Against edification she sets a quality remarked in Virginia Woolf ("secular intelligence primed with the profane virtues") and Forster ("that beautiful, purely secular common sense which can hardly be distinguished ... from a saintly idealism"). In short, there is no dread wringer of salvation in these essays; there is merely the lifetime's contemplation of one's duty to language, to people and places—by our first lady of letters. A wreath for the secular, sensible Miss Porter. —E. Y.

Since Silent Spring, by Frank Graham, Jr. Houghton Mifflin, $6.95.

Frank Graham leaves no doubt that *Since Silent Spring* is intended to keep alive the spirit of one Rachel Carson, who died in 1964 and whose hard-nosed exposure of the pesticide poisons [illegible] environment was published eight[illegible] ago. Mr. Graham, field editor for [illegible] *bon* magazine, gives over a goo[illegible] tion of his own book to a natu[illegible] telling of Rachel Carson's life, h[illegible] severance and super-dedication [illegible] cause despite criticism from with[illegible] without her scientific circle. Th[illegible] crete evidence set down in *Silent* [illegible] against the use of chlorinated h[illegible] carbon (DDT) and organic pho[illegible] (parathion, malathion) insectici[illegible] so strong that one would be hard [illegible] ignore even a tenth of it. But [illegible] *Silent Spring* brings home the fa[illegible] the final effect of the original was [illegible] that it should have been. Ch[illegible] atrocities perpetrated against in[illegible] plants, and on up the food chai[illegible] tinue to exist: in 1963 millions o[illegible] were killed in the Mississippi Riv[illegible] dumped pesticide waste containe[illegible] 1967, in separate incidents, cou[illegible] persons were killed by food cor[illegible] nated by endrin and parathion [illegible] age"; and deposits of DDT are tu[illegible] up in practically every living thin[illegible] parently the use of chemical pest[illegible] is in no danger of extinction. Acc[illegible] to Mr. Graham, pesticide ma[illegible] turers "gross over $600,000,000 [illegible] and retail outlets more than doubl[illegible] figure." In 1962 it was the giant [illegible] ical companies and their govern[illegible] interest lobbyists who were the lo[illegible] and strongest critics of Rachel Ca[illegible]

will probably not listen to this
istallment. Scientists, natural-
lectuals are adequately aware
igers, but they do not grow the
rmers in the San Joaquin Val-
s Mr. Graham, have to rely
chemical-company salesmen
their information and help in
ol of crop pests. As factually
as this book might be in its
n of the problem, its message
omed not to reach the people
t. For those of us who don't,
loes contain several very good
s on what's good and what's
pesticide market, and how to
the problem on one's own.
—D.K.

for the World, Smartass.
ur Krim. Dial Press. $6.95.
tion of essays, notes on the
ene, and letters that should
have gone unmailed, held to-
la *Advertisements for Myself*
ized communiqués on the au-
fessional and spiritual state at
the writing. Mr. Krim has, as
teresting things to say about
and about himself particu-
heir darker aspects but the
lume is rendered all but un-
oth by its prose ("the existen-
l always struggling to be
and a contrived tough-guy-
title) which would be more
if it were not so very un-
. Mr. Krim's main point is
no longer meets the needs or
nood of the times. For the
matter at all—and he thinks
can and must matter to the
fluencing world events direct-
t find a way of talking more
ly to his readers than that
., for instance, the traditional
re is doubtless some truth to
nent, as the proliferation of
d writing, the New Journal-
ovelists-turned-moviemakers,
of other phenomena go to
as with so much else in the
author so drastically over-
ase (whatever happened to
s Dutch hipster hero, Jan
hose book should break the
but major novelists"?) as
reader scurrying for cover
of Jane Austen. —M.M.

rging Nations and The Revolution. by Richard
Harper & Row. $5.95.
helps Lectures at N. Y. U.
go Professor Morris "recon-

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The Peace Corps.

sidered" the American Revoluti aspects, rejecting such impud sies as that King George III a North were really fine st wronged by colonial skinfli George Washington and Ben I because they didn't underst bounties of the imperial syst continues in this scholarly l little book his rehabilitation of t events of 1776—especially their ability.

It is true, of course, that w English speak of their revolu "glorious" and the French radic sider theirs a lively heritage, me cans tend to forget (or repres they began as revolutionaries t. Morris thinks this too bad, for fi in the American revolutionary with its anti-colonialism, its popular sovereignty and constit ism and federalism and limited ment—a fine model for the "er nations" of today, if only we better job advertising its virtues.

One wishes him well in the eff as Morris calls the role of those torically admired and sometim tated our revolution—nations as as France, Ireland, Chile, Yug Nigeria—what emerges is contra is a fragile export, and federa particular. As a paragon for revo aries, the handiwork of Was and Franklin *et al.* is more of tolled than imitated with succ Professor Morris' own evidence. moreover, that in trying to mak to the contrary the author may pay too much heed to rhetoric. C more of the uniqueness than the sality of our revolutionary exper conveyed, which is a pity. Yet or applaud this gallant and readabl to persuade us otherwise.

Bodies and Shadows, by Pet Delacorte Press, $5.95.

Mr. Weiss's implacably somb view was foreshadowed in th early prose works, published now first time in English. "The Shado Coachman's Body"—a surreali gory set in a dreary provincial inghouse—could serve, in its atm of eerie doom, as a preliminary for life in the madhouse at Cha An unidentified narrator sits in t house taking notes as the rest boarders go about their gibberi round: the doctor wraps and u

od-encrusted bandages; the
per scrubs and rescrubs her
spotless floor; the scientist
bout the desolate yard, adding
ast and pointless collection of
he father engages nightly in a
ıg, inexplicable ritual of rage
nciliation with his apparently
d son. The horror of it all is
ed by the perfect, relentless
of the prose which lingers—with
lening leisure and neutrality of
notion camera—on every clump
stuck to the table, every bit of
ting in the privy.
ersation of the Three Way-
the second of the tales, is more
a somewhat pedantic exercise
making, as three mysterious
rs—Abel, Babel, and Cabel—
l recross the city, regaling each
the while with stories, observa-
collections, and a variety of
yptic utterances. It, too, is
though in a gentler mood, by
ation, and an abiding sense of
r and the pull of human family
—M.M.

ughing Policeman, by Per
and Maj Sjöwall. Pantheon
4.50.

hundred and twelve of Stock-
nest are battling a mob of anti-
testers outside the American
one rainy November night
me miles away, at the other
wn—nine people are found bru-
t to death in an abandoned
ecker bus. All the clues point
hing very up-to-date—if not a
killing with third-world over-
e of the victims is an Arab with
papers), then at least a motive-
e of violence, American-style.
ary police spend some time
ver psychologists' reports on
hitman, and an assortment of
w World precedents.) Nothing
d, as it turns out. The motives
aying (sex and money) prove
imeless as the crew from homi-
d in on the case: Larsson, the
, nerves-of-steel Senior Inspec-
nt and Kristiansson, the bum-
io-car incompetents; Kollberg
. the oddly matched but in-
duo who finally manage—
ne odds are against it and all
have long since been exhausted
the case. Though the venture
routine as a whodunnit, it is
nd witty, and the fact that it is
eden makes it all more divert-
how. —M.M.

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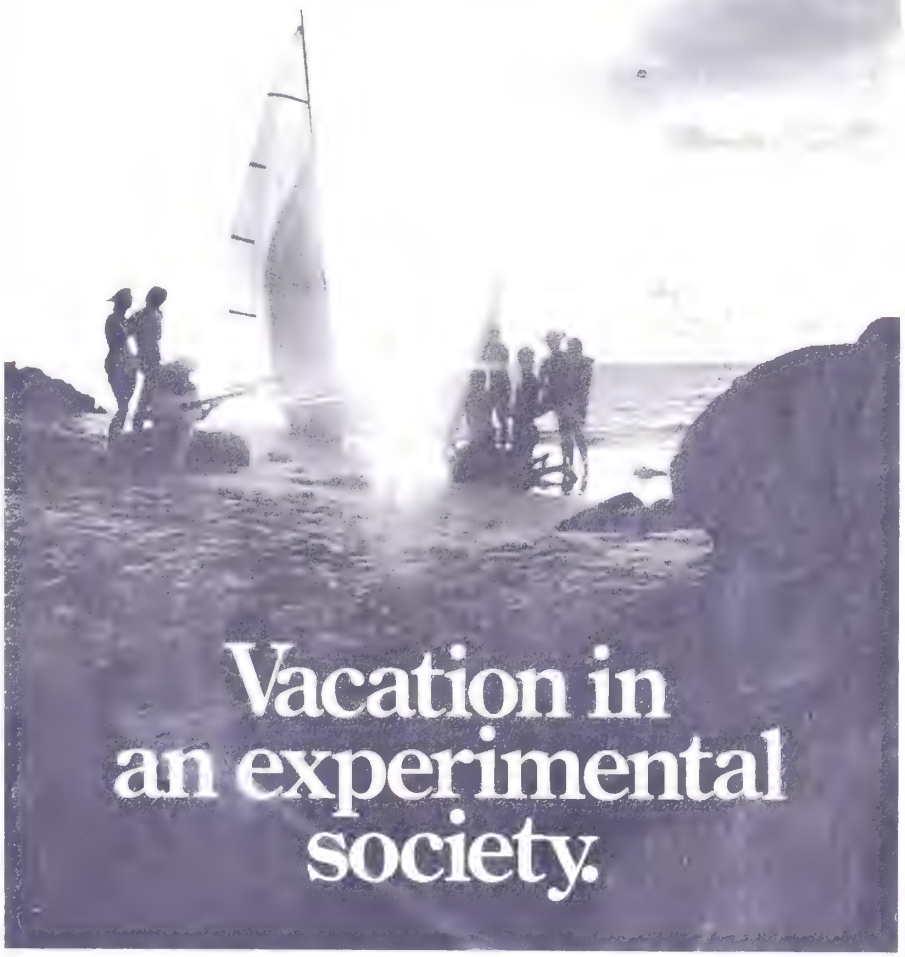
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Vacation in an experimental society.

Richard Schickel

PERFORMING ARTS

Johnny & Merv & David & Dick or, Talk is cheap and how it got that way

Ideally, live or "live on tape" television should be a theater of confrontation. I do not mean anything very elevated by the term. What I would like to see, on a regularly scheduled basis, is a show on which, typically, Abbie Hoffman would attempt to levitate Martha Mitchell, the Attorney General's wife, while she responds by belaboring him with an inflated pig bladder. The perfect host for such a program would be an amiable, inarticulate anarchist like Soupy Sales.

I trust this suggests my basic attitude toward television which is that, contrary to received opinion, it is a rotten communications medium, utterly useless for presenting issues and ideas at a level anywhere above that of *My Weekly Reader*. What it is sometimes good at is revealing personality by putting people in stress situations and watching them try to squirm out of them. The best way of doing that is to suspend the rules of rational discourse (not to mention, unto us, politeness) and let 'em rip. In theory, the now-proliferating talk shows should provide just such cockpits (not forums, please). In practice, however, they do not.

Oh, of course, they do occasionally. I missed one of last year's high points—the Johnny Carson show on which, as I heard tell, Shelley Winters and David Susskind had at one another, he inquiring why she had allowed herself to get so fat, she asking him why, if he thought that, he had made a pass at her in her dressing room once. Lovely.

On the other hand, forewarned by column items carefully leaked between the taping and the New York air date, I had the set all warmed up when Jacqueline Susann and John Simon were pitted against each other on the David Frost program last summer. It was delicious. One of Simon's basic critical ploys is to apply impossible (and very likely irrelevant) standards to works which can only be produced and consumed by people with no standards whatever. This irritates some people. In an age of incredibly sloppy critical standards it has, however, increasingly endeared him to me. Anyway, he opened with an aggressive but not unreasonable question: What was Miss Susann's basic self-image? Did she think of herself as an artist or simply as a hack?

Her reply was clumsy. If memory serves she called him "little man" and asked him please to identify himself. The implication was that in the heady celebrity circles in which she travels his name was unknown. Her attempt at snobbery went down ill with the assembled democrats in Frost's audience—especially when a subsequent exchange revealed that she knew perfectly well who Simon was. (She forgot, or had never realized, that one of the unspoken assumptions of all talk programs is that everyone—host, guest, and audience alike—is exactly equal to everyone else. In reality, of course, there is a precisely defined pecking order, which we shall come to in a bit. Right now it is sufficient to note that its existence is never publicly referred to.) In due course, realizing her tactical error, she resorted to flattery, but the attempt at a save was too obvious and it fooled neither the riled Simon nor the audience. He wondered aloud why she had resorted to an *ad hominem* attack. He had not previously mentioned, he said sweetly, the fact that she was wearing a wig (a certain backspin on the word implied that she was probably bald) or her "false teeth" (actually he meant that they were capped—at least I hope that's what he meant). But even this lack of chivalry did not lose him the audience's sympathy. Miss Susann had set the rules of this game, in their view, and now she was stuck with them. Her final, feeble counterattack was an attempt to [illegible] If she was not a good writer, who was, in his opinion? Harold Robbins? Leon Uris? No, of course not. She had him, she felt. She turned to the audience, smiled in expectation of a storm of applause, and cried, "I rest my case." The applause was, alas, scattered.

In all, it was a very gratifying exposure of the woman's vanity, though [illegible] as a surprise to anyone. What was really good and low-down was the si[illegible] lady who prides herself on he[illegible] ness, her vaunted imperviousne[illegible] tical assault, coming near to tea[illegible] had me quite literally on my fe[illegible] end of this sequence was s[illegible] would Simon break her or not? [illegible] argue that the high moments [illegible] shows bring out the best in eit[illegible] ticipants or watchers. They b[illegible] the worst. In my admittedly [illegible] view, that's the whole point of [illegible] ercise. In their own terms, t[illegible] terms their inner dynamics imp[illegible] may be judged as fully success[illegible] when we sense someone is in d[illegible] being emotionally gutted in pu[illegible].

Mr. Schickel, who used to appear as a regular commentator on NBC-TV's Sun[illegible] program, reviews films for Life. *He has written for* Harper's *on books, films, critics, and the theater.*

Talk shows have never bee[illegible] popular than they are now. [illegible] networks compete for the 11:30 [illegible] 1:00 A.M. Eastern Standard Ti[illegible] dience with essentially similar [illegible] Merv Griffin at CBS last fall mov[illegible] syndication into direct comp[illegible] across the board, with Johnny, a[illegible] on NBC and now with Dick [illegible] ABC's replacement for Joey [illegible] (who was running not a talk sh[illegible] a penny-ante variety show [illegible] Carson). Frost goes against t[illegible] only a few markets, but operat[illegible] of New York he competes with t[illegible] guests and he is adding station [illegible] syndication chain, we are told, [illegible] rate of one every ten days or so.

In addition to the big four t[illegible] other syndicated "strips" (sho[illegible] run in the same time slot five [illegible] week)—Dave Garroway, making [illegible] back out of Boston; Mike D[illegible] reaching ever new levels of fatu[illegible] of Philadelphia; Steve Allen, a[illegible] ing a genuine streak of zanine[illegible] painfully sincere liberalism [illegible] unique among talk-show hosts [illegible] Los Angeles. In addition, the [illegible] once-a-week shows in syndicate[illegible] erally shorter in length, notab[illegible] Namath's program. Finally, [illegible] every city has its local talk sh[illegible] many of them that a press releas[illegible] a movie company spoke recentl[illegible] three-week publicity tour in w[illegible] well-known director was booked [illegible] such shows.

espite this proliferation, the
decline. It reached its height
and more ago when there was
talk show that counted and
was guiding it to its height.
? That vulgarian? I suppose
had lived in Cromwell's En-
ould have mourned the pass-
ear-baiting. But be that as it
man did have a kind of low
r getting his guests to squab-
d when that didn't work he
g to lay himself on the line—
into a cowardly solo diatribe
ome real or fancied enemy
r a suitable interval for the
ublicity effect, would be ten-
invitation to reply on the
how. When major happenings
rt could not be arranged and
ests demonstrated unwonted
Paar had other resources to
upon—a lachrymose self-pity,
livine false modesty and an
egocentricity that no mere
creen could fully encompass.
ar was, there was guerrilla the-
before the term had been in-
ine sensibilities despised him.
ney might, but his mind and
perfectly attuned to the high-
atic level television can rea-
expected to attain.
t as all the television genres
adily declined through the
have the talk shows. All are,
ay, under Paar. What we get
s mostly a lot of talk. And I
at the reason for that does not
y with the lack of Paar-like
ong their front men. It also
with our changed expectations
e programs.

ke up the question of hosts
No doubt about it, Johnny
the current ideal. He gets
like 35 per cent of the late-
ience, compared to Griffin's
t. (It is too early to place any
in Cavett's ratings, since he
ishop's minuscule share of the
and it takes time to build a
As for Frost, he is on all
lial, at various times of day
and should not be compared
work personalities).
-four with eight years of the
how behind him, Carson is
ss of tics and twitches, quirks
s. Charitably, these might be
as the inevitable result of run-
e-form show, with its possibili-
barrassment and disruption



FOLKS OFTEN ASK who takes the pictures for Jack Daniel's. Well, meet Joe Clark.

That's him, with the cameras round his neck, talking with the boys in our rickyard. Joe was born and raised right here in our Tennessee hills. So we're as happy to have him visit at Jack Daniel's as he is to come.

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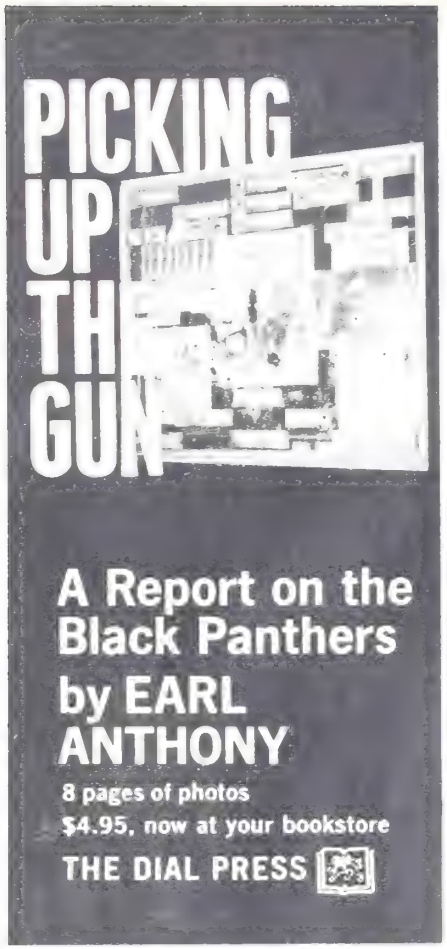
always present, for a long period of time. They are also (and more importantly) a form of sub-verbal communication, a way of commenting upon the opinions and antics of his guests without being rude and without committing himself in any way that can be held against him. He may make Spiro Agnew and Clement Haynsworth jokes, but they are delivered in the apolitical spirit that Bob Hope has traditionally brought to his monologues. After all this time it remains impossible to tell what Carson's real views on political and social matters are. Indeed, his show books fewer political figures than his competition (and gives shorter shrift to writers as well). In a way, this works to its advantage. When Carson does get a pol on the man knows in advance that he will not be too seriously challenged and tends to be more relaxed than he might be elsewhere. But, oddly enough, Carson gives occasional evidence of being, perhaps, a better interviewer than he thinks he is. Last fall, for example, he did quite well with Ronald Reagan, getting the Governor to comment with surprising intelligence—and even more surprising wit—on the pot problem.

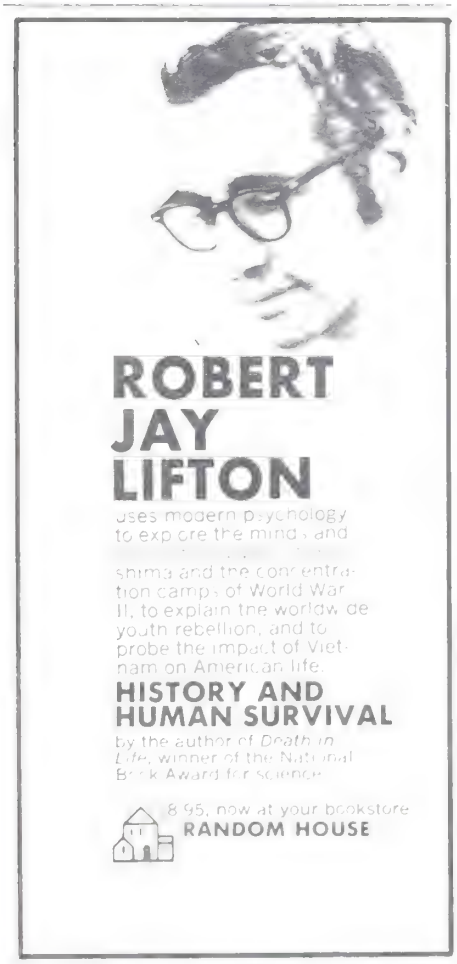
One suspects Carson avoids politicians and other heavy types partly because they do not make good straight men. Not only do they lack the professional's skill at this exacting trade, they are even more egomaniacal than actors and therefore tend to dominate conversations. On the Carson show there is only one star and he likes people to feed him assists. He will tolerate them scoring a few courtesy points, but at the end, when the box score is totted up, Carson likes to be high-point man. To his credit, he puts himself out considerably in his drive to be a hot scorer. He, more than his competitors, will [illegible] from behind his protective desk after [illegible] to goad him into fiddling or a dance step or whatever. With his boyish style and appearance, his innocent [illegible] a fairly high "adorability" quotient and [illegible] that the tired businessman [illegible] has spouse [illegible] on the mature eyes of his audience like the hint that he provides such pure escapism. Elsewhere the smooth path to slumberland is sometimes made rough by some earnest type talking about the war or the ghettos.

His major competitor—"the dear boy himself," as he is introduced—Merv Griffin, has all of Carson's faults but none of his virtues. Indeed, he has no compensatory virtues of his own. He strikes me as a man without wit, or intelligence. A one-time singer (with Freddy Martin's Mouse outfit), Griffin cannot e together a decent monologue t his show. He usually trades a fe insults with old Arthur Treache has the pained-elegance thing beautifully and who also provide casional pinch of salt for the bla to which Griffin restricts his au He also engages in a certain am feckless badinage with the com in the audience—dreary freaks the inelegant standards of this entertainment. Then, on with th

Underneath the carefully co choirboy manner Griffin is a b classically defined on the play of America: obsequious to su rude (indeed, cruel) to inferior gets a really big star on the p the questioning is deferential point of imbecility. "You're the e of a movie star," he recently in Kirk Douglas (who is, in fact, fa "What do people say when they you?" Since every movie star mistaken identity story of the aren't you whatsisname" variety las was able to make a heh-heh re This was roughly the level on wh questioning proceeded until Elia apparently Griffin's idea of a true appeared and the fawn-in beca angular. Why yes, Kirk was perf the part in *The Juggernaut*. brought so many good ideas an tions to the set each morning. A why he was one's dream direct

The sequence concluded cha istically, with Griffin confidentia front of millions, of course) inf Douglas that he had taken Mrs. D out to dinner one night when th was away. "Is he trying to tell me thing?" the somewhat nonplusse inquired. No, he was trying to something. Namely, that he is, his wonderful modesty, Douglas in the show-biz hierarchy. He is course though most of his au probably thinks he is. But it is o moment to him to be seen as ins of his own importance is main His nose is ever pressed again window of fame, even though he more humble standards than his celebrity. The problem is that merely a "personality," a celeb Daniel Boorstin's useful definiti the term—"known for his well-k ness." Such people, being without ent on which they might fall b





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HARPER'S MAGAZINE
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things start to go bad in the fa
are notoriously insecure. As a
you will remember your moth

My favorite side of Griffin,
rarely shows itself. That is his
courage. We got a peek at th
his non-character when John
turned up on the program not
he had won reelection as Ne
mayor (he is, incidentally,
at talk shows). After he depart
was gassing with the other gu
what a swell guy the Mayor as
confiding to them—and the r
of course—about how he had l
long-standing rule of politic
tiality to endorse Lindsay. "It
when you do a show like this
have to interview everyone
piously informed us. "But eve
so strongly about Mayor Lin
besides, he's a *good friend*."

Griffin's success, or at lea
failure, must be based o
dinariness, the comfortable se
part of audience members
would be just like him were fa
upon them (and oh, boy, wo
That presents something of
for someone like David Frost.
ever else he is, he is not ordi
puted to be a millionaire
barely thirty years old) he i
traordinarily cold and extra
ambitious, perhaps too naked
hard to imagine the great aud
ing him to its bosom as they ha
and Griffin, who seem to be re
intimates—almost precocious
brothers—by their viewers. H
jokes and he is like a tigh
spring when he's at work. H
excessively obsequious with so
especially when they come fro
of show biz. Nevertheless,
harder than anyone else to p
with emotional thrills and spill
ample, he got Ted Sorensen, f
turned from work on Ted K
Chappaquiddick speech, to
Kennedy as a potential Preside
didate. On the simplest level,
news. On a slightly more comp
it was a revelation about Soren
was he ghosting around up th
that's what he thought? An
taken on the job, why did he n
to make public how repellent i
him? In short, there he was,
sellout, and voting against hir
for some Frost viewers, a ple
stead of a duty.

That's the sort of thing Fro

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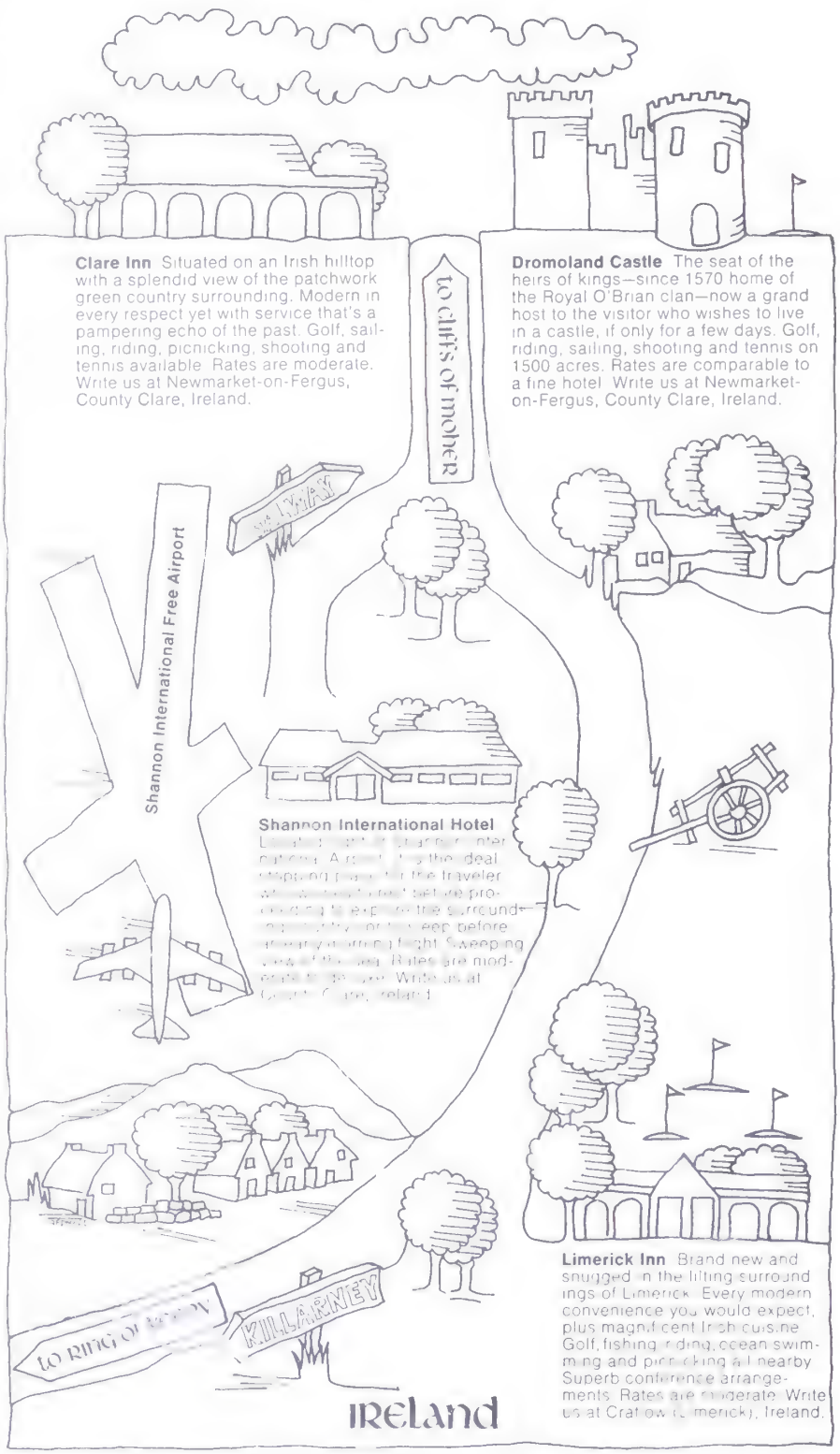
demolition job he did on Adam Powell, in the course of a long w, is in the annals. So is the little had with Arthur Godfrey about ctomy. And then there was Ed , blubbering about his love of literally in tears over his own e of himself—after all those ce jokes—as a warm, wonderful e point is, Frost works to achieve oments. He has his facts and is written out beforehand, and them with him on a clipboard. nothing casual in his approach: lways driving for the gut re-

iolates the basic conceit of post-tk shows, which is that revela- accidents, as surprising to the ier as they are to the questioned. also broken up the basic format shows—the desk, chair, and etting. He will work *mano a* ith some guests, with relatively oups, or sitting on the stage o the audience can participate. ies, indeed, he plants well-known n the crowd to act as their trib- hich seems a little fraudulent. east is an attempt at novelty.

perhaps a measure of how far ws have slipped into blandness en Frost presses hard, one feels rtable. But it is also true that s sometimes to be taking atti- ith his guests that are intended the approval of his audience. ample, he was a little too much al humanist in discussing *The Zoo* with author Desmond Mor- rris is not the enemy but Frost m seem so. On the other hand, made the mistake of topping rly in the interview, rubbing his go the wrong way, rendering y.) Still, an intelligent person east watch Frost, especially on ghts when the show isn't selling e ratings by bringing on kooks g the audience get too far into If Frost could bring himself a little more of himself, to be a re human, he could come close d ideal of a talk-show host. The is whether there is still a siz- mber of people—an audience— ls to that ideal.

e not. Which brings up the pos- ility of an alternative ideal. rings up the problem of Dick He is quite obviously the most t new television star. He is also y a decent sort. He has good

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Now, even if you weren't planning a stay near Shannon, perhaps you will change your mind. Will you not? For more information write the hotel of your choice or contact Robert F. Warner, Dept. H4 630 Fifth Ave., New York, New York 10019, or your travel agent.

manners, asks reasonable questions, and actually listens to the answers. In short, he converses with his guests instead of interviewing them. He also does the funniest monologue in the business, and he and his producers have shown a willingness to move beyond the customary limits in booking guests. They do have a certain number of expectables—writers plugging books, actors plugging plays and movies, plus that gang of New York residents, singers, comics, who constitute a permanent pool of readily available talent for shows like his. But Cavett, unlike Carson and the rest, has also brought in many big names from the pop scene and encouraged them to talk as well as perform. They are mostly unheard-of on competing programs, because they remind the silent majority of things they'd rather not think of, kids and pot and so on. He also has invited politicians who are not celebrities, but are interesting in their own right—minor Congressmen, FCC Commissioners, others. He even "discovered" I. F. Stone as a television performer. He sometimes relies too heavily on research instead of his own native wit in dealing with some of these people and there is a certain stiffness about him sometimes that prevents him from realizing all he might out of some situations (he apparently hates to move out from behind that desk). He is also a little too defensively modest about himself. But if these be flaws, they are likable ones. If he succeeds in breaking out of a physical format that has been standard since the beginning of the *Tonight* show, if he learns to trust himself a little bit more, he could be a very important force in television, since the only reason one really longs for Paar is that no one has replaced him with something as interesting. An easily literate show, open to new cultural trends and to people who can't at present get on the other talk shows, just might be the thing to make us forget about the good old, bad old days of Paar.

But here is the rub. The commercial myth is that the talk shows attract a youthful, affluent audience — people young enough to stay up until midnight or 1:00 A.M. (depending on time zone) and holding jobs that don't require them to report in—bong—at a prompt eight or nine in the morning. If one can judge by the number of half-horn-rims in a typical Griffin or Carson audience, this is not an entirely accurate profile of the audience. Nor do the people who are obviously barred from participating on those shows—and the good subjects that somehow never seem to come up—reassure us. Television is a medium for the middle-aged (who seem to hate it, if the response to Mr. Agnew indicates anything, without being able to give it up) and so the youthfulness of the Carson-Griffin audience is relative. Moreover, its younger members seem to be practicing assiduously for middle age. Finally, they seem to be caught up in a fairly dull-witted fantasy about these shows.

They speak in familiar, if not familial, terms about "Johnny" and "Merv," like parents peering down the stairs into the rumpus room to see what the kids are up to. They have very firm ideas about who, among Johnny's and Merv's friends, are "nice," who are "not nice." One feels they will not really approve of Dick Cavett's friends, or indeed of his bright, chic style. "A fop," said a friend of mine, who I felt sure would respond to Cavett. If one of the best editors in New York thinks that, what do Mom and Pop out there in the heartland think? What Cavett might eventually do is, over a longish period of time, create his own audience. In other words, not try to take people away from Carson and Griffin, but rather lure away from the old movies and from non-television pursuits people who don't have a home at either of the other networks' late shows. He could thus really deliver to advertisers the young, groovy audience to which they aspire.

That audience would, of necessity, be composed of people with a less cozy idea of what constitutes culture (to use the term very broadly) than the Merv and Johnny fans. A man who has worked in this end of show business tells me the real devotees of these shows gossip among themselves about whether Johnny seemed up or down last night, whether Merv really liked so-and-so, or whether he was just faking along with him. Since these hosts give their audiences very little of substance to chew on, they are reduced to this kind of pointless speculation.

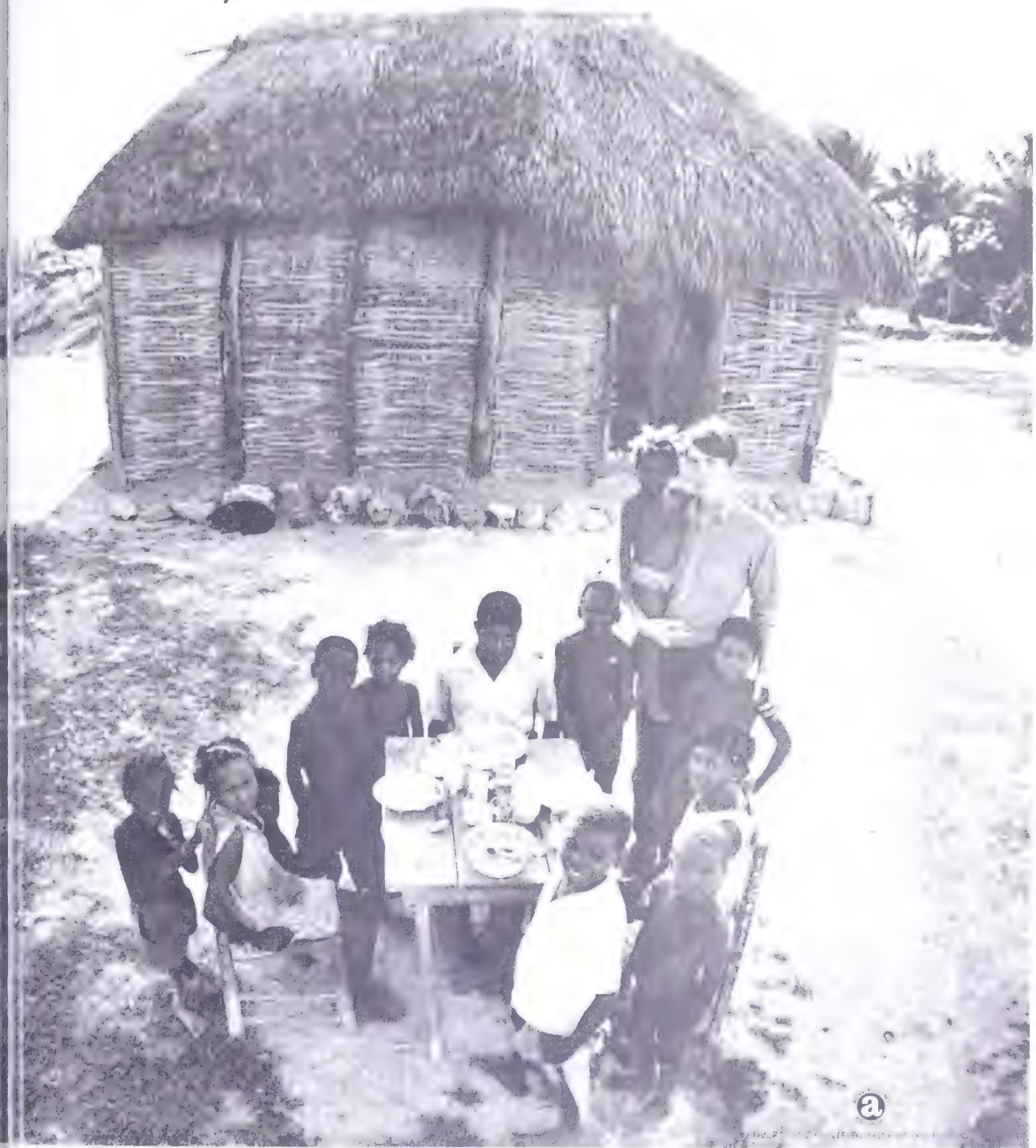
Or perhaps in context, it is not so pointless. It is quite clear that the highest dramatic moment on Merv's or Johnny's show occurs when a young, comparatively unknown singer or comic has completed his routine. The tension is generated by a simple yet socially resonant question: will he be invited to sit down in the good chair—immediately to the right of the desk—there to participate with the host in a few moments of relentless banal conversatio
ings past, bookings present,
future. What is said on these
is less important than the fact
actually happening. For whe
former is asked to sit down we
watching know that he is being
join, on a junior or probationa
what is thought to be a very i
community—that is, the celeb
tem.

In reality, of course, it is n
munity at all. It is difficult to
what Rocky Graziano, Helen H
Rodney Dangerfield—to nam
tirely typical Griffin lineup-
common beyond being able to
decent tables at Sardi's. Inde
ing at them sitting there in a
row, with their gracious fac
on, one's thoughts turn to the
of all modern religions. Bokon
was invented, of course, by Ku
gut, Jr., the novelist, in *Cat's C*
basic tenet is that each of us
knowing, a member of a team,
Each *karass* is, as he puts it
God's will without ever discove
they are doing." Or, indeed, th
such a thing as a *karass* (Boko
not, after all, widely practic
road to wisdom—maybe eve
is learning to tell the differenc
a true *karass* and a false one.
gives as examples of the fal
"the Communist party, the I
of the American Revolution,
eral Electric Company, the Inte
Order of Odd Fellows—and an
anytime, anywhere." A false
also identified by a theologic
granfalloon. The celebrity s
general, a talk show in particu
one that numbers among its gu
Vonnegut, Jr.—is one of the
granfalloons I know of.

Yet, we are desperate for a
community right now. So
that we will accept even false
grateful to be allowed to peek
what we like to think of as o
intimate rituals. Naturally, w
sent the rough intrusion of
this scene—Jack Paar's emot
volvement in what he was doi
inconvenient revolutionary, o
pleasant a radical as Allen
In short, admirably cool as
Cavett and Frost are going t
tough time if their guest lists pe
include people from outside
if their questioning leads in
bumptious responses. Merv an
are guardians of a fragile fan
one that is valuable to a lot of

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Discus

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Three Herren

New opera recordings by German masters—from a triumphant Rosenkavalier *to a skillful and sinewy (if dry)* Cardillac.

It takes a certain amount of courage to defend Richard Strauss these days. His music, of course, remains in the repertoire, but it is in low repute among professionals, critics, and other tastemakers. It is supposed to represent the *ne plus ultra* of bourgeois vulgarity. Stravinsky's remarks, in his *Expositions and Developments* of 1962, reflect current thinking. He calls the music of Strauss "treacly," and says that the score of *Capriccio* "chokes" him. "Strauss does not know when and how to punctuate. His musculature is without measure."

Perhaps; and, in all truth, it is hard to take the symphonic poems today. *Heldenleben* is a swollen bore, and *Zarathustra* is fake philosophy in music, and we won't talk about the *Domestica* and *Alpensinfonie*. Even *Till Eulenspiegel* (the best of the series) means less and less. But there are three works by Strauss which seem to hold their own—*Salome* of 1905, *Elektra* of 1909, and *Der Rosenkavalier* of 1911. They were composed consecutively. In *Salome* and *Elektra* Strauss pushed tonality close to the edge, and only Arnold Schoenberg, at that time, was writing music of equal harmonic daring. *Der Rosenkavalier* is a pull-back. Strauss had gone as far as he dared to go, and after *Elektra* all of his operas were to be composed in an idiom that looked back to the nineteenth century rather than forward to the new ideas that were beginning to turn music inside out.

But those three operas remained among the relatively few in the twentieth century that have held the stage. Especially is this true of **Der Rosenkavalier**, the Strauss-Hofmannsthal tribute to *Alt Wien* and the Strauss (Johann) waltz. *Der Rosenkavalier* probably is Strauss' most popular and with good reason. Hofm delivered a superb libretto: sp cated, charming, bittersweet Str made the most of it, going f k Wagnerian kind of orche a sound, complete with leitmo s creating a tuneful, rich workha the end of the first act and in ne trio, rises to incandescence. *D R kavalier* has never been off t since 1911, nor has it lacked rec Now comes a new one certain even more friends for the oper Solti conducts the Vienna monic, and the cast consists R Crespin (the Marschallin), Jungwirth (Ochs), Yvonne Mi (Octavian), Otto Wiener and Helen Donath (Sophie) (London 1435, 4 discs).

There are some interestin here. Most Americans will be m with the names of only two singers—Crespin and Wiener. B old singers begin to fade and wa (not that Crespin and Wiener that point), new ones come pl place them: and if the new g is going to be as accomplished wirth, Minton, and Donath, w for a happy time in the 1970s mittedly risky to judge a sing cordings; the engineers somet lend a megaton assist to a sm But vocal quality is impossible and so is style. Jungwirth, Mi Donath are very stylish singer and some of us are going to be ly waiting to see if they can opera house what they do on re

This is the best modern rec *Rosenkavalier*, and one would go back to the famous abridge of the 1930s, with Lehmann, Sc Olszewska, and Mayr, to Technically the set is flawless the least trace of distortion; wi relation between voice and o with extraordinary color and In Solti, this *Rosenkavalier* h ductor with heart and taste, a

big line. Everything sounds and natural, and there is a of personality too in Solti's is insinuating rubatos in the ons, his sheer control.

cast is remarkably fine. Cres- s has found the role of the n comfortable, and she uses oice with finesse. Jungwirth lly sings—the part of Ochs, dition impresses as a fine ac- esents a lecherous Ochs, yet thout a certain dignity. There ance, not a bit of hamming it haracterization. It is authenti- Minton, an Australian mezzo- as a voice of luscious texture projection, and the same can f Donath, an American girl. rs of Sophie's high tessitura oblems for her. It should also t the small but important part ian singer in Act I is sung by young Italian tenor in action ciano Pavarotti. Even minor is album are well sung. It is a l the way through, and should of *Rosenkavalier* for a decade.

lso is a new **Salome**, and the attraction here is the Span- o, Montserrat Caballé. Up to has achieved fame largely r ability as a bel canto singer, v excursions into Verdi. Can of voice handle Salome? The in Victor 7053 (2 discs). ballé is joined by such fine Sherrill Milnes (Jokanaan), ewis (Herod), Regina Resnik), and James King (Narra- ich Leinsdorf conducts the mphony.

s major competitor as a re- ome is Birgit Nilsson, who of spectacular. Caballé never oduce that kind of stentorian e does not have that huge a it apparently is a bigger voice stage appearances up to now gest—firm in focus, with con- cutting power. She easily rides tral climaxes. And there is a of subtlety to her singing. y voice of hers has a youthful line with Salome's age, and it by a good deal of musical au- would take a very brave man. san one, to pick one singer ther. All one can say is that characterization and singing own validity, and there are lovely things in this *Salome*. ined by a strong cast, and Leinsdorf conducts with obvious knowledge. Milnes, especially impressive, is the finest American baritone to have come along since the young Leonard Warren.

Herbert von Karajan has come out with **Siegfried** in his recording of the four operas of Wagner's *Ring* cycle, and now there is only *Götterdämmerung* to go. His cast consists of Jess Thomas (Siegfried), Gerhard Stolze (Mime), Thomas Stewart (The Wanderer), Zoltan Kelemen (Alberich), and Hilda Dernesch (Brünnhilde); and, as before, he conducts the Berlin Philharmonic (Deutsche Grammophon 139234/8, 5 discs). Comparison with the London Records *Ring* cycle is inevitable, and this *Siegfried* has been drawing reviews that could have been predicted. Traditionalists favor Solti (the London Records conductor) over Karajan, for Solti has the bigger sound, more of the surge and flow of the score, and also (no inconsiderable factor, these hi-fi days) a more juiced-up quality of recorded sound, complete with fancy effects. Another school of listeners and critics responds more warmly to Karajan's clarity and near classicism, his refinement, his insistence on letting the voice through even if it means holding the orchestra back. I happen to side with the traditionalists, but anybody who ends up with the Karajan *Ring* cycle will be getting the work of a master conductor.

Contemporary opera, anyone? Deutsche Grammophon has just come out with the first recording of Paul Hindemith's **Cardillac**, composed in 1926. The opera has a great reputation, but seldom turns up. Listening to it, one can see why. It may be the work of a compositional genius, but not a *musical* genius. The writing is perfect—and uncommunicative. With all its power, with all its propulsive antiromanticism, with all its skillful manipulation of old forms (passacaglia, variation, etc.), with all its sinewy orchestration—with all that, it ends up one of the driest, most melodically inhibited operas of the century. It is magnificently sung by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Elisabeth Söderstrom, Donald Grobe, and others, with the Cologne Radio Symphony conducted by Joseph Keilberth (DGG 139435/6, 2 discs), and if the opera fails to make any kind of emotional impact, it is not their fault. □

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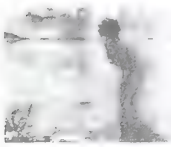
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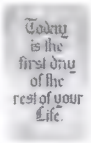
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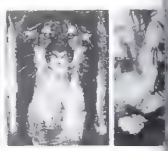
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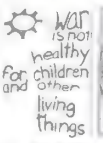
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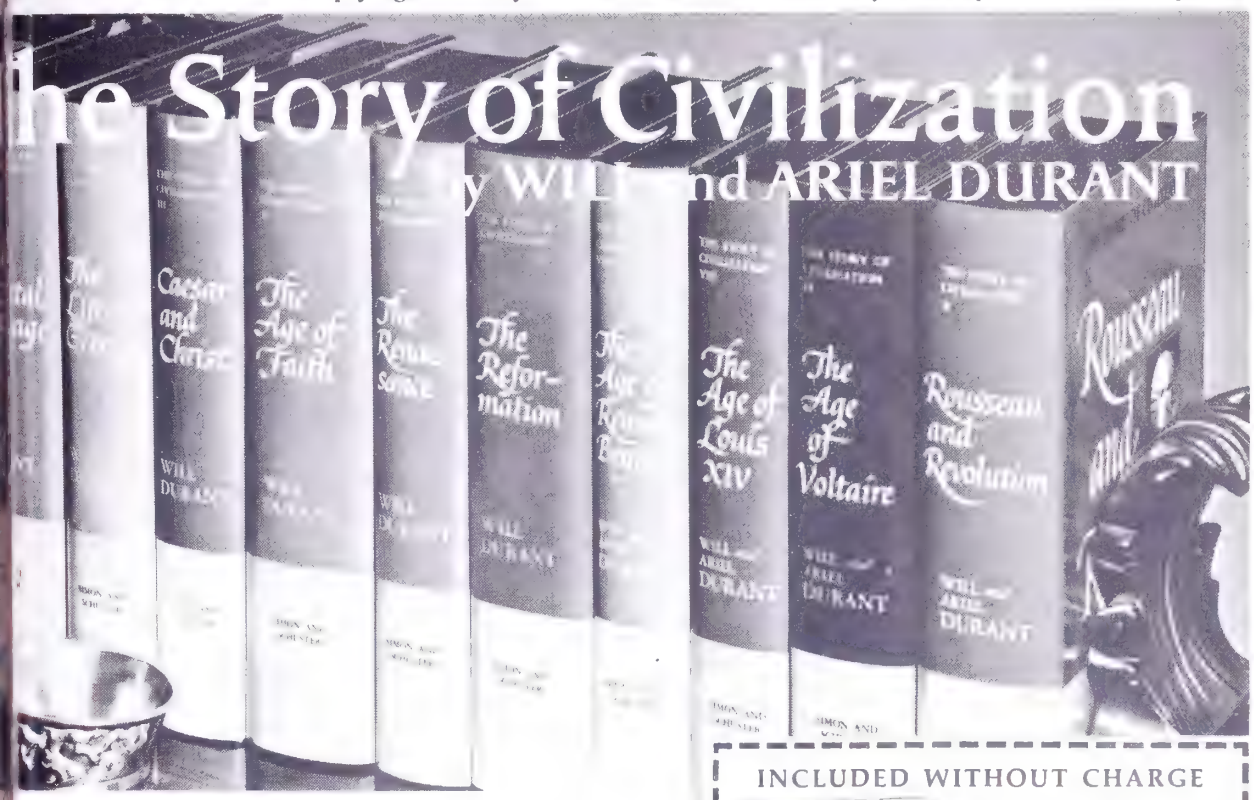
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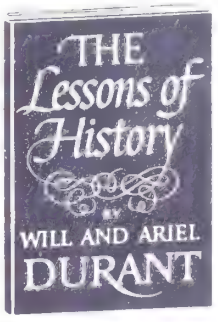
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ABOUT THIS ISSUE

Joseph C. Goulden went to the White House bureaucracy not too long ago: he requested a sampling of "representative" letters from the four hundred thousand or so members of the "Silent Majority" who wrote President Nixon after his Vietnam speech last November. Then he embarked on an unusual trip around the country to get to know a few of Mr. Nixon's Majoritarians. "Think of that," Bobby Moga said to Goulden in downtown Aurora, Illinois. "You write the President and they listen to you." For Goulden's report on Bobby Moga and six others, see page 67.

"Before setting out on this journey," Goulden says, "I shaved my sideburns to manageable length, but still drew too many reproving stares. I began experimenting, cutting them back one-eighth of an inch per day. But even the final, ear-length version did not please many good people in Georgia. I found one *Harper's* subscriber in these seven households, but not a single person who had read a book on Vietnam, nor a magazine article they could remember. And for this Bernard Fall stepped on a land mine."

After attending the University of Texas and serving in the Army counter-intelligence service, Goulden became a reporter for the *Dallas Morning News*. In 1961 he joined the staff of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and later became its Washington correspondent. He is the author of *The Curtis Caper*, an account of executive upheavals at the Curtis Publishing Company; *Monopoly*, an investigation of AT&T; and *Truth Is the First Casualty: The Gulf of Tonkin Affair*. In the course of this work, he has played baseball with Fidel Castro (who struck him out swinging with a 3-2 slider), drunk with Guatemalan guerrillas in Puerto Barrios, consumed several scotches with Lyndon Johnson just before he removed himself from politics in 1968, and hidden in a closet of an Atlantic City hotel room in 1964 to hear George Wallace order his Alabama delegation to walk out of the Democratic National Convention.

"There is in America today a rising mystique of violence on the Left. Those . . . who have watched the development of right-wing groups in this country over the last generation . . . are never surprised at violence cults on the Right. What has been more arresting is the decline of the commitment to nonviolence on the Left, and the growth of a disposition to indulge or to e[xcuse] of force or violence." Thus the distinguished American [historian] Richard Hofstadter in his hi[gh]nificant essay, "The Future o[f] can Violence" (page 47).

Professor Hofstadter brings [to] study a life's devotion to the h[istory] American political reform and [intel]tual movements. He is the w[inner] two Pulitzer Prizes, for the *Ag[e] form* (1955) and *Anti-Intelle[ctual]in American Life* (1963), and [wr]his best-known work is *The Ameri[can] Political Tradition*. He is DeW[itt] ton Professor of American H[istory] Columbia University.

Hofstadter's warning to the [new] of the 1970s is a clear one [that] quires no remarkable ingenu[ity]," he writes, "to see how some of th[ese] trends in American society, c[ould] and magnified, could bring a[bout] eclipse of liberal democratic [politics]

And coming up in *Harper's Mag[azine]*

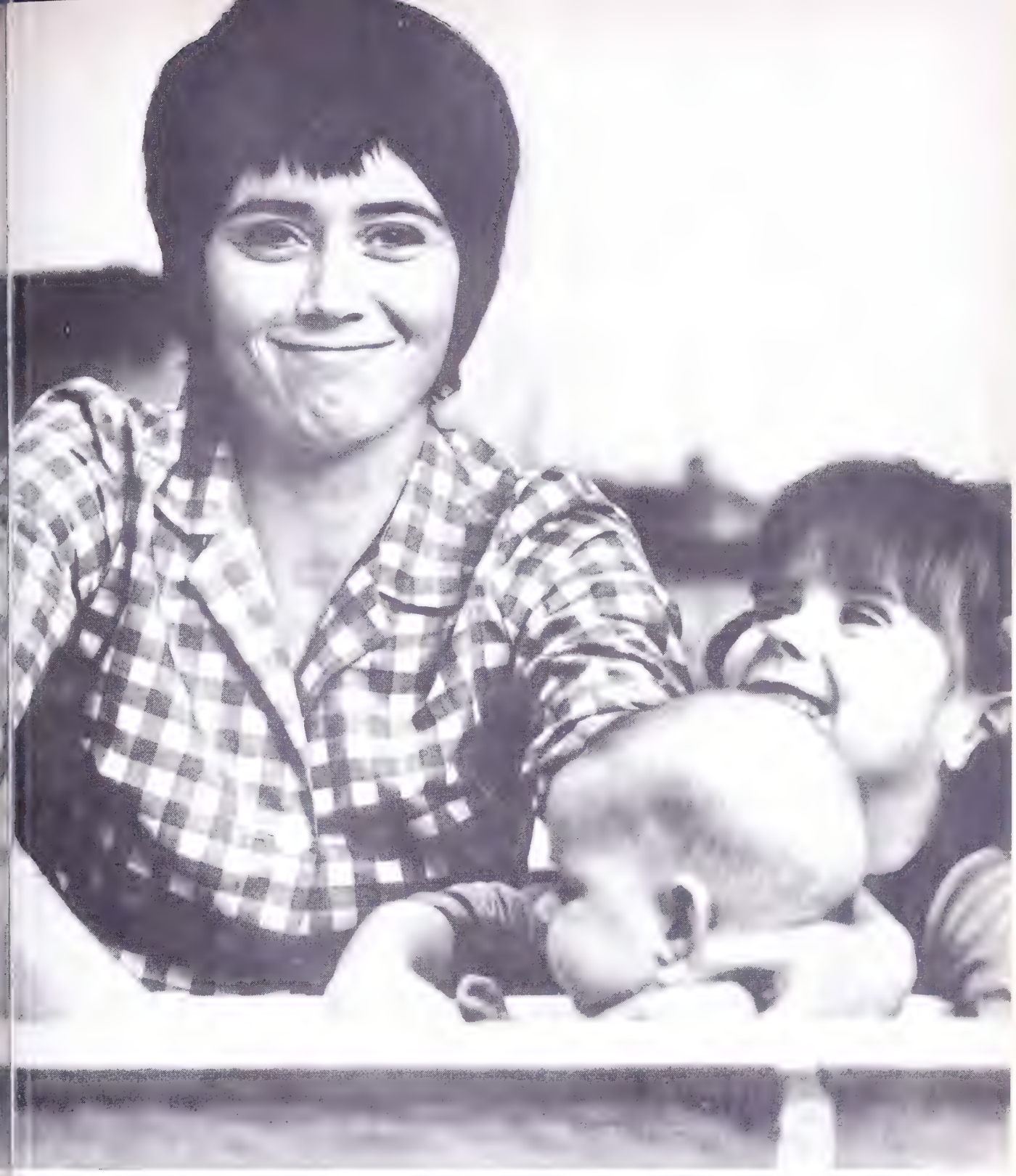
Hilton Head by Marshall Fr[y] . . . *Nixon's Money Policy* by [Leo] Lekachman . . . A new story b[y] Bashevis Singer . . . *Return to Fi[re]* by Friedel Ungeheuer, who g[ot] there during the Nazi era . . . and [m]



"Wild Bill" Hickok, Harper's New Monthly Magazine, Febru

". . . now, as always, the primary precedent and the primary ratio[nale] for violence comes from the esta[blish]order itself. Violence is, so to sp[eak] an official reality."

—Richard Hofstad[ter]



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LETTERS

Rustin on separatism

The very forceful points made by Bayard Rustin ["The Failure of Black Separatism," January] may serve to blow away some of the haze which has obscured the thinking of too many white liberals during the past few years. American-style apartheid, designed by either blacks or whites, is not going to solve our problems.

FRANK E. SMITH
Knoxville, Tennessee

Bayard Rustin has written another one of his valuable and informative articles on coalition and electoral politics. His undying faith in the Democratic party and trade unionism is charming. I, too, share a pro-Democratic party and labor bias; however I wonder whether it was really necessary for Mr. Rustin to attack black capitalism, young black militants, and Black Power. It is a melancholy fact that blacks, no matter whether conservative, moderate, liberal, or militant, exercise so much of their intellectual energy and time attacking other blacks of different ideological persuasions.

Of course, I do not want to suggest that blacks should be immune to criticism by other blacks. It just saddens me that some peculiar fate or disposition leads us to take issue strongly with each other in public. (Here I am, a black man, taking issue with my black brother, Mr. Rustin.)

Black Power and Black Separatism are not synonymous. Black economic development is not an escapist flight from the American System but a vital effort at more meaningful participation in the System. Black economic development is not premised upon separatism or racial isolation, but upon the recognition that business, property, and capital are major sources of power, self-respect, and self-fulfillment in American society. Efforts toward political solidarity in black communities are motivated by similar factors which gave rise to historical efforts toward labor solidarity.

Black Studies is not my bag, but doesn't it approach the ridiculous to say or imply that black students are "proposing to study black history in isolation from the mainstream of American history"? They are just trying to save their bodies and souls from being continually drowned in "the mainstream of American history." Mr. Rustin really cannot be so naïve as to believe that written history is not surfeited with ideology, mythology, or propaganda.

I suppose it is true that many sensitive white liberals are guilt-ridden and prone to masochistic acts of atonement, but must such men of goodwill be called pusillanimous also? I suspect that the university president of whom Mr. Rustin spoke so disparagingly because he made his airplane available to two black students to fly to New York City to purchase some bongo drums for Malcolm X Day was aware of thousands of instances when larger sums of university funds were made available to white students for more fatuous feats or festivals.

Marx, Lenin, Stalin, and Chairman Mao, to say nothing about the Black Panthers, might agree with Mr. Rustin when he says that the real cause of racial injustice ". . . is not bad attitudes but bad social conditions." I am inclined to give more credence to the Kerner Report which stated that racism (what Mr. Rustin calls "bad attitudes") is the heart of the problem.

True, because the preponderant white community is largely racistic it is necessary to transform our entire society; however, in the meantime it won't hurt for the black community itself to do some transforming in terms of reducing crime and increasing educational and employment, yes, even economic, opportunity in the ghetto.

Lastly, I wouldn't speak too lightly of "emotional release" and "symbolic victories." Forman's *Black Manifesto* may be a combination of "bombast" and "delusions of grandeur," but if there is not a measure of emotional release in the black community, then it is doomed to radical mental despair and depression. "Real" victories are most important, but in their absence "symbolic victories" are better than stultifying defeatism.

KENNETH S. TOLLETT
Dean, School of Law
Texas Southern University
Houston, Texas

I found myself in almost total disagreement with Bayard Rustin's article. Rustin's thesis appeared to be [illegible] black organization or individu[illegible] side of ". . . the trade-union m[illegible] and the Democratic party" h[illegible] viable program for achieving [illegible] and justice for black people. [illegible] sweep, Rustin has dismissed p[illegible] tions, free-breakfast program[illegible] health clinics, etc., as either imp[illegible] or "not revolutionary."...

Even more disturbing is [illegible] general treatment of the leg[illegible] ideal of Black Power. Rustin sta[illegible] there is one common theme uni[illegible] various demands for Black Pow[illegible] simply that blacks must be gu[illegible] their actions by a conscious [illegible] themselves as a separate race." [illegible] theoretical ground did Rustin fo[illegible] this idea? On what concrete e[illegible] does he base such a generalizati[illegible] of course, doesn't specify. The [illegible] of Black Power, I submit, is ma[illegible] in the demands of blacks fo[illegible] housing, schools, jobs and so [illegible] not, as Rustin implies, in s[illegible] existence.

EAR[illegible]
Afro-American Cultural Ass[illegible]
Los Angele[illegible]

The predominant portion of [illegible] Rustin's article consists of unr[illegible] and unfortunate slurs on the t[illegible] and actions of others. Behind [illegible] vective, however, is a yardstick [illegible] ventional pragmatic politics [illegible] which Mr. Rustin measures [illegible] movements and finds them lacki[illegible] this is the politics of comprom[illegible] deals, devoid of principles and c[illegible] tuous of moral values as a politi[illegible] tor that has given us our [illegible] collection of horrors (Vietnam [illegible] and Mitchell, the death and rep[illegible] of blacks, physical hunger and s[illegible] malnutrition in the midst of glu[illegible] just begin the list). For most peo[illegible] issue is not so much attacking [illegible] tem as seeking to abandon it and [illegible] it with something more workabl[illegible]

Mr. Rustin would have us m[illegible] this system, stating that prog[illegible] blacks can best be made throug[illegible] tions within the Democratic pa[illegible] through unionism. Anything [illegible] says, simply offers emotional ber[illegible] no practical value or, worse, in[illegible] pression—political and otherwi[illegible]

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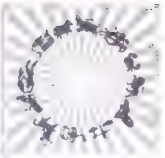
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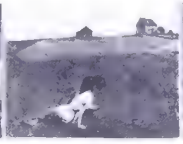
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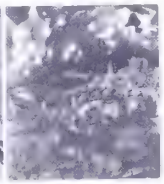
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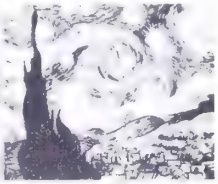
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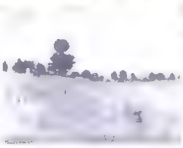




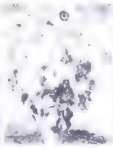
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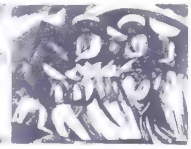
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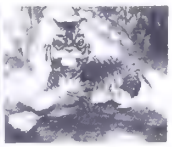
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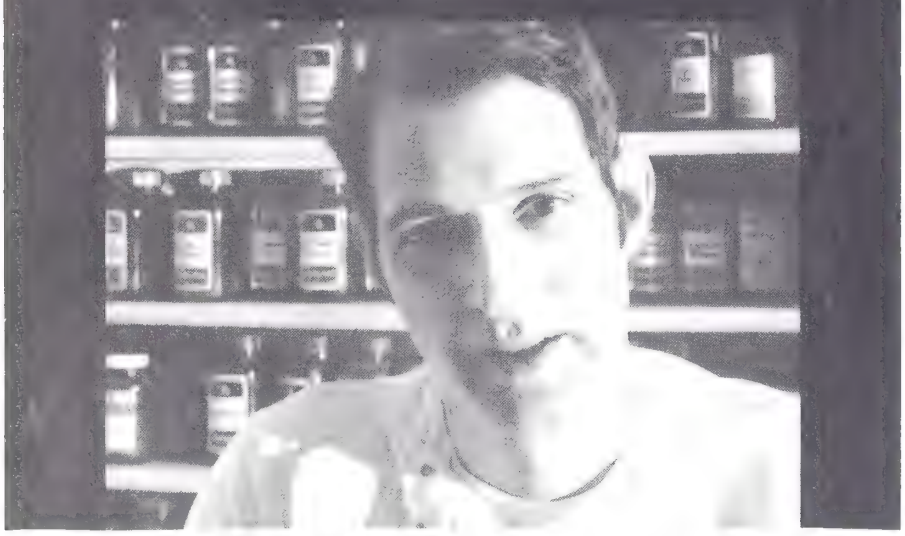
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Time and again it's been proved that a drug product containing the same active ingredients made by several companies will have markedly different effects in human subjects. With the potent and potentially dangerous drugs of today, I say put your trust in the doctor and pharmacist to provide the medicine that's best for your particular needs.

Personally, I would never settle for less.

Another point of view . . . Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

the gains blacks have achieved
party politics can be conside
nificant only by those who see
favors granted, not by those wh
equality as a right due yesterda

And unions. Perhaps once th
full of the brotherhood of man
man dignity described by Stei
In Dubious Battle. But more
their image has tended toward
tion and violence. Usually th
tages they have achieved for bla
been in job areas not sought
whites.... As recently as whe
surprised everybody by leading
mined fight for passage of the
phia Plan which would have re
minimum number of blacks or
eral construction projects, it
lobbyists of a major union wh
fight against the plan.... The
the issue is simply that unionis
of the existing system and as su
ably does more to maintain th
than change it. Mr. Rustin st
the labor movement "is . . . a v
which the wealth of this natio
redistributed." Though a redis
of wealth is exactly what this
needs, the labor movement is le
to achieve it. Even if wildly su
the gains made by labor are pas
the buyer by the manufacturer
means that all that has happene
participants in the inflationar
keep their same relative positi
can hardly call that redistribut

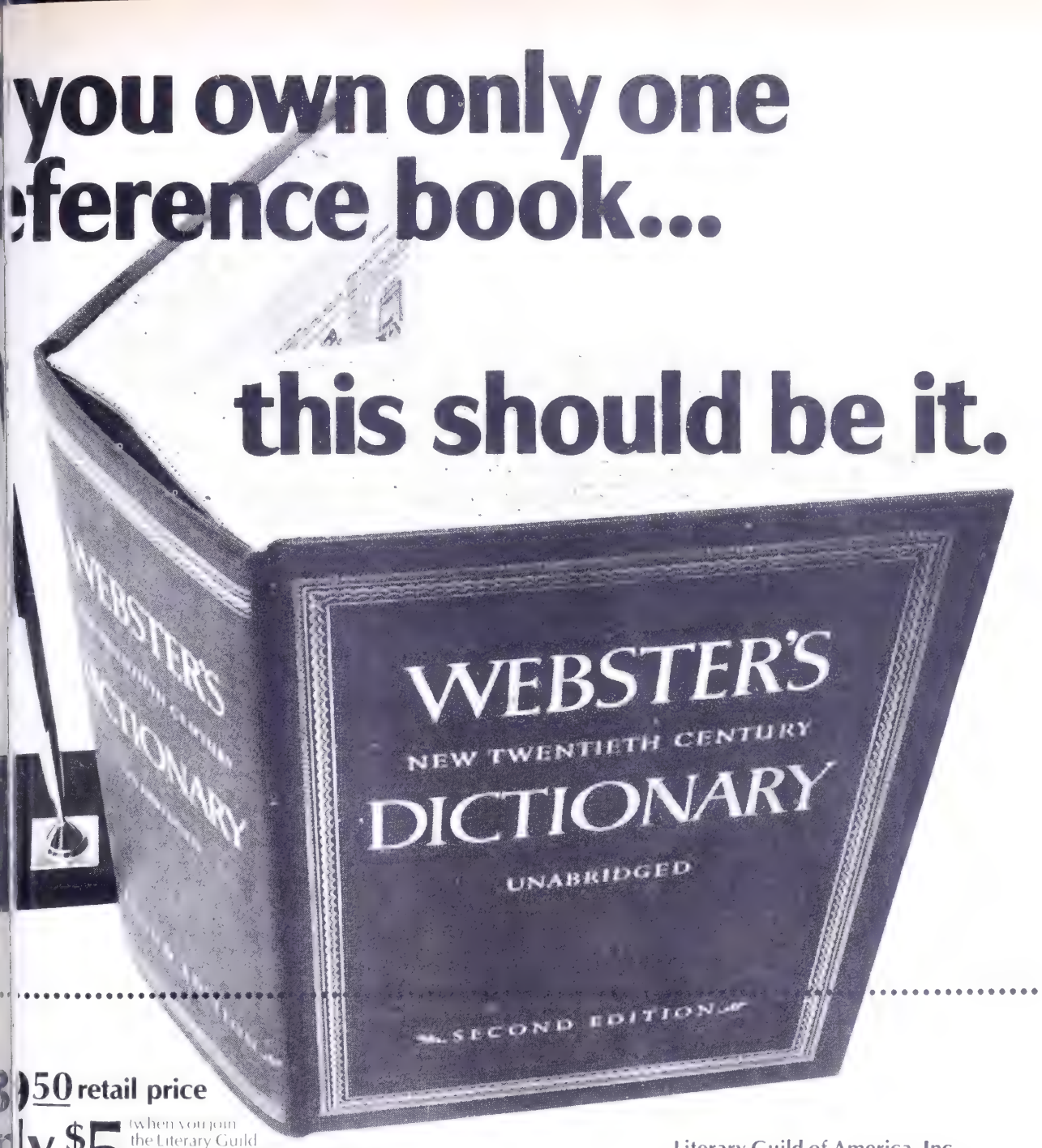
Julian Bond, hardly a Cleave
or Forman, recently said: "Th
new politics arising in Americ
part of the process that believ
life becomes intolerable and
ment unresponsive and unre
tive, then men have not just
but the duty to strike it down
of the varied actions of the b
sidents whom Mr. Rustin lumps
as separatists are manifestatio
new politics. Whites who supp
movements or who simply look
hope do so not out of the emp
their lives, as Mr. Rustin would
believe, but because they too f
ated and disenfranchised. (It
argued that someone who *doe*
this way today has the empty li

Rather than being so quick
an attempt at change, Mr. Rusti
extend it the same leeway he
isting political practices: . . .
politics might effect the "rev
Mr. Rustin seeks. Repress it an
sult might be the destruction M
fears.

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May I try to explain to Bayard Rustin, whose vigor and vision are among the more heartening phenomena of liberal activism, why current labor practices in politics make it difficult for liberals to function?

Many liberal activists have been compelled to accept the hard fact that labor is committed to bloc politics. Labor leaders and staffers take a paternalistic view of their members' political interests, seeking to maintain what is euphemistically called the "integrity" of the labor vote. Cynics rightly take this to mean the deliverability of a bloc of voters.... Staffers and officers encourage one another to do whatever it takes to penetrate the inner councils of local political bosses and... to negotiate treaties by which they undertake to bind their members and such nonlabor liberals as are willing to become mute accretions to the body count that forms their power base.

The principal objection of tough-minded liberals to this type of operation is not that it is degrading and stultifying to members and nonmembers (it is), nor that it constitutes rule-or-ruin manipulation of nonlabor groups with similar political interests (it does). Our objection is that the self-appointed (or Establishment-selected) negotiators are outmaneuvered in political bargaining: they accept bad deals. They make unwise endorsements; they settle for too few convention delegates; they betray catastrophic ignorance of the relative values of the trade goods offered by shrewd Establishment dealers....

Not that all the labor factions together would constitute a majority, or even a growing proportion, of the members of either political party, much less of the total electorate. Without discounting the phenomenal economic, social, and political achievements of the industrial unions since the New Deal era, a candid observer must concede that the segment of the total work force the unions now find organizable is shrinking; that within that segment activity is often sluggish or nonexistent....

The program of the labor movement as a force for reducing racial hostility is more impressive at the national level than in many communities, where local officers and shop committeemen offer open resistance to national policy or make only token efforts to open membership and facilitate upgrading. These local officers would not welcome genuinely integrated, really liberal, systematic political activity.... Awkward disagreements about public policy or political strategy endanger a man's chances to be reelected to union office.

Labor has chosen to adopt the tactics of Establishment bloc politics. If this does not quite amount to joining the Establishment, it means playing politics on Establishment terms. Liberals who seek to collaborate with members of unions are exhorted to "get themselves an organization." The efforts of some to create a "new coalition" are, like the Black Power and Brown Power movements, the tactics of desperation. They may be futile: they are an understandable response to the exclusive, free-swinging policy of a new vested political interest.

MARGARET CARTER
Fort Worth, Texas

BAYARD RUSTIN REPLIES:

I agree with Mr. Tollett that "Black Power and Black Separatism are not synonymous," yet the way in which the concept of Black Power has been applied in the present social and economic context has led inevitably to a form of Black Separatism. It can be argued whether Black Power became Black Separatism out of choice or because of a foreclosure of other possibilities. My own thinking tends to the former interpretation since there *are* other possibilities, and the choice was made, I feel, largely for reasons of psychology and ideology. Mr. Tollett admits that Forman's *Black Manifesto* may simply be a form of emotional release, that symbolic victories become a means to ward off "stultifying defeatism." I find inadequate a form of politics the main function of which is not to promote radical social and economic change, but only to prevent "radical mental despair and depression." I doubt that it can even achieve this psychological goal since despair and depression derive from the absence of concrete accomplishment, something which a politics of emotional release is, by definition, not designed to bring about. Such a politics actually promotes conservatism and, therefore, should increase psychological depression as it contributes to an ever-worsening social and economic development.

I think also that Black Separatism has been the ideological choice of some people, and for this reason I think it is important that there be a vigorous and stimulating debate over the theoretical issues involved.... I think Mr. Tollett is seriously mistaken in being "saddened" by the prevalence of such debate, for the implication is that black Americans are or should be of a different political species from other human beings.

Such a view is both illusory ar[gument] and I am happy to see that Mr[. Tollett] does not adhere to it in pract[ice]. point in particular which he [raises] is worth commenting on. Acco[rding to] Mr. Tollett, "Efforts toward [black] solidarity in *black* communi[ties are] motivated by similar factors wh[ich] rise to historical efforts towa[rd] solidarity." I question this ass[umption] since it confuses two categories [that] fundamentally distinct—name[ly] and class. The attempt to achi[eve] darity on the basis of race le[ads] nomically to various forms o[f] development and politically to a[lign]ment of black against white—[one] things President Nixon is tryi[ng to] complish in his efforts to build a[con]vative, anti-Negro Republican m[ajority].

With Mr. Crohn I have a mor[e] mental disagreement. It is di[ffi]cult argue against his point of view[, which] is characterized by moral t[otal]ism: things are totally good or tota[lly bad]. This state of mind explains [the] quency with which the word "[sys]tem" appears in his letter. There ca[n be] shades of ambiguity or complex[ity] though reality is rich with the[se] ties: no possibility of compromi[se], though the essence of democra[tic] tics involves procedures by m[eans] which competing groups can [re]lently resolve their differences. [It] whole system that is bad, and [it] "struck down" and "replaced."

There is a curious dynamic [at work] here between power and respon[sibility] or better, between powerlessnes[s and] responsibility. By his own ad[mission] Mr. Crohn feels "alienated and di[s]franchised." Having thus dis[qualified] himself from the complexities [of] and political existence, and be[ing in a] position where his judgments [are] tested empirically against a re[ality] common experience, he can g[ive] rein to his moralistic impulses [and] is not *responsible* for the conse[quences] of his thought. Literally anythi[ng goes] in this unreal world in which [there] no relation between conception [and] ecution, the act and its conseque[nces].

My quarrel with Mr. Crohn s[eems] that he is not serious. His disr[egard] one breath of the entire "sys[tem]" more a whim than an analysis, [and] tainly something that he is n[ot] mitted to politically or philoso[phically]. After all, the new politics to w[hich he] professes adherence is hardly [to] overturn the system....

There is a great deal more s[ubstance] in Mrs. Carter's letter, althoug[h]

ne of the next 50 rivers coming your vay is drunk. lot drinking—drunk.

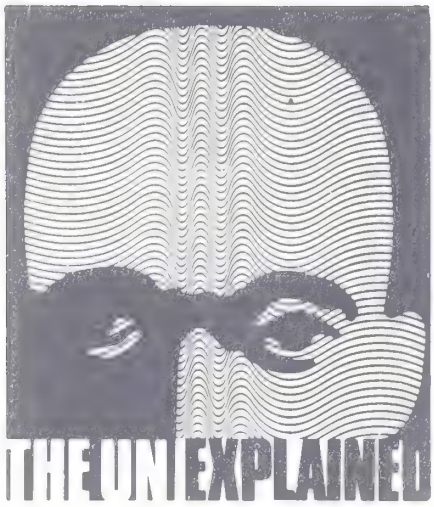


at's the round-the-ck average. But ch out: the centage shoots after dark. n the dead of ht, almost 90% ll crashes olve drinking.

st year the drunk driver was involved 35,000 deaths, and this may be the r he gets you. The problem comes m the fact that he thinks he's driving tter than ever, although his judg-nt and coordination are poor.
lis reaction time has slowed by at st 15%.
le sees things as dimly as a sober ver who is wearing dark, smoked sses.
The situation is bad and it's getting rse. But it can be turned around, if re willing to help in a few simple ys. As a beginning, each state needs tough, effective drunk-driving laws recommended by the National Highway Safety Bureau. (24 states now have these laws.) The next step is fair, impartial enforcement of the laws.

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she too is mistaken in talking of "Establishment bloc politics." "Establishment" is a loaded word since I am not sure what non-Establishment politics would consist of. There is simply politics, and this includes "bloc politics" with its manifold variations of Black Power, Brown Power, coalition politics, and also Mr. Nixon's Republican majority. The question is not whether bloc politics *per se* is legitimate, but which blocs one chooses to organize,—minority groups, liberals, working-class people, Southerners, corporation executives, etc.... It would be an error to confuse the somewhat prosaic *tactic* of political organizing with the social and economic objectives of such organizing.

Mrs. Carter writes as if labor leaders simply had to press a button and "the body count that forms their power base" would respond. This is hardly the case, as almost any labor leader will testify. A great deal of education is required of the kind that was carried out against Wallace in 1968. Such intensive education, if it is successful, can hardly be called pushing buttons.

A national organization with thousands of local affiliates will inevitably have some locals which conform to Mrs. Carter's description. There is some truth to her remark that the labor movement "is more impressive at the national level than in many communities." But I submit that this tendency is true of all organizations where the national body deals primarily with ideological and programmatic issues while the locals have also to contend with the narrower problems of their membership. I should add, however, that at least in Mrs. Carter's own state of Texas, the labor movement represents the only strong counterforce to conservatism. It directed the recent successful campaign in which over a million Negroes, Mexican-Americans, and poor whites were registered to vote; it is pressing vigorously for election reform laws and for antipollution and antipoverty legislation; it is deeply involved in the crucial Yarborough campaign for Senate; and it is actively organizing the unorganized.

Alinsky radical-

... My only cavil [re: "The Professional Radical, 1970" Jan.] is that Saul Alinsky may have become overly enamored of community. For example, his ideas for reforming sales taxes are interesting but get in the way of the drastic surgery necessary.

Perhaps, after all, it's time to ... upon sales taxes, property taxes a ... as the outmoded, regressive, neig ... hood-destroying candidates for ... that they are. A well-conceived, ... administered, graduated income ta ... (sans loopholes) is, really, the ... levy that even approaches the id ... having its incidence fall on the ... approximating his ability to pay.

As to the proxy solicitations, be ... That can cut both ways. For ins ... what if the Roman Curia had de ... for its purposes to take control of ... Searle (Enovid)? Or the Nationa ... Association, with its broad followi ... dictate via board control such l ... news and opinion media as *Har* ...

A soupçon of idealism and app ... conscience may not yet be out of ... in building a better society on a v ... permanent basis—even if, as Alinsk ... so well demonstrated, it doesn't ... bit to back it up with muscle, too.

EDWARD M. N ...
Glenview, I ...

I have just finished reading ... Professional Radical, 1970" and ... greatest part of it I found myself ... "right on" as I have since I first ra ... Mr. Alinsky's work in Rochester. ... however, that he has missed the ... one crucial area. He says that "... blacks are to get a piece of the eco ... pie they've got to become part ... corporate economy." This reflects, ... his basic acceptance of the syst ... monopoly capitalism that we ... presently living under.... As I kn ... recognizes, the system which opp ... blacks in this country is the san ... that oppresses women, blue-collar ... ers, and all of us—this system is th ... monopoly capitalism that he wis ... encourage blacks to enter. To ... would be to opt out of the solutio ... become part of the problem. The ... to oppression in this country ... mean *all* forms of oppressio ... nomic, environmental, etc.) is ... form of the capitalist economy ... systematic abolition. In this re ... feel that we already have the beg ... of the solution in the splendid i ... obtaining and using stock pro ... fight the self-serving and destruct ... tivities of the big corporations a ... and abroad. If this program can ... ten off the ground, and if it is ... conjunction with forms of activis ... organization, we can really mak ... ress toward the solution of the pr ... of war, poverty, and the environ ...

So right on, Saul; even if we di ...

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y designed by Pininfarina. With the
e flair, the same sleek treatment of
tours that mark the Ferrari and
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esult? The kind of car that gathers
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EDWARD M. GUROWITZ, PH.D.
Brookville, New York

Truman stories

"Harry's Last Hurrah" by Richard Rhodes [January] is an important addition to the growing understanding and increasing appreciation of President Truman by the American people. I am so grateful that he is still with us so that he can enjoy it as much as those of us who worked for him and love him.

I reveled in the reference to Independence and his life there, and the important part that Mrs. Truman played in his development and in his career. Their relationship was exceedingly appealing and heartwarming.

Sometimes he would tease her a little when in a group of close friends. I recall on one occasion he was bragging about her, and told her to tell those present about her athletic prowess when she was attending a fashionable girls' finishing school in Kansas City. She actually seemed a little embarrassed about it, and tried to change the conversation but the President persisted and she finally, albeit ruefully, admitted that she had been shot put champion.

CLARK M. CLIFFORD
Washington, D.C.

Reference Rhodes' fine article. In 1959 I think it was, I, a native-born Missourian and then on Army duty stationed at San Antonio, drove down to Uvalde to attend the 90th birthday observance of former Vice President John Nance Garner. I had always wanted to see the man characterized by Lewis as a "poker-playing, whiskey-drinking, evil old man," so when he appeared on the outdoor stage I was rather taken aback when in a cracked and feeble voice he exhorted us to love one another. So I looked around to see what else the observance had to offer. There was Speaker Sam Rayburn, and he gave us a folksy little talk. Then we sang "Happy Days Are Here Again" and Sam introduced a big countrified, awkward looking guy as Senator Johnson, "the next President of the United States." Standing off to the side and the last to speak was a little guy who when the band played "The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You" undoubtedly thought it was "I've Been Working on the Railroad" and thus didn't stand up as quickly as did the loyal Texans present. When Sam introduced President Truman, this little guy came forward and told the Texans that had it not been for Missouri adventurers their state would still belong to Mexico. That's about all he said, but when he got through, that audience clapped, stomped, hollered, whistled at least a hundred times more than they had for any of the other speakers. As we drove back to San Antonio, I told my wife that if a Presidential election had been held that day in Uvalde, old Harry, then 76, would have swamped everybody, including Eisenhower.

O. J. MAGEE
Aptos, California

About "Harry's Last Hurrah," I must point out that a reference to Mr. Truman's nearsightedness (p. 52) is incorrect. Politics aside, Mr. Truman was by far our most farsighted President, and his compound hyperopic astigmatism was rather high, totaling +7.00 diopters, give or take a bit, in the strong meridian of each eye. . . .

Mr. Truman was the first American President to wear trifocals, and the first to wear non-reflective coated lenses (for television appearances). . . .

Two of the Presidents had unusual eyes. Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt. Lincoln had one drooped eyelid, one eye higher than the other, and suffered from several episodes of double vision due to a vertical muscle imbalance. Roosevelt suffered a severe eye injury in a boxing match while President, and eventually lost the sight in his left eye probably because of a cataract.

R. W. NICKESON, M.D.
Clinical Instructor, Ophthalmology
School of Medicine
University of Pittsburgh

Footnote: Capitol hill

My thanks to Wright Morris for his delightful "How I Met Joseph Mulligan, Jr." in the February issue. Our house was at the base of the Capitol Avenue hill where Joe Mulligan lived. I didn't know the Mulligan family, but I certainly knew that hill! Down it came not only roaring toboggans in the winter time, but driverless cars that hadn't been securely braked and bootleg hooch when the federal agents occasionally raided a house halfway up the hill.

The whole area was my beat as [illegible] and I thank Mr. Morris for paint[ing] picture for me again. The hill is [illegible] all bulldozed away for a grand [illegible] state highway clover leaf. . . .

ROBERT [illegible]
Decatur, [illegible]

See... if his hair's hangin[g]

Bless Pat yew all, somebody t[ell] Shrake feller ["The Land of th[e] manent Wave," by Edwin Shrak[e] J. uary] he don't need to explain [it] han to we-uns. Purt near ever ho[me] got a Color TV even if the Holi[day] don't, and he's on it right ofte[n] just the other Sunday I came i[n] church and turned on the TV [and] biled my collard greens and I se[e] Seems like his hair was kinde[a] and might nigh as purty as his[n]

SARAH [illegible]
Gilmer, Texas (north of [illegible]

H[o]

In his article "Notes from the [un]ground" in the February issu[e] Fischer correctly notes the quiet[y] tion now going forward in Ne[w] State in the proposals of the St[ate] ated Urban Development Corp[ora] to cut through local restrictions [and] improve existing communities [or] create new ones. The Corporatio[n] deed brought a new concept to [the] ment in the State.

The article, however, missta[tes] situation with regard to fund[ing] Corporation's projects and [in] the role of the New York State [Div] of Housing & Community Rene[wal] the Housing Finance Agency. W[hile] Corporation has the authoriza[tion] issue its own bonds, it has in[dic]ated that it does not presently inten[d] ercise this option. Rather, it [has] mitted or will soon submit s[ix] projects with 9,300 apartments [for] proval by the Division of Ho[using] Community Renewal. The Divi[sion] cidentally, was instrumental in [the] tablishment of the Corporation [and] was designed to serve as a housi[ng] source in a vein similar to [the] more about than the sponsor[ing] 101 projects with which the Di[vision] already involved. . . .

CHARLES J. [illegible]
Commissioner, Division of [Housing]
& Community [Renewal]
State of N[ew York]

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AIR FRANCE
le bon voyage

John Fischer

THE EASY CHAIR

How I got radicalized: the making of an agitator for Zero

To my astonishment, the political convictions that I had cherished for most of my life have suddenly deserted me. Like my children, these were convictions I loved dearly and had nurtured at considerable expense. When last seen they were—like all of us—somewhat battered by the events of the last decade, but they looked durable enough to last out my time. So I was disconcerted when I found that somehow, during the past winter, they sort of melted away, without my consent and while I was looking somewhere else.

Their place has been usurped by a new set of convictions so radical that they alarm me. If the opposite kind of thing had happened, I would have felt a little melancholy but not surprised, since people traditionally grow more conservative as they get older. But to discover that one has suddenly turned into a militant subversive is downright embarrassing: at times I wonder whether it signals the onset of second childhood.

Except that I seem to be a lot more radical than the children. Those SDS youngsters who go around breaking windows and clubbing policemen now merely depress me with their frivolous irrelevance. So do most other varieties of New Leftists, such as the Women's Liberation movement: if some dire accident should, God forbid, throw one of those ladies into my clutches, she can be sure of instant liberation. I am equally out of tune with those old fogies, the Communists. The differences between capitalism and Communism no longer seem to me worth fighting about, or even arguing, since they are both wrong and beside the point. Or so it seems to me, since the New Vision hit me on my own small road to Damascus.

Let me make it plain that none of this was my doing. I feel as Charles Darwin must have felt during the last leg of his voyage on the *Beagle*. When he embarked he had been a conventional (if slightly lackadaisical) Christian, who took the literal truth of Genesis for granted. He had been raised in that faith, as I was raised a Brass Collar Democrat, and had no thought of forsaking it. Only gradually, while he examined fossil shellfish high in the Andes and measured the growth of coral deposits and the bills of Galapagos finches, did he begin to doubt that the earth and all its inhabitants had been created in six days of October, 4004 B.C., according to the pious calculations of Archbishop James Ussher. By the time he got back to England, he found himself a reluctant evolutionist, soon to be damned as a heretic and underminer of the Established Church. This was not his fault. It was the fault of those damned finches.

Recently I too have been looking at finches, so to speak, although mine are mostly statistical and not nearly as pretty as Darwin's. His gave him a hint about the way the earth's creatures came into being; mine, to my terror, seem to hint at the way they may go out. While I am by no means an uncritical admirer of the human race, I have become rather fond of it, and would hate to see it disappear. Finding ways to save it—if we are not too late already—now strikes me as the political issue which takes precedence over all others.

One of the events which led to my conversion was my unexpected appointment to a committee set up by Governor John Dempsey of Connecticut to work out an environmental policy for our state. Now I had been fretting for quite a while about what is happening to our environment—who hasn't?—but until the work of the committee forced me into systematic study, I had not realized that my political convictions were in danger. Then after looking at certain hairy facts for a few months, I found myself convinced that the Democratic party, and most of our institutions of government, and even the American Way of Life are no damned good. In their present forms, at least, they will have to go. Either that, or everybody goes—and sooner than we think.

To begin with, look at the American Way of Life. Its essence is a [illegible] growth. Every Chamber of C[illegible] is bent on making its Podunk [illegible] the Biggest Little City in the [illegible] Wall Street is dedicated to its s[illegible] growth stocks, so that Xerox [illegible] come the American ideal—sup[illegible] George Washington, who exp[illegible] faith in growth by speculating [illegible] Each year Detroit prays for "big[illegible] car market. Businessmen spe[illegible] lives in pursuit of an annual in[illegible] sales, assets, and net profits. [illegible] wives—except for a few slattern[illegible] ambition—yearn for bigger ho[illegible] ger cars, and bigger salary ch[illegible] one national goal that everybo[illegible] on is an ever-growing Gross [illegible] Product. Our modern priesth[illegible] economists who reassure us [illegible] mystic impulses are moral an[illegible] recently announced that the GN[illegible] reach a trillion dollars early in [illegible] ade. I don't really understan[illegible] trillion is, but when I read th[illegible] rejoiced, along with everyb[illegible] Surely that means that we wer[illegible] of ending poverty, for the firs[illegible] human history, so that nobo[illegible] ever again need to go hungry [illegible] a slum.

Now I know better. In th[illegible] months I have come to unders[illegible] a zooming Gross National Pro[illegible] not to salvation, but to suicide [illegible] a continuing growth in po[illegible] highway mileage, kilowatts, pla[illegible] steel tonnage, or anything else [illegible] to name.

The most important lesson [illegible] learned shamefully late was [illegible] stop growth just isn't poss[illegible] Americans or anybody else. F[illegible] in what I've learned to recog[illegible] tight ecological system: a [illegible] planet with a strictly limited [illegible] everything, including air, wa[illegible] places to dump sewage. There [illegible] ceivable way in which it can [illegible] bigger. If Homo sapiens insis[illegible] stant growth, within this sy[illegible] elastic walls, something has t[illegible] smother. Already the United St[illegible] overpopulated country: not [illegible] lessly overcrowded as Japan [illegible] of course, but well beyond t[illegible]

This month Mr. Fischer takes a new look at the kind of world discussed in his controversial Easy Chair column, "Survival U," published last October.





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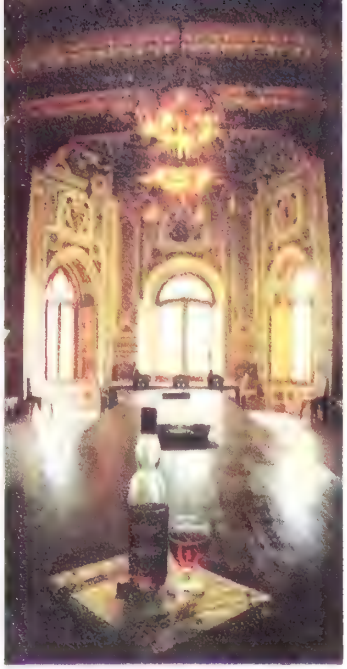


But Baron Ricasoli doesn't think his wines are just for Barons. He is so glad there is enough for everyone now. He wants everyone to learn the incredible delicacy of his dry, white Soave. Recognize the crisp, fragrant difference of his white Bianco. Study the bright, ripe individuality of his red Bardolino. Know the exact moment to enjoy his fuller, red Valpolicella. Find the wines you like, then eat what you like with them.

Of course, Barons had a lot of time to meditate on the subtle differences between these exquisite wines. That's why nobody could tell Barons what to eat with them. They knew. Soon you'll act like a regular Baron and tear up the rule book, too. Isn't red Bardolino perfect with fish?"

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L NOW THE ITALIANS DRANK ALL OF
RON RICASOLI'S WINES THEMSELVES

which would make a good life attainable for everybody. Stewart Udall, former Secretary of Interior and now a practicing ecologist, has estimated that the optimum population for America would be about 100 million, or half of our present numbers. And unless we do something, drastic and fast, we can expect another 100 million within the next thirty years.

So our prime national goal, I am now convinced, should be to reach Zero Growth Rate as soon as possible. Zero growth in people, in GNP, and in our consumption of everything. That is the only hope of attaining a stable ecology: that is, of halting the deterioration of the environment on which our lives depend.

This of course is a profoundly subversive notion. It runs squarely against the grain of both capitalism and the American dream. It is equally subversive of Communism, since the Communists are just as hooked on the idea of perpetual growth as any American businessman. Indeed, when Khrushchev was top man in the Kremlin, he proclaimed that 1970 would be the year in which the Russians would surpass the United States in output of goods. They didn't make it: a fact for which their future generations may be grateful, because their environment is just as fragile as ours, and as easily damaged by headlong expansion. If you think the Hudson River and Lake Erie are unique examples of pollution, take a look at the Volga and Lake Baikal.

No political party, here or abroad, has yet even considered adopting Zero Growth Rate as the chief plank in its platform. Neither has any politician dared to speak out loud about what "protection of the environment" really means—although practically all of them seem to have realized, all of a sudden, that it is becoming an issue they can't ignore. So far, most of them have tried to handle it with sweetly platitudes, while keeping their eyes tightly closed to the implications of what they say. In his January State of the Union message, for instance, President Nixon made the customary noises about pollution; but he never even mentioned the population explosion, and he specifically denied that there is any "fundamental contradiction between economic growth and the quality of life." He sounded about as convincing as a doctor telling a cancer patient not to worry about the growth of his tumor.

The Democrats are no better. I have not heard any of them demanding a halt to all immigration, or a steeply progressive income tax on each child beyond two, or an annual bounty to every woman between the ages of fifteen and forty-five who gets through the year without becoming pregnant. Neither Ted Sorensen nor any of the other Kennedy henchmen has yet suggested that a politician with a big family is a space-hog and a hypocrite, unworthy of public trust. No Democrat, to my knowledge, has ever endorsed the views of Dr. René Dubos of Rockefeller University, one of the truly wise men of our time. In an editorial in the November 14, 1969, issue of *Science* he predicted that in order to survive, "mankind will have to develop what might be called a steady state... a nearly closed system" in which most materials from tin cans to sewage would be "recycled instead of discarded." His conclusion—that a viable future depends on the creation of "social and economic systems different from the ones in which we live today"—apparently is too radical for any politician I know.

Consequently I feel a little lonesome in my newfound political convictions. The only organization which seems to share them is a tiny one, founded only a few months ago: Zero Population Growth, Inc., with headquarters at 367 State Street, Los Altos, California 94022. Yet I have a hunch that I may not be lonesome for long. Among college students a concern with ecology has become, almost overnight, nearly as popular as sideburns. On many campuses it seems to be succeeding civil rights and Vietnam as The Movement. For example, when the University of Oregon announced last January a new course, "Can Man Survive?", it drew six thousand students, the biggest class in the university's history. They had to meet in the basketball court because no classroom would hold them.

Who knows? Maybe we agitators for Zero may yet turn out to be the wave of the future.

At the same time I was losing my faith in the virtues of growth, I began to doubt two other articles of the American credo.

One of them is the belief that technology can fix anything. Like most of us, I had always taken it for granted that any problem could be solved if we just applied enough science, money, and good old American know-how. Is the world's population outrunning [illegible] supply? Well, then, let's put th[illegible] tories to work inventing h[illegible] strains of rice and wheat, b[illegible] tilizers, ways to harvest [illegible] hydroponic methods for grow[illegible] without soil. If the air is beco[illegible] breathable, surely the technolo[illegible] find ways to clean it up. If our [illegible] tation system is a national [illegible] all we have to do is call in the [illegible] men who built a shuttle servi[illegible] moon: certainly they should b[illegible] figure out some way to get a tr[illegible] New York to New Haven on ti[illegible]

I was in East Haddam, Co[illegible] looking at an atomic power pl[illegible] I began to suspect that technolo[illegible] not be the answer after all. I can't go along with the young [illegible] who have decided that science i[illegible] that all inventions since the wh[illegible] to be destroyed. I am persua[illegible] technology is a servant of onl[illegible] usefulness, and highly unreliab[illegible] it does solve a problem, it ofte[illegible] two new ones—and their side e[illegible] usually hard to foresee.

One of the things that brou[illegible] East Haddam was curiosity [illegible] automobile. Since the gasoli[illegible] is the main polluter of the ai[illegible] it should be replaced with som[illegible] electric motor? That of cou[illegible] require an immense increase i[illegible] duction of electric power, in [illegible] recharge ten million batteri[illegible] night. Where would it come fr[illegible] tually all waterpower sites al[illegible] in use. More coal- and oil-fir[illegible] stations don't sound like a g[illegible] since they too pour smoke in[illegible] mosphere, and coal mining al[illegible] ruined countless streams and [illegible] of thousands of acres of irre[illegible] land. Atomic power, then?

At first glance, the East [illegible] plant, which is fairly typical o[illegible] technology, looked encouragi[illegible] not as painful an eyesore as [illegible] ing stations, and not a wisp [illegible] was in sight. When I began to [illegible] tions, however, the company [illegible] relations man admitted that th[illegible] few little problems. For one [illegible] plant's innards are cooled w[illegible] pumped out of the Connecti[illegible] When it flows back in, this wa[illegible] the river's temperature by abo[illegible] degrees, for a considerable dist[illegible] parently this has not yet done [illegible] ous damage to the shad, the [illegible] kept under careful surveillan[illegible] effect on other fish and algae, [illegible] microorganisms, and the gen[illegible]

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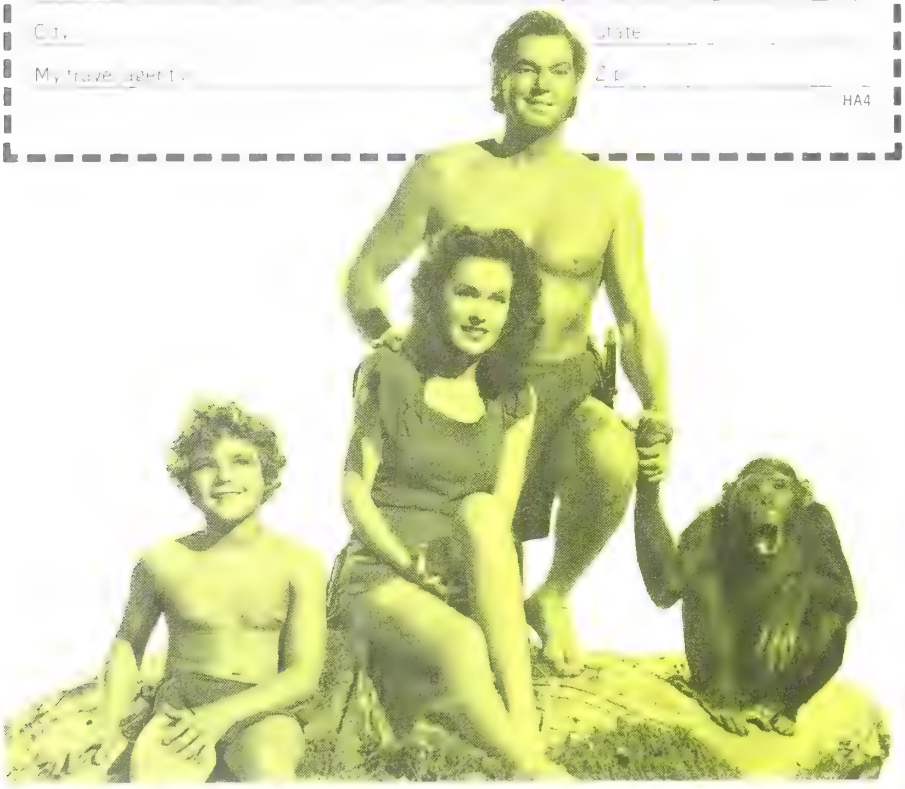
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ogy of the river is substantial and still unmeasured.

It would be possible, though ex- sive, for the company to build cool towers, where the water would run over a series of baffles before return to the river. In the process it would lose its heat to the atmosphere. But this, in turn, threatens climatic changes as banks of artificial fog rolling eastward over Long Island Sound, and serious wastage of water through evaporation from a river system where water already is in precarious supply. Moreover, neither this process nor any other now known would eliminate the slight but not negligible radiation which every atomic plant throws off, not to remote but still omnipresent chance of a nuclear accident which could take thousands of lives. The building of an additional twenty plants along the banks of the Connecticut—which some estimates call for, in order to meet the demand for electricity—would be a real invitation to an ecological disaster.

In the end I began to suspect that there is no harmless way to meet the demands for power of a rising population, with rising living standards—not less for a new herd of millions of electric cars. Every additional kilowatt will exact some tax upon the environment, one form or another. The Fourth Law of Thermodynamics seems to be: "There is no free lunch."

Every time you look at one of the marvels of modern technology you find a by-product—unintended, unpredictable, and often lethal. Since World War II American agriculture has performed miracles in increasing production. One result was that we were able for years to send a shipload of free grain every day to India, saving millions from starvation. The by-products were: the steady rise in India's population; the poisoning of our streams and soil with insecticides and chemical fertilizers; (3) the forced migration of some ten million people from the countryside to city slums, as agriculture became more efficient it no longer needed their labor.

Again, the jet plane is an unquestionable convenience, capable of whisking a New Yorker, say, to either the French Riviera or Southern California in a fraction of the time he could travel by train or car, and at lower cost. But when he reaches his destination, the passenger finds the beaches coated with oil that was intended to fuel planes, if it hadn't spoiled and the air thick with smog (than

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g cars with big engines are more ul, and the more power and accel- you have, the better.

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3) Finally, big cars are supposed to ride better and be more comfortable than smaller cars, which may be true of limousines compared to dune buggies, but hardly of outsized sedans compared to the 3500S.

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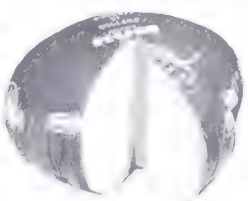
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Stamford, Conn. 06905

good part to the jets, each of which spews out as much hydrocarbon as ten thousand automobiles).

Moreover, technology works best on things nobody really needs, such as collecting moon rocks or building supersonic transport planes. Whenever we try to apply it to something serious, it usually falls on its face.

An obvious case in point is the railroads. We already have the technology to build fast, comfortable, passenger trains. Such trains are, in fact, already in operation in Japan, Italy, and a few other countries. Experimental samples —the Metroliners and Turbotrains—also are running with spectacular success between Washington and Boston. If we had enough of them to handle commuter and middle-distance traffic throughout the country, we could stop building the highways and airports which disfigure our countryside, reduce the number of automobiles contaminating the air, and solve many problems of urban congestion. But so far we have not been able to apply the relatively simple technology needed to accomplish these aims, because some tough political decisions have to be made before we can unleash the scientists and engineers. We would have to divert to the railroads many of the billions in subsidy which we now lavish on highways and air routes. We would have to get rid of our present railway management in general, the most incompetent in American industry and retire the doddering old codgers of the Railway Brotherhoods who make such a mess out of running our trains. This might mean public ownership of a good many rail lines. It certainly would mean all-out war with the unions, the auto and aviation industries, and the highway lobby. It would mean ruthless application of the No Growth principle to roads, cars, and planes, while we make sensible use instead of something we already have: some 20,000 miles of railways.

All this requires political action, of the most radical kind. Until our Great Slob Society is willing to take it, technology is helpless.

My final apostasy from the American Creed was loss of faith in private property. I am now persuaded that there no longer is such a thing as truly private property, at least in land. That was a luxury we could afford only when the continent was sparsely settled. Today the use a man makes of his land cannot be left to his private decision alone, since eventually it is bou to affect everybody else. This conclus reached in anguish, since I own a patch of land and value its pr above anything money can buy.

What radicalized me on this was the Department of Agricultur Dr. Ian McHarg. From those dul umes of statistics which the Depar publishes from time to time, I di ered that usable land is fast becom scarce resource—and that we are ing it with an almost criminal la foresight. Every year, more than lion acres of farm and forest la being eaten up by highways, air reservoirs, and real-estate developm The best, too, in most cases, sinc rich, flat bottom lands are the tempting to developers.

Since America is, for the mo producing a surplus of many crops destruction of farmland has no caused much public alarm. But day, not too far off, the rising cu population and the falling curve of growing land inevitably are goi intersect. That is the day when we beg in to understand what hunger m

Long before that, however, we m gasping for breath. For green plan our only source of oxygen. The are the great purifiers of the sphere, since in the process of phot thesis they absorb carbon dioxid assignment which gets harder day, as our chimneys and exhaust spew out ever-bigger tonnage of c gases. This is a function not on trees and grass, but also of the microorganisms in the sea. Inde phytoplankton produces some 7 cent of all the oxygen on which li pends. These are delicate little crea easily killed by the sewage, chem and oil wastes which already are taminating every ocean in the Nobody knows when the scale wi when there are no longer enough growing things to preserve the balanced mixture of gases in the sphere, by absorbing carbon dioxi generating oxygen. All we know i man is pressing down hard on the end of the scale.

The Survivable Society, if we a to construct it, will no longer pe farmer to convert his meadow parking lot any time he likes. H have to understand that his quick may, quite literally, take the bre of his grandchildren's mouths, a oxygen from their lungs. For the recreations, housing developments w be located where they suit the wh

ate speculator or even the con-
of the residents. They will have
a those few carefully chosen
re they will do the least damage
ndscape, and to the life-giving
which it supports.

s one of the lessons taught by
arg in his extraordinary book,
With Nature, recently published
al History Press. Alas, its price.
will keep it from reaching the
no need it most. It ought to be
l into a pocket-size volume—
perhaps, "The Thoughts of
—and distributed free in every
d supermarket.

rrent excitement about the en-
ment will not come to much. I
l, unless it radicalizes millions
icans. The conservative ideas
by President Nixon—spending
billion for sewage-treatment
d abatement of air pollution—
even begin to create the Sur-
ociety. That can be brought
y by radical political action—
nough to change the whole
of government, the economy,
ational goals.

ne Survivable State will work
ing I cannot guess; its design
for the coming generation of
scientists. The radical vision
ever, give us a glimpse of what
ook like. It will measure every
every dollar of investment by
al yardstick: Will this help
plish a zero rate of growth
bilized environment? It will
cal of technology, including
entions which purport to help
our earthly mess. Accord-
ill have an Anti-Patent Office.
l forbid the use of any tech-
discovery until the Office fig-
fairly precisely what its side
ght be. (If they can't be fore-
the invention goes into deep
he use of land, water, and air
e left to private decision, since
ervation will be recognized as
rust. The landlord whose in-
smokes will be pilloried; the
pper who flushes his oil tanks
be hanged at the nearest yard-
the capital crime of oxygen
n. On the other hand, the gar-
stand at the top of the social
, and the citizen who razes a
et and plants its acreage in
be proclaimed a Hero of the
I won't live to see the day, of
t I hope somebody will. □

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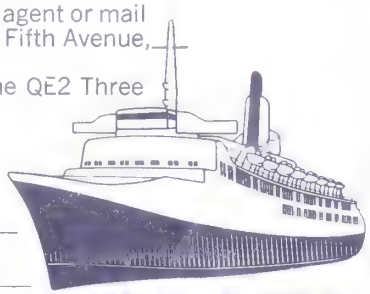
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16



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we let you make your own schedule, body telling you what to do.

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n such a tour, you'd be alone without nely. Because we've arranged for to give you advice in every city. They e you directions, tell you where to od meal, or help you rent a car.



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Russell Lynes

AFTER HOURS

Usage, precise and otherwise

Sol Polk, a merchant with a chain of appliance stores in Chicago, is an American history buff who has recently, I gather, become a word buff* as well. In his office is a well-thumbed set of *American Heritage* magazine, a hardcover, highly illustrated confection of nostalgia and hard history. Such is Mr. Polk's enthusiasm for this publication that when *The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language* was published last autumn, he advertised that he would give a copy of it free to each purchaser of a major appliance. "He has disposed of over thirty thousand copies," William Morris, the editor of the dictionary, informed me.

I was glad to hear this item of cultural news because I have an interest (I wish I could say a *proprietary* interest) in this particular dictionary, which now is high on the best-seller lists. My interest was engaged by a letter several years ago asking if I would serve on a "usage panel" composed of a hundred or so persons who, like me, are in what might loosely be called "the word business." I accepted somewhat hesitantly (I do not regard myself as an authority), but I was flattered to be asked, and I am glad I said yes. The usage panel never met, but every month or so I received a questionnaire from Mr. Morris, and rather than being chores to fill out, his questionnaires were extremely entertaining. I should have answered them at once and sent them straight back, but I kept each one until a small group of friends could be got to sit still for a few minutes, and then I would try the questions on them. Out popped prejudices, niceties, quibbles, and convictions. Some were stuffy (by my standards), some were permissive beyond propriety (by my standards), but few did not take a strong stand. It became evident that some of those who are most precise and correct in their own speech were relaxed and tolerant of the casual usage of others. Some whose speech was slangy were fiercely correct when it came to opinions about the written word, which suggested that their slang was an affectation, not a natural manner of speech . . . an example of what has been called "the mucker pose."*

Before testing your tolerance on one of Mr. Morris' questionnaires (which is printed below with his permission) let me report to you a few facts about the dictionary which were imparted to me by Mr. Morris and Bruce W. Bohle, the Usage Editor of the volume.

Work on the dictionary started in May 1964, and it was published just a little over five years later. The editorial staff numbered (though the number was not constant) between fifty and sixty men and women writing definitions, collecting pictures, editing, researching, fussing, corresponding, disputing. The dictionary cost roughly $4 million for editorial and so-called "plant costs" (*i.e.* cuts of pictures, composition, and other things not including printing). The dictionary has been computerized—which means that its text is punched on tapes from which composition machines set the type. ("Do you understand what I mean?" Mr. Morris asked me. "I think so," I said, "but I'm not quite sure." "I'm not quite sure either," Mr. Morris said.) The tapes can be corrected to make alterations in new editions. "You can just clip the tape and put new material in," Mr. Morris said. The number of copies printed (or the "run" as it is called) was "a minimum of half a million and a maximum of about six hundred thousand."

"The life of a dictionary," Mr. Morris said, "is about ten years." But that does not mean that each new edition as it is produced does not have new material in it because, as he said, "The language is growing so fast. Think of the flood of new technical words alone."

The changes that are most likely to educe frantic arguments among laymen are those of usage. "The language is a living thing and change is inevitable and healthy," says one group. "The language is going to hell in a mire of sloppiness," says another. Where there was dispute among the members of the usage panel, the results are pri ed the dictionary with the percent es approval and disapproval. Here s o of the questionnaires. I suggest t t y write in your answers. On page s y will find a table of how the pane ote

NO. 9 BALLOT FOR USAGE : NE

The following topics pose fre ent encountered problems in usage. lea indicate your opinion in each e l checking the appropriate spa V realize that your preferences n n fit readily into a "yes" or "n cat gory, so we shall welcome you co ments in the column provided th purpose, or at the end of the ba t.

By "would you accept?" in e amples stated here, we mean th as writer or speaker, as the case ly would you use the word or ph se this sense? As an editor, wou y pass it willingly? As a listene con you hear it without being vex "acceptable in writing" we l e mind the large body of writing we the extremes of conscious forma y a diplomatic paper, for examp a the deliberate informality and i for effect characteristic of muc ct (as in dialogue designed to e bl character) and humorous nonfi on

In every case we are primari int ested in determining standards o sa not in the refinements of style, obviously the two are related.

QUERIES

1. Unique, according to most el tions, is an absolute term, one th d not permit comparison or quali s Like other absolutes, however, s quently given liberal interpreta n book is termed "rather uniqu n random example; in another, t unusual of a rare species of ans referred to as "the most uniqu the examples acceptable?

Yes N

2. Upcoming frequently appe adjective in the sense of comin coming, approaching, as in the ing election. Is this acceptable i usage? Yes N

buff (buf) *n. Informal.* One who is enthusiastic and knowledgeable about a given subject: *a Civil War buff.* [Originally a New York volunteer fireman, hence an enthusiast, from the firemen's buff uniforms.]" *The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language* (published by American Heritage Publishing Co., and Houghton Mifflin).

*The word *mucker* unaccountably does not appear in *The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language.*

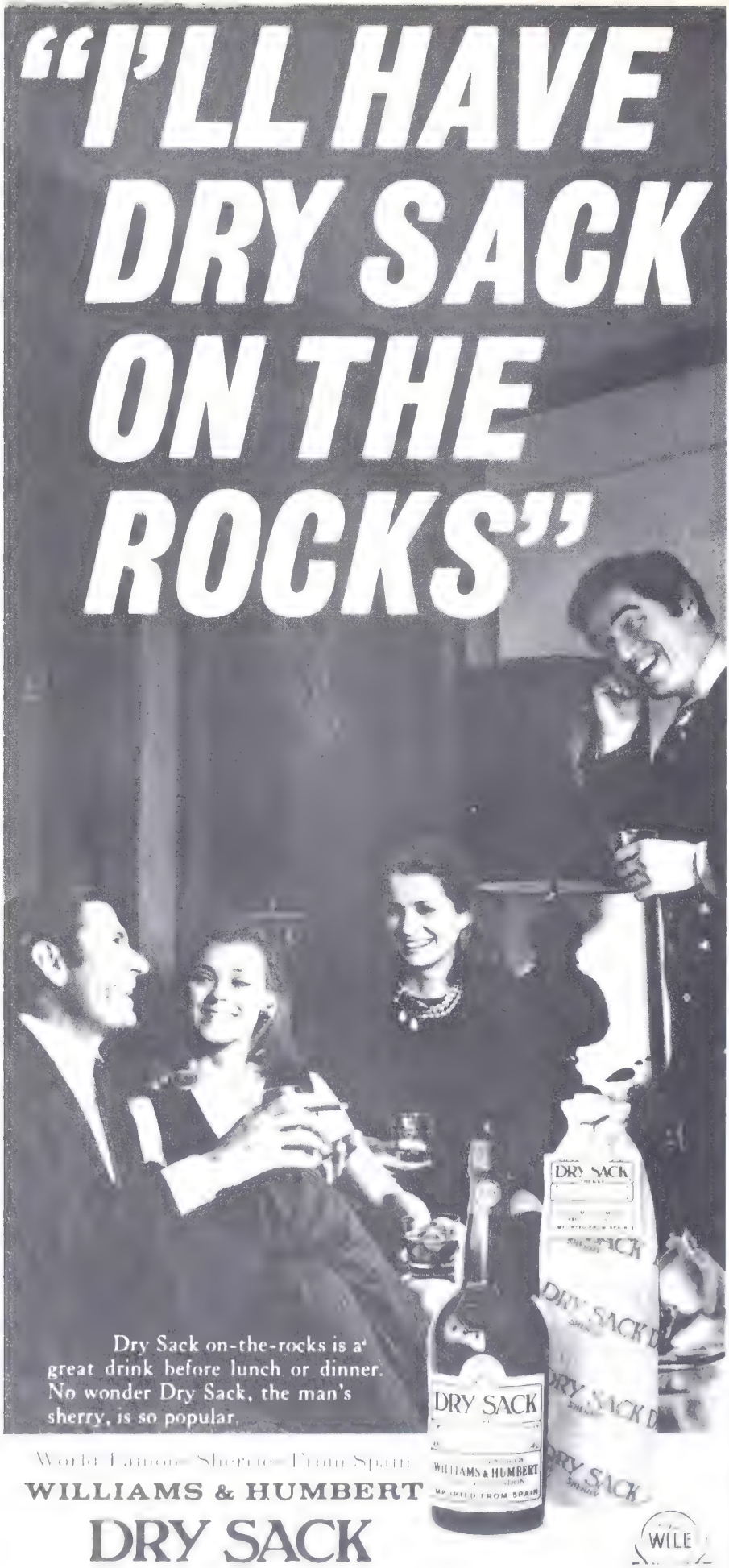
Mr. Lynes is the author of The T ers *and other books, and preside MacDowell Colony.*

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3. Unexceptionable means no ...pe... to objection, above reproach. So ... cent sources attribute the same s... unexceptional (which primarily ... to that which constitutes no exc... to a rule or to what permits no ... tion). Would you accept unexce... in the sense set forth on the top li...

Yes N...

4. Upward of (or upwards of) ...ge... erally defined as in excess of, mor... ha... According to one recent source th... co... struction also may mean a bit les... ha... about, almost. Are the latter sens... no... acceptable? Yes N...

5. The plural noun savings a... ea... most often with reference to p... on... resources (such as the content ... bank account). Sometimes it is ... se... preceded by a, in referring to p... chase: the price represents a sav... s... $10. Is this acceptable in writin...

Yes N...

6. The verb commentate has ... ad... recent revival. Is it acceptable in ... lowing examples?

A. Intransitively, to serve ... o... mentator: "Mr. Morgan comm... each weekday at 7:15 p.m."

Yes N...

B. Transitively, to give ... mentary on: "A famous designe... mentated the fashion show."

Yes N...

7. Various is generally define... as an adjective. Sometimes it is ... as a pronoun or as a noun m... several different persons or thing... spoke to various of them." Is th... acceptable in writing?

Yes N...

8. Some grammarians conte... the adverb very should never ... qualify a past participle used ... tively in passive constructions ... they disapprove of He was ver... and We shall be very pleased. ... view very much or much are the ... modifiers in such construction... when those terms do not fit, reca... necessary. More recently, many ... and speakers have rejected suc... tinction outright. Others follow a ... course, restricting very to par... that are in common use as adj... and suggesting the following ... test: can the participle be used ... as an attributive adjective (tha... fore a noun, as tired man)? W... participle seems not to have ... basic identity as a verb, they ave... Are the following examples ac... in written usage?

A. "He seemed very wor...

Yes ...

"She was very disliked by her
." Yes No
"We were very inconvenienced
ew ruling." Yes No
"Please call us if you are very
" Yes No
e preposition via is used prin-
n a geographical sense, pertain-
route: travel to New Orleans via
s.
It is also used to indicate means
l: go via train. Is the example
le to you? Yes No
Via is employed, as well, to in-
any medium or agency (not
ng to travel): follow the news
vision, succeed via informal
cy. Is such usage acceptable?
Yes No
viewpoint an acceptable vari-
of point of view?
Yes No
he following examples of the
ive involve statements that are
ical or contrary to actual fact.
were is employed in every
uld you accept the examples
in place of were?
"I wish that it were com-
Yes No
"Suppose that what we agree
rumor were a fact?"
Yes No
"If the situation were more
, we could begin."
Yes No
"He spoke as though every-
e settled." Yes No
ence (from what place, source,
on; from which) is often pre-
from. Technically such usage
redundancy, but it has ap-
the works of noted authors.
u accept this example: "injus-
n whence revolts spring"?
Yes No
iters on usage differ widely on
sibility of clauses introduced
hich that are not preceded by
which. Consider the follow-
uple, which employs parallel
The building, which is still in
dition, and which contains
icles of historic interest, will
l on the tour." It could be
"The building, still in good
, and which contains many
f historic interest, will be
the tour." Is the second ver-
ptable? (Similar examples
lve but which, and who, and
Yes No
ich is sometimes used to refer
an entire clause or sentence
an to a single word: "She





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State ____ Zip _____ Phone: _____

ignored him, which proved
Where no ambiguity results,
constructions acceptable in
usage? Yes

15. The conjunction while is
primarily with reference to tim
several secondary senses, not re
time, which are sometimes ma
cording to level of usage. Are
lowing examples acceptable in

A. Sense of although: "W
hate force, we recognize the
law and order." Yes

B. Sense of whereas or
plying contrast or opposition
colonists imported their weapo
the Indians produced their ow
Yes

C. As a variant of and:
English, his wife is French, w
business associate is German."
Yes

16. Whose, which refers to
is also used as the possessive
in referring to things, especial
of which seems cumbersome
play, whose style is rigidly fo
typical of the period" (contras
"The play, the style of which is
formal..."). Is whose accep
such an example? Yes

17. The construction the rea
is commonly used, though red
"The reason why he opposed th
nation is not clear." Would yo
the foregoing example in writi
Yes

18. The following involve
between who and whom.

A. "Who did you mee
ceptable in speech? Yes

B. Is the example accep
writing? Yes

C. "He wants to know
should speak to." Is this accep
speech? Yes

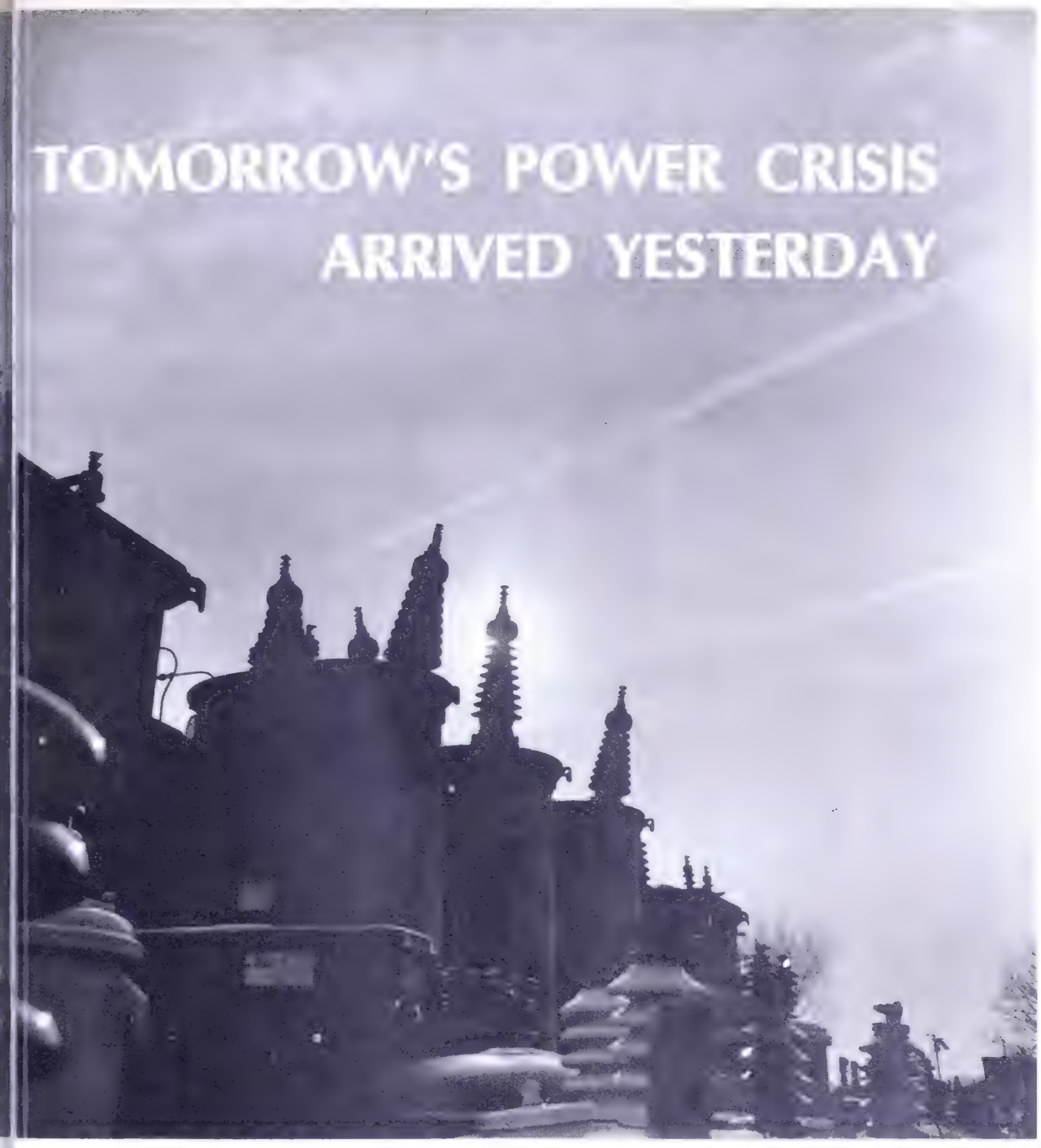
D. Is example C accept
writing? Yes

E. "He interviewed a gir
he thinks will be excellent in th
Is this acceptable in speech?
Yes

F. Is example E accept
writing? Yes

19. The combining form -w
duces adverbs denoting manner
from: lengthwise, edgewise. M
cently -wise has been added to
form adverbs of reference (exp
with regard to), such as dollarw
populationwise. Thus, "Taxwi
an attractive arrangement." "
port is not encouraging saleswi
the examples of newer usage ac
to you? Yes

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Larry L. King

WASHINGTON REPORT

LBJ's secret brother meditates on history

Few outside Texas or select Washington circles knew in his old days of power that Lyndon Johnson had a brother. Given patience, good legs, and a woodsman's knowledge of many endless dim corridors, however, you could find Sam Houston Johnson somewhere in the catacombs of the Old Senate Office Building. I first made the trip one morning in the mid-1950s, coming over from my new job on the House side of Capitol Hill as assistant to a Texas Congressman, intrigued by the news that our Senate Majority Leader kept a secret brother in the basement.

The event provided unique high adventure to one so newly arrived from the provinces. Most young men who abandon their native villages for the sources of power are no strangers to ambition; second-banana politicians certainly are no exceptions. I was anxious to take an accurate reading on the Great Man's brother (who might, even from subterrestrial stations, somehow prove useful in a future political battle) and so I approached his undistinguished little alcove more than moderately alert.

Sam Johnson looked up from a long government-issue table heaped with yellowing old Texas newspapers, from which he had been clipping mysterious items. He had a vexed look, as if irritated at having to direct yet another damnfool lost tourist to more celebrated Washington landmarks. I was momentarily in confusion: Sam Johnson in that instant so strongly resembled his famous brother that for one flashing moment I feared I had intruded on a private retreat while LBJ was personally bringing his scrapbook up to date. When Sam understood that the visitor had actually sought him out, however, friendly lights blinked in his face. He seemed almost pathetically grateful for someone to talk with, and within five minutes had challenged me to luncheon drinks. We would share the cup a fair number of times over the next decade, and I would learn that Sam had inherited the Johnsonian love of good political talk and a midnight fascination with the telephone.

One night Sam telephoned to ask that I "get in touch with Lyndon" for him. Well, hell—I said—if the Senate Majority Leader's blood brother couldn't get through, how was a rinky-dink to make connections? "Lyndon won't come to the phone if he knows it's me," Sam complained. "Walter Hornaday of the *Dallas News* has been wantin' to write a feature story on me for two years. I kept on discouragin' him because Lyndon expects me to hide my light under a damn bushel. Well, Walter wrote the story anyway. As soon as Lyndon got ahold of the damn thang, he called up to cuss me for hoggin' the headlines—then he hung up on me. He won't return my calls, and all I want is a chance to explain."

Sam was misused more than once. Occasionally, when a visiting Texas grass-roots politician appeared distressed because he wasn't permitted three hours in idle chatter with the Majority Leader, they brought Sam upstairs, put a necktie on him, and soothed the offended by offering up, if not LBJ, then a brother who looked like him.

At the start of LBJ's career in the 1930s, and for some years afterwards, Sam was at the core of the action: campaign assistant, adviser, speech writer, pal. As LBJ's star ascended, however, Sam's did not always keep pace. Although he was a paid member of LBJ's Senate staff, he was seen and heard less and less as Walter Jenkins, John Connally, Horace Busby, Booth Mooney, George Reedy, and eventually Bill Moyers proved unusually skilled at office politics. While LBJ wheeler-dealered in his ornate Capitol suite of crystal chandeliers and gold-embossed doorknobs (where a bigger-than-God oil portrait of himself caught the indirect light in a flattering way) Sam, a solitary and rather shadowy figure, accomplished grub work in a series of gray rooms without even a snapshot of himself on display.

One wondered, back then, what natural juices of frustration or ev[illegible] erly rage may have coursed [illegible] Sam Johnson. He was often a [illegible] and one night when I introdu[illegible] at a party as "LBJ's first victim[illegible] only six when persuaded that [illegible] was a more politically potent [illegible] Texas than 'Sam Houston' was h[illegible] came very angry. Sam liked to [illegible] it had several times been nec[illegible] save his brother from some [illegible] or tactical mistake. If, howev[illegible] might subtly suggest his own [illegible] ity, or turn his rough Texa[illegible] against LBJ in a private mor[illegible] hackles quickly rose should an[illegible] do the same.

By the time LBJ became Vi[illegible] dent, Sam Houston Johnson li[illegible] in Texas and was rarely seen i[illegible] ington. Sam's absence from [illegible] circles was variously explained [illegible] grown tired of taking Big Brot[illegible] thoritarianism, or Lyndon [illegible] vinced Sam tippled too much a[illegible] serious enough in his purpose [illegible] pended on who told the tale. [illegible] small grasses of truth grew on b[illegible] of the fence: being the junior p[illegible] six years in a sibling relatio[illegible] seldom easy even when one's bi[illegible] has no long-range plans to rule [illegible] World.

Sam Johnson and I spent t[illegible] nedy-Johnson inauguration [illegible] gether, in January of 1961, at t[illegible] of mutual friends. Late in the [illegible] with a record snowstorm blow[illegible] side. LBJ telephoned hot co[illegible] that Sam had not chosen to jo[illegible] family members for the night. [illegible] it, Sam, all the *Kennedys* are t[illegible] LBJ invoked as an appeal to [illegible] Though Sam rarely defied Ly[illegible] those days, on this night he r[illegible] unimpressed. At ease in cowbo[illegible] and an old dressing gown, h[illegible] clam chowder with satisfying s[illegible] fects while LBJ raved. Sam fi[illegible] plied that the inaugural ceremo[illegible] attracted him "only because you [illegible] it was a damned must," going [illegible] ment his required presence on th[illegible]

Mr. King, who is a Nieman Fellow at Harvard this year and a contributing editor of Harper's, has kept an eye on his fellow Texans in Washington since 1954.



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platform "in a silly top hat and ass-deep in snow, but without a damn thang to drink." When LBJ hung up dissatisfied (thinking, perhaps, that goddamnit here he wasn't even *sworn in* to the powerless vacuum that was the Vice Presidency, and mutiny already had extended even into family ranks), Sam proposed an enthusiastic toast to an overnight blizzard grand enough to cancel ceremonies required by the Constitution. Distressingly next dawn, however, an LBJ staffer materialized to get Sam into his formal attire and to deliver him to his appointed place, deep in snow and New Frontiersmen.

Washington whispered that on the high-spirited Sam's visits from Texas he was shadowed by LBJ's staff members. I was in Sam's company one afternoon at the bar in the Carroll Arms Hotel when he spotted two of Lyndon's gumshoes at a distant table, looking as if they might give a month's pay for a potted palm to hide behind. Sam asked a waitress to take his guardians complimentary drinks, along with the warning that he planned a big evening. Later Sam would have his own bedroom at the White House, and a dogged Secret Service agent, Mike Howard, whom he enjoyed accusing of stool-pigeoning to the President on Sam's carousing. After his well-supervised outings, Sam frequently crossed his wrists to simulate a prisoner in handcuffs as the limousine bearing him entered the White House gates; sometimes he playfully shouted his desire for rescue to the White House guards. By Sam's own testimony, his big brother not infrequently awaited within to deliver stern little lectures on the dangers of strong drink and stray women, or to grill Sam on his associates: "There were times when I was tempted to tell him I'd been kidnapped by a whore and confined in a cathouse for forty-eight hours, but I resisted the temptation." Once, in the Senate days, when LBJ came in potted from the golf course, he woke Sam and said, "Yes, by God, I want you to take a damned good look at me, Sam Houston. Open your eyes and look at me. Cause I'm drunk, and I want you to see how you look to me, Sam Houston, when you come home drunk."

Still, if Sam sometimes suffered semi-banishment, bedroom lectures, or if he sat alone among stacks of old newspapers while LBJ pressed the flesh of visiting pharaohs or depended on Bobby Baker for his partisan nose counts, he frequently saw his brother on intimate terms. Maybe Sam didn't grin at you from the Huntley-Brinkley show, or you didn't find him quoted by Evans and Novak, but he had opportunity in the privacy of family quarters to serve as a sounding board, to lend an ear, to witness the Presidential mind o[n] bared because, after all, ole Sa[m] blood-kin and burdened Pre[s] must sometimes sit in the da[rk] unload themselves.

Now Frankenstein has come [to] the basement: Sam Johns[on] written a book (*My Brother L[yn]don*, 278 pages long)* about those [in]moments or emotions which eve[n] his brother's own memoirs may [not] to refurbish, fumigate, or ignore. [As] LBJ first heard rumors of his b[ro]ther book, his old friends combed the [con]nections in the publishing world [for] a copy of the manuscript, and Sa[m] had thoughtfully removed himse[lf] Lyndon's board before secretly [the] author) was sought in distant [re]treats. This time, however, it was Sa[m] chose not to receive his b[ro]ther calls."

It is just possible Sam Johns[on] some urgent need to proclaim h[is] identity after all those silent y[ears] LBJ's giant shadow, even if his [life] could be nothing grander than [a] Johnson's backstairs Boswell. Sa[m] have been freed from his White [House] imprisonment, but his book mak[es] he is not yet exorcised of his [old] brother complex. On the one ha[nd] is the classic hero figure, a white [knight] leading a reluctant America to gr[eat]ness although beset by smart-ale[ck] Leaguers, Ho Chi Minh, bearded [be]niks, ambitious "sycophants" [in] White House palace guard, and [a host] of goddamned troublesome Ker[rys] a protector who rescued Sam fro[m] ground bullies and cried real te[ars] seeing his little brother enca[sed] plaster following an accident. [On] other hand, Lyndon appears as a [cheat]ing boy who cheated Sam in a [card] transaction and as a President w[ho] [illegible] "mean moods" but wh[o] ually cheated at dominoes, as [illegible] [illegible] found easy to outwit in gaining [illegible] political information, and as a bu[mpkin] content in "baggy, ready-mad[e] from Sears and Roebuck." Since [much] of the book is a defense of LBJ as [illegible] a war cry against all his detracto[rs]

THE PACK RAT
by Robert Pack

Collector of lost beads, buttons, bird bones,
Catalogue-maker with an eye for glitter,
Litter lover, entrepreneur of waste—
Bits of snail-shell, chips of jugs, red thread,
Blue thread, tinfoil, teeth: fair-minded thief
(Leaving in my pocket when I slept
A pine-cone and two nuts for the dime you stole):
Reasonable romancer, journeying more
Than half a mile to meet a mate, split-eared
Lover with a bitten tail (your mate mates rough),
You [illegible] courtship long, you stick around
When the brood comes, unlike most other rats:
Payer of prices, busy with no dreams,
But brain enough to get along: moderate
Music maker with moderate powers, thumping
The drum of the frightened ground with both hind feet
Or scraping dry leaves till the still woods chirp:
Simple screamer seized by the owl's descent,
One scream and one regret, just one: fellow,
Forebear, survivor, I have lost my way.

es that in Sam's mind The Good
n eventually triumphs over The
yndon. That proposition might
rry on the LBJ Ranch by very
however. The Ranch may note the
pointed dedication of Sam's book
ster described as "my favorite of
nily," which pretty well informs
der who was not.

e are times when Sam tarnishes
3J image even in attempting to
t. In reciting how he contritely
yndon of having double-crossed
school chum on some minor mat-
ars earlier, Sam writes: "He
at me as if I were pulling the
ff an old sore. 'Why in hell do
ant to brood about a little old
ike that?' he said. 'The past has
, and there's no sense harping on
or are the sensitive to be com-
by LBJ's notion that the business
is business, while "culture is the
ss of womenfolk." Here is the
LBJ flying off the handle to a
tive wife who erred in quoting
her's prediction that the John-
llectively would never "amount
mn": " 'To hell with your daddy.'
. 'I wouldn't marry you or any-
the whole damned family.... We
n't need to mix with your family
along.... And you can tell your
that someday I'll be President of
untry. You watch and see.' " Ob-
yndon Johnson in an early Con-
nal race, telephoning his brother
Washington to practice the poli-
deception: " 'Are you sure Sam
n said that?... You actually
him tell Wright Patman that
would be a weak sister?' Since I
d nothing of the sort, I realized
just pretending for the benefit
one listening to his end of the
ation, perhaps some local politi-
o was wavering between Lyndon
ery. The next time he might
with: 'When did Jim Farley tell
essman] Kleberg that Avery was
for outside help?' " Such tales
t inspire schoolboys any more
story of Abe Lincoln jumping
ie window to avoid a tough vote
llinois legislature.

ot consult *My Brother Lyndon*
pecifics of policy decisions. Sam
t often around to hear what
aid to McNamara or what Lyn-
l to Rusk. Sam Johnson's recol-
may prove important to the
long-range purposes, however.
for one thing, he practices no
plomacy than the Black Pan-
nd, for another, LBJ has lately

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given signs that his own memoi
prove little more reliable than t
Farmer's Almanac.

We received (I am afraid f
tory's purposes) LBJ's signal
first of several one-hour CBS-
pearances with Walter Cronkite:
had spent no time or energies
with Bobby Kennedy: why, t
thing the late Senator had said
was. "You're a very courageo
dedicated man"; as a matter
Jack and Bobby's ole daddy ha
up to beg Lyndon Johnson to
candidate back in 19-and-55. ("I
hated Bobby," Sam writes. '
hated Lyndon. Lyndon didn'
Bobby. Bobby didn't trust Lyndo
each of them knew damned well
hated and mistrusted by the o
No, LBJ told Cronkite, being ru
by the McCarthy kiddie-corps i
Hampshire's 1968 primary cont
not one iota to his retirement:
abdicated (like a certain British
for the love of a good woman a
of patriotic reflexes. Furtherm
had never wanted to be Preside
had never sought out power; his
thought had been how to get t
tional monkey off his back and g
to Texas. What had fueled the
Machiavelli through thirty-five
of political head-breaking, cloa
plots, and partisan schemes ha
neither ambitious gases nor t
coals of power. One wishes f
generosity to believe him, for
cally Lyndon B. Johnson is a
statesman, and perhaps he ha
doubted enough for one lifetime
Houston Johnson records enough
contrary to relieve us of the obli
of blind belief in our former Pres
however. We should be grateful
number of scenes unlikely to issu
the LBJ typewriter.

Time: shortly after the co
of the 1964 Democratic Nationa
vention; Sam is attempting to
along with the rest of the nation,
Vice Presidential choice: his
is to suggest a series of candidate
then evaluate the President's rea

"I kinda like Senator Pastore
self," I said. "He made a dam
good speech this evening."

He actually snorted when I
that. "Goddammit, Sam Hous
what in hell's gone wrong with
How could an Italian from a d
state like Rhode Island possibly
me?"

"There's Adlai," I said. "He's
the egghead vote good and solid."

n't need him," said Lyndon.
Barry Goldwater running, I
ke a Harvard professor to the
ds."
ybe you ought get a Catholic
Gene McCarthy. He's awful
in the Midwest."
's not exactly what I'm looking
here's something sort of stuck-
ut Gene," he said. "You get the
sion that he's got a special
e to God and that they talk
utin to each other."

Two: the White House. Time:
before LBJ's announcement of
nt. Vice President and Mrs.
ey are guests. The President
oor ole Hubert" for his alleged
o "influence the Midwestern
LBJ" to the point "there were
Hubert's eyes, and his lips were
g a little." When LBJ leaves the
enjoy a midnight massage. Sam
to complain that Lyndon has
o hard" on HHH and possibly
ot have so effectively humili-
in Muriel Humphrey's pres-
ubert can take it." LBJ remarks
ning out on the rubbing table.
m voices a wish to give Hubert
ratuitous political advice. LBJ
e nation's Vice President into
ng room. LBJ pretends to doze
e hands of his masseur while
ies on: "Senator* . . . you've let
these damned fuzzy-brained
put you on the defensive. . . .
oing to have to convince them
ill as liberal as they are: *with-*
footing on Vietnam. You can't
Lyndon Johnson on that issue.
ot to back him and prove you're
" bla-bla-bla. LBJ listens, eyes
ith "a flickering smile on his

t on in that vein for about a
," Sam says "putting it as
as I could, without a single in-
n from Lyndon. If I had said
he didn't like. I'm sure he
ve broken in with a gruff order
leave the room. 'You two are
my rest,' he'd say. 'Go talk
re else.' His silence was ap-
what I was saying, and Hum-
doubtedly knew it. He was
tain when Lyndon mumbled,
ght, Hubert. See you, Sam,' as
e room."
oeing a party to the humilia-
he rubbing room, one wonders

peatedly and unaccountably refers
e President as "Senator" in this



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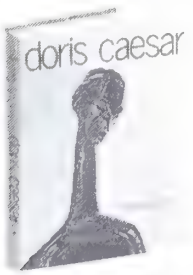


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where Sam Johnson got the audacity to write in anger of the humiliations LBJ himself suffered as Vice President among the despised Kennedys. Sam's dislike of the Kennedys is very well displayed. Promoting his book on the David Frost television show he spoke so warmly of the passing of old Joe Kennedy and of Senator Ted Kennedy's troubles at Chappaquiddick Bridge that Frost, in some disbelief, remarked that Sam seemed to be speaking from some inner glee. "I am not going to say that I was overwhelmed with grief." Sam writes of the assassination of RFK, "because that isn't true." Robert McNamara, McGeorge Bundy, and Bill Moyers are given several types of hell for their deficiencies, it being carefully noted that among their more horrid crimes was free association with the Kennedys. Sam's book repeatedly makes the point that he was not the only Johnson who found the Kennedys unlovable. LBJ is amused and gloating in mimicking how Bobby Kennedy "gulped like a fat fish pulling in a mouthful of air" on being told by LBJ that a Vice Presidency was not in his future. (" 'Look here,' he said one night at the supper table, waving a news clipping over his coffee. 'I don't need that little runt to win. I can take anybody I damn well please.' ")

In the old days, Sam Johnson practiced a certain populist liberalism. His current prejudices are right out of the mouth of the most unyielding mass of Middle America, almost a parody of the militant know-nothing. Quite often the inference is that LBJ shares many of these views right along with Sam Houston Johnson and Richard Nixon. Only Spiro T. Agnew's "effete corps of impudent snobs" dissents from the holy killing in Vietnam, to hear Sam tell it, and hot wax is poured in the ears of Senators who "read a lot of fancy literature," or who "quote a lot of poetry": Sam's views on people who prefer "snails in garlic sauce" or who have associations with Harvard may make Martha Mitchell's day. Senator Fulbright, "known around the White House as 'Halfbright' "—a witticism, I believe, originating with the late Senator Joe McCarthy—is flailed for his alleged "intellectual Rhodes Scholar snobbery."

"Bright scholarly men like McNamara, Bundy, and Fortas had a lot of influence on his thinking because he regarded them as part of an intellectual elite," Sam writes of LBJ. "There was a hint of awe in his attitude towar[d] [h]e. He knew he was basically as s[mart] they were—smarter in some re[spects] but their way of talking and thei[r] educational background — H[arvard] Yale, and all that—somehow got [to] more than it should. He had [had] plenty of book-loving ignoramu[ses] Phi Beta Kappa keys from fa[mous] leges, had seen them pull da[zzling] boners on the simplest matters. [He] could suddenly be self-conscious [about] his own limited schooling at [a] Texas college." LBJ erred w[hen he] failed to take major military r[etaliation] against North Korea for its se[izure] the *Pueblo*, in Sam's opinion, a[nd] Sam been consulted LBJ would [have] moved every last Kennedy appo[intee] later than the morning of Noven[ber] 1963. For all of Lyndon Johnson[']s flaws, one concludes that Sam J[ohnson] has probably performed a servic[e] peace of mind that he probably [did] intend: he leaves us with the co[mfort] thought that if America just had[n't] a Johnson to the Presidency, it [got] the right one.

How the Usage Panel V[oted] (by per cent). See pag[e]

1.		Yes	6	No
2.		Yes	29	No
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4.		Yes	18	No
5.		Yes	11	No
6.	A.	Yes	19	No
	B.	Yes	9	No
7.		Yes	9	No
8.	A.	Yes	86	No
	B.	Yes	13	No
	C.	Yes	20	No
	D.	Yes	15	No
9.	A.	Yes	37	No
	B.	Yes	31	No
10.		Yes	76	No
11.	A.	Yes	26	No
	B.	Yes	22	No
	C.	Yes	19	No
	D.	Yes	31	No
12.		Yes	36	No
13.		Yes	33	No
14.		Yes	85	No
15.	A.	Yes	68	No
	B.	Yes	59	No
	C.	Yes	37	No
16.		Yes	71	No
17.		Yes	35	No
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E FUTURE OF AMERICAN VIOLENCE

lence be the force for social redemption now celebrated by a growing number
ıg Americans?

e cover of the June 30, 1969, issue of *New Notes*, the organ of the Progressive Labor f Students for a Democratic Society, there woodcut illustration which must surely be ıe minor signs of the times. Two young white, one black, are seen crouching on above a city in flames. Both are armed omatic rifles, and both wear, Mexican- the crisscrossed bandoliers of the rural in- nary or *bandito*. They are revolutionaries, ıerrillas. Alongside them is the legend: advocates of the abolition of war, we do war; but war can only be abolished war, and in order to get rid of the gun it ıry to take up the gun." One must, I think, ıe resemblance of this promise of a war-to- to other such promises in the past: one s by also its hauntingly perverse echo of s of the American officer in Vietnam that to liberate the village we had to destroy ɔnsider its larger meaning for American culture.

is in America today a rising mystique of on the Left. Those who lived through the ıropean fascism, or who have watched the ent of right-wing groups in this country last generation, or have fully recognized nt of violence leveled at civil-rights work- e South, are never surprised at violence he Right. They still see them in action in k groups as the Minutemen, and hear their n some of the uninhibited passages in Wallace's speeches. What has been more ar- the decline of the commitment to non- on the Left, and the growth of a disposi- dulge or to exalt acts of force or violence. s once the Student Nonviolent Coordinat- ittee has taken the "Nonviolent" out of its ntz Fanon's full-throated defense of the ic and liberating effects of violence has f the most widely read books of our time. summer of exacerbated rioting, *The New iew of Books*, one of the most influential onable periodicals on the American cam- pus today, elected to feature on its cover a set of instructions, complete with diagram, for making a Molotov cocktail. In its columns, a widely read left-wing journalist, Andrew Kopkind, has told us that morality comes out of the muzzle of a gun. The Weatherman faction of SDS has made a primary tactic of violent encounters with the police. A young leader of the Black Panthers rises at the 1969 summer convention of the SDS to taunt the white delegates with the boast that the Panthers have "shed more blood than anyone" and that white Leftists have not even shot rubber bands. Dotson Rader, a young veteran of Columbia's wars, informs the readers of the *New York Times* in its correspondence columns that the justice the New Left seeks will be won by "fighting in the streets." Some, no doubt, are reminded of the Paris Commune. Others will be reminded of the promises of Mussolini.

Certain ironies in the new cult of violence are inescapable. The sidewalk Sorels who preach violence know very little about it, and sometimes prove pitifully ineffectual in trying to use it. Those who practice it with the greatest effect—the police and the military—find preaching superfluous. The new prophets of violence are almost certain to become its chief victims, if it becomes general and uncontrolled, especially when their own romanticism carries them from the word to the deed. Historically, violence has not been an effective weapon of the Left, except in that rarest of rare circumstances, the truly revolutionary situation. Under normal circumstances, violence has more characteristically served domineering capitalists or trigger-happy police, peremptory sergeants or fascist hoodlums. And even in our day, I think it should be emphasized, the growing acceptance of violence has been unwittingly fostered from the top of society. The model for violence, which has rapidly eroded the effectiveness of appeals to nonviolent procedures, has been the hideous and gratuitous official violence in Vietnam. And after having created and made heroes of such a special tactical force as the Green Berets, we should not be altogether surprised to find the Black Panthers wearing *their* berets and

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Richard Hofstadter

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN VIOLENCE

practicing close-order drill. It may be childishly irrelevant to cite the example of Vietnam as an answer to every reproach for domestic acts of force or violence, but there is in that answer a point of psychological importance that we should not overlook: now, as always, the primary precedent and the primary rationale for violence comes from the established order itself. Violence is, so to speak, an official reality. No society exists without using force or violence and without devising sanctions for violence which are used to uphold just wars and necessary police actions. But the frequency and the manner in which official violence is used is of signal importance to the legitimation of the civic order. Any liberal democratic state is in danger of wearing away its legitimacy if it repeatedly uses violence at home or abroad when a substantial number of its people are wholly unpersuaded that violence is necessary.

Neither establishments nor revolutionary movements can do without sanctions for violence. What any man sees as a just war or a necessary police action will, of course, depend upon his situation and his politics; but only a few pacifists quarrel with the idea that just wars are conceivable, and only a few utopian anarchists are likely to deny that under some circumstances authorities have to use force or violence to keep order. The right of revolution is itself an established and sanctified rationale for violence. It can hardly be banished from the established sanctions in a country like America that was born in a revolution. One of our most sacred texts lays down the circumstances under which revolutionary resistance becomes legitimate. "Prudence," it also remarks (there *were* revolutionaries for whom prudence was a consideration), "will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes.... But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such a government, and to provide new guards for their future security."

In our own time we have no difficulty in thinking of some tyrants against whom the right of revolution was or could have been justifiably invoked, and responsibly so when the circumstances warranted hope of success. Unfortunately, in this age of verbal overkill, the epithet of tyranny can be hurled at any regime that is intensely disliked by a morally self-confident minority, and the prospects of revolutionary success may seem astonishingly good to those who gull themselves with their own miscalculations and fantasies. The classic rationale for revolution is now widely used to sanction piecemeal violence against democratic regimes in which no shadow of a revolutionary situation exists. The word "revolution" has been distended to apply to any situation in which there is rapid change or widespread discontent. Hence acts of forcible or violent adventurism can be given a superficial legitimacy by defining any situation one pleas "revolutionary situation." One radical think Barrington Moore, Jr., who cannot be accused of concern for the oppressed or of hostility lutions, has deplored the current disposit cast some vague universal cloak of legitima violence—even upon violent resistance to sion," and has warned against occasions wh olutionary rhetoric outruns the real poss inherent in a given historical situation." T America, "talk about revolution is... pure t potentially dangerous and tragic consequen

One of the essential difficulties in justify lence is that its success is an ingredient in i fication, and such success is usually a m chance. There *are* some blunders that are wo crimes, and among these are the blunders who, even in a good cause, precipitate violen out reasonable grounds for believing that will serve its purpose or that it can be co within bounds that will be proportionate ends in view. No doubt it is tempting to t putting a final end to some grave and massiv evil by a quick, surgical, limited act of viole the difficulty lies in being reasonably sure, the event, that the evil will indeed be ended exacerbated or succeeded by some equal or evil: that the violence can really be limited time and in the casualties it inflicts, and t reaction will not be more harmful than the s For this reason all politicians, revolutionary than establishment politicians, must work terrible calculus in human misfortune.

In order to justify the use of violence as toward the accomplishment of some huma "progressive" end, one must first believe knows, roughly at least, two things: first, that so much violence is in fact necessary to ach end; and second, what the countervailing cost of the violence will be—that is, where it cussions will stop. There are, of course, many who imagine that they have this kind of co of the future; but some of us are not so sur we are not even sure that we can judge the n or usefulness of *past* violence in many case all the returns seem to be in hand.

But let us not deceive ourselves. Current c about the benefits of violence is rarely base a careful concern about when and how viole be justified, or upon sober estimates of its p or its prospects of future success. We are no in a period of moral casuistry or measured tion but in one of robust political roma The protest politics of the 1960s threatened to break with the historic politics of liberal can reformers—who aimed to persuade a wide had scruples about methods, were willing promise, to move patiently from one limited another. For a decisive but now perhaps segment of the Far Left, politics has become much a matter of self-expression and of sty such efforts as its more extreme exponents calculation and casuistry seem feeble as co with the full-blown bravado of their actionis

re moments when the aim of the political act
have become little more than the venting of
of outrage, and there have been activists
ncerned with their freedom to carry the
g flag in a peace parade or to use four-letter
an with their ability to persuade. There is
e that any particular foray will yield visible
r affect public policy, more desire to get a
emotional satisfaction out of a mass hap-
The demand for programmatic achievement
me less fixed, that of self-assertion central.
tinction between politics and theater has
stematically blurred by activists in politics
vists in the theater.

e new politics, force or violence has a new
r some it is satisfying merely to use it, but
ave devised strategies to provoke counter-
to show up the Establishment, as they put
hat it is. In any case, violence has come to
promise of redemption. "Violence alone,"
rantz Fanon in *The Wretched of the Earth*,
e canonical works of the new politics, "vio-
mmitted by the people, violence organized
cated by its leaders, makes it possible for
es to understand social truths and gives the
hem." Fanon, writes Sartre in presenting
ows clearly that this irrepressible violence
r sound and fury, nor the resurrection of
nstincts, nor even the effect of resentment:
n recreating himself.... No gentleness can
e marks of violence, only violence itself can
them."

nce, then, is not only useful but therapeutic,
ch is to say indispensable. It seems natural
for those who have been victims of a great
iolence, or simply of the constant threat of
lming force, to conclude that they can re-
ir dignity only when they use violence them-
But the restorative power of violence, if
iolence can have that power, must surely
pon its being used successfully. The unsuc-
se of violence, ending in defeat and fresh
ions, may in fact intensify the original ma-
is hard, for example, to imagine that the
s of the grim massacre of the Indonesian
ist party in 1965-66 would have the same
sm for the restorative power of violence as
rious Algerian rebels. And this is why the
al mystique of violence, which tries to
nt the rational calculus of tactical probabil-
not do: its claims for therapy or sanctifi-
hrough violence rest upon an arbitrary
ion of success. There is no satisfactory
rom political calculation in psychology or
ics.

course there *are* examples of success in our
amples set by Mao, Castro, the Algerian
Ho Chi Minh and the Vietcong. The circum-
n all these cases have a special quality: the
s have been among "backward" peoples
m territorial base and a history of colonial
ion. It is now suggested that violence can



ELEVATED SONED

ichard Hofstadter

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN VIOLENCE

be equally successful in modern industrial countries, that guerrilla action suitable to the Sierra Maestre or the terror and sabotage that won in Algiers can be adapted to New York, Chicago, Oakland, or even, it appears, Scarsdale.* A good deal of tactical ingenuity has in fact been stimulated, but the chief intellectual consequences have been pathetic: many young blacks have begun to think of themselves as being a colonial people, and of their problems of liberation as having exactly the same characteristics. The psychological similarities are, of course, there—and a book like Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth*, the work of a psychiatrist, argues its case largely in psychological rather than in social structural terms. American blacks may have the psyches of other victims of colonialism but they lack all the essential features of the true colonial situation: a terrain suitable to guerrilla action, the prospect of becoming a majority, territoriality, and the promise of integral control of the economy after the colonial power has been expelled. Except for these indispensable elements, the comparison is excellent, and therefore we may indulge ourselves in the fantasy that Watts is just like Algiers.

But in the end one must give the prophets of violence their due: violence *is* pervasive in human experience and has been pervasive in American history, and however it repels us, we must see it as an instrument of common use. The creed its proponents put before us is simple but forceful: Violence has been all but universal in the past. Violence changes things and nothing else does. Violence is therefore necessary. "Violence," said Rap Brown in what must surely remain one of the memorable utterances of our time, "is necessary and it's as American as cherry pie." Presumably he did not expect his listeners to be so uncritically patriotic as to think that violence must be good because Americans have so often used it. No doubt his hope was that if a decent respect for the normality and inevitability of violence could be instilled in the minds of his contemporaries, they would be less censorious about the violence supposedly necessary to black liberation. And one should grant all that is sound here: certainly violence that would in fact lead to a full realization of the rights of blacks would have a great deal to be said for it, and would stand in quite a different moral position from the violence, say, that many lynchers used for their own entertainment and for the edification of their children. Here, as always, however, one encounters the latent, the unexamined assumption: violence *will* deliver that which is expected of it. It is an assumption shared more and more among the very young, black or white: justice will be won by "fighting in the streets." Fighting in the streets as a revo ion ary technique—it is one of the few old-fas ne ideas still alive.

Certainly world history yields plenty of c s i which some historical logjam seems t av been broken up by an eruption of violence, w h then followed by a period of peaceful, gra alic improvement. It is always possible in such c s t argue (though difficult to prove) that the v en was a necessary precondition of the peaceful ng that followed. The trouble is that there are sc an other cases in which violence has decided is s i ways we are less likely to applaud. American eri ence with the large-scale violent resolution of da mental crises is mixed. The Revolution and th ivi War pose an interesting antithesis. The ques n o American independence was settled by vi nce and, as historical issues go, settled with consic abl success. But one of the keys to that success r y b found in the minimum of gratuitous violenc wi which the Revolution was carried out. There ul be no regicide and there was no terror. Therever frequent incidents, but there was no wh sal mobbing of dissidents. Few Loyalists outsi th ranks of the British army were killed, though an were terrorized, many went into exile, and ma lo large properties. Even the military action d n characteristically go beyond what we wou ca guerrilla warfare. Most important, the rev aries did not turn upon each other with viole terror. The Thermidor, if the adoption of th Co stitution can be correctly called that, was e all mild, and in part simply nationalized and em bli in institutional form some of the principles se ort in the Revolution itself. Not only was indepen secured and the political life of the Americ a markedly democratized but some social re m were given a strong impetus. In spite of the d co questions of national organization that we n settled, and in spite of the tumultuous pa io raised by the political issues of the Federal e th episodes of domestic violence that follow Revolution—and there were quite a number o te —were in a relatively low key and proved emi nt controllable. The early rebellions mounted by n iel Shays, the Whiskey rebels, and John i though of much political consequence, were, e sodes of violence, kept at the level of skirm and their leaders were afterwards treated with cious consideration. The Revolution was fo by relative peace: on the whole, the era fron to 1830, though far from violence-free, was e the least violent periods in our domestic hist

The Civil War stands in marked contrast. it did settle historical issues, the issues of uni of the legal status of slavery. But it was pr by a decade of searing civic violence and cli by a war that cost 600,000 lives, and it l extraordinary inheritance of bitterness and passion that has not yet ended. The legal libe of the slave was not followed by the actual libe of the black man. The defeated states becam

*Since so much has been accomplished by militant minorities, it may not matter for the future of violence in America that the black militants have not yet converted a majority. . . . Negroes [in *Newsweek*'s 1968 poll] 61 per cent to 21 per cent thought that Negroes could win their rights . . . Only a militant minority . . . repudiated separatism in response to questions about integrated schools and integrated neighborhoods. (*Newsweek*, June 30, 1969.) The appeal of militant ideas, however, is much higher among the young.

han more democratic. The violence of the
s followed by the resounding and horrifying
: violence of Reconstruction, and the Ther-
n the South went on for a full generation
e guns were stilled. The war seems in retro-
have been an intensely cruel and wasteful
settling—if that is the right word—the issues
e rise to it. I do not agree with the categor-
m or exaggerated rhetoric of Barrington
pessimistic world-historical estimates that
e has settled all historical issues so far, and
them in the wrong way," but in the con-
e list of historical cases that could be drawn
ıpport his judgment, the Civil War would
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look at the use of violence in social situa-
less profound consequence than those which
e Revolution and the Civil War, we can find
s when violence in the United States appears
served its purpose. And it has been, on the
he violence of those who already had posi-
d power. Many vigilante movements, for
, achieved their limited goal of suppressing
Lynching clearly added a note of terroris-
rcement to the South's caste system. For
nployers used violence and the threat of
against labor with success: in the main, the
ingly violent episodes in industrial con-
re tragic defeats for labor, although there
asions when violence initiated on behalf of
rs became too blatant for public acceptance
omeranged. Labor has used violence less
an employers and with only rare success.
as, to be sure, one very effective series of
al actions by labor—the sit-downs of the
However, in these instances the workers,
ısing illegal *force*, were using a tactical de-
t tended to avert rather than precipitate
utright violence. This may explain why they
siderable sympathy from the public, which
he same time becoming acutely aware of
nce, intimidation, and espionage used by
rs in many industries. In any case, the sit-
ere a transient tactic which labor leaders
ed as soon as collective bargaining was
, and it is difficult to imagine the sit-downs
ly successful as a standard device.

violence can succeed in a political environ-
ike that of the United States under certain
ns. Those who use it must be able to local-
l limit its duration. They must use it under
ances in which the public is either indiffer-
ıinformed, or in which the accessible and
public opinion (as in the case of vigilantes
ally, of employers in the nineteenth cen-
heavily biased in their favor. If violence is
nied by exceptional brutality (lynching,
actions like that at Ludlow), it must be
cal matter, and one must hope that it can
be screened from the attention of the larger
ne conditions for its success, in this respect,
ıave become more problematical in the age

THE WARRIORS AND THE IDIOTS
by Irving Feldman

Our themes were three: defying dangers,
triumph over dangers, respite
from danger. And weapons, four: knife
and light, blood and the burning maxims:
Stain a breast before you foul your pants.
Pay twice the price, if you pay at all.
Defend father and mother, kith and kind.
These others were not warriors: ninnies
and nuts, the palsied pencil vendor,
mongolians, morons, the dwarf. Strewn about
like pumpkins, squash, or stumps grown over
with moss, they lay quietly beyond
the law, observed no imperative,
enacted no command, these children
too cruelly punished in the womb
to endure a second forfeit. Stultified
by the darkness of the forty days, they had,
as if tumbled from a broken crate
or shivered constellation, rolled to a stop
in the sun, like damp oranges, like fallen moons.
Wherever we went, their grunts admonished us:
There is no victory, there is survival.
No, there is only recollection.
You think you have survived because you can
remember when simultaneously
you were swimming and drowning.

Even the Messiah of dogs and cats
will overlook them on his final errands
through the streets, and Paradise take place
without their spoiled hosanna, they content
to remain at any angle whatsoever
in the sun for all eternity.

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of mass communications, where the most vital tactical problem is to set the stage so that the onus for violent action can be made to seem to rest entirely upon one's adversaries.

If violence sometimes works, it does not follow that nothing but violence works. Most of the social reforms in American history have been brought about without violence, or with only a marginal and inessential use of it, by reformers who were prepared to carry on a long-term campaign of education and propaganda. The entire apparatus of the welfare state, from child labor laws, wage-hour regulation, industrial safety laws, and workmen's compensation to legally regulated collective bargaining, social security, and medical care for the aged, is the achievement of active minorities which, while sometimes militant and always persistent, were also patient and nonviolent. Ours, however, is an age that cannot wait, and it is doubtful that young militants, black or white, are taking much comfort from the example of such predecessors in the tradition of American reform. The activists, according to their temperaments, will argue either that earlier reforms, being props to the Establishment, were of little or no value, or that they were all a generation overdue when they came. The first

response is simply inhumane, but the second has much truth in it: such reforms were indeed long overdue. However, it does not follow that the use of violence would have hastened their coming. Under some conditions the fear or threat of violence may hasten social reforms, yet if actual outbreaks of violence were the primary force in bringing reform, one might have expected social-welfare laws to come in the United States before they came to such countries as Great Britain and Germany where there was less industrial violence. The important element seems to have been not the resort to violence but the presence of powerful labor movements with a socialist commitment and the threat of sustained action through normal political channels.

But the confrontationist politicians of our time seem to have hit upon an approach to violence that surmounts one of the signal disadvantages under which social dissidents have labored in the past: they have learned the value not of committing violence but of *provoking* it. It remains true today, as it has always been, that most political violence is committed by the agents of authority. In the past, for example, labor often got the blame for violent outbursts that were primarily the work of police or other agents of employers. Hence one speaks of "labor violence" but not of "capital violence." Today, however, a technique has been found to put official violence to work in the apparent interests of dissent. A small cadre of determined activists, enveloped in a large crowd of demonstrators, can radicalize a substantial segment of public opinion by provoking the police into violent excesses—if necessary by hurling objects, but better still by hurling nothing more than verbal abuse. The activists have correctly gauged the temper of the police, who are often quite ready to oblige by lashing out indiscriminately against both those who have offended them and those who have not—orderly demonstrators, innocent bystanders, reporters, cameramen. Young radicals have thus found a way to put the police and the mass media to work for them, as the public sees a hideous spectacle of beating, kicking, and clubbing by officers of the law against unarmed demonstrators and witnesses. Outrage becomes the more blatant to those who are aware of and attracted by the milky innocence of the majority of young demonstrators.

Whether the larger public effect of such confrontations will actually work to the ultimate advantage of the activists is problematical. What they can see with their own eyes at the moment of conflict is that many persons, hitherto vaguely sympathetic, become, at least for a time, energized and activated out of indignation. What they choose to ignore is the other, less visible but usually larger public, which puts the full blame on demonstrators and backs the police and the authorities. (The behavior of the Chicago police during the Democratic Convention of 1968, one of the most flagrant police actions of this era, was approved by a substantial majority of the public.) Still, activist leaders are aware of *their* converts, and converts there usually are. Why not rejoice in the converts and dismiss the backlash? Hence the ubiquitous New Left agitator, Tom ...den, has called for "two, three, many Chic...s," and the young activists interviewed by J...me Skolnick's researchers for the National Comm...ion on the Causes and Prevention of Violence s... shrewd if limited understanding of the implic...ons of such tactics. The purpose of confrontations, the...argue with striking candor, is to educate the ...blic by staging spectacles of repression. "Direct ...ion is not intended to win particular reforms or in...fluence decision-makers, but rather to bring ...t a repressive response from authorities—a res...nse rarely seen by most white Americans. Whe...on-frontation brings violent official response, u...om-mitted elements of the public can see for them...ves the true nature of the 'system.'" The activist...also believe that such experience lowers the "cu...ral fear of violence" natural among young middl...lass radicals—a fear that is "psychologically dam...ing and may be politically inhibiting," and thu...re-pares them for a serious commitment to revol...tion. To some degree they have already been p...ved right: the "damaging" inhibitions against the ... guns, bombs, and arson have begun to break ...wn.

Can this breakdown be extrapolated into ...in-definite future? No doubt most America...are more curious about where our penchant for vi...nce is taking us than they are about a more p...ise explanation of its pattern in the past. But ...ere prognosis is as hazardous as anywhere. In th...past our violence has always been cyclical, and it ...pos-sible to believe that the 1960s will some day ...ear on the charts of the sociologists as another ...ent period, rather more pronounced than many, ...ich is followed by relative calm. As the young nev...tire of reminding us, we live in a situation that ...new and in some decisive respects unprecedente...d. I sometimes think that *all* American experienc...is a series of disjunctive situations whose chie...con-necting link is that each generation repeats the ...the of its predecessor that there is nothing to be le...rned from the past. In any case, our social viol...ce is not a self-contained universe that holds within ...self all the conditions of its future development. I fear almost everything depends upon external ...rces which no one dares to predict: the tempo at ...ich we disengage from Vietnam, the national and ... national response to our undisguisable failure ...ere, and our ability to avoid another such costly ...

Who can really believe that he knows w... expect of the future of American violence ... easy to draw up two plausible scenarios f... the future, one apocalyptic, the other relatively ... though hardly exhilarating. Apocalyptic predi...ons are conventionally in order—indeed they ha...be-come so conventional that they constitute a k...d of imperative intellectual fashion. But in them ... is more of omniscience than of science, and ...ir function seems more psychological than prag...tic. In a magical gesture one predicts evil in or...der to ward it off. Or worse, in moments of terrible f...stra-tion one threatens one's audience with som...

tastrophe by way of saying: This is what all get for not having followed the social I have prescribed for you. However, over generation the visions of the future that vailed among the most modishly apocalyp- ectual circles in this country have been so wrong that they could almost be used like buying in the stock market as a negative r of future realities. Perhaps the most co- son, aside from the perverse element of self- ice inherent in it, for not yielding too the apocalyptic frame of mind is a prag- ie: apocalyptic predictions, repeated too d believed too automatically, could at best nen of good will to a useless passivity and turn into self-fulfilling prophecies. Prag- isdom argues for assuming that our diffi- re manageable, so that we may put our thinking about how in fact they can be l.

t requires no remarkable ingenuity to see e of the recent trends in American society, d and magnified, could bring about the f liberal democratic politics. The danger is the alienated young and the militant blacks e a successful revolution. The United States lly a conservative country, and its working ne of the anchors of its conservatism. Its ming majority is not poor, not black, and llege. College activists, themselves only a of the college population, command so ention from the mass media that the actual mind of the American young has been ob- Almost three-fourths of those in the 17-23 ket do not go to college, and their political is quite different from that of the college Their responsiveness even to the cruder backlash sentiment may be measured by es in the 1968 election: in which George had proportionately somewhat *more* sup- ng white voters in the age groups 29 and an in the age groups 30 and over.*

ation so constituted, the most serious dan- s not from the activities of young militants, white, but from the strength of the back- may arise out of an increasing polariza- e society. The apocalyptic scenario spells rather easily: an indefinite prolongation ar in Vietnam, or a re-escalation, or the g of yet another such provocative and dis- oreign undertaking; a continued unwill- or inability to make adequate progress in dating the demand for racial justice: an ation of confrontation politics in the col- l on the streets: a heightened alienation ntelligent young: violent scenes, vividly on TV, of provocative conduct by demon- nd brutal responses by police: a continu- ization of the political public into Right which shuts off just such political and social efforts as might relieve the crisis: the formation of numerous armed groups of black and white citizens, highlighted perhaps by a few mass gunfights in the big cities; the breakdown of one or both of the major parties; the capture of the Presidency and Congress by a nationwide movement dedicated to political repression at home and a hard line in foreign policy.

Not altogether impossible, one must say, though to me it somehow fails to carry conviction. The particular forms of violence that flourished in the 1960s seem now to be on the decline: ghetto riots have been tapering off, and the crest of violence touched off by campus protest may have been reached in the years 1967 to 1969. Black militancy is certain to be with us for an indefinite future, and it is a sobering thought that the one major breakdown of the American political system came in association with an unresolved problem of race; but black agitation tends to grow more selective about methods and goals, and it is by no means clear that it must involve large-scale violence or mass casualties. Student activism too seems likely to outlast the American withdrawal from Vietnam, since it rests on a profound cultural malaise that goes beyond any political issue, but it may work at a lower level of emotional intensity. An end to the war would bring about a political and economic climate in which the effort to relieve urban blight and poverty and to come to terms with the demand for racial justice can be resumed under far more favorable conditions than those of the past five or six years. It is a rare thing in our experience to be centrally preoccupied with the same problem for two successive decades, and it is quite conceivable that even a persisting and relatively high level of violence in the 1970s will come to be regarded as a marginal rather than a central problem. At some time in the near future the destruction of the environment, and the problems attendant upon pollution and overpopulation, are likely to take the center of the historical stage and to have such a commanding urgency that all other issues will be dwarfed. The styles of thought, the political mood that will be created by such problems, as well as the political alignments they will bring about, may be so startlingly different from those of the 1960s, that the mentality of the 1960s will seem even more strange by 1980 than the mentality of the 1950s has appeared during the past few years.

When one considers American history as a whole, it is hard to think of any very long period in which it could be said that the country has been consistently well governed. And yet its political system is, on the whole, a resilient and well seasoned one, and on the strength of its history one must assume that it can summon enough talent and good will to cope with its afflictions. To cope with them—but not, I think, to master them in any thoroughly decisive or admirable fashion. The nation seems to slouch onward into its uncertain future like some huge inarticulate beast, too much attainted by wounds and ailments to be robust, but too strong and resourceful to succumb. □

"...even a persisting and relatively high level of violence in the 1970s may come to be regarded as a marginal rather than a central problem."

nerican Institute for Public Opinion national owed that Wallace had the following support in rackets: 21-25, 13 per cent; 26-29, 18 per cent; er cent; 50 and over, 11 per cent.

Fred Powledge

GOING HOME TO RALEIGH

Once you stay, there's no getting away. But once you've left . . .

Along about Maryland the accents started. Before that, there had been only the usual bored grunts and one unexpected "Thank you" from the people who take your money on the Verrazano and the Goethals, the Jersey Turnpike, the Delaware Memorial. But now, in Maryland, we needed gasoline, and we were confronted again with people other than ourselves who were something more than machines.

The two men in the gas station leveled their eyes at me. Their faces were red and their necks were wrinkled like the tongues of old Army boots: there were Wallace stickers all over their faces: their uniforms were oil-company green, and they probably wore them catfishing on weekends too. There was meanness in their eyes, hating me for having a beard and tan British boots and a New York license plate. *Niggerloverbeatnikradical*, their eyes said. "Faller-rup? *Pream*-yum aw *rag*ler?"

There was nothing else to do but put on my own accent a little. It is a facility, I think, that most Southern white expatriates have and that they enjoy using from time to time, especially when talking to Negroes in the North and rednecks in the South. "Yeah, faller-rup with *pream*-yum, annl sure preciatet if you'd check th *bat*rywater too."

The men in the Maryland gas station were surprised, which is what I meant them to be, and in their momentary defensiveness and my momentary assertiveness, we reached a tentative compromise. What I was saying was *I'll buy your gasoline if you're decent and courteous to me. Otherwise, I'll do something violent like ram your gas pumps on the way out or turn in my credit card with a three-page letter explaining why, because I am from the South, too, from the same violence you are, so please don't let the beard and the license plates fool you.*

Then it's okay. They have been civilized just enough by television, by the Interstate Highway System, by the Civil Rights Act of 1964, by being beholden to a large impersonal corporation owned by millionaires that does not like to receive torn-up credit cards, and by the intense personal desire to make money. They pumped the gas and ch ke the battery water and their eyes said nothing re I continued on my way home to North Caroli

I am going home out of obligation and pu There is an obligation to let the grand he see the grandchild and to observe, a little e lie each trip, that they, too, are growing apart. he do not avoid each other: they simply spend les im together now.

When Polly was four or five we would go pr and he would take her by the hand and walk a an the block, showing her off to all the neighbors. Le this is my little granddaughter from New Yk he would say. Now they meet after the long in and it is apparent that they have less in co mo than before. She is eleven years old now, and I half-conscious fragments of thoughts abou or priety and about male and female, and she ha on periods of completely un-childlike unselfishn almost adult tact. She is polite to him, resp tf of him, as never before. But she also turn h head ever so slightly to the side when they kis h he walks not so well now, being close to eight t days of going around the block are gone fo w

I am also going home to look for things, n I never bothered with before. I know now that n thing I always knew—the fact that I was ado is far more important to me than I had ever l admitted. If you do not know who they are most important if you do not know why they you away, and you have no reason to believ you ever will know, then a lot of questions are and never answered and a lot of time is waste I know is that I was born in Nash County, Carolina. I have often toyed with the idea of to Nashville, the county seat, and asking fo look that shows who was born on Februa 1935, and seeing if I could recognize myself.

There was a cold, dirty rain falling in New and the air along the turnpike was even g and more foul than usual, and it was difficult when the rain had ended. We started late in th

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through the night. There was a piece of e *Times* once that said spring was moving iberia at the rate of 35 miles a day. I won- the rate was the same for the Eastern ates. It is all expressway and toll road our house, in Brooklyn, to Petersburg, and from there to Raleigh it is mostly l. We passed through Henderson, North as the sun was coming up, and I woke told them to look out the window. The stopped for good, and we had passed into erything down to the edge of the asphalt green and wet with dew, not rain, and s and bushes were in bloom. In the fields tall and lean black men who had waked ore, out there in their shirtsleeves, coax- and already well into their first sweat.

ved in the city for seven years now, and years is a long time to be locked in com- ociety. If you live in New York for that ime, and you are neither very rich nor so you have completely given up hope, the e that you are in combat with it a good time and that you are pretty fed up with

always before, the *logical* place. There ourse, a variety of logical places for my , the Silent one. For many of us, there ination for politics that Northerners, after , Orval Faubus, Strom Thurmond, and allace, still cannot understand. Some of left Chapel Hill when I did, in 1957. ome to Winston-Salem or Statesville or unt to wait patiently and respectfully at the proper time, to take over their tomobile dealerships or feed-and-seed em- w practices. They kept their eyes on the lature, and some of them have made it dy, and some of them are keeping their he governor's mansion now, and un- at least one of them will make that, too. f those in my generation went to Wash- der the spell of John Kennedy, and they learn some lessons in practical politics lon Johnson. When Johnson learned *his* practical politics, they went to work for s and universities, and certainly they will ain some day. But the rest of us, those of re not tied to politics, had to go to New

t there because it was the only place to nted to act, or to "communicate," or to had been reared in a state that considered tly, I think, the best of the South. We to a school that had good reason to be- s the best, too—of its region. So when we t in quick apprenticeships elsewhere and ded straight for the city, because that was ace to go if you wanted to be—had to be— them all, and not just the best of a region. we all know, New York has become ir- y, irretrievably rotten. The nation is find- ing out how difficult it is to live in the cities, and the inmates of New York, being in the most difficult of all cities, are finding out quicker and more. And so, for the past year or so, I have been half-seriously entertaining the thought of giving up the struggle, selling the beautiful old house in Brooklyn, and moving to a place where the air has a few more years to go; where one can see farther than a block; where there might be something worth seeing, farther than a block; where they pick up the garbage, and where a heavy snowfall might be considered a work of art and not a catastrophe of such magnitude that its perpetrator has to be sought out and publicly condemned. And maybe I could become a Southern Writer; that should not be too difficult.

Often at dinnertime we would talk about this thought, but we never came to any firm conclusions, except to agree that it might be nice but that it also had its drawbacks. Every time we went to Raleigh, we recalled, we had a built-in baby-sitter and almost unlimited time and energy and enough money to have a little fun, but when we scanned the ads we found that there was nothing at the theaters but Elvis Presley movies and after the show there was no place to go.

Not only, however, is it absurd to pretend that by remaining in New York you are really executing a conscious decision to stay and fight; there is nothing, literally nothing, that an individual citizen can do that would make New York more livable for more than an instant. Not even if he is the mayor. You soon learn to question your own motives for staying; are you *really* demonstrating your belief in cities, your faith that large groups of people can live together in peace, or are you some kind of masochist? It just might be that the courageous thing to do would be not to stay and fight, but to recognize and admit that the battle has got too corrupt; that courage could be demonstrated only by leaving, retreating, fleeing. And it just might be that such a town as Raleigh, North Carolina, my home, whose advantages and limitations I know well, should be the place to flee to.

Sitting on the ground in the backyard, feeling spring all around, doing nothing more complicated than picking up tiny pine twigs and thumping them into the air; it was early morning, and all around there was a steady buzz, like June bugs on a string. A neighbor was mowing his yard. The noise stopped, and I realized that it was absolutely quiet. Maybe that's why I woke up as early as I did; no noise has come to mean that something is wrong, what getting a telegram used to mean. A jet passed over, 30,000 or so feet above, and I could hear it distinctly. As my ears adjusted to the new sounds, and to the absence of old ones, I realized that the neighbor had started up his lawnmower again.

Here, I thought, a man can spend an entire day, several days, a week, doing nothing more profound than working on his yard and he can feel as if he has done something useful. There is a little road

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next to the house that until a couple of years ago was dirt; it is of no use to anyone except those eight or ten families who live on it. Twice, in maybe a minute, cars passed up it. My sister said, "It's just like Grand Central Station out here today."

I got up off the springy ground. I had places to go: graveyards and shopping centers to visit: people to see or look for again. One of the people, a relative, asked me if I had ever met Robert Ruark, the writer. I had, once, when he came to Chapel Hill in a fancy car and impressed everyone. He was said to have gone to his old fraternity house for a drink (real saloons being illegal in North Carolina, then and now), to have expressed dismay at the condition of the wooden bar, and to have written a check for a new one on the spot.

Yes, I said, I had met Robert Ruark the Writer once. "Well," said the relative, "I'm from Southport, and you know Robert Ruark the Writer was from around there, and let me tell you, there are some people there who don't think highly of him *at all* after what he did to them. You know, he wrote a *book* about all that, and some of the people in it, if you were from there, you didn't have any trouble figuring out who was who."

I changed the subject, and I wondered if this lady knew that I was in Raleigh to write about it: and if, after I did it, anybody there would be able to understand that I did it out of love, or perhaps out of a feeling of obligation, or because I was looking for something.

Raleigh is a city, now, of more than a hundred thousand people, and I suppose the people at the Chamber of Commerce think of it as "bustling." Raleigh is the state capital, a city of white-collar workers, and it always has looked down on Durham, 26 miles away, because they had industry in Durham, and the people there were generally considered by Raleigh people to be dirtier, meaner, and dumber. When we were looking for some violent action on weekends, we would go to Durham in convoy, in our fathers' cars, and pick fights with the boys from Durham High. They were always stronger, which is a quality that seems to go with being dirtier, meaner, and dumber, and they always won. The most profound insult any of us could imagine would be the knowledge, or even the suspicion, that one of our girls who was widely thought to be saving it for marriage had given it to a Durham Hi-t boy.

In addition to the legislature and the state offices, which Raleigh was and is about as proud of as a city can be of its politicians, they had State College, which then was the school to go to to learn agriculture and animal husbandry and engineering, and which was just getting started as a center of architectural design: they had a nondescript baseball team: two well-thought-of whorehouses: several Negro colleges (one of the reasons I am proud of Raleigh, when I am proud of it, is that Shaw University is there, and Shaw played a part in the origins of the sit-in movement); and a number of satellite country towns, places like Cary and Knightdale, Apex and Fuquay Springs.

Those towns have their own satellites, tiny aces like Rolesville and Neuse, New Hope and Bunn and Pearces. Every Saturday the people from all these towns, black and white, would pour into Raleigh on the blue-black roads that Governor Scott had built for them, and they would also go to Montgomery Ward's and Briggs' Hardware to spend their money quickly and then, while women were looking at dresses in Hudson-Belk's the men would lounge around in the public squares, the whites in their square and the blacks in theirs, all of them very unself-conscious in their faded overalls. There was some drinking, whiskey in the white square and Catawba grape in the black one, and, by eight or nine o'clock on Saturday night the emergency rooms would be full of the victims of stabbing and shooting wounds.

I worked weekends as a police reporter for the *News and Observer*, while I was going to college at Hill, and I quickly learned the subtle difference among the various forms of Saturday-night violence. What was called, then, in newspaper and police shorthand (and probably still is) a "razor cutting" meant a slashing, usually with a razor blade held rigidly between the stiffened first and second fingers, just below the fingernails. You swipe it across your victim's face and chest. Wounds inflicted by such weapons produced enormous amounts of blood and gave the doctors little trouble when they had to sew them up, but they left the victim relatively unharmed and ready after at most a transfusion, to leave the hospital and return to the battle. He was scarred for life, however. I never learned what the whites did when they wanted to temporarily maim a victim, but their favorite weapon for serious arguments seemed to be a shotgun aimed directly at one's head. The men of both races, when they were really angry, preferred to throw a pot of lye, the hotter the better, into an aggressor's face or upon her breasts. The nice, white, middle-class, white-collar people in Raleigh looked upon these Saturday night occurrences, and upon the people who participated in them, as something that did not directly involve them, except when they got too close to a seat of unbathed farmer in Hudson-Belk's basement and had to move quickly away in disgust. Not couldn't disgust, however: for the white-collar people and bustlers, were not so far removed from Cary and Knightdale themselves.

Now the farmers still come in on Saturday, some of them, but they are more difficult to spot, because they no longer wear overalls. They wear permanent-press pants and white shirts and they drive Mustangs and Camaros because they watch television too, and they do not all congregate in the business squares downtown because downtown is pretty much dead. Most people go to the shopping centers now, and some of the shopping centers are being built far from downtown, even in Cary and Knightdale. Raleigh itself, as a whole, has slipped a notch or two. The Interstate Highway System just en-

e bypassed Raleigh in favor of the hated
m, and when they were deciding on the big
al airports, Raleigh didn't get one—it had to
tent with the one it had that was hyphenated
Durham. There is not much in the way of
ion. There are some nice, clean, comfortable
s (people do not urinate in the aisles and
bate on the seats, as in New York), but they
ward inferior and certainly uncontroversial
. Fayetteville Street is in bad shape. Mont-
y Ward's is no longer there; Woolworth's
iggs' Hardware are, and so is the little news-
operated by a blind lady and which sells
n to twenty *New York Times*es a day, but a
he street is loan companies and empty depart-
tores with "For Rent" signs in the windows,
om the amount of dust on the signs, it looks
ey have been vacant a long time.

le Briggs' Hardware, there was Mr. Briggs,
no different than he looked twenty years
d he remembered me. "I would have recog-
ou sooner," he said, "if it hadn't been for the
You live in New York now?" (Others have
ings like that and meant them as devastating
wns, but he did not say it in meanness.) "You
I get up there fairly often, and I think Lind-
oing a pretty good job. It's too bad all the
hey're putting on him." Mr. Briggs said he
from time to time, about our generation and
e were doing. "You know," he said, "a lot of
ls did okay. O-*kay*. I'm proud of you." Back
rear of the store, the sacks of rabbit food he
sell were no longer there. Mr. Briggs said
ldn't remember if they ever *had* been there.
I remembered the Capitol square as a green
dy place, cool in the heat of the summertime.
nd damp with tall old trees and statues. The
s the sort that, if you could dig into it, you
ollect in ten minutes enough worms to last
end. Nothing had changed. Clouds of pigeons
d every few seconds from one corner of the
for another, occasionally changing direction
flight and heading for, and some landing on,
n who sells peanuts. Across from him, at the
ntrance to the square, was the man who
nquils wrapped neatly in wet newsprint with
er band around each bunch, exactly as be-
here was a coin-operated newspaper rack be-
m; the *Raleigh Times* was saying that day:

SCORES OF THE FAITHFUL MAKE
PILGRIMAGE FOR CHRIST

as the Friday before Easter. And there was
r headline:

FIRST ANNIVERSARY:
THOUSANDS LAUD KING

also, the anniversary of the death of the
r. Martin Luther King, Jr.

far away there was my favorite statue, "To
rth Carolina Women of the Confederacy."
woman and her young son. She sits, holding
book, and he stands by her side, holding a
too young to fight but about to anyway, and
face that look (you see it often anywhere in
th and on the faces of soldiers in airports)
that he thought he knew what he was going off to fight for, but he really didn't.

She looks, not at him, but into the distance, which is occupied by an unmemorable state office building. She has the face that so many of those women from Cary and Knightdale have, and that can be seen, too, even beneath the beehive hairdos and behind the makeup of the women of white-collar Raleigh. It is a face full of past pain and suffering, and anticipating the inevitability of more, but full of wisdom and kindness, too. She is the Southern white woman, the woman they all wanted so badly to put on an unshakable pedestal; the woman they wanted to keep forever chaste, and that they consented to make love on (not to) only because there was a necessity for heirs, and even then guiltily and only in the dark. She puts up with whatever happens, accepts it, accounts for it by saying it was fate or God's will and believing that, she stares off into the distance as the son goes off to die at an early age. And perhaps, at some much later date, she even finds some satisfaction in all the suffering.

"It is shocking to go to a place and and see that practically no impression has been made by all the expensive cosmetic advertising and all the microskirts."

When you live in the East, you are shocked, sometimes, by what you see and hear when you venture out into the United States of America, even though you are from there and really should not be shocked at all.

The people look strange. I used to be almost apologetic about the way I looked when I went home. There was something shameful about my appearance, in turtleneck shirts and with my beard and my tight pants and pointy Italian boots.

This time, it was *they* who looked strange to *me*. One becomes accustomed to seeing short skirts and long, flowing hair, and sexy false eyelashes and naturally rounded and bouncy breasts, and it is shocking to go to a place and see that practically no impression has been made by all the expensive pages of cosmetic advertising in *Life* and all the microskirts and magnificent cleavages on the Carson show. The skirts are at the knee, looking obscenely odd there, and it is obvious that they still wear girdles and falsies, and the hair is still teased up at the top of the head and held there by great doses of hair spray and it looks, except for the color (and sometimes that, too) like wands of petrified cotton candy. The white women are made up like dead people, as if they do not want to look pretty.

Perhaps they are afraid to look pretty, or maybe it is just that the competition is nonexistent, or insufficient. In New York, there is plenty of competition, and a woman who might be plain or fat finds it necessary to do something about it. Here, in Raleigh, and in a thousand places like Raleigh, if a woman looks competitively pretty, if she looks as if she enjoys seducing and being seduced, she might find herself labeled "too forward," or taken for a whore.

The men wear baggy pants and nondescript shirts and unexciting plaid sports coats, and they

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look as if they, too, are afraid to stand up straight, as if they are afraid that there is nothing behind their zippers, as if they feel themselves incapable of growing their hair long for fear that someone will make an invidious comparison between them and their wives, the girls they went to high school with. The only ones who look *natural* are the Negroes.

The Negroes in Raleigh look much the way they look in New York and Atlanta and San Francisco, which is to say they carry and dress themselves according to the way they want to carry and dress themselves. For the young, it means bright and exciting clothing; the girls wear shorter dresses than whites their age, and they tended, at Easter time, toward neat, tightly belted trench coats. For the not-so-young, there is some of that three-button tweedy business one sees on *the* black teller in a bank up North, but for what seemed to be all of them, there is an obvious lack of fear, an obvious willingness to dress the way that makes them feel good. They do not wear masks. Even the Negro maids standing on the street corners in the neatly mowed white sections in the afternoon, waiting for the bus that will take them to Fayetteville Street so they can transfer to the bus that takes them to their side of town—they look wise and majestic, not with their heads down (the whites have *their* heads down much more), but with their heads up high, looking unbeaten, never *going* to be beaten.

We went out to dinner at the K & W Cafeteria at five o'clock in the afternoon because my father does not like to stand in lines. Across from us, in another booth, sat a man with his wife. They did not speak more than a dozen words during the entire meal. She was thin, almost gaunt, perhaps forty years old but looking five years older; there was evidence of pain, suffering, anguish on her face, and there was evidence there, too, of the farm, of Garner and Cary. He must have been the same age, but he looked younger, with a brown plaid jacket, a black tie, a brush haircut.

Four times during the course of the meal he got up and walked over to a little table that held the coffeepots and he walked back to the booth and refilled their cups and then returned the pot. He walked slowly, surveying the people around him, perhaps to see if they were looking at him. He almost minced. There is so much about the Southern white male that runs dangerously close to effeminacy. It is in the shy way they hold themselves, the way they sometimes walk, and, often most convincingly, in the way they talk. The couple in the booth were obviously terribly angry, angry at each other, but it was also obvious that this was not a temporary anger. It was a very long-term anger, one that started a long time ago, in Garner or Cary or Knightdale.

I looked around the room, and suddenly I realized that I had been living for the past few days in a geriatric community. The median age of everybody I had seen was far higher than [in] New York. All around us were old coupl[es], widows and widowers, and groups of old [ladies] in flowery hats. There were young peopl[e] too, but even they looked like part of the g[eri]atric community in the way they talked and [acted] and dressed. I wondered if I were exagg[erating] all this; if I was purposely searching o[nly] confining myself to, the old people of Raleig[h]. Faulkner purposely confine himself to the [old] trash community of Mississippi?

"There's a lot going on here," said my [father], who had moved to Raleigh a few mon[ths] before. "Things aren't as dead as you might [think]." And his wife told my wife that it might be [best] to judge the ladies by the length of the skir[ts they] wore in Cameron Village, the big shopping [center]. They were much shorter in the North Hill shop[p]ing center, she said.

(There is a Raleigh there that I have n[ot] mentioned, of course, a new Raleigh that [has] and does not hide its liquor in brown pape[r bags] and that has a jazz joint named The Frog a[nd the] Nightgown. The Raleigh I talk about m[ay be] hopelessly outdated, moribund, perhaps [even] dead and gone. There are people whose co[ntacts] just transferred them to Raleigh and wh[o were] born and raised in, say, St. Louis, and wh[o] saw, never see, and never will see the thin[gs] people and places I am trying to describe.)

There is a scandal at one of the churches [in] bers of the congregation are said to hav[e] consulting mediums. The scandal in Rale[igh] always so minor, or pathetic, or both.

A woman is quoted as saying, every time o[ne] her, how much responsibility she has an[d] her husband is just plain lazy. "And let [me] you: *she* sure runs *that* family."

A man was an alcoholic, became reforme[d] is now slipping again. "He never *was* anyt[hing]."

A young man's recent transgressions a[re] scribed at length, but not in detail because [there] are ladies present. He seems to have had diffi[culty] with his appetites for drink and women. "Yes [but]" the sympathetic reply, "but he went to Chapel [Hill]."

There is talk about a family picnic on Eas[ter] ternoon, with all the aunts and uncles and c[ousins] and their already grown babies. One of the c[ousins] warns me, good-naturedly but with the utmo[st] cerity: "You folks can go back to New York. [We] have to *live* here. So please don't bring beer [to the] picnic."

MEET THE BIG BEAUTIFUL MANHATTAN MAKER.



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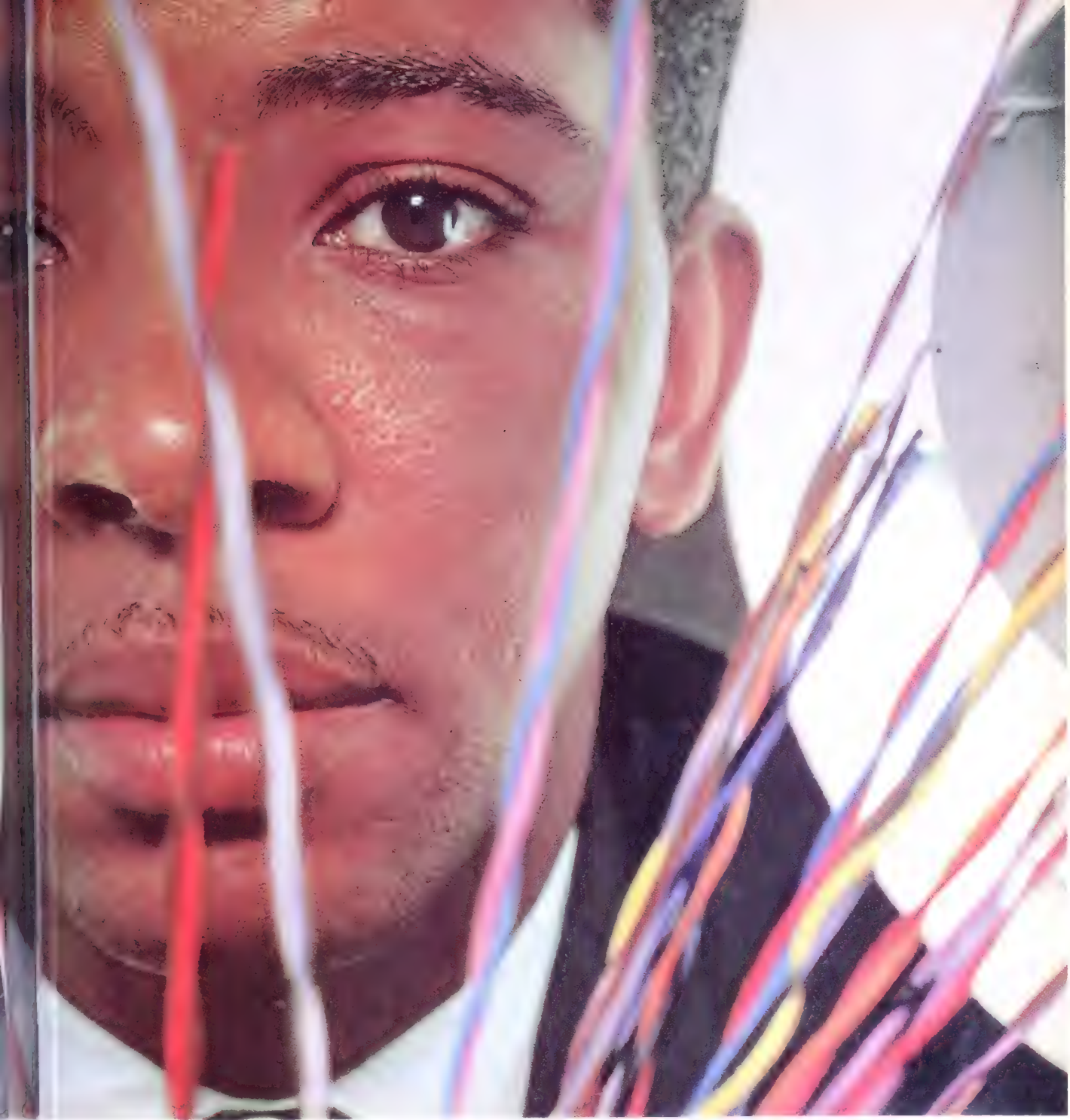
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He helped a new plant employ the unemployed.

Turn an old warehouse into a plant and man it with untrained workers? Bill Collins helped prove it could be done. His story is another example of how IBM, its people or products often play a part in tackling today's problems.



Bill Collins, Employment and Placement Manager, seen through the wires of a computer cable made in IBM's Brooklyn plant.

people thought this part of Brooklyn, Bedford-
sant, was just about finished a few years ago. It
A lot of people wouldn't let it die."
ie speaker is IBM's Bill Collins, who transferred
be a part of his old neighborhood's rebuilding

about three years ago, a number of local people
with a group of concerned businessmen and ci.
rs to form the Bedford-Stuyvesant Restoration
ation. One of the first things they did was in-
M, and other companies, to look at the area's
al.
n April 1968, IBM leased and renovated an old
use. Ninety days later, the new plant was in operation. Now there are over 400 people here, producing subassemblies for computers. Some 300 live right in this area.

"The idea was to create jobs and income for this community. The great majority of the people we've hired were unemployed at the time. We had to help most of them develop new skills *on the job.*

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Sanitary Barber Shop, which is below the k, and which I remember as being a Satur- rning place where you went only to get a it, and where the air was heavy with talk of and poontang, with both subjects being dis- mostly in violent terms, has a sign up now ays that it does razor styling.

hen I was a child in Raleigh, there were three main ways to leave. One of them was the Bus Station, one of them was U.S. 1, and the as the train station. The bus station is al- mpletely black now, except for the drivers others who make their living by the uncom- e transportation of people of moderate There were only two or three whites when I in, and they were soldiers. Otherwise the had changed not at all. Outside, there were ys and Greyhound buses labeled "Miami" ew York City" and "St. Petersburg Express" sheville." I asked a driver how many of the who got on the bus marked "New York" l the way to New York. "Right many of them at Petersburg and Richmond," he said, "and the rest get off at Washington."

1 used to be wonderful and unattainable for e were told that it stretched from Maine to , and Raleigh was in the middle of it. Stand- ide U.S. 1 and watching the traffic going up wn on it was, for me, almost as exciting as down to the train station. The people I saw ad been in New York *earlier that day*, or d left Miami two days before. They had style. stery of foreigners. Our eyes met briefly as assed through with their foreign license the trucks belching and snorting and whining down through the gears, dozens of gears. u knew that they would be driving all night. hen the sun came up tomorrow they would nother place.

U.S. 1 is difficult to find, for there are other tter highways passing through and around that are a good deal busier, and much of ffic from New York to Florida bypasses the irely. On the way down, in Maryland, we had toll roads briefly to look for a place to eat had driven, instinctively, to U.S. 1, certain ould be at least a Howard Johnson's there. was nothing. It was dead, decrepit, full of bile junkyards and specialists in the recon- n of transmissions. And there were Negro Empty, for-sale Negro motels. "Hotel— l," said the signs. Next to that, they said. ale."

n the Silver Meteor leaves New York City, se, it is just another train, different from mmuter trains only in that its cars are silver han dirty brown. But when it came through in my youth..that was something else. We go down to the station just to see the Meteor. vent from New York to Miami, come through, e its sister trains, the Comet and the Star. I ber the air of the people who were riding those trains—urbane, sophisticated, looking down on Raleigh as if it were a hick town.

The only Negroes who did not shuffle and lower their eyes in the presence of whites back then were the cooks on the Meteor, the Star, and the Comet. They leaned out the Dutch doors of the diners, a full five feet higher than those of us who stood on the platform, looking down on us yokels, looking so infinitely more sophisticated and superior, and we, even the most ardent white supremists among us, dared not say a word.

Now, the Meteor bound for Miami comes through at 12:20 in the early morning, and the northbound Meteor comes through five minutes later. The Comet passes through Raleigh at 9:20 in the evening, and the Star comes at 7:40 P.M. I went down to see the Comet one night. It was raining, and the railroad station looked HO gauge, where in my memory it had been a huge place, full of busy people and gray mail sacks and carts with long-spoked wheels, and green Railway Express trucks. But now it was not only smaller: there were practically no people there. The waiting rooms were empty: there were two or three men at Railway Express. The chalked arrival and departure times on the big blackboard—what few remained—were done in old men's spidery handwriting.

The Comet came in, its head lamp swiveling wildly as before, but it was a tiny train, no longer than the BMT subway—two Diesels to pull it, two mail and express cars, two coaches, and one Pullman. It used to have a diner and as many as eighteen cars, cars with fancy exotic names on their sides, but now the cars have numbers. Almost all of the passengers were Negroes this time. Those who weren't were elderly whites, apparently too scared to fly, who were being put on or taken off the train by their middle-aged children. And since the middle-aged children had children of their own who were grown or off at school, there were no real children at the station that night to see the Comet come in.

Steam poured out of the undersides of the silver cars. Somebody ignored the notice in one of the rest rooms and flushed the toilet in the station, and a brief torrent of water and urine splashed down on the tracks and platform amidst puffs of steam. The Comet used to go from New York to Birmingham, and we used to ride it over part-way and connect with a little steam locomotive that would take us down to Opelika to visit my father's people and their farm. Now the Comet was going from Washington to Atlanta. "They cut it off on both ends," said a conductor, and he seemed happy to be talking with someone who seemed sympathetic. "And they're *about* to cut it between Richmond and Washington. Pretty soon there won't be anything at all. They cut the train and they cut the diner and pretty soon now they're going to cut the train out *all*-together. Right now, nobody but the disagreeable people'll ride it." He inclined his head toward a group of Negroes.

There was more steam, and somebody flushed another toilet, and the train moved unceremoniously out of the station. About all that was left of the

"In the South, the soil ranks in importance behind only race."

memory I had was the wildly-swiveling head lamp on the lead Diesel, and that looked audacious now, sending out such heroic warnings in front of such an inconsequential train.

The cemetery is in the old part of town, and it is covered with hills and tall oaks and elms. There are real gravestones there, unlike the newer cemeteries with their restrictions (my mother is buried in one of those), and there are mausoleums and obelisks rising among the hills and along the tiny stream. It is a good cemetery, a cemetery where people have been allowed to erect the monuments they wanted to erect, and sometimes this policy has produced utter tastelessness and sometimes it has produced monuments of some beauty, but the chief result of the policy is that it somehow makes death as informal as death really is. It reminds the still living that death is not such a big deal.

I drove slowly through the cemetery for a while, trying to remember the locations of three graves that had stuck in my memory ever since I had first seen them, as a child. One was where the Indian princess was buried, one was the grave of the child which had, above its headstone, encased in a glass globe, the child's favorite toys, and one was a stone angel that Thomas Wolfe's father had carved. I spotted a tall man standing amongst the tombstones, looking, except for the color of his green work clothes, like a statue himself. His face and hands were the color and texture of leather, he stood almost six and a half feet tall, and he wore a gray Western hat. I told him what I was looking for, and he got in the car and we drove to the angel. "I'm not sure this is Mr. *Wolfe's* angel," he said, "but this is *the* angel that everybody wants to see. The reason is, her eyes follow you everywhere you go." The angel was magnificently carved, and of perfect size and proportion, and her eyes did, indeed, follow you. I started to say that I thought this was because the sculptor had slightly crossed the eyes, but then I looked closer at the tall man in the Western hat and I saw that his eyes had been sculpted in the same way.

He remembered the child's grave with the glass globe full of toys, but he said it was no longer there. "Some kids broke it all up," he said. Then we went to the Indian princess's grave.

Over the grave there was a sort of pyramid of stone, with the top leveled off, and on the top there was a small Grecian temple with columns. Set just inside the columns, at eye level, there was a sepia engraving of the grave's occupant, who had died in 1897 at the age of twenty-six. Below the picture was the poem:

In thy dark eyes' splendor
Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Weary looks, yet tender
Speak their last farewell.

I looked more closely at the picture. The center of her face had been chipped away—"Some kids done that with a BB gun," said the man, but I could tell that she looked exactly like the p[ic]ture of my mother when she was about that age.

Part of the feeling of Raleigh, and of the towns and small cities across the nati[on] b[ut] particularly of places in the South, is the sel[f]. I[n] the South it ranks in importance behind on[ly] race and, of course, the feeling of race is inext[ri]cably enmeshed in the feeling of the land. This is [to] say that Raleigh is a farm town, with dus[ty] side streets and gas pumps and general stores. It [has] probably never was like that. There are sidewalk[s] and streets and coin-operated car washes and [fast]-food banks and electronics-research firms and [com]puters and Holiday Inns and quarter-acre "[es]tates" in the new housing developme[nts] elsewhere. But the feeling is still there, [just] beneath the surface, and the migration from Cary and Garner and Knightdale constantly repl[enish]es that feeling. People have written about the s[ad] the spell it puts on men, especially Southern [Afr]ican men; Hollywood has tried to make [movi]es about it. It is there. It is that feeling, so [easily] come by in the South, and so difficult to av[oid], being reliant on, and owing your survival [to] idiosyncracies of that dry red clay. You can [be r]emoved from the dirt by a generation, two [gener]ations, and still feel yourself bound to it, en[slav]ed by it. The merchants in their jackets and ti[es] women shoppers in Cameron Village, even on Hills—they all feel it and show it, even if [they] not know it is there.

The young men with red faces, riding [arou]nd in the Chevy Novas with Confederate bat-fl[ag] license plates on the front bumper, wearin[g] blond hair short in brush cuts, white shi[rts] starched collars, and no button-downs, and [ti]es the ones who run barbershops and used-c[ar] lots looking one step removed from the Klan—[the] a half a step removed from the soil, and they [know] it. They also know that the blacks are catch[ing] with them fast, have gone further and fa[ster] terms of dignity and self-esteem since the [civil] started in 1960 than the white folks of th[is] have gone since the Depression. And so th[ey] sent and fear the blacks more than anybody [else].

They gather on Saturday nights at the [honky-tonk] houses that feature country music and some[times] fied, toned-down rock, and they buy setu[ps] the liquor they carry in brown-paper ba[gs] they eat ribs and chicken and shrimp and [hush]puppies and they feel up their fatted women [in] loose-fitting slacks who, themselves, are on-[hand] a step away, and they forget for a spell [that] the many things they hold in common w[ith] blacks.

Family is another part of the feeling of [Raleigh]. The big cities do not have this feeling. Ev[en] daughter lives and is raising her own fam[ily] Brooklyn, and her mother and father liv[e] twelve miles away in the Bronx, it is possib[le] perfectly reasonable not to visit very oft[en]

they "go riding" on Sunday afternoon, ecking on the new housing developments n the shopping centers and then stopping sister's or a brother's or an aunt's house warning, which is all right, because the brothers, and aunts do the same thing. In you do not have major family arguments day afternoon, nor do you lazily kick the *Times* down to the foot of the bed at two in rnoon and decide to make love. They visit, y talk a while, and then they leave. And their talk, sometimes, there is an intense hatred, distrust, jealousy, spitefulness—g that at times can be as strong as the ns and magnetisms of the soil and of race. n manifest itself on those simple Sunday on excursions when the disapproval that mber of the family feels for another be- oo urgent; it cannot any longer be sup- behind gossip about those who are not it is now that the truth comes out, the ns. *You're raising that child perfectly isly . . . you are getting fat as a hog . . . you top that drinking right now.* But it is at its st at forced family gatherings where the great and the opportunity to leave is lack- herings such as funerals.

I remember one: the death was expected, long wn out, and when it finally came, the sis- oud of their Southern aristocratic lineage, ed and looked skeptically at everybody one member of the family who lived in a city and who had rented a car at dawn and five hundred miles, because he had gotten ar, and a red car was out of place in a procession; at the young woman who re- ad joined the family by marriage, because from another part of the world and spoke language and therefore was a "harlot" strumpet" and "probably a thief" and who, e fought back at these accusations, then "the most uppity little brown bitch I ever nd, finally, at everybody. Eventually the obtained cardboard boxes from the Co- tore and loaded their car with the sibling's gs and left.

leigh, and in the smaller cities and towns ica, you are forever enslaved by your kin. people know or knew your mother and sisters and brothers, and you are forever against that knowledge. If you are worthless count, and your kin aren't, then you are sheep. If you try to be successful, and her was a mundane clerk or an alcoholic landerer, you are putting on airs and it is matter of time before the genes for mun- s. alcoholism, or philandering take over ce you to the same shambles.

is no getting away, if you stay. A few ed to live their own lives in their home- out they have not been very successful. It easier to start another life someplace new, they go from Raleigh to Charlotte, and me of them, to Atlanta, and, a few, to New York, and their places in Raleigh are filled by those who had to leave Cary and Garner and Knightdale.

In New York, you can go as far as you want. Perhaps they have the right idea in Brooklyn, on the street where we live, where there are many Italian families, whose children have all grown up and moved to Jersey or Lon Gyland, and who come back on weekends to eat Mamma's spaghetti and to show off the new Polara, and who do not stay long, and that is that.

"In Raleigh, and in the smaller cities and towns of America, you are forever enslaved by your kin."

Maybe, though, I am exaggerating all this, and it really is the rain. Easter weekend started out with nice skies and thumping twigs in the back yard, but now it is raining, and it has been raining, and it is affecting our plans and our tempers. You can feel the initial politeness wear off and the edges start to roughen, and occasionally as you enter a room you can hear snatches of their conversations, and you wonder, from the way the subject is abruptly changed, if they are talking about you: how much nicer you'd look if you shaved; how much you've drunk in three days out of that bottle of vodka you brought; whether you're bringing up your child right. And you are there with your wife, in the bedroom at night, talking about them and wishing there were some way to communicate.

So little changes, so little has changed. For every Sanitary Barber Shop that now offers razor styling, there are a dozen vacant lots where I used to play that have not changed at all. In New York City it would have changed a dozen times—and, most of all, the people would have changed. In New York the old people disappear and are never heard of again. Here, in Raleigh, they stay around, and each time you come back you see how they have aged and you wonder if you have passed the same number of years in the same amount of time. A bent, white-haired man, in a neat suit, vest, and starched white shirt and tie, hobbles down the street, one step at the time, taking an eternity to walk from his house to the end of the block, pausing there, turning slowly, taking another eternity to return, and you realize that this was his walk for the day. "That's Dr. Williams. He's pretty bad off," they say.

You remember Dr. Williams, the preacher at one of the more powerful churches, the recipient of a fancy car once from his loving congregation (and the object of much criticism from those who were not so loving), now reduced to hobbling, unable to drive the car, something in his eyes. Fear? Pain? Where is God now?

All these people, with their pain and tragedy and o little humor left, so little time to laugh, watching the Newlywed Game and getting the facts all mixed up placing bets on who will win and then not paying very good attention and being incorrect about who *did* win, and getting little kicks from the way the wives bitch theatrically at their shrimpy husbands (watching it sadistically, like watching the wrestling or the roller derby or the geek in the carnival), voting for Nixon and thinking they were

pretty liberal because they knew a *lot* of people who were voting for Wallace; their hands gnarled and beaten and twisted and sometimes their fingers severed in the course of serving, over a period of several decades, some governor or textile-millowner or fertilizer supplier whom they still refer to with utmost reverence as Mister Bob or Mister Jim or something, and who probably doesn't have the slightest idea who *they* are, or were—sitting there being fair game for all the television commercials that promise to end the pains of arthritis and cold miseries and psoriasis and piles—*promising to end their pain.*

They used to be able to dismiss most everything that bothered them with the quotation from Matthew, the one about setting the sheep on the right hand and the goats on the left. It explained everything: the white folks got the life eternal and the nigras got the everlasting punishment. There it is, right there in the Holy Bible. But lately some smartass preacher with sideburns from Columbia or Yale has been down there talking about missions to the inner city, and they don't go to church as religiously as they used to. They sit and watch television commercials. Where is their God now? Perhaps He is within the picture tube.

The family picnic was held, despite the rain. Within an hour or so, the sky cleared and the men wandered out into the backyard, the women staved inside and talked, and the children explored the woods. Some of them caught poison oak. I managed to eat three different kinds of deviled eggs and two different kinds of potato salad. For the first time in my memory, since leaving home, nobody talked about niggers or hippies.

The grass was good, and so was the pine straw, and the ground was springy beneath our feet. We inspected the greenhouse my cousin David was building. It was good, when you came in from outside, scraping your shoes on the driveway, then again on the steps, then the rubber mat, then the other mat inside the door, all in an attempt to get the red clay off your shoes. In New York you never do this unless it has been raining or snowing hard or you inadvertently stepped in a mess left by a dog.

On the way back from the picnic Polly burst into tears and said she wanted to live in Raleigh. She said there were five good reasons why we should move there: not so much pollution, not so much hatred, more room, shopping centers, and one other reason I cannot recall. Then she asked me to give her five good reasons why we *couldn't* move. I was unable to answer, either to her satisfaction or mine.

Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color is on, its volume somewhat louder than necessary, and we sit across the room, talking over it all. It is about a little Indian boy who is expelled from his tribe and who becomes friendly th e eagle. The eagle, of course, saves the litt boy life and everything works out okay. There son spectacular photography. The conversati co tinues. There is talk of a young man wi coma, of the most recent family tragedy tive was burned badly in a fire in her ho h daughter and grandchildren died by fire a fe ve ago; her husband's first wife burned to de h).

"Remember when Pat came through h w that string of stuff, son?" I remember cousin, who was an officer in the Army, h co manded a convoy that had passed through lei right after Pearl Harbor. We had walke p U.S. 70, a block away, and watched the co through. Pat had stopped and we had al a for a few minutes, and then he drove aw a it was very much like one of those movi the glory of war.

My father remembered that it was an a Ne regiment that Pat was conveying. I did not me ber that: I remembered only that the w soldiers.

"Do you remember, Daddy, when Pat it car in the back yard right after Pearl Har you put it up on blocks and stored the tire n basement?" He did not remember that.

We remember what we want to reme er suppose, and we forget what we want to for between the two of us, I doubt that we co l together much of a history book. I alrea h asked about one thing that is very impo nt me, the circumstances of my adoption, doesn't remember that. We have lived, t th more than one hundred and twelve yea perhaps it is time to be less serious about a ing for things that cannot be found.

On the way back to Brooklyn, we to coastal route. I told them it was becau I bored with interstate highways and turnpi I wanted to see the ocean again. But the route took us down U.S. 64, through Nashv seat of Nash County, and that may have b n real reason. I thought, for a moment, as w past the courthouse, of stopping and going opening that book to February 23, 1935 decided not to. I was in a hurry. I suppose home.

Mr. Powledge's article is the fifth in a unique Harper's *series on the subject of Going Home t America.*
Previous reports, all published in 1969, were . .

John Thompson
"Yesterday in Grand Rapids" (May)
Midge Decter
"St. Paul and the American Condition" (June)
Elizabeth Hardwick
"Lexington, Kentucky" (July)
James Q. Wilson
"The Young People of North Long Beach" (Dece

ep C. Goulden

ICES FROM THE SILENT MAJORITY

.or elusive constituency speaks up.

A so—to you, the great silent majority of y ow Americans—I ask for your support. et be united for peace. Let us also be united rai defeat. Because let us understand: ort Vietnam cannot defeat or humiliate the nit States. Only Americans can do that. -Pr dent Nixon to the nation, Nov. 3, 1969

ere riding through downtown Aurora, Il- ois, in William G. Mitchler The Real Estate and-new Cadillac automobile. "Damn it. ' said Bobby Moga The Township Super- you ever get into politics you're going to to ll this thing. Who'd vote for a man who ar nd in a car this big?" "I earned this car." ed illiam G. Mitchler, whose shoulders filled th the front seat. "Give me a choice between ffi and the car, and I think I'll keep on driv- d."

wisted sidewise in the seat to talk to me, g journalist, in Aurora in quest of Mr. ilent Majoritarians. Over the phone a s earlier I had explained to Moga that I ned, from Herb Klein's office in the White ampling of letters written to the President November 3 speech, that I intended to do on some of the persons who wrote them. would like to visit with him.

ention pleased Moga, a stocky fellow of n with thinning hair, a firm grip, and a erican flag in his lapel. "You mean that The President actually sat down and read " he asked when I arrived in his office. I not know, I said, only that the White reaucracy, upon request, disgorged his 'representative" of the 400,000-odd re- week following the address. "Think of by Moga said. "You write the President, sten to you."

were driving through Aurora, and talking ittitude toward the war. Aurora is forty two counties due west of Chicago, origi- ing, now light industrial; population of Commerce estimate) 100,000; but still from The City to avoid what Moga called stuff." "Most patriotic place in the whole Bobby Moga said. He pointed to a hard- that rambled most the length of a city ellow there, on patriotic occasions, he flags for this entire section of the street. le here, none of that mess you have in r New York.

a cute little incident that happened dur- ratorium. We have some of those damned people here, even in a decent town like Aurora. Some get out here from Chicago, some of them are homegrown, those damned hippies. But nobody pays much attention to them.

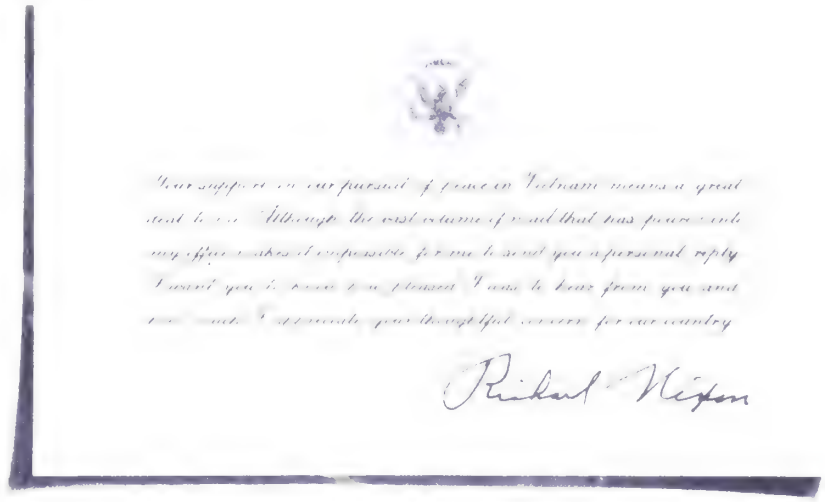
"Anyway, this guy with greasy long hair and those granny glasses—a ridiculous-looking creep, I get mad just looking at them—anyway, he came into the township building and he started setting up a card table and some signs.

"I got red. God but I got mad. I walked over to him and I didn't even read his sign. I knew what the hell he was all about. I said to him. What's your problem, pal? What's with you, pal? I kept calling him pal every second breath, that's the way to keep those bastards off balance.

"I said to him. You ain't setting up nothin' like that in here, pal, let's get movin', pal.

"Oh, hell yes, he started protesting, he was saying Nazi Germany and civil rights and freedom of speech and how I was no better than a German storm trooper, and I started getting madder.

"I reached out and grabbed him under my left arm—got a good hold on him, just like this"—and Moga turned in the seat and gripped himself under the arm to demonstrate his hold—"and I was holding him real tight, and he was hollering. And with my other arm—my right one, I'm right-handed, too, you know—I picked up his lousy stinking card table and his goddamned sign and I pulled the whole mess right through the door and pitched his ass out on Water Street. Don't bring that sort of crap into this building, pal, and don't make me mad, I told him. That's the only way to handle jerks like that—hustle'm right on outside. I'm not letting any goddamned hippie jerk of a demonstrator use my office for that sort of thing."



Joseph Goulden

VOICES FROM THE SILENT MAJORITY

Sandusky, Ohio, in early December is a place of raw, cheek-chilling cold, where gulls peck stupidly at the ice of Lake Erie, two blocks north of downtown, wondering what happened to the water; and even the locals hurry when out of doors. Economically, Sandusky is part of the Detroit-Pittsburgh industrial sprawl, with auto factories of each of the Big Three, foundries, and metals-fabricating plants. Geographically, Sandusky just misses the beaten path—too far north of the Ohio Turnpike to attract motorists without specific business there: too far west of Cleveland (126 miles) for a comfortable one-day trip; lacking even that most esteemed merit badge of contemporary boosterism, scheduled commercial airline service. Jean Gast, a pleasant, forty-ish housewife and mother of four, has lived in Sandusky all her life, and the last twenty-three years, those of her marriage, in the same house her Irish-descended family occupied when she was a child. She isn't exactly bored, for she has her children, her bowling (trophies dominate a shelf at one end of the living room), her sewing (she is good enough to have a faithful clientele for her dresses), and her church work, but Jean Gast does recognize that her town isn't the intellectual center of the Western world.

"Sandusky is a stick-in-the-mud community," she volunteered after we had chatted awhile. "There's no tendency for people to take off and live elsewhere. You tend to associate with your high-school friends: the same people you grew up with you see the rest of your life. People may move out into the housing developments outside of town, but most stay right here."

But Jean Gast tries. Last year she did volunteer work at a neighborhood opportunities center, financed by OEO, attempting to bring a fifth-grade child up from third-grade reading level. After several months of tutoring he improved dramatically. "He began to do extra reading. You know, some of these children had never been to a public library. Lynn was so proud when he did well on his tests." But because of budget cuts the center closed, and Jean Gast is more than a little miffed with the Nixon Administration.

Jean Gast paid little attention to the war until her eldest son became a senior in high school. "I really became concerned about it then, when it began to get close to home." Her understanding of the war is limited to what she gleans from casual reading of daily newspapers and newsmagazines. "Lot of it I don't feel we will ever understand. I think we more or less drifted into it. But we made a pact with them [the South Vietnamese]; when you do that, make a pact, you should honor it." Pause. "I don't feel we have enough information to know whether policies are right or not. Leave it to the leader."

Bob Gast, a heavy-bellied man in a work jacket, works at a General Motors plant. He drifted in to join our conversation. Does he hear much discussion of the war at work or among friends? "I'm afraid not. We have a pretty well-established group at the plant, men who've been there, and in the union, for twenty years or more. They're comfortable, very little bothers them."

Mrs. Gast listened to the President's speech in her living room—alone, because Bob Gast was working that night. Afterwards, she sat down at the portable typewriter and wrote Mr. Nixon a letter which said, in part:

> *We did not vote for you in the last election, but now I wish there would be a place on the ballot to give you a vote of confidence, so that you would know we are 100% behind you.... We have quite a stake in your peace plan as we have two boys in the service now. One is stationed in this country and the other is flying supplies into Da Nang. Also, we have a sixteen-year-old boy who is rapidly approaching draft age.... Stick to your guns and stand firm, not only with the enemy, but also with the dissenters and troublemakers who give aid and comfort to the enemy by tearing us apart from within. If only the quiet ones would raise their voices, they would drown out the protesters and let the Communists know we are still a united people.*

Jean Gast mailed the letter at the corner around midnight while going to pick up her husband at the factory. "I had never written to a President before, but that night I felt he had the odds against him, and he needed someone to say they were with him. I really felt sorry for him, struggling against large odds and betting on the come."

Bobby Moga was especially pleased that I had come to Aurora on December 8, a Monday. "The combined service clubs are having a luncheon over at the YMCA today commemorating the Jap attack on Pearl Harbor. Let's go over there. It will give you an idea of what a helluva town Aurora is and how we get together behind the right causes." Soon I found myself standing in line with some score Aurorans on a basketball court, awaiting a paper plate of fried chicken and stuffed cabbage. Bobby Moga's brother, John, shook my hand and gave me a red plastic comb embossed: MAKE JOHN MOGA THE PLUMBER YOUR PLUMBER.

Moga tugged at my arm. "Come on. We're putting you at the head table." I insisted I'd just as soon sit among the citizens at the long community tables. "No, no," Moga said, propelling me toward the platform and a wooden folding chair next to a Marine major general. "Let's make sure I get your name right from Moga," said the toastmaster. He handed me a slip of paper on which was printed MR. GOULDEN, REPRESENTING THE WHITE HOUSE.

My first horrified impulse was to snatch away the paper and swallow it. Posing as Captain Joe Gentile, head of the Philadelphia Police Department's homicide squad, and as Joe Dealey, publisher of the *Dallas News*, are stunts I have performed under the impulsiveness of reportorial license, each time capitalizing upon someone's misintroduction. But to be an agent of the Nixon Administration—"Good grief," I said. "I'm just a writer, here to do a story.

d Herb Klein sent you." "No, no, I got
tter from Klein's office. I don't work for
his intelligence disappointed the man, and
for a moment I would be sent to the
eat with the help. A few minutes later he
our hundred assembled Aurorans: "And
us at the head table today is Mr. Gordon
Klein's office in the White House." I said
sotto voce that brought an alarmed
om the Marine general, and I continued
fried chicken.

ncheon was the idea of Dr. Stanley Parks,
who is president of the Aurora Navy
quasi-official organization which lobbies
Navy appropriations and warns the pub-
t the Soviet naval menace. Parks said he
questioned "as to why we would want
ber this day; are we trying to open up old
' Something more was involved than hon-
2,400 Americans who died at Pearl Har-
remember that Americans reacted to the
attack with a unity that has never been
in the history of our country.... Ameri-
n't ashamed to profess their loyalty and
iotism.... *Yes, patriotism stood at a high*
v, Parks lamented, "loyalty and patriotism
ded cynically as being left to the squares.
really something 'cool' to criticize and
he Constitutional right of dissent has de-
to an excuse to undermine. From the Sen-
the college campus, sensationalist picture
s, and other such media, sanctimonious
s would castigate the men who loyally
country...." Rising applause. ("Damnit.
sure Senator Percy gets a copy of Doc's
heard a man say later. "Or better yet, let's
to Washington and bring Percy home for

earl Harbor survivors from Aurora and
ty sat at round tables-of-honor with their
f-consciously excited about an event al-
e decades distant, now revived to bring
ccustomed attention. Police Captain Alex
ooke for them. How sad it was. Puscas
ear taps sounded over soldiers' graves.
s ever be sounded for the last time? Will
ever die? Not so long as its people do as
oing at this moment—*Remember Pearl*

music teacher closed the proceedings with
le Hymn of the Republic," truly a song for
s—Andy Williams sang it, agonizingly
slow, the sad June morning when Bobby
s body was borne from the heavy gloom of
k's Cathedral: the Republicans sang it in
each two months later, then nominated
Nixon for the Presidency; now the Silent
ians sang it in anthem rhythm, finding in
oln's song a soulful bond to the American
quasi-religious verses that bring tears
es and send them back to their insurance
d grain stores and drug counters with the
feeling one gets from a good Methodist
r a close football victory.

"These are real people," Bobby Moga said as we left the YMCA. "Did you ever see anything like this in Washington?"

"I don't feel we have enough information to know whether policies are right or not. Leave it to the leader."

The Recess Club is a luncheon recluse for auto executives in north downtown Detroit, a dim, comfortable place that smells faintly of bourbon and old leather. It is devoid of Automobia's chrome and fintails, the only place in the neighborhood (General Motors' headquarters are across the street) where Roosevelt-era styling is acceptable.

My host looked vaguely like Johnny Carson—nervous smile, neat short haircut, an open sincere face, eager eyes that keep right on you. He wants you to like him, *he does*, and he wants to like you. But he was restrained the first few minutes of our conversation; something bothered him, and we couldn't get beyond pleasantries. He finally said, "Do you intend to identify me by name?" I said I hoped so, that one purpose of my article was to give flesh-and-blood identity to the Silent Majoritarians. This disturbed my host. "I live in Birmingham, Michigan. Birmingham has the reputation of... well, being an all-white community, that sort of thing. I'm afraid I might be labeled a racist, you know what I mean? I don't want to be the target of crank mail." He would not be swayed: no anonymity, no interview. When I acquiesced, my host—let's call him Morrow, although that is not his name—relaxed.

"Because the world is divided into power blocs, and always has been so, war is going to be with us until man's nature changes. I recall my father saying to me, 'Your war will come.' Well, this was in the Thirties, and I said the same thing to my sons in the Fifties. Sure enough, their war did come.

"My oldest is a helicopter pilot, a big handsome guy six-five and more than two hundred pounds. His attitude is absolutely beautiful; the tapes we get from Vietnam would tear you up, the pride he takes in doing his job. Now my brother isn't so lucky. I was at their place early this fall, and their daughter, who's in college, had this hippie type with her. Man, what a mess—long hair, granny glasses, work clothes. And what ignorance! His mind was closed. America is imperialistic. America is in a warmongering stage. America doesn't believe in justice. Closed mind. I couldn't touch him. I mentioned Pearl Harbor. They were blank—they'd never heard of it.

"What do I read? I'm up at 5:45 A.M. every day, an old habit of mine. I start with the *Detroit Free Press*. Then *Life*, *Newsweek*, *Harper's*, *Look*, a golf magazine, the *Dan Smoot Report*. I think a lot of Smoot. He has good insight into what's going on in the country—he's an ex-FBI agent, you know.

"No, I don't have time for books, but I do get to some. For instance, Eddie Rickenbacker's *Incredible Victory* [*sic*], about Midway. That's what I'm doing now. On Vietnam? No, can't say that I have. Are there any books on Vietnam? Bernard Fall? No, haven't run across him....

"On the networks, I start with Cronkite. I'll get

Joseph Goulden

VOICES FROM THE SILENT MAJORITY

pissed off with him, and turn to Huntley-Brinkley, and turn back to Cronkite. TV news is too much nonsense and not enough empirical fact.

"I kind of agree with Agnew on news control. As an experiment once, a friend and I sat down with a Michigan newspaper and marked out all the syndicated news on the front page. Why, there wasn't anything left. That shows you the news is controlled by a few people. There's something else I'll tell you. We found a situation in a chain of Michigan newspapers—I'm not going to give you their name—where a word was being deleted from these syndicated stories, or a line transposed, so that the entire meaning was changed. The net result was to disseminate a distinctively Communist line. Well, we took care of it. We found out who was responsible, and we took care of it."

How?

A smile. "Oh, let's not get into that. But the doctoring of news stopped. All I wanted to point out is that there *are* people who will distort the news for ulterior motives."

Morrow didn't give a thought to voting for Hubert Humphrey because he detests union "featherbedding and inflation" (asserting labor wrecked a small company he once owned). "I was fifty-fifty when the campaign started, between Our Friend George and Nixon. I turned to Nixon, who had always been pretty straight. Beside, I was afraid Wallace might turn fascist. . . ."

Morrow was traveling the night of Nixon's speech, and he wrote his letter on Holiday Inn stationery from Erie, Pennsylvania:

> *Your speech tonight reaffirms my faith in you as our President. I agree one hundred percent with your position. . . . It is my opinion also that there would be a bloodbath of all opponents to Communism in South Vietnam if we should pull out of that country overnight.*
>
> *My son is there and tells us by letters and tapes that he feels he should be there. My wife and I are, of course, concerned about his safety, but we both agree that we have a commitment to the future that our son is there to protect.*

On Moratorium weekend Morrow visited his youngest son's fraternity at Michigan State University. "We had the football game, a nice buffet, and the next day, films of last year's Notre Dame game. It was a fine program, all weekend long. But do you know, fifteen of the kids were missing. I asked where they were, and found they had gone to Washington to demonstrate. Can you imagine such a thing—to go off and march when we had such a nice program at Lansing for them?"

"I think the time has come," said Major General Francis S. Greenleaf, deputy director of the Pentagon's National Guard Bureau, in a directive to state Guard commandants in November 1969, "for all of us to awaken to the difficulties misguided activities create for our nation's efforts to bring about an honorable peace. . . . It's time for Americans to unite behind a move that will der[e] true majority opinion in this country. . . . I [a]m we encourage all National Guardsmen, as c[i]t to (1) fly the American flag at their ho[me] businesses; (2) drive their automobiles [with] headlights turned on and turn their porch [li]ght at home."

> *I am a member of the Ohio National Gu[ard]. At our monthly Guard meeting this past [week]end we were each given a copy of a le[tter] in support of President Nixon's policy on th[e Viet]nam war. We were requested to sign the [letter] and give them to the commander or mail [them] personally to the President. . . . Althoug[h] the signing was supposedly voluntary, a repo[rt was] to be made as to the number of mem[bers] participated.*
>
> *—Constituent's letter to S[en.] Stephen Young (Democrat, Ohio)*

Robert R. Moga is classifiable as a Silen[t Ma]jo[rity] itarian solely because until November [1969] had never undertaken to tell a President [in] United States what he thought about a sub[ject] he has long been an activist. As a Jaycee [he] nated Keep Illinois Beautiful, a statewide [litter] campaign. But Moga didn't share the chroni[c] proclivity for foolishness. At a state conven[tion] was reading a report on his beautificatio[n] when Jaycees from East St. Louis trooped i[n] giant Budweiser can, hoping their town's [next] beer would attract next year's meeting. "I [got] gusted. The chairman rapped for order, but [no] would listen. They all stood up and yelled ab[out] beer can. I walked off the platform. That [ended] with me and the Jaycees." Aurorans knew [him] the sometime basketball announcer for a loc[al] station—and he says unabashedly he was [a] one. Moga dropped into his broadcaster's [role] demonstrate his technique, telling how he de[scribed] "a scuffle between two colored boys" at a t[own] "Come on, Peaches, give 'em some skin a[nd] get this show on the road." Moga laughed. "[I] have to say they were colored . . . everybody [got] when I said it that way . . . folks here were la[ughing] about it for days."

Moga entered politics almost by impuls[e] years ago he was working for an Aurora tr[ucking] firm. One morning factory workers were s[een] loading one of his trucks, and he went over t[o] them along. Moga gave the men cigars and [said] to a bystander that he hoped "the hillbilli[es] Aurora large for Southern hillbilly music" [would] faster. The shop steward, who was also [an] elected official, objected to the term and o[rdered] the men off the truck. When Moga returne[d] was a bitter confrontation. The steward a[ccused] Moga of prejudice and called him "a hunky [kid] from Pigeon Hill," referring to Moga's Ro[manian] ancestry and the East Aurora neighborhood [in] he was born. There were no fisticuffs. But [Moga] made an instant decision: "I'm going into pol[itics]," said. Here was a man whose family had

whorehouse—that's where all his money
–here was this kind of man representing
of Aurora. The only way to get his kind
was for people like me to run for office.
Moga didn't challenge the shop steward
hat he did was run for County Board,
ndily. (Johnny Moga The Plumber met
l later at a wedding reception on Pigeon
ld him he didn't like the term "hunky
he conversation continued: "You going
d you going to leave now—by the door or
wall. Now which you prefer?")
ur years on the County Board—a part-
Moga bucked the Republican organiza-
me Township Supervisor. His principal
inistering the welfare program, in some
takes a personal interest because, as he
ne of the biggest homeowning taxpayers
rora," paying $1,200 per year on his
imals," Moga calls his welfare clients.
d like animals, live like animals: they
your wife, my wife, wouldn't do." He
amples: A caseworker visited a welfare
st released from the hospital. "She had
gh this living room where three or four
bucks were sitting drinking. I told her
in a house like that again. Now there's
you—a $360 hospital bill. They ain't a-
a pay that—the taxpayers are going to
All they do is take—they never put."
uckled at his ingenuity in disposing of
had a woman come in here who had
eoria. She wanted money. I asked if the
ld take care of her if she got to Peoria.
d yeah. So I called a gas station and said
ank so she could get out of town. That's
't worry about no more."
ched suddenly to the war, for Moga's
proper family conditions, which make
them, are in large part responsible for
n Vietnam. Indeed, Moga asserted, the
rora is heavily Romanian and Hungar-
onsible for the town's militancy. He
voice, as if he didn't want to appear to
g in ethnic boasting. "Certain kinds of
certain backgrounds are more patriotic
. They learn to jump at the sound of an
ipline. There's discipline in these homes.
wise, of all the Aurora boys in the war,
number was from the Hungarian and
communities, Pigeon Hill, where I was
same for the dead—go over to the ceme-
at the tombstones. Most of the names.
Romanian. When a guy is in the trench
utenant blows the whistle and says, Let's
always a percentage that stays behind.
background are the ones who go."
ed the street to the Woolworth store for
ol had ended, and teen-agers crammed
ounter. We found stools in the corner.
Bobby Moga muttered. "Just look at
ever see anything like that in your life?"
ets. A few peace medallions. Natural
several of the black girls, no bras on sev-
eral of the white ones. The boys' hair appreciably longer than Moga's thinning locks.

While driving into Aurora that morning from Chicago I listened to a radio station in Gary, Indiana, and jotted down a line from the midmorning commodities report, not knowing how or when I would ever use it: "Slaughter sheep plentiful, pork bellies firm."

"Certain kinds of boys from certain backgrounds are more patriotic than others."

South of Houston the coastal prairie degenerates swiftly into a marsh inhabitable only by the most hardy of waterfowl and the petrochemical industry; a land with an aesthetically scatological horizon, its borders the phallic towers of Shell and Monsanto and Phillips, ejaculating flame and smoke and heavy, clinging oil-scent into the evening sky. ("Boy, what you smellin' is money," Texans tell themselves to justify the spoilage.) A highway café across the marsh from Galveston Bay, tar paper nailed over a frame of pine two-by-fours and chicken wire. BROWN PIGS COLD BEER TRUCKS WELCOME OPEN 24 HRS. DON'T PARK ON SHOULDER GO TO REAR and Bobby Bare from the jukebox: *God Bless America again, you must know the trouble that she's in; wash her pretty face, dry her eyes, and then, God Bless America again.* A drunk wants to talk. "Why doesn't she like me?" he says of the barmaid. Wall sign: "State law prescribes a maximum penalty of five years imprisonment for carrying weapons where alcoholic beverages are sold, consumed, or served."

You wouldn't find Diane Hicks in a roadside beer joint. She is a lady, a precise, self-confident one. She is twenty-seven years old. She is a teacher, civics and American history, in La Porte, Texas, High School. She attended Southwest Texas State Teachers College, Lyndon Johnson's alma mater, for one year, then finished at Mary Hardin-Baylor College. She marched with the SWTSTC band in Kennedy's inaugural parade. She hasn't done anything for a Democrat since, and she is about as silent as the jukebox on the highway. "I've written seven letters since September," Diane Hicks says, "to the President, to Senators, to Congressmen. I dictate them to girls in the vocational education class at school, and they type them. Golly gee, I think I'm a *vocal majority*." Her letter after November 3 expressed the same idea: "I was pleased and proud to hear your speech.... Thank you for speaking to the 'silent majority.' I'm far from silent, but perhaps I've spoken too softly. I feel your Vietnam policy is the *best possible*, and I'm behind you 100%."

Diane Hicks continues: "The President did a good job of telling the American people not what they *wanted* to hear, but what they *needed* to hear. Johnson, I always felt he was holding back. It's like... golly gee, it's like having a doctor when you are sick. I'd rather have a doctor tell me the truth. 'Mrs. Hicks, you are going to die,' rather than 'Mrs. Hicks, you are getting a little better.' He [Johnson] was holding back information: you tend to be discouraged when someone is not telling you the truth.

"I grew up in the Cold War generation. I believe

Joseph Goulden
VOICES FROM THE SILENT MAJORITY

that if you don't fight Them there, you will fight Them here. Their basic doctrine is that all the world will be Communist.

"South Vietnam invited us in. My position there—I believe in fighting Them in South Vietnam and winning an honorable peace. Golly gee, all our men and equipment are there, in working order. You'd have to move all the equipment and manpower that you have stashed away, move it to Cambodia or Laos. No, I don't believe in the domino theory. The whole world is a domino, when you are fighting Communists. You know, you can't win militarily against a Communist. It is impossible, period. Golly gee, Communism is an ideology. You can't win unless you chop off a head."

Mrs. Hicks's husband, Bruce, sat with us at the kitchen table, drinking coffee and listening. "I'm much stronger than she is. I don't believe in Americans getting killed for a stalemate. There are not all that many heads to roll. They [the Communists] have said they are going to shovel dirt in our face—I want to do some shoveling myself."

We talked about the media. Diane Hicks: "TV news has gotten to the point where . . . well, golly gee, it presents one side, boy, and that's it. I agree with Agnew all the way. I wrote a letter to him saying, 'The only thing I can say to you, sir, is Sock It To Them.' TV has to compete with sex movies, that's why it's so awful. I don't like to see the dead and dying on TV news. I want to know what's going on, not see blood and guts spread all over the living room. It's not in the best interests of the people for the commentators to *stand* there, and you not be able to talk back to them: golly gee, at least you can write a letter to a newspaper.

"Pressure groups, the vocal ones, they are the ones who get their ideas presented. But the pendulum will swing the other way when the media realize what the country wants. The sponsors and the networks—they leave it to subordinates, and who the ding-dong are they? The sponsors could care less. They are fat and sitting on the Riviera or somewhere else. *Time* and *Life*, even, are getting mucky. They present their side, that's all; why, golly gee, they've already got Lieutenant Calley tried, convicted, and before the firing squad."

On Moratorium Day, she said, "some of the students dashed around with their little armbands. This made me unhappy." Why? "They said we should get out. I was surprised. I thought they were very well informed. That is when I required them to read the Sunday newspapers. If they came into class, and didn't know what they were talking about, I made them take the armbands off. . . . What do they know about the war? From last year to this year, that's all. Sure, they think about it . . . they are next up in the draft."

What is her own background on the war? "I read *U.S. News and World Report*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Life*, the *Houston Chronicle* most of the time. Books? No, none on Vietnam: what are some?

"Oh, yes, one thing more—our debate subject this year is on unilateral intervention, and I have this book of source material; you know, magazine articles, things like that, pro and con; it's put the government. What articles? Oh, I don't offhand, but good articles."

The Houston Post *editorial page the next ing contained Art Buchwald, Joe Alsop, and Kraft, the same fare I find at home in the W ton Post. I turned to the letters. A citizen was about a* Post *story which stated that an anal moon dust found "the moon is billions of year The citizen deposed: "God says in the King Bible that he made the sun, moon, stars, and practically 6,000 years ago within seven da moon having been made on the fourth day. afraid when our boys found the moon. . . tha would be some wisenheimer . . . to try to pr word of God wrong, and try to tear do facts . . . God . . . tried so faithfully to conve of us." The* Post *replied that the questioned contained no statement "that anyone was tr prove the word of God wrong."*

FIRE BASE KIEN, *South Vietnam, Jan. 2 (*
Vice President Agnew, visiting what GIs the boonies, told American troops here ye day the people back home are "darned prou what you are doing" in Vietnam. He said troops have the public's 100 percent supp "Don't be alarmed by what you may see or in certain publications," Agnew told a grou about 75 soldiers. . . .

—Washington Post, *Jan. 2, 1*

Satellite Beach, Florida, is a community venience—an incorporated real-estate d ment, cinder-block homes nestled in culs bulldozed through the sand dunes of the Cap of the Air Force's Eastern Test Range at Air Force Base, part of the Cape Kennedy c A proud display on A-1-A, the main coastal h that serves as Satellite Beach's spine, tells w area is all about: Polaris Poseidon Hawke pup Thor Atlas Terrier Tartar Talos, the fir monsters that roar aloft from Patrick to spla the Atlantic twenty, two hundred, two th miles away. Drugstore shout from an ext narily beautiful woman in slacks and curlers you hear how The Shot went this morning friend: "Beautiful Shot, it worked beauti They're all real excited. Will we be seei Saturday night?" The Beautiful Shot, the said the next morning, was the first launch submarine of a multiple individually tar reentry vehicle, the MIRV, a quantum ju nuclear weaponry.

Tom Frey, forty-three, an electrical engi a civilian employee at Patrick, as are most neighbors, and he is archetypical of the tech who keep Modern America working more as it should. Soon after graduation from t versity of Illinois, Frey worked for a St brewery, installing a new plant, then for the Purina Company. The transition from be Wheat Chex to missiles was nothing more change of jobs. He is decidedly unsympat



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ut of the ordinary. And one who doesn't be misunderstood, even by association. "We with Huntley and Brinkley several years n they did a special on our area. They inter- mostly prostitutes and showed bars and lounges. They could have presented the ennedy area in a better vein." I remarked e of my friends in the aerospace industry Cape Kennedy and environs was a swing- t. "That may be," Frey said. "We don't we don't drink, so that leaves out parties

ey and Brinkley notwithstanding, Frey s TV his prime source of news. "Frankly, me disillusioned with the papers. You read , and the stories don't say the same thing d when the man said it on television." Both d his wife described themselves as busy -he prefers spy novels, she historical novels ey haven't gotten around to any books on . ("I think it [the war] is strictly Com- ," Tom Frey said. "The Communists took ietnam, and now they want to take South .") Barbara Frey, nineteen, a college stu- d been listening to us. "*Are* there any Viet- ks?" she asked. Before I left she came in l and pencil and asked for some titles. She tioned students who participated in Mora- activities. "I thought they were kind of Why, they were even standing on desks. I ople who make laws know more about what ning than we do."

Frey, who has worked around the Air Force six years, thinks it should have been per- bomb Haiphong and Hanoi—"get in there it over with, quick." Political realities be- t they are, he knows this is not now to But he is most willing to leave the war in on's hands: as he wrote the President: "It standable that we can not be told every- Since you have more insight into all our s problems, perhaps you could explain to he dissenting group in this country seems de up of people who have the most to lose not help keep the world free. . . ."

. A brick rancher, the driveway curving ugh the snow to a three-car parking area, ll goal, and the ice-crusted tracks of a snow- They don't work as good as a shovel, do Moga said. A 36-foot flagpole on the front Didn't cost me a thing. I welded it myself. the ball and the eagle at the top." Moga "I hope I'm never in the vicinity of a here somebody burns an American flag." I don't think I could control myself. I think omething awful to the people—kick the hell em, even kill them. I don't think anybody ld me back."

Moga, a pretty brunette who smiles and easily, was ironing in the kitchen. We joke usbands who don't warn they are bringing home, and about wives who don't like to be caught wearing curlers while they are ironing.

The living room. Family history. Bobby Moga's Uncle Jack was a city policeman whose ferocity alarmed even his colleagues, inclined to end tavern quarrels by banging the relevant heads until the noise ended. "In the old days there were no squad cars. At the end of a shift each officer walked his prisoners to the station house. One snowy morning Uncle Jack was checking doors in an alley when he saw an officer with a prisoner fall. Uncle Jack started after the prisoner, and the officer yelled, 'No, Jack, no, he didn't do anything; I slipped and fell.'" Moga smiled. "The policeman knew good and well that Uncle Jack would have killed that prisoner with his bare hands for hitting an officer."

Many of Moga's stories had this undercurrent of violence. The Romanian community once played the Aurora Swedes in baseball, a social event replete with cheering women and kegs of beer behind the screen, and gradually escalating enthusiasm for victory. There was an argument at home plate while Uncle Sam Moga was batting, and he turned and lifted the mask from the Swede catcher. "They had to call an ambulance to haul the Swede away when Sam finished him," Bobby Moga laughed, as did his eight-year-old son, sitting with us.

Moga's brother Romulus. "Rome, we call him, he was the fifth in a row to have the name." Rome was killed in the Battle of Java Sea in 1912, and a boy brought the telegram on Sunday morning. "We decided to keep the word from Mom until we knew for sure. We did this for two weeks. She heard. There were four Aurora boys on the USS *Houston*, and two of them were killed. She heard from a reporter."

A TV news show from Chicago. Bert Quint of CBS narrates a film of a South Vietnamese soldier putting cigarettes into the mouth of a dead North Vietnamese, clowning and smiling for onlookers and the camera. "That's the sort of thing that shouldn't be shown," Moga said. "It depresses you."

Sources of information on the war? "I read books, magazines, everything, I can't sit down without reading, even on the throne. The car radio, television. No, no books. I don't have time, no. See. I get calls out of the house all the time—people in trouble, that sort of thing. I'm a very busy man, a public official. Why the other night, I got a call from a guy who had been in a stabbing at a club. A Republican committeeman, and I had to take care of it, get him out on recognizance. All sorts of things like that. . . ."

The newspaper in which Bobby Moga and other Aurorans read about the war and Nixon policies is the Aurora Beacon-News, *owned by the Copley Press, Inc., chain. Although the* Beacon *was the first Copley newspaper (Ira C. Copley, sometime colonel, naturalized entrepreneur and Aurora resident, bought it in 1905) the editorial tone of the fiercely conservative chain is set by the flagship paper, the* San Diego Union, *which Herb Klein edited for ten years. During my visit the* Beacon *was publishing a series on the Moratorium by Francis J. McNamara, longtime staff director of the House Un-American*

"The sponsors and the networks—they leave it to the subordinates and who the ding-dong are they?"

Activities Committee. "The most important fact about the demonstrations," McNamara wrote for the 26 Copley papers and the 340 newspaper clients of the Copley news service, "was the revelation of a weakness in U. S. ability to deal effectively with internal Communist subversion."

Mrs. Hugh Armstrong lives in Jesup, in the turpentine and pulp-wood country of southern Georgia. What she said to Mr. Nixon, and why, is best expressed in her letter itself, which she decided could be published after an hour's consultation with the son she discusses in it:

Just one year ago today the War Department sent us a telegram saying our son Tony was burned over 50% of his body, arms, face, and legs. He was a Cobra pilot in the 1st Air Cav and a good one—he won two distinguished flying crosses. For 5½ months he was in Yokohama, Japan, and Brooke Gen. Hosp. in Texas—14 skin grafts. He'll never have the use of his right hand, the bones were too badly burned, he'll also wear rubber hose on his legs for the better part of his life -but thank God he came home and cheered us up. . . .

Now what I want to say, your speech was a "good one." My husband and I both feel it's the only honorable way. Every time we see our friends' sons leave for Vietnam our hearts bleed for them, and we pray they never know the anxiety we suffered.

Tony's back in college now, he's learned to do with his left hand, and never has said one unkind thing about his condition.

This letter was not meant to be a tear jerker, just wanted to say I'm glad you are in. God bless you and guide you in all the rough times ahead, and the decisions you are having to make.

Aurora Downs, a trotting track, celebrated its grand opening that night, and as a township official Bobby Moga had gratis clubhouse tickets—gold cardboard affairs entitling the bearer to free admission, free dinner, free drinks, and free access to pari-mutuel lines where he could bet the contents of his wallet on the horses puffing clouds of steam during warm-ups. Joyce Moga bright-eyed and smiling in a new dress, excited about a night out. Hard-frozen snow pushed into the infield, mid-20s temperatures. "This was a drafty old barn last year," Moga said. "But Johnny my brother put in a new heating system. Feels pretty good, eh? Johnny has it heated up real nice."

Aisle table. Bobby did some politicking. "Hi-ya Hallie boy, any of these horses been telling you how fast they can run?" He bounced around the chair, looking into the stands and behind us for friends and acquaintances and for people who should see him in the honored guest area.

Bobby was serious about the trotters, and after we ordered prime ribs he excused himself for the first of many whispered consultations with assorted insiders. His brother-in-law, a track faithful, had talked to a trainer who knew a jockey a[n] knew something special about a race. (Th[e] lost.) "I think all of this is silly," Joyce Mo[ga] We bet—and lost—the first three races, fo[l]faithfully Ambassador Annenberg's form [sheet] "Let's use my system," Joyce Moga said, "I[t] as much sense." She held her pencil at [arm] length above the table and dropped it on t[he] gram. "Number Six. Hit it right on the nose [that] our horse." We split a $2 bet. And glori[ous] Number Six took a quick lead, led by three [lengths] at the halfway mark, by four at the three-q[uarter] post, and by five no less than fifty yards f[rom] finish—saliva-blowing, snorting ferocity, [a] aurally antiseptic behind the plate glass th[at] us snug in the clubhouse. One glimpsed, bu[t] not hear (and thus emphatically fee[l] wrrrHACKkkkkkk of the crop: muscles a[nd] veins pulsating in glistening ridges.

Number Six stumbled in the stretch, broke [and] and went from first to seventh quicker t[han] could moan our disappointment. "Horses [is] Joyce Moga. Bobby Moga threw a pile [of] mutuel slips on the table and we went home

After midnight I tried to find something [to] before going to sleep. The bookcase in the [spare] guest room contained William Shirer's *Berlin* [Diary], a world atlas, a collected works of Shakespe[are], *Dell Crossword Dictionary*, *The Day Christ* [Died], Jim Bishop, *The Exciting Story of the Wh*[ite Sox] (about their pennant year), and the *Hand*[book of] *Beauty*. I sat down on the bed and read [Mrs.] Moga's letter again.

We watched you on television, addres[sing the] Nation on the Viet-Nam situation. We w[holly] heartedly support your position, and think [ninety] ninety per cent of Americans do too.

Funny thing, I've always considered our [well] educated people to be the strength of our N[ation]. Much to everyone's surprise the so called [in]tellectuals strangely enough are a weakness. [We] can not see the students in Czechoslovakia [protest]ing to tell the world about Russia, and [Com]munism.

I honestly, think that what some of [our] younger people need, is a callused [hand] wheeled by a strict father, or a boot camp M[arine] Sergeant, to bring a full appreciation o[f our] beautiful Country.

Both of my parents, were born in Rom[e], and when I asked my Dad recently, wheth[er he] would like to visit his birth place he said, [I] quote "what for, sixty-seven years ago I [was] away from that place."

Also, I want to tell you that our family [sup]ports you even though, we lost our older bro[ther] in World War II in the Battle of the Java S[ea] 1942. In 1945 another brother was wounde[d] Okinawa. I myself, served in 1950 to 1952 [in] Korean War.

I can guarantee you that our family is [for] and will always be ready to fight for our b[eau]ful Flag.

Yours very truly,
Robert R. Moga
Township Supervisor

by Nolan Porterfield

OSS MY FATHER'S GROUND



turned over and sat up. "Sweet remem-
e of the just," he said. "Lordy if the sleep
ng man ain't truly honeysuckle and sweet-
neysuckle, sweetmeats, and hog dew."
" Elliott handed him the paper sack.
ever heard that? I thought everybody
old saying." He sat in the shade of his
e and took out the ham and biscuits. "I
on it's actually pure-dee exploitation," he
ning, "when the bourgeois capitalist boss
n, on top of paying him wages. Or does
out of my fifty cents a hour?"
tter drink that tea," Elliott said, "before
ts."
estured at Elliott's canteen. "What's that
on your hip there? I might have me a
that."
t rainwater. I sort of get the cottonmouth
unds."
" Grady shook his head. "Bygod, I be-
e telling the truth. Well, Grady, it's your
fault," he muttered to himself.

"What?" Elliott said.

"I swore to myself," he said grandly, "a fair and baleful oath that I'd never set foot again on these godforsaken bone-dry local prohibition plains . . . it's all a mad and devious plot between the preachers and the bootleggers. Why, there's so many bootleggers in Lubbock, Texas, they have to wear badges to keep from hustling each other, and between them and the Baptists a poor honest man can go choke in his own spit. Got to prime your peter to piss, the old Jedge used to say, and the old Jedge knew, didn't you, Jedge." He looked off across the field, laughing. "Yessir, Jedge, if you ain't boiling in hell, they might as well sell the place." He sipped from the jar of tea, swallowed some, then spat in mock disgust.

"There's some well water in a crock down yonder by that big thistle," Elliott said. "Or you're welcome to some of mine."

"Never touch it myself," Grady said. "I've seen what the stuff does to the inside of pipes. Hear some people even take a bath in it. But let me tell

This story is taken from Nolan Porterfield's novel, A Way of Knowing, *which will be published by Harper's Magazine Press. Mr. Porterfield, who grew up in Texas, attended Texas Tech and the University of Iowa.*

you, son. I have been told that thick wine on the other hand is like unto the virtuous worthies, you know that? Yet why should you and me strive to be gods and immortals? Yea, three bottles and you can verily understand the Great Tao. A gallon, bygod, and you'll get yourself in accord with all nature."

"What's the Great Toe?" Elliott said.

Grady roared. When he had stopped laughing and could talk again, he said, "Them who know don't tell. And them who tell don't know."

Elliott ignored him. He filed their hoes and they set off, heavy and lagging now in the late still heat of afternoon. From time to time they could hear the low distant whine of a tractor, too far away to be seen, its clatter sounding and echoing across the empty plain. Whirlwinds rustled here and there in the fields, rising against shimmering heat waves. The sky was dark in the north and west, and puffs of dirty white appeared along the edges of blackness. After an hour Elliott saw the sand rising, a roiling brown hedge on the horizon. "Well," he said, disgustedly, "it looks like we're going to get a little dirt in our office."

"Pretty late in the year for dusters, idn't it?" Grady said. "Looks to me like there's a bank of thunderheads behind it."

"Anybody that tries to forecast the weather in West Texas is either a fool or a newcomer." Elliott leaned on his hoe, staring at the clouds.

"You've heard that old saying, too, have you?" Grady said. He laughed. "Reckon which one I am?" A gust of wind whipped at his hat, and he started moving again. "I can't speak for newcomers, but only a fool would stand here in the middle of a cotton patch and scratch his crotch while half of Oklahoma and New Mexico comes howling down the Panhandle on top of him—"

Before they could work out to the turnrow the wind had begun to scatter trails of dust down the furrow. At the turnrow the blinding front of sand hit in full force, and even then big raindrops were falling, clearing the air before a hard, fresh breeze, spattering in the dry dust and settling it and making smudges on their dirty faces. Grady limped over to the guitarcase and began trying to open the lock on the chain, and the rain roared down over them. "Go on!" Grady yelled. "No use in you getting wet too."

"It's okay," Elliott said. "I'm not much for running either. Haven't had a chance to get rained on in a long time, anyway. I might like it."

Grady gathered up the guitarcase and Elliott carried the hoes. They slogged down the turnrow, slipping and cursing happily and spitting water that dripped off their noses. The rain settled into a steady downpour, and the land that had been powdery and faded now turned deep and brilliant under the bruised sky.

At the house they huddled beneath an extended eave over the back porch. Elliott scraped his mud-caked boots on a horseshoe set in cement beside the door, and Grady took out a small metal rectangle that looked to Elliott like a mir blade and used it to clean the mud from h black shoes.

"You-all get in this house," Elliott's m her from the kitchen. "You're going to ch death."

Grady kept his distance, occupying hi a careful, elaborate cleaning of his shoes t amounted to a ceremony. Elliott opened e door and stood inside. His mother said. Ju a bunch of brooder chicks. Not got th come in out of the rain."

Grady grinned at her, wiping his shoe on a cloth sack she had spread on "There's no quicker way to purgatory i ing up a lady's floors," he said, picki guitarcase. "My old daddy used to say, soils the work of woman is a serpe temple."

"Well, it'll dry," she said. "I'd lots r up mud than sand—Lord knows I've enough grit out of this old house. You yonder in the other room and find clothes."

"Just a heavy dew, ma'am." Grady sai want to put you out."

"No bother. I don't know what we've fit you—." She would have said the san any stranger, but now she saw that it wo "What I mean is, both my men is big fel

Grady nodded to her, easy. "Yes ma'a

". . . but anything dry is better than the things. You go on in yonder and he'll find thing."

Elliott rummaged around in a box i and found a pair of nearly new overall been bought for his grandfather just bef illness. They were almost Grady's size, a ing up the straps as far as they would go a cuff on the legs, he made them fit co Elliott gave him dry socks and one of h gray work shirts. "Lordy, lordy. You wou me from a pure-dee old scissorbill," G wryly, with satisfaction.

Elliott changed into fresh Levi's and old Army shirts, and they went into t His mother poured them steaming coffe sat at the big round table, sipping. Then bered the peach cobbler and dipped out for each of them. The rain beat down. hear it sloshing off the roof and through into the charcoal filter box and then long, hollow way into the cistern.

"All a man would need to get into heav said, "would be to hold out a taste of t to old St. Peter, and then offer him the you in."

"Why, thank you," she said, fussin table. "I don't get many compliments a I'll tell you that. The men on this place a thing, just set theirselves down and go as it's hot and they don't have to fix it. at the sink, and she stared out the win rain. "Law," she said to Elliott, "I g

e proud of this. He'd just about give up op."

etter get on home, or he won't be able to," d. "Water's already up across the road e by the pasture."

imagine he'll just stay all night with Ode You know how him and Ode are when gether. Probably slopping around out in y now, like two kids, to see how much it's he turned back to the table. "They've sure ith the drouth this year," she said tiredly.

help, if it keeps up," Elliott said. "But e crop's pretty far gone. That young cot- by the ranch sure was suffering these last up in the heat of the day."

hing," she said. "You'll have plenty of ut. This'll make 'em grow wild."

e great weeds grow thus apace," Grady

ave my way about it." Elliott said, "we'll ch of Mexicans in there and get it over quit messing around."

Grady said lightly, "I was looking for a I found this one. Yea, I am like unto a ownself, flung from the rock, to sail the am where'er the surge may sweep. . . ."

ly ain't going nowhere till the roads clear tt's mother said. "We might as well get d fix you a place to sleep before it gets 've got that old bedstead down in the ckon that's as good a place as any."

on her bonnet and a ragged sweater and Elliott's old field boots, and they sloshed e cellar, carrying a broom and a can of or the lamp. The rain had eased to a slow he cellar walls and floor were cemented. nell there was like old wet dirt, heavy and o Elliott the cellar had always been a safe is childhood it was where they went when blew. He could hear his grandfather say- *s like a cloud back in yonder to the north. er tell what's back of that sand.* Other was forbidden to play there, but he often dark cellar and pretended it was his secret ched for hours beside an old chest of n the thin icy light that sifted down from in the sloping door.

s mother lit the lamp and it made blurry ehind the massive quilt box and the stacks and in the rows of canned vegetables and fason jars and jelly glasses on high shelves e wall. "Here," she said, "one of you take n and sweep up some of this dust off the ady put his guitarcase down in a corner the broom before Elliott managed to stir. " she went on, "looks like that sand's ground into the cement. But I guess we it fit to live in for a time. You, Elliott, me fresh bedding out of that quilt box. I ways get the cellar cleaned so's we'll have ase a cloud comes up, but we didn't have s past spring but dusters, and I've just ng so bad lately, my arthritis and all. I got around to it."

Elliott fumbled around in the quilt box and took out sheets and a pillow and quilt and handed them to her. In addition to bedding, the quilt box held books that belonged to his mother, many small boxes of various shapes tied with ribbons and strips of cloth, pictures no one could identify, discarded dishes, endless bundles of paper, a jumbled, fragmentary history of the family. Elliott found bits of schoolwork he'd done, and some of his childish drawings that his mother had put away carefully in binders. He found a picture of a girl he'd once loved, and an old scrapbook with most of the pages blank or torn out, and he found the ribbons and decorations he'd brought home from the war and thought he'd thrown away, the campaign ribbons for North Africa and the Peninsular Campaign, the unit citation for Cassino, the Purple Heart and the Bronze Star and the Combat Infantryman's Badge. He remembered how the Purple Heart had impressed them most of all, and he laughed sadly to himself, because it hadn't even been his blood or his wound. Beside the quilt box there was a fruit basket full of old phonograph records, and he lifted them out hurriedly one at a time, looking for the one his grandfather had liked. Many of them were by Jimmie Rodgers or the Carter Family, blue yodels and country hymns, and some of the titles he remembered only vaguely: "Tuck Away My Lonesome Blues" and "T for Texas" and "Away Out on the Mountain" and "Little Darling Pal of Mine" and "That Heavenly City." Then he saw the one he was looking for: he recognized the yellow label with the bird on it. "Man of Constant Sorrow" was the title, and he began to remember now just how it went... "*I'm a man of constant sorrow, I've seen trouble all my days since I said goodbye to Colorado, where I was born and partly raised,*" and there was another verse that began, "*Your mother says I'm a stranger...*" But the record was broken, and he put it gently back into the fruit basket and put the others on top. He closed the quilt box and went over and sat down on the cellar steps in the corner near Grady's guitarcase.

Grady finished sweeping and perched atop a trunk at the foot of the bed. The top of the trunk was higher than his waist, but he got on it by backing up to it and putting the heels of his hands on the edge, behind him, and levering himself up.

"There," Elliott's mother said, puffing up the pillow and swatting the quilt to see if there was dust in it. "Them old bedsprings is kind of rusty, but that ought to make you a pretty good bed."

"It's fine," Grady said. "And thank you, ma'am."

"Well, we'll get out and leave you be," she said, picking up the broom and kerosene can. "I'll just put this lantern up here on this shelf. But that's one of my good lamps, you be careful and don't turn it up too high and smoke my chimney."

Elliott moved over on the steps to let her pass. "Honey," she said, "you better go on and milk pretty soon. I don't imagine your daddy'll be home." Elliott said nothing, and she stood at the top looking down at him for a moment. Then she went away.

Grady eased himself over onto the bed and

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CROSS MY FATHER'S GROUND

stretched out. "All I need now is about three fingers of good Scotch whiskey. Or even bad Scotch whiskey." Elliott was chipping at the cement step with the broken blade of his pocketknife. He looked up. "Yeah," he said. "You're only about two hundred miles from the nearest liquor store. One hundred and ninety-four miles and four-tenths, my grandad used to say, from Elysium to the front door of Pinkie's Package Store in Big Springs. That's the closest one."

"Your grandaddy sounds like a man to know."

"He was," Elliott said.

"Oh, for a beaker of...the true, the blushful Hippocrene," Grady said, "that I might drink my joyful fill and leave unseen these, these goddammed desiccated calcinated dry fevered fucking abominable plains. What in hell's name is it about these flat-land farmers that makes 'em vote dry, can you tell me that?"

"You know the saying: 'Vote it dry and drink it neat.'"

"Full of them one-liners, ain't you? Well, it's a bunch of iron-jacketed hardshell hypocritical sonsabitches. Bigtime fascists. Oh she cried and waved her wooden leg: hang them Baptists while a tater vine'll do the trick."

"Has its advantages," Elliott said. "No age limit, for one thing. Kid can buy a beer soon as he's big enough to carry fifty cents and find a bootlegger."

"That's right. You know any bootleggers?"

"Heck, in town all you got to do is go down to the flats and ask around. They'll run over each other gettin to you."

"Free enterprise system," Grady said. "But that's in town. There's twenty miles of muddy road between us and them. What about your friends and neighbors?"

"No moonshining around here that I know of. Used to be an old guy over at 'Lysium, but I don't know if he's still around."

"You sure you haven't got a little soothin syrup of some kind stashed away on the premises?"

Elliott grinned and went back to chipping at the step.

"Hell's bells," Grady said. "Hand me that guitarcase over there. You do take a drink, don't you. A *drank*, as my old daddy used to say."

"Heck," Elliott said, a little uneasily, standing and reaching for the guitarcase. "In the Army I tried a little of everything, from bay rum to rubbing alcohol."

"Well, what I'm offering is sure not Seagram's or Johnny Walker Black Label."

"Hey," Elliott said, lugging the guitarcase. "What's in here? Feels like about a ton of pig iron." Half dragging it, he backed across to the bed and Grady helped him lift it up.

"This here is Colonel Grady O. Haker's Jot 'Em Down Store," Grady muttered, unsnapping the catches. "Traveling medicine show, haberdashery, saloon, and lending liberry."

"Son of a gun," Elliott said, peering over to look. "There's everything but a guitar."

"Matter of fact, my clear and melodious lute lies gathering dust beneath the bower of a swe thing, a bright flower of Walsenburg, C who in the summer of nineteen-and-fort Well, the gory details I leave entirely to yo nation, trusting that like all country boys a filthy and diseased mind." From beneat of soiled clothes in the guitarcase he with bottle of vanilla extract.

The guitarcase held several nondescri and objects that Elliott could not id the dim lamplight. Most of what he could books, and he reached out gingerly to tu and look at the titles. In addition to *A of Western Philosophy*, he found *The Sto Life* by Clarence Darrow; *How to Writ tising That Sells; The I.W.W. Song Bo Flying Yorkshireman and Other Stories* Knight; *The Pocket Bible (Abridged)*; *T of Frederick W. Goudy*; *Discourses of E God's Little Acre* in paperback ("He screw Jill on page seventy-six, I believe," Gra dryly); Volume III of an elegantly chea of Scott's *Waverley Novels*; *Babe Gordon* West; Bright's *Anglo-Saxon Reader*; Ton *Scrapbook* for 1944-45; *The Cloister Hearth*; *They Shoot Horses, Don't They Should Have Stayed Home* by Horace Mc *Shakespearian Plays*: a beautifully bound *Typophile Chap Book VII* with an elabo page that read: "Roman Numerals, Typ Leaves, and Pointing Hands: Some Notes Origin, History, and Contemporary Us McPharlin. 1942. With 40 figures in the signed by the author, and C. R. Capon, a Chappell, W. A. Dwiggins, Robert Foster, Hornung, Oscar Ogg, Hal Zamboni. Sou Anthoensen Press. One of 495 copies"; als tered *Thesaurus*, ragged copies of *The Digest, Graphic Arts, Editor & Publish Plasticman Comics*; several dried orange dozen Ramses prophylactics; a whiskey bo a wooden Masonic emblem inside it; an Ow .38 pistol ("Case I ever want to kill myself, said); several strangely marked metal rule of twine, a cigarette-making machine, plas rette cases with oval holes cut out of the ignition points, half-a-dozen ball bearings, ture bale of cotton, three shot glasses, and a of the oddly shaped little steel plates like Elliott had seen Grady cleaning his shoes

"Makeup rules," Grady said.

"I thought it might be some new kind o pick. What's a makeup rule?"

"Printer's gadget. Use it to build ads, straight matter, clean your fingernails, op most anything that needs prying, scraping, ing, or splitting."

"You a printer?"

"Mostly. Let's see how it goes: 'Jour pri trade, do some in patent medicines, traged take a turn at phrenology and mesmerism there's a chance, teach singing-geography

hen, sling a lecture sometimes, most any-
's handy, long as it ain't work.' That's
k Finn, the Duke talking, and I believe
out right."
nly read *Tom Sawyer*. What's a 'jour

I know. Sounds good though, don't it.
t to read *Huckleberry Finn* sometime.
etter than *Tom Sawyer*. Tom Sawyer is a
e shit."
s a lot of things I ought to read. Maybe
chance to catch up on these, if it's okay

day loan, and two-bits for ever day a
verdue." Then he grinned. "Sure. Long
l around."
'd you ever get all these books, anyway?"
ıe place and another," Grady said. "I
up here and there, read 'em, throw 'em
give 'em to somebody or just lose 'em.
ıe time, like a madman, don't understand
ıat I read and don't like the other half.
a habit I got from my old daddy."
d a lot, did he?"
ddy? No, not much." He chuckled. "I
pose he could read his own name the
d."
now," Elliott said, "sometimes I feel like
just read enough books and find out
ings I could get everything straightened
's just so much I don't know, haven't even
ut."
huckled and took a swig of vanilla. "Pabst
on has got old Milton beat a mile," he
n it comes to figuring out the ways of the
Here, you just need to sip a little of this
yrup."
ook the bottle and held it absently on his
ing off into space. "But I don't ever do
he said. "I just mess around, and time
nd I don't even know where to start."
said, "Place to start is wherever we can
on more goodly beverage. Don't your
r take a nip? Maybe he's got a bottle
ace."
hook his head. The idea of his father
ecret drinker amused him. "Creme Soda
id is about as wild as he ever gets," he

Christ and General Jackson," Grady said.
n into the hands of the Dubya-Cee-Tee-
ed in the clutches of the Missionary So-
ounded by ever bluenose and dry in nine

esn't have anything against it, much. He
't keep any around the place."
ake a snort of that and hand it back. It
, but it looks like that's all we got."
gulped a mouthful of the vanilla. It was
oily going down, and it lay heavy in his
But he could feel the rubbery warmth
out, easing the cramp in his bowels and
ss across his chest. "If your dad couldn't
d that get you started?"

Grady waved him away. "Oh my god, it's a long story. Action and reaction of time in opposition. Simultaneity and succession of appearances. Those, as the only relations in time..." Elliott frowned.

"Here," Grady said, thumbing through the book he had been reading. "How about this? 'If appearance really appears, it is not nothing and is therefore part of reality; but perhaps some will say. Appearance does not really appear, but it appears to appear. This will not help, for we shall ask again. Does it really appear to appear or only *apparently* appear to appear...' " Elliott took another swig of vanilla and continued to stare at him.

"Well?"

"That's interesting."

"LOGOS!" Grady yelled, snapping the book shut with a sharp whack. "In the beginning, there was The Word." He squinted at Elliott. "You know what all that I just read means?"

"Well... I'd have to look at it...."

"O-yes, certainly," Grady said, dropping the book back into his guitarcase. He rolled a cigarette through the machine. "Used to sing me a song, had a line in it... 'Daddy, let your mind roll on.' Yessir, she cried and waved her wooden leg: Daddy, let your mind roll on. What about that bootlegger you used to know at Elysium?"

Elliott heard his mother calling. He went up the steps and raised the cellar door, holding it up with his shoulder, and he could see her on the back porch, with a tin pail in one hand and her egg bucket in the other. "Honey, you better go on now and milk," she said sternly. "It's going to be dark before long, and I've got to go gather up the eggs."

"Hey, Mama," he said. "I think me and the hand are gonna go over to 'Lysium. To the store. He's gonna need some gloves and stuff—"

"Why, honey, you've got to milk," she said. "Besides, that's four miles through the mud. You-all don't want to go slogging through all that, and besides, I'm going to fix some supper after awhile."

"We'll take the tractor," he said. "We can eat when we get back."

"Your daddy won't like it." But she saw that he was determined. "Anyway, go on and milk first."

He stood there a minute, looking at her, then pushed the door wide open, slamming it over and down on its cradle. He stalked out toward her and took the pail and went back to the cellar door. "Come on," he called down to Grady. "And bring that stuff with you. Put it in your shirt."

They went around the smokehouse to the side away from the house and urinated, and then Elliott jogged on ahead of Grady toward the cow lot, picking his way carefully around, trying to find the places where the scrub grass had grown together in a tight mat over the pasture but still sloshing in the low places and in the web of trails where the cows had churned off the grass and kneaded the ground into gray powder that was now dissolved into ooze and scattered with soggy manure chips and shreds of feed stalks and chaff. Grady followed along, limping.

Nolan Porterfield

CROSS MY FATHER'S GROUND

Three cows were bunched around the feedlot, nosing through the fence and bellowing occasionally. Two of them had calves in the pen. But the cows were mostly interested in the feed trough. One of them, an old tawny Jersey, skittered aside and went flopping off into the pasture when Elliott came up. He drove the other two into the lot with their calves. The calves rushed to suck.

"Yea, lo," Grady called out. "They loosed their sweating steeds from the yoke and tethered them with thongs and brought kine and goodly herds and provided theirselves with some lip-smacking honey-hearted wine and corn and gathered much wood."

"What's that?"

"Nothing. I'm just ranting. Knew an old boy once that could go on all day like that."

"Sounds like one of those preachers on the radio," Elliott said, watching the calves suck. It was the brindle heifer's first calf and she did not have a lot of milk. The calf was greedy and kept jabbing its nose into the cow's bag to make her give. The cow flinched and threatened with her hind leg.

"Well, you might say he was a preacher," Grady said, sipping from the vanilla jar. "He ran a country newspaper. Most guys that run newspapers think they operate under some kind of divine inspiration." He climbed up the lot fence, one slab at a time, and perched on the top plank, braced against a corner pole. "And maybe they do."

Elliott put a rope around the calf's neck and dragged it away and tied it to the fence. The brindle heifer stood at the feed trough, munching cottonseed. "I'll be through in a hurry," Elliott said, squatting on his heels beside the cow. "Just open her up a little and let the calves have the rest."

"I'd help you," Grady said, "but I'm 'fraid I'm kinda out of practice at that."

"Jus' hand me a little more of that jar."

Grady took a drink and gave it to him. "Kill it."

Killing it required several swallows. Then Elliott flipped the bottle over a stack of maize bundles beyond the feedlot. "Nother dead soldier," he said. "All a soldiers dead." He stared quietly toward the place where the bottle had landed. Then he laughed, a big happy laugh, for the first time in many days, and he began to hurry again, faster now, untying the calf, roping off the other one, tugging frantically at the second cow's teats. The cow pivoted around on her forefeet and he followed her in an awkward crouch, cursing absently. One of her teats was cracked, and she kept flicking a rear leg at Elliott whenever he pulled too hard at it. With the pail less than half full, he gave up and turned the calf back to her, then dashed under the shed and began spreading more cottonseed in the feed trough.

After the rain the clouds had hung low over the land, and now far above there was the black of coming night and along the distant horizon lay a thin icy-white band of sky that spread cold shadows from the west. In the lightless gloom under the shed, Elliott worked feverishly, feeling the alcohol numb and fire him at the same time, washed in a dream sense of his own frenzy drawn against the hard silent surface around him, out there in gray air, fixed points of silver and black, ea mals rolling cuds, dully munching quietly, ora rocking gently on the rail fence.

"Here," Elliott said, handing him the n "Take this on to the house. I'm gonna see get the tractor started. Just give it to Man it on the back porch. She'll find it."

The tractor was behind the barn, parke a cluster of kerosene drums along the pastu Elliott set the hand clutch and opened the and began to heave at the heavy flywheel it through a quarter turn. The compressio it back and he heard the thick, sucking slu cylinders. After six or seven attempts, he st and leaned against the bull wheel to catch hi

Grady reappeared. He had a slip of p which Elliott's mother had written

5 lb potatoes
light bread
s. pork (lb or so)
canned toms.
Koolade—get some of each

"She said to tell you, just charge it." Gra

"I don't think anybody's going anyw charge anything," Elliott said. "Somebod to put the can back on the smoke stack." He to the upright exhaust pipe above the mot always keep a tin can over it when she's ning. Or supposed to. Somebody forgot. I me. Anyway, it rained in her, and she's out. Damn these old Poppin Johnnys.... I give two cents for every John Deere ever He was secretly proud of the tractor, the father had ever owned, and he was mo pointed than angry that it wouldn't st climbed up on the toolbar to check the again, and saw Old Phoebe nosing up to t in the falling light.

"Grady, there's a rope halter over there fence behind that coal-oil barrel. Can you re

"Godamighty," Grady said, "that's a plow

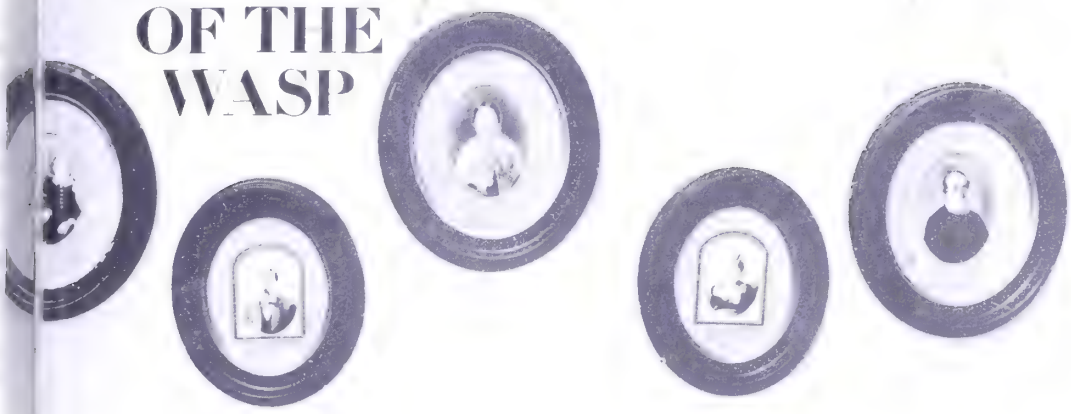
"Well, you're not Gene Autry. You wa beer or not?"

Old Phoebe bowed her head obedient Elliott went to her with the halter. He sw on her gently, and when he was settled, sh forward very slowly. "Climb up on the lot he said to Grady, "and I'll ride her over th ought to be able to carry double, no bigg you are."

"Smooth as a spring buggy runnin sand," Grady said. "O flow, good wines, a men, deign to smile. . . ."

Now it was dark. They rode down thro pasture, past the orchard, and across a maize toward the road. The bar ditch was deep and running slow with foamy dark wat remounted and went on up the muddy roa starless night.

THE DECLINE OF THE WASP



by Peter Schrag

n t of us who were born before World War I, A erica was a place to be discovered: it was ve perhaps needed some reform, some ing p—but it did not need to be reinvented. as given, like a genetic code, waiting to ld. e all wanted to learn the style, the proper nt, eed on its validity, and while our inter- tio and our heroes varied, they were all cut me ame stock. Cowboys, pioneers, athletes pre urs, men of letters: whatever we were ed took pretty much as our own. Whether ere nall-town boys or the children of urban igra s, we shared an eagerness to become ap- tice n the great open democracy, were ready in , wanting only to be accepted according e te s that history and tradition had already lish . It never occurred to us to think other-

hat ld that world together was not just a be- n s e standardized version of textbook Amer- s catalogue of accepted values, but a cul class of people and institutions that we ufie with our vision of the country. The people e and Protestant: the institutions were s: merican culture was WASP. We paid lip ce t he melting pot, but if, for instance, one's er asked, "Is it good for the Jews?" wa 't any question in her mind about who run g the country. The critics, the novelists, t he social theorists, the men who articu- an analyzed American ideas, who governed inst tions, who embodied what we were or be—nearly all of them were WASPs: y, Fitzgerald, Eliot, MacLeish, Sandburg, inbeck, Dewey, Santayana, the Jameses, rrington, Edmund Wilson, Van Wyck Lester Frank Ward, Oliver Wendell *he Saturday Evening Post* under George imer with covers by Norman Rock- *Atlantic* under Edward Weeks; *Harper's* of Frederick Lewis Allen—to name only only from the twentieth century. Of all figures discussed by Henry Steele Com- *The American Mind*, not one is a Jew, a Catholic, or a Negro. The American mind was the WASP mind.

We grew up with them: they surrounded us: they were the heroes of the history we studied and of the fantasy life we sought in those Monday-through-Friday radio serials. Even Hollywood, after all the creation of Jewish producers, never did much for pluralism. The stars were often ethnics—show business and sports constituting two major avenues for "outsiders" to make it into the mainstream—but their names and the roles they played rarely, if ever, acknowledged the existence of anything beyond that mainstream. The Hyman Kaplans were lovable jerks, immigrant Sambos: Rochester said, "Yassuh, Mr. Benny" (did we realize that Benny was a Jew?) and anything beginning with Mike, Pat, or Abie was set up for a laugh. Hollywood's Jews sold the American dream strictly in WASP terms.

They—the WASPs—never thought of themselves as anything but Americans, nor did it occur to others to label them as anything special until, about twenty-five years ago, their influence began to decline and they started to lose their cultural initiative and preeminence. There were, to be sure, regional distinctions, but whatever was "American" was WASP. Indeed, there was no "other"—was, that is, no domestic base of social commentary, no voice except their voice, for the discussion of "American" problems. The ethnics had their place and their strong loyalties, but insofar as that place was *American* it was defined by WASPs. We could distinguish Jews, Irishmen, Italians, Catholics, Poles, Negroes, Indians, Mexican-Americans, Japanese-Americans, but not WASPs. When WASPs were alienated it was because, as in the case of Henry Adams, the country had moved away from them, not because, as with the others, they regarded themselves as alien in heritage or tradition. (Southerners who had lost their war and their innocence were—in that respect—alien, ethnically WASPs but also in some sense unwilling immigrants: they were among the first to be out of place in their own country.) For most WASPs the assumptions were

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proprietary. That is, the old place was going down because the tenants weren't keeping it up properly. They were the landlords of our culture, and their values, with rare exceptions, were those that defined it: hard work, perseverance, self-reliance, puritanism, the missionary spirit, and the abstract rule of law.

They are, of course, still with us—in corporations and clubs, in foundations and universities, in government and the military, maintaining the interlocking directorates that make sociologists salivate and that give the Establishment its ugly name: the Power Structure, the Military-Industrial Complex: the rulers of America. But while they still hold power, they hold it with less assurance and with less legitimacy than at any time in history. They are hanging on, men living off their cultural capital, but rarely able or willing to create more. One can almost define their domains by locating the people and institutions that are chronically on the defensive: university presidents and trustees: the large foundations: the corporations: government: the military. They grew great as initiators and entrepreneurs. They invented the country, its culture and its values: they shaped the institutions and organizations. Then they drew the institutions around themselves, moved to the suburbs, and became org-men.

Who and what has replaced them, then, in the invention and production of our culture? Jews and Negroes, Catholics and immigrants. "Of the Americans who have come into notice during the past fifty years as poets, as novelists, as critics, as painters, as sculptors, and in the minor arts," wrote Henry Mencken in 1921, "less than half bear Anglo-Saxon names.... So in the sciences, so in the higher reaches of engineering and technology...." Mencken's declaration was premature then: it is an understatement now: Mailer and Roth: Malamud and Bellow: Ellison and Baldwin: Edward Teller and Robert Oppenheimer and Wernher von Braun: Ralph Nader and Cesar Chavez: Noam Chomsky and Allen Ginsberg: John Rock and Jonas Salk: Paul Goodman and Herbert Marcuse: Bruno Bettelheim and Erik Erikson: Eldridge Cleaver and Malcolm X and Martin Luther King. The 1969 Pulitzer Prize for nonfiction was divided between a Jew from Brooklyn (Mailer) and a French immigrant (Rene Dubos): the Pulitzer Prize for fiction was awarded to an American Indian (Scott Momaday). The spokesmen of American literature and culture tend increasingly to represent the pluralistic residues of a melting pot that—for better or worse—never worked as well as some Americans had hoped. It is not simply that many of the major postwar journals of criticism—*Commentary*, *The New York Review of Books*, *The New American Review*—are edited by Jews, or that *Time* is edited by a Jewish refugee from Hitler, or that *The Saturday Evening Post* is dead, or that the function of radical muckraking was revitalized by *Ramparts*, originally established as a Catholic magazine, or that William Buckley, a Catholic, is the most articulate conservative in America [illegible] after all, still have WASP writers and [illegible] *Foreign Affairs*, for example, and *The Atlantic* to mention *Life* or *Reader's Digest*). It is [illegible] that the style, ideas, traumas, perplexities [illegible] sions tend to reflect other backgrounds and in[illegible] ests, and that the integrative capability of [illegible] WASP style have plunged into precipitous [illegible] The cultural issues of the 1960s enjoying [illegible] est cachet were not only ethnic and pluralistic [illegible] also disintegrative—Alienation, the Identity [illegible] Black Power, Doing Your Own Thing, Dropping Out, the White Negro—and it seemed that any kind of material was acceptable as long as it was distinguishable from the old WASP mainstream: [illegible] life of the black ghetto, rock music and [illegible] and pot, Hindu gurus and Zen philosophers, Che guerrillas and Catholic radicals, black huevos, Jewish anarchists. (The first thing I learned [illegible] ing from Brooklyn to Amherst in 1949 was that [illegible] didn't say "Bullshit" when you disagreed with [illegible] one, even your roommate. You said "Ye bull[illegible] Now bullshit is back in style.) For the [illegible] the chief villainy of the age is to be uptight, [illegible] who seems to them more uptight than WASPs [illegible] the Jews and Irishmen trying to be like them? [illegible] 1960s was the decade of gaps—missile gaps, [illegible] bility gaps, generation gaps—when we became [illegible] many respects, a nation of outsiders, a culture [illegible] which the mainstream, however mythic, lost [illegible] compelling energy and its magnetic attraction [illegible] that the New Frontier and the Great Society [illegible] failed (not only as programs but as verbal [illegible] so, at least for the moment, has the possibility [illegible] integration and, with it, traditional American [illegible] The Average Man has become the Silent Majority. Both of these, of course, are merely convenient political fiction, but the change in labels points to a far deeper crisis of belief.

It is not that WASPs lack power and representation or numbers, but that the once unquestioned assumptions on which that power was based have begun to lose their hold. The assumption of WASP dominance in national politics and culture rested on the supposition that WASP culture was the true America, no subculture or special group. Now WASPs are beset by the need to [illegible] force allegiance to something that their very [illegible] in power is supposed to take for granted. The problem is then compounded: government and [illegible] come increasingly crazy, trying to represent (or to offend) "all the people," or it can begin to act as the voice of a distinctive group (the Forgotten Man, the Silent Majority)—in other words, to represent the majority as if it were a minority. There is a third alternative, which I'll discuss later. Nixon, characteristically, is trying to do both. When he was first elected in 1968 he brought to Washington a Cabinet of nonentities selected, it seemed, to illustrate the fix we were in: Winton Blount, Clifford Hardin, Maurice Stans, Walter Hickel, Spiro Agnew. (The exceptions—neither was then a Cabinet member—were Daniel Patrick Moynihan,

nan, and Henry Kissinger, a Central European immigrant.) They were men without visible ty, class, or place. Something of the same in Washington under Eisenhower, but then nhower atmosphere was tempered by an ngering sense of independence, of re- sense—finally—of principle. John Foster nay have been a dangerous moralist, orn Puritan, but he was not plastic. rought with him no John McCloy, no dner, no Nelson Rockefeller (let alone a . Marshall or a Henry Stimson from an ier era of WASP assertion) nor does he senhower's aura of small-town decency. wer's men, like Nixon's, were or are in- l men, but many of them came from a of "service" in which the social purposes tions tended to be more important than the of management.) We now have a govern- "low profiles," gray men who represent fiable place, no region, no program. The of the historic WASP position made re- ots and styles attractive; you weren't just can but an American from a specific place, rsonality, with foibles and prejudices and You didn't have to prove you were a But where is Nixon from? In what accent speak? What is his style, what are his ns, even his hobbies? Nixon's campaign, c conduct, and his tastes reflect not only rate-organization-man residue of WASP- they also symbolize the new insecurity of stream culture.

are advantages in all this: gray men are not : they don't speak about massive retalia- nal solutions (or, on the other hand, to be Great Society). But they are likely to re- sort of noise as offensive and possibly s. For a moment this afforded us some fun ho?), but then Nixon, through the offices v and Mitchell, turned this quality of his ration into a serious matter. The noise ents, of Black Power, of protest) was, aring them. And for the first time in his- tainly for the first time since the 1920s— rity has begun to act like a minority, like group. The powerful are paranoid about (And needless to say, many ethnic groups g more like ethnic groups than they have ne since the melting pot was pronounced a This is what makes Agnew potentially ngerous than Joe McCarthy. McCarthy's finally, were those of an outsider attack- stablishment, and the Establishment, which running the country, despite a bad case s, ultimately put him down. But Agnew, and Nixon *are* the government, and among st important targets are people who have , little organization, and access to nothing e streets. The threat represented by Nixon's s not that of a foreign power, but that re or cultures at odds with the mainstream. ons and witch-hunts generally mark the ne beginning of the end, of an age.

One of the major attributes of the WASP idiom was its self-confidence in its own Americanism. In following the ethic of the small town, in trying to make it, the WASP was operating in a system designed by his people, operated by his people, and responsive to his people. He wasn't trying to stand somebody else's ground or beat somebody else's game. But what is there for a nation that is urban (or suburban), in which the majority has (presumably) already made it, and where size and technology are rendering much of the system impersonal and unresponsive? It is no longer possible for anyone to control the country (or the world) as we once believed we could. With the exception of the balanced ticket (in politics or employment) we have no urban ethic. And so somewhere the self-confidence froze: what in the national spirit and imagery was expansive became conservative and restrictive, enterprise turned to management, ebullience to caution. Most of all, it tended to become dull. One of the most graphic illustrations of these differences in spirit is to be found in a book by John McPhee, *Levels of the Game*, an account of a tennis match between the Negro Arthur Ashe (then the highest-ranking American) and the WASP Clark Graebner (Shaker Heights suburban, churchy, the son of a dentist). Graebner speaks:

> *I've never been a flashy stylist, like Arthur. I'm a fundamentalist. Arthur is a bachelor. I am married and a conservative. I'm interested in business, in the market, in children's clothes. It affects the way you play the game. He's not a steady player. He's a wristy slapper. Sometimes he doesn't even know where the ball is going.... I've never seen Arthur really discipline himself. He plays the game with the lackadaisical, haphazard mannerisms of a liberal. He's an underprivileged type who worked his way up.... There is something about him that is swashbuckling, loose. He plays the way he thinks. My style is playmaking, consistent, percentage tennis and his style is shotmaking.*

Ashe speaks:

> *There is not much variety in Clark's game. It is steady, accurate, and conservative. He makes few errors. He plays stiff, compact Republican tennis.*

Blacks, of course, can be disciplined grubbers as much as anyone else, and WASPs certainly never used to lack for swashbuckling types—soldiers, tycoons, ball players, frontiersmen, outlaws. Ashe, obviously, had to grub a lot harder than any white man to break into the big time, or to become a player at all, but he now manages his games with an aristocratic flair, not with what seems to be bourgeois lack of grace. But Graebner's description is otherwise right: he plays percentage tennis, Ashe takes chances. WASPs have learned to live by percentages: "steady" (as Ashe says), "accurate, stiff, compact." A little uptight. In taking risks there is more to lose than to gain.

A lot of people, needless to say, have only barely made it, or haven't made it at all: prominent among them Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Poles, Irishmen,

"For the young, the chief villainy of the age is to be uptight, and who seems to them more uptight than WASPs ...?"

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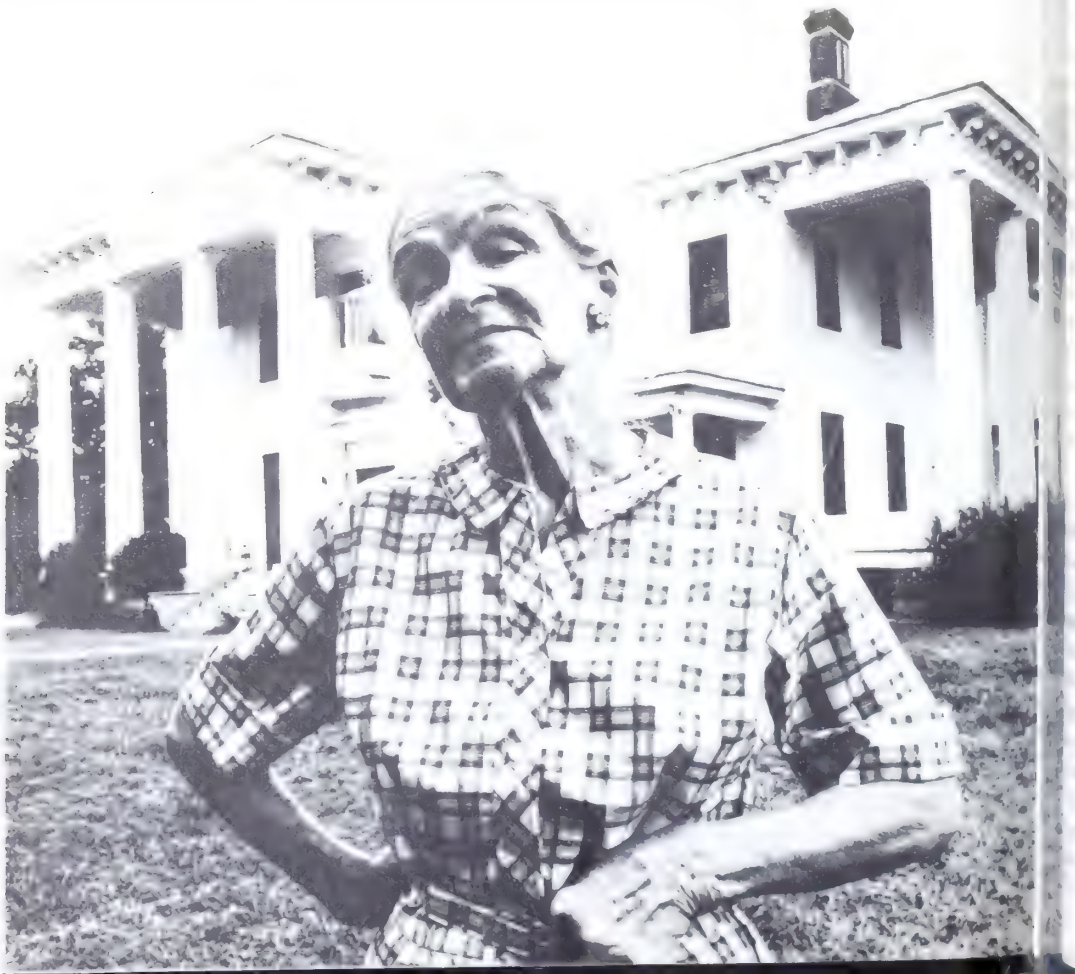
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Italians, and a good number of underclass WASPs.

For them the decline in confidence tends to be traumatic. At the very moment that they are persuaded, or forced to believe, that the system will work for them—that they can make it, that their children must go to college, and all the rest—the signals from headquarters become confused and indistinct, and the rules seem to change. The children of the affluent march in the streets; long hair and at least the outward signals of sexual freedom are acceptable; hard work, stoicism, and perseverance aren't the ultimate values; individual initiative is not sufficient; the schools are "in trouble." The cultural colonies, forced by "modernization" (the supermarket, urban renewal, automated equipment, Vatican II) to abandon their own styles of life—the hierarchical family, ward politics, closed unions, old neighborhoods, religion, language, food—become witnesses to behavior indicating that the (perhaps mythic) mainstream has begun to stagnate, that a lot of people no longer believe in it, or no longer believe in the old ways of getting there. Those on the move upward and outward have, in other words, no attractive place to go. Which is to say that the underclass tenants have discovered the neglect of the landlord.

Blacks are alienated because they have been kept out of the running. The white ethnics are frustrated because public attention, in defiance of the rhetoric of individual initiative and equality, has gone to blacks. (And because affluent WASPs, who had discriminated against all minorities, are trying to shift the burden of blame on the white underclass.) All of them, sensing the decline of WASP self-confidence and leadership, are left with [illegible] among law and order (meaning militant [illegible] the old ethic), a return to their own cul[illegible] political resources, or exotic combinatio[illegible] two. Following the lead, and to their eye[illegible] of Black Power and Black Studies, a lot [illegible] ties are trying to redevelop or to invent sor[illegible] corresponding form of ethnic consciou[illegible] themselves. Most of the whites, however, [illegible] the end will be content to cheer on the cop[illegible] first time we have Polish vigilantes and [illegible] posse (the Jewish Defense League). Bl[illegible] honkies, talking like frontiersmen, are buy[illegible] If the old WASP ethic was the ethic of ma[illegible] isn't surprising that the most militant cont[illegible] exponents of that ethic—those inclined t[illegible] legends of force and action literally [illegible] among people outside the system trying to [illegible]

A measure of the decline of the WA[illegible] perhaps the best measure we hav[illegible] conquest of space. From Lindbergh to N[illegible] from Jack Armstrong to Neil Armstrong), [illegible] man who was still a conqueror trusting [illegible] bets and his own skills, and therefore an [illegible] (no dry runs, no simulators, no mission co[illegible] the org-man, programmed and computeri[illegible] last $24-billion step and the last televised [illegible] betting his life on the competence and de[illegible] anonymous technicians: courageous yes, [illegible] never. A symbol of modern man, to be su[illegible] if the trains stop or the electricity fails, w[illegible] water becomes polluted and poisonous?), [illegible]



ne decline of the great old WASP virtues of nce, initiative, irreverence. Lindbergh was rprise; Apollo was the work of a crowd. ould have flown the *Spirit of St. Louis* from k to Paris. But we could have sent an ape on. Or a robot. With a fake flag artificially l for a dead place where there is no wind. a WASP enterprise all the way. Is it pos- onceive of NASA sending a Negro, a Jew voman? Muhammad Ali perhaps? Joe Norman Mailer (who wanted to go)? conceive of an astronaut who does not fit y congruously into the background, like a supermarket or Spiro Agnew at a picnic naires? Can one conceive of an astronaut's g in a Jewish section of the Bronx, or g an opinion critical of the Vietnam war. cing the children to church on Sunday, or career of her own? Was it not inevitable of the wives would get down on her knees of the television set to pray for a safe re- One can imagine, in that setting, that Walter *is* God.) Can one expect Richard Nixon y that the mission was the greatest thing Creation—or Billy Graham not to suggest. that perhaps the Resurrection was more ?

nade the moonshot interesting was its un- bad taste, the taste of a cultural style that s juice: suburbs and corporation offices. elevision and the electric toothbrush, air- and airline hostesses, "the whole mech- nsolidation of force," as Henry Adams he *Education*, "which ruthlessly stamped e of the class into which Adams was born. d monopolies capable of controlling the ies that America adored." Clearly space echnologically impossible except as a col- terprise. But that is precisely the point. role for the American (*i.e.* WASP) hero. esumably defy great odds alone. Gary s been replaced by Dustin Hoffman.

yourself: Does the Establishment live? nswer, clearly, is Yes. And yet it does the style to which it was accustomed. the development of large bureaucracies systems there has been a tendency among ellectuals to overestimate the influence of that corporations and institutions are of style (and they may, in case of a re- gain some of their allure to the ambitious ey offer security), but that they have be- rge, so stiff, and so beset by critics and as to have lost considerable influence romance of their former connection to In Nixon's Republican party there are references to "The Eastern Establish- h suggest that there might now be more meaning, of course, that there is none at is Francis T. P. Plimpton, the former S. Ambassador to the U.N., and one est representatives of the old style of ure in America. A gentleman, a man of n *Who's Who in America* (1964-1965):

> PLIMPTON, Francis T. P., diplomat; b. N.Y.C., N.Y., Dec. 7, 1900; s. George Arthur and Frances Taylor (Pearsons) P.; grad. Phillips Exeter Acad., 1917; A.B., magna cum laude, Amherst Coll., 1922; LL.B., Harvard University, 1925; LL.D., Colby College, 1960; married Pauline Ames, June 4, 1926; children—George Ames, Francis T. P., Jr., Oakes Ames, Sarah Gay. Admitted to bar, 1926; asso. with Root, Clark, Buckner & Ballantine, N.Y. City, 1925-32, in charge of Paris office, 1930-31; gen. solicitor, Reconstruction Finance Corp., Washington, D.C., 1932-33; partner Debevoise, Plimpton & McLean, N.Y.C., and predecessor firms, 1933-61; dep. U.S. rep. to UN with rank ambassador E. and P., 1961—. Trustee U.S. Trust Co. of N.Y., Bowery Savs. Bank. Mem. U.S. delegation UN 15th-17th gen. assemblies. Trustee Tchrs. Ins. and Annuity Assn. (pres. trustees of stock), Coll. Retirement Equities Fund Corp., Amherst Coll., Barnard Coll. (vice chmn. bd.), Phillips Exeter Acad. (chmn. bd.), Union Theol. Sem., Athens Coll. (Greece), Lingnan U. (China). Dir. Philharmonic-Symphony Soc. N.Y., Roosevelt Hosp., Am.-Italy Soc. Fellow Am. Bar Found.; mem. Am., N.Y. State bar assns., Am. Law Inst., Bar Assn. City N.Y., Fgn. Policy Assn. ....

The style is responsible, worldly involvement, directing institutions which nourished and arbitrated the culture: schools, universities, hospitals, the Council on Foreign Relations, the United Nations, the Church Peace Union, the missionary college in China, the Philharmonic. They were good institutions all, and many of them still do their good works, but with the possible exception of the federal courts, most of them are no longer sanctified as sources of social and cultural initiative, or even as mediators of conflict. There must have been a time when it was fun to be a university trustee.

The interest and action tend to come from others. George Plimpton, the son of Francis T. P. and probably the best-known WASP dealer in living culture, operates like a Paris salonist among Interesting People (Capote, Mailer, the Kennedys), writing brilliantly of his amateur involvement in The Real Stuff: fighting Archie Moore, playing quarterback for the Detroit Lions, pitching to the Yankees. (All sports are now saturated with ethnics.) It is a new role for the children of privilege. Is there a redeeming social utility in this work? Had Plimpton been Jewish he might have played *schlemiel* in a jockstrap, but as an upper-class WASP perhaps all he can do is represent the man whose dreams of command have turned to fantasy and whose greatest moments of glory come from watching other people do something well. A WASP playing honkie and nigger to find out how it feels to be upward bound. Does the aspiring WASP hero have a choice other than that between Apollo and *Paper Lion?*

The enervation of WASP culture may derive, re than anything, from a loss of place. The geographic and psychic worlds of the old mainstream (or one less distinct, but certain special neighborhoods, even if they are a generation away, survive as regions of the mind. The sense of place: Salem and Boston and Concord; Zenith and Winesburg; Yoknapatawpha County. It produced people with accents and fashions and [illegible] personalities

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that they carried around as overtly as parasols and walking sticks. And because they knew who they were, they were quite willing to be eccentric and crazy. Now much of that material is gone. The black ghetto still remains as a real place, and so does the memory, if not the fact, of South Boston, of Brooklyn, of rural Mississippi and small-town Texas. But how much of a sense of place can grow in a bedroom suburb? What is the inner sense of Bronxville or Winnetka?

Because WASPs regarded themselves as the proprietors of history and the managers of destiny, there was a double displacement. While they were losing their regions they also began to lose their special role as the intrinsic Americans. When we discovered that the country and the world were no longer easily manageable—when we lost our innocence—it was the WASP role which was most affected. No matter how enthusiastically the ethnics waved the flag, they had always been partial outsiders. (Or perhaps better to say that they enjoyed dual citizenship.) In any case, their culture never depended on the assurance that they were running the show. They were tenants, had learned to survive as minorities. Obviously this produced problems, but it also created the tensions and identities of which modern literature (for example) is made. And these conditions of tenancy haven't yet been destroyed, may, indeed, have been strengthened through the mass media, which have nationalized isolated pockets of minority culture. Moreover, the media help create new minorities, new constituencies: students, for example, and women. What kids or blacks do in one town is now immediately communicated to others. Normalcy doesn't make good television, happenings do. The greatest effect of the melting pot, ironically, may not have been on immigrants and minorities, but on the mainstream.

The vacuum left by the old arbiters of the single standard—Establishment intellectuals, literary critics, English professors, museum directors, a the rest—has produced a sort of cultural break. And not only by ethnics, by blacks a dians, or by kids, but by a lot of others, in all sorts of WASPs themselves, who behav they have been waiting for this freedom al lives. That a lot of what results from this new out is bad (and who, these days, can get awa saying that?), and that a lot will be transi hardly surprising. In a decade hundreds of sands of "creative" people proclaimed then artists and poets, a million amateurs enter culture biz, and God knows how many guru tists, swamis, and T-group trainers hung ou shingles. No one could expect most of them good, or perhaps even to be serious. The wild are working new territory and a lot are going bust. But for the moment they're thrivin Stones and the Beatles, the groups and gro Polish Power and Black Studies, liberation and free universities, Norman Mailer's eg Alexander Portnoy's mother, *The Gradua Alice's Restaurant*, rebellious nuns and pro priests, *Rat* and *Screw* and a hundred other ground papers, mixed-media shows and the Theater, bookstores of the occult, Taro car freaks and hipsters, mini-skirts and maxi beads and joss sticks . . . all coexisting (bare easily) with Lyndon Johnson's cornpone, N Vincent Peale's sermons, *I Love Lucy*, *R Digest*, and Apollo 12. If the 1960s produ beginning of any sort of renaissance, its char tic instruments are the hand-held movie came electric guitar, and the mimeograph machi if its efforts survive in nothing else, they w doubtedly be remembered by the greatest ou ing of poster art in all history: peace doves ar test proclamations, the face of John Lenn pregnant Girl Scout over the motto "Be Pre and the pregnant black woman over the 196 paign slogan, "Nixon's The One." This is a culture—not high, not low or middle—but e

Until recently, when encounter groups, therapy, and other psychic ceremonies fashionable, reason had been more or less fully keeping the dark night of the soul wit hidden closets of the mind. And WASPs we most reasonable people of all. There were, ously, advantages in that. Most people, I s prefer dispassionate men for airplane pilot geons, and commanders of nuclear-armed st bombers. Moreover, we may have survived t twenty-five years precisely because we kept h from taking charge. But their style didn't do for cultural enrichment. Now everything graying, nervous civilization kept jammed i closets is coming out, whether it deserves not: sex in all forms, feelings, emotions, self tion, and forms of religion and ritual lon demned as superstition. "Honesty" replace cism, and "love," however understood, overv "work." It may well be that the kids are McLuhan's non-linear culture, that print an reason, and WASPs will go under, toget



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s no way of knowing. What is certain is
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seem to have been crippled by their own
ey have become too levelheaded. Hav-
ed their particular social order with the
ity of Things (and with their own wel-
have defaulted on their birthright of
and irreverence. "This took courage,
prudence, this took stoutheartedness,"
nur Winner, Jr., James Gould Cozzens'
end of *By Love Possessed*. (He has just
—to his and Cozzens' satisfaction—some
worth of ledger-de-main perpetrated by
partners.) "In this life we cannot have
for ourselves we might like to have....
not in reaching certainties or solving
victory is making do with uncertainties.
ng mysteries." WASPs are willing to be
aning that they can have their neuroses
reason" too—but never crazy. People who
to be crazy are almost invariably Some-
We no longer have, or seem to have the
of having, a figure like Bertrand Russell:
ger even have an Everett Dirksen or a
wis.

rimes these days are invariably dull—
g, antitrust capers, tax fraud—which is
e so fascinated by Jimmy Hoffa, Roy
the Mafia, why we need the Mafia,
e to invent it were we ever to suspect
niel Bell) that it doesn't really exist.

the formal institutions of business and
ment—the banks, the corporations, the
rtment, and Congress—the unique prov-
ASP domination tend to be conservative
e sense) and mediating. WASPs, I think,
themselves as the principal heirs of an
which the streams flowed clear, the air
and the language pure. In the growing
conservation societies, and in their al-
sive dominion over libraries, dictionary-
d (surprising as it may seem to those
ith only the current "celebrities" in the
) the teaching of English, they are trying
some of that estate. But as "the environ-
omes a national issue, they are going to
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onists. There are going to be new men—
s, population planners, engineers—who
in on the Audubon Society, the Sierra
the Izaak Walton League. The urban en-
(John Lindsay *vs.* the New York legis-
Nelson Rockefeller) will demand parity
vironment of Daniel Boone and the bald
ome issues urban and rural conservation-
ake common cause, but on others (mass
using, street cleaning, and garbage col-
ey cannot.

But it would be unfortunate, perhaps even fatal, if the WASP's mediating function (through courts and other institutions) were also to be seriously eroded. It is inconceivable that America could ever be integrated on ethnic terms. Can one imagine this country as essentially Negro or Italian or Polish; or believe that the Republican party would nominate anyone named Spiro Agnopopoulos for Vice President; or visualize a trial in which the defendant is white and all the other participants—judge, jurors, lawyers, witnesses—are black? (It did, in fact, happen—in the preliminary proceedings against the Klansmen charged with plotting to murder Charles Evers, the black mayor of Fayette, Mississippi—but it may never happen again.) For if the minorities no longer accept the new style of the mainstream, they are even further from accepting each other. And somebody is going to have to help keep them from tearing each other apart: cops and kids, blacks and blue-collar whites, freaks and squares. Robert Kennedy, I think, recognized this need before he was killed (significantly by a crazy ethnic resenting Kennedy's sympathy with other ethnics). This is also what made the reelection of John Lindsay possible—and significant. The Jews and Negroes of New York may have distrusted him, but they trusted the Italians even less.

Even mediation, however, is no longer feasible on the old standard rigid WASP terms. For the first time, any sort of settlement among competing group interests is going to have to do more than pay lip service to minorities and to the pluralism of styles, beliefs, and cultures. The various commissions on violence and urban riots struggled with that problem but couldn't see beyond their assumptions to the logical conclusion. America is not on the verge of becoming two separate societies, one rich and white, the other poor and black. It is becoming, in all its dreams and anxieties, a nation of outsiders for whom no single style or ethic remains possible. The Constitutional prohibition against an established state religion was adopted because the Jeffersonians understood the destructive consequences of imposing a single set of cultural beliefs beyond the guarantees of freedom and due process.

The Establishment in America has, in part, lost its grip because it devoted itself too much to the management of its game, rather than to the necessary objective of making it possible for everyone to play his own. Minorities—cultural, ethnic, even minorities of one—are fighting over the wreckage of the WASP-abandoned cities and the WASP-forsaken culture. If the WASP Establishment is to act as umpire in this contest—and if we are not to become a police state—it will have to recognize the legitimacy of the contenders. One of the reasons that growing up in America is absurd and chaotic is that the current version of Americanization—what the school people call socializing children—has lost its appeal. We will now have to devise ways of recognizing and assessing the alternatives. The mainstream is running thin. □

"...The media help create new minorities, new constituencies: students, for example, and women."

Marion K. Sanders

THE RIGHT NOT TO BE BORN

Who should decide doctor, patient, or society?

The Smiths are a strikingly handsome couple: an astute TV producer might well choose them as stars of a poignant documentary about upward-mobile young blacks in the urban jungle. Beatrice is small-boned, with the delicately rounded features of an elegant African carving. Her husband, Richard, is a craggy six-footer who works nights and weekends, goes to college by day, and hopes eventually to study medicine. Though they have lived in New York for eight years—first in Harlem, now in the seedy Crown Heights section of Brooklyn—they still speak in the accents of their native North Carolina. Their strapping six-year-old daughter, Rosemary, has inherited her parents' good looks plus an added component of outgoing vivacity. The Smiths also have a younger child, Ruth. And Ruth is the reason why in the autumn of 1968 the Smiths find themselves spending ten anxious days in a Brooklyn courtroom. This is a civil action, a suit for damages. The plaintiffs are Ruth and her parents; the defendant is Long Island College Hospital where Ruth was born on January 4, 1965. The searing personal tragedy which resulted in this litigation is set forth in stark detail in the trial transcript on which this report is based.*

The Smiths' attorney, Norman Roy Grutman, an earnest, highly articulate man, is skilled in the dramatic flourishes which are the hallmark of the trial lawyer. He specializes in negligence law, notably medical malpractice—a profitable field. The Smith case is not, however, likely to prove lucrative. It is, indeed, a very long shot. For the issue to be adjudicated is whether Ruth should have been born at all.

No doctor or hospital in the United States has ever been penalized for failing to terminate a pregnancy. On the contrary, it takes nerve and a flexible interpretation of the law to perform an abortion openly in a New York hospital where—as in most states—the operation is unlawful unless performed by a doctor under a reasonable belief that it is required to preserve the life of the mother. Consequently the Smith case, at the outset, seems to Long Island College Hospital more of a nuisance suit than a serious threat.

The plaintiff's counsel, Grutman, views the matter differently. He has already tried and lost a some-

*The information here presented is derived wholly from the published judicial proceedings. However, to spare them from undesired publicity, members of the family involved have been given fictitious names.

Marion K. Sanders, an editor of Harper's, *has specialized in social and medical problems. Her interviews with Saul Alinsky, originally published in this magazine, will be issued as a paperback book this spring by Harper & Row, with the title,* The Professional Radical.

what similar suit, and his sympathies [illegible] his professional pride are engaged. He als[illegible] as a potential "landmark case" with [illegible] social consequences. But the outlook is n[illegible] ing. As the veniremen are chosen, he ex[illegible] challenges to dismiss those who either [illegible] convey the impression, that they regard [illegible] nation of pregnancy for any reason a[illegible] Among the twelve men finally in the jury [illegible] look like a random collection of subwa[illegible] there are still five Catholics. (One juro[illegible] as is one alternate.) The presiding judge, [illegible] Beckinella, who rules his courtroom w[illegible] hand, is also a Catholic.

With considerable passion, Grutman [illegible] issue in his opening statement. Beatrice [illegible] admitted to Long Island College Hospita[illegible] 8, 1964, for the purpose of having a t[illegible] abortion. It was never performed. Why [illegible] preceding sequence of events is not di[illegible] the spring of 1964, New York City exper[illegible] worst epidemic of German measles—kn[illegible] cally as rubella—in thirty-five years. On[illegible] who came down with it was Rosemary Sm[illegible] the custom of New Yorkers who want [illegible] medical care for their children but can[illegible] private pediatricians' fees, her mother t[illegible] the nearest pediatric clinic, at Brookdale[illegible] There the diagnosis was made. Shortly [illegible] Beatrice Smith found herself with the sa[illegible] toms—a rash, swollen glands, sore throat, [illegible] She also suspected that she might be pre[illegible] Smiths had been planning a second chi[illegible] this time. When she was feeling well eno[illegible] out, she called on a local general practit[illegible] had treated her once before for a minor ai[illegible] Wolf J. Domsky. The standard test conf[illegible] pregnancy.

On the witness stand, Mrs. Smith ha[illegible] calls her visit to Dr. Domsky: "I told h[illegible] read an article concerning German measl[illegible] pregnant mother. And I explained to him [illegible] he knew that I had the German measles. .."

Dr. Domsky recommended therapeutic [illegible] a course of action now approved in [illegible] medical-school obstetrical textbooks wh[illegible] fection occurs in the first eight weeks of p[illegible] (The connection between rubella and bir[illegible] first became known in 1942 when an Aust[illegible] ophthalmologist, Dr. Norman Gregg, re[illegible] astounding number of congenital cat[illegible] babies whose mothers had a history o[illegible] measles early in pregnancy. The mechani[illegible] understood today: the pregnant woman, [illegible] one else, gets rid of the virus in a few [illegible] the fetus remains infected, with a strong [illegible] of damage to the developing cells.)

The Smiths are devout people with st[illegible] standards. They still attend the Pentecos[illegible] in Harlem which they joined when they [illegible] to New York although it is more than [illegible] subway ride from their present home in

"I discussed it with my husband and [illegible] minister of our church, Reverend M.V. S[illegible]

continues on the stand. The decision
hat therapeutic abortion would be "the
' Dr. Domsky, who like many general
s in New York had no hospital con-
tself, recommended that she apply to
cal clinic of the nearest city hospital.
ty. City hospitals in New York, chron-
rowded and understaffed and chron-
ential to the politically potent Roman
rarchy, are less than cordial to pregnant
who walk in off the street demanding
r any reason. (In 1964, more than 500
abortions were performed on ward and
ents in New York's voluntary institu-
aly 32 in municipal hospitals—statistics
in why botched abortions are the major
aternal deaths among the city's black

ith a letter from Dr. Domsky, Mrs.
es for a therapeutic abortion at Kings
er a second visit, she is told that a certi-
m the City Board of Health would be
n due course, the Smiths manage to ob-
cument. Nearly a month has now gone
rably worried, they seek out Dr. Dom-
loping to fare better. Mrs. Smith now
ong Island College Hospital where she
cause Rosemary was born there. To her
ief she is admitted. The hospital record
in the court proceedings.

*old Negro girl . . . pregnancy & Ger-
les . . . 23rd of April patient developed
she [is in] for therapeutic abortion. . . .*
[signed] Mayerson [an intern]

itness stand, Richard Smith recalls the
The doctor said they would admit her
y would do the therapeutic abortion."
"I think he said there had to be some
doctors had to approve. . . ."
sland College Hospital, where there was
committee on therapeutic abortion,
ttending obstetricians would make the
eir opinions are entered on Beatrice
rt.

Attending's Note
*n by Dr. H. Freedman who feels that
y of rubella from the patient combined
letter from the B of H plus the note
g the diagnosis of rubella from the
re all confirmatory evidence of rubella
having occurred at the 5th amenor-
k. Dr. Freedman feels therefore that a
c AB is indicated. Pt. reveals the uterus
rged to about 16 wks. size & the
nployed to be "salting out." To be seen
acGregor today.*
J. P. Jones [chief resident]

*Agree to recommendation for interrup-
w of history of rubella in 5th wk. of*

C. H. Taffeen [attending obstetrician]

6/10 . . . Awaiting Dr. MacGregor

*6/11. Pt. appears depressed . . . discussion as to
. . . th. AB.*
Czallorn [an intern]

5[sic]/12/64 Consultation sheet
The history would indicate the probability of German measles in this patient occurring at about the fifth week of pregnancy. My only hesi-



LEONARD SONED

tancy in recommending therapeutic abortion is that this patient was not seen by a physician during the acute phase of rubella.

Consultant A. J. MacGregor

(On the witness stand, Dr. Freedman reaffirms his opinion. Drs. Tafleen and MacGregor are not called. Dr. Domsky cannot be called because he died several months before the trial began.)

It is June 13, Beatrice Smith's fifth day in the hospital. Her husband has visited her daily.

"I was working at night and some mornings I would work a few hours overtime." Richard Smith testifies. "And this [June 13] was one of the mornings when I worked overtime, and when I got home the hospital called and they told me that I had to sign the papers before they could go through with the operation, so I rushed to the hospital . . ."

The paper, Exhibit 3C, is written in longhand on the hospital's letterhead.

> *This is to certify that we are fully aware of the procedure (amniocentesis) being done. The abortion is being done because of having contracted Rubella during the first trimester of pregnancy.*
>
> *[Richard Smith]*
> *[Beatrice Smith]*

"Was the procedure, amniocentesis, explained to you?" Grutman asks Smith.

"He didn't give the name of it, but he told me they were going to do it by a process where they would inject a needle into my wife and that she would drop—"

(The jury by this time has been educated in the various methods of terminating pregnancies—explicitly spelled out at the Judge's insistence by several expert witnesses: dilation and curettage—the scraping out of the products of conception from the womb—safe up to about the third month of pregnancy; amniocentesis, the method of choice at sixteen weeks, injecting saline or another solution into the uterus, which subsequently ejects the fetus; hysterotomy, a kind of miniature cesarean for later pregnancies. Dr. Irvin Cushner, an attending obstetrician at Johns Hopkins, has testified that eight hundred amniocentesis procedures have been done there without untoward incidents.)

On the morning of June 13 Mrs. Smith is given an injection of 100 milligrams of Demerol and taken to the operating room. "a large room with a lot of light. A big light shining down with a mirror," she testifies. She lies there alone for some time. Then a nurse arrives.

"She told me that I could go home now." Mrs. Smith continues. "I was wheeled back into the bed room. . . . [The doctor] told me I didn't need a therapeutic abortion, don't worry, that the baby would be all right. And not to go to any place to try to have one; to continue in their clinic."

At this point the courtroom begins to acquire some of the atmosphere of a mystery play. For at the start of the trial, the Judge and jury have been shown the child who would be "all right."

Dr. Louis Z. Cooper, a young pediatr directs an experimental program for rube is on the stand. In his arms is Ruth Smit three-year-old with the limp body and liml doll. The only sound she makes is an a wail.

"Doctor," Grutman asks, "what is the of this child?"

"This child has congenital rubella," Co "She has retardation of both the intelle motor skills. . . . I think you can see th left eye is much smaller than her right has a dense, pearly-looking cataract whic pupil and prevents her from using that right eye appears to be normal. If you exa eye with an ophthalmoscope you would looks like someone peppered this retin pepper shaker. . . . And this is caused by actually infecting various parts of th Instead of talking, which you would ex child of this age, her sounds consist jus noises. . . . She tests as deaf to the routine are available. . . . She has long leg brac pelvic band . . . whereby with proper trai parallel bars and support, and then with her own . . . she might be able to walk. . .

"In our clinic as of last year, we ha sixty children we called the bottom of the Ruth was among this group whose handi so severe and multiple that we couldn existing school or facility to accept her f tion and rehabilitation. And so she beca for this experimental program that in teacher of the deaf, a teacher of the blind, of the brain-damaged, working right in Hospital. . . ."

Dr. Cooper explains that, although Ruth a congenital heart defect, it is not serious impair her life expectancy, which is norm

All this was almost immediately appar doctors who delivered Ruth.

"Did you learn anything about your the night or early in the morning of the she came into the world?" Grutman asks Smith.

"Well, he first just congratulated me me about the defects . . . he said that my there is a cataract on one of her eyes and seemed to be some problem with her heart may have a heart condition. That was all that night."

"Were you disturbed?"

"I was hurt."

An account of Ruth's disabilities is se her own record at Long Island College "classic rubella syndrome" is the overall tion.

As the trial nears its end, the myster Ruth came to be is finally dissipated. Th is Dr. Robert Gordon, director of the D of Obstetrics and Gynecology. In this ca one of his colleagues testifies, he "has th decision . . . to do or not to do." Dr. opinion—curiously dated 6/14, the day a

left the hospital—is part of Exhibit 3 record.

Pt. has a history of German measles at about the 5th week. The history is but pt. was not seen by a physician er the German measles had subsided. has a uterus about 16 weeks size. In he fact that: 1.) The diagnosis was not ated by a physician 2.) The uterus is for termination to be carried out by a urettage, then I would recommend that on be done.

Robert E..Gordon, M.D.

out his direct examination, Dr. Gordon sts that the overriding reason for his s the fact that Beatrice Smith was not octor while she had the German measles s also his view in 1964 that amniocen- highly hazardous procedure.

starts his cross-examination on a dif-, which quickly puts his tight-lipped, tness on the defensive.

don," he asks, "in the first twelve years d been practicing medicine up to 1964, er performed an abortion?"

any reason for that?"

Catholic, and as such I don't do abor-

e that you wrote on the chart is dated that is a mistake, isn't it?"

so."

Mrs. Smith was there in June of 1964, think that she had German measles did

think it was documented."

t was a mistake too, wasn't it?"

know that."

confronts Gordon with records of his al which characterize Ruth's case as bella syndrome." Dr. Gordon places the normality in rubella at around 30 per an cites studies placing the risk much med up in a comprehensive article in *merican*.

recognize the *Scientific American* as an e journal?"

never read that."

hammers away at the admitted fact Gordon nor any of his assistants tele- . Domsky for information beyond his . Nor did her hospital history include t Beatrice's daughter Rosemary had had easles, a clue of vital pertinence in an ear. Dr. Gordon dismisses the paper the ed as a "routine consent."

refers to a poll of the nation's leading s who agree overwhelmingly that when urs in the first trimester of pregnancy abortion is the "proper medical pro- e husband and wife do not wish to take risks involved."

think that applies in this case," Gordon says. (Medical opinion is so nearly unanimous on this question that the defense never fell back on the fact that in New York, under a literal interpretation of the law, an abortion performed because of rubella is illegal.)

Grutman elicits Dr. Gordon's views on the hazards of amniocentesis. At Long Island College Hospital, the witness testified earlier, "we had never done one, to my knowledge, and there was very little experience with this procedure around Brooklyn."

Gordon insists that Beatrice Smith was admitted to the hospital only for "work-up or evaluation." Why then was she given an injection of Demerol and taken to the operating room?"

"What do you give Demerol for?" Grutman asks.

"I would give it for a lot of things," Gordon replies. "We use Demerol in labor. We use Demerol preoperatively. We use Demerol for any kind of pain."

The jury is well aware that Mrs. Smith was neither in labor nor in pain.

Finally, Grutman zeroes in on the keystone in Gordon's position—his firm conviction that only a rash witnessed by a physician is conclusive evidence of rubella.

"Foremost in your mind was the fact that nobody had specifically reported that Mrs. Smith had a rash, is that correct?"

"That's correct." . . .

"Doctor, what color is the rash? On Caucasians?"

"What?"

"On Caucasians it is red?"

"That's true."

"Have you ever seen it on non-Caucasians?

"Do you mean on—"

Judge Beckinella intervenes. "A colored person, an Oriental or Negro," he explains.

"I have seen regular measles. I don't think I have ever seen rubella in a Negro."

Grutman reads from Holt's *Diseases of Infancy and Childhood*, a standard text: "The diagnosis of rubella can seldom be made with assurance unless the disease is prevailing epidemically. . . . The first cases in an epidemic are usually overlooked. . . . Its identification in Negroes is almost impossible."

"I have no opinion on that," Gordon says.

At this point, Grutman has won his case. The testimony of subsequent witnesses, the summing up by opposing counsel, and the Judge's charge are somewhat anticlimactic recapitulations of a now-familiar tale.

The jury's verdict is unanimous. An award of $10,000 to Beatrice Smith, $1 to Richard Smith, and $100,000 to Ruth Smith.

Judge Beckinella ponders the matter for two months. Then, he sets aside the verdict favoring Ruth. "The proof adduced demonstrated beyond any doubt that the infant's birth defects were the consequence of the child's mother having contracted rubella (German measles) during the early stages of her pregnancy," he says. "The proof showed that the only way the infant could have been spared being born without birth defects was

"The only way the infant could have been spared being born without birth defects was not to have been born at all."

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not to have been born at all. . . . This court cannot weigh the value of life with impairments against the nonexistence of life itself. . . ."

When one has seen Ruth and others like her doomed to be crushing burdens to their families, until they move up on the waiting lists of nightmarishly overcrowded institutions for the severely retarded, Judge Beckinella's reasoning seems tortuous.* But even to those who share his doubts on this point, Beatrice Smith's ordeal is a clear example of a law which distorts the relationship between doctor and patient and, in fact, prevents physicians from practicing medicine in accordance with the highest prevailing standards of medical knowledge.

The Smith case is now being appealed in New York's higher Courts and may eventually reach the U.S. Supreme Court. Currently several other cases are challenging statutory prohibitions against abortion on constitutional grounds. (By the time the Smith case is finally adjudicated the specific problem of "rubella babies" could be on the way to becoming academic. An effective anti-rubella vaccine has been developed in the past year and a program has been started for the mass immunization of young children who might pass the disease on to their pregnant mothers. But unfortunately the public funds so far allocated are far from sufficient to wipe out a disease which produced 200,000 defective babies after the 1964 epidemic.)

Opponents of the present abortion laws in New York and the other 39 states with similar laws are now generally convinced that the remedy should be sought in judicial as well as legislative action. Heartened by some recent court decisions they are also painfully aware of the extreme difficulty of persuading state legislatures to act in this area. The going has proved particularly rough in states like New York where the Catholic Church wields formidable power and influential upstate rural legislators have shown little interest in the problem.

Last year, a moderate abortion reform bill sponsored by Assemblyman Albert Blumenthal, which was backed by the Governor and supported by most of the state's civic and welfare organizations (with the exception, of course, of Catholic groups), would have permitted abortion for rubella and other causes of grave abnormalities. It went down to defeat after an emotionally charged debate in which wavering legislators succumbed to the tearful appeal of one of their number, a polio victim on crutches, defending his right to exist (a right not in jeopardy since he had contracted the disease well after birth).

*Beatrice Smith spends her days, at present, caring for Ruth, since it is almost impossible to find a baby-sitter for a child with whom one cannot communicate and who must also keep an elaborate schedule of clinic visits. Mrs. Smith works nights in the accounting department of a bank and averages three or four hours' sleep out of twenty-four. Ruth is on the waiting list for Willowbrook State School, the institution where conditions moved the late Senator Robert Kennedy to public expressions of dismay.

This year a bill calling for total re[peal of the] abortion law was introduced. Its support[ers are] disillusioned by the experience in several st[ates] where so-called "reform" statutes have been ena[cted] in the past few years. Fearful of acq[uiring] the stigma of becoming known as "aborti[onists], some of these states have set up elabora[te] qualifications including expensive psychiatric con[sultatio]ns. None of the new laws openly recognize [that] the chief motivation for abortion is the unwilling[ness] of a couple to have a child at a partic[ular] time. Where pregnancy due to rape has been m[ade] the ultimate reason for abortions, certificatio[n by] a district attorney is generally required—and i[s not] forthcoming.

Most of the new statutes are patterned after the model adopted by the American Law I[nstitute] in 1959 which permits a licensed physician to ter[mi]nate a pregnancy, not only to save the [life] of the mother, but also (1) if there is substantial risk [that] the physical or mental health of the moth[er] or (2) there is substantial risk that the child be born [with] grave physical or mental defects, (3) if the pregnancy resulted from rape or incest.

Only Oregon (which passed its reform bill last summer) has gone as far as the British Abortion Act of 1967, which provides that "in determining whether or not there is substantial risk [to the woman's physical or mental health] account may be taken of the mother's total environment actual or reasonably foreseeable."

On the other hand, in California, the [law] dealing with potentially defective offspring was [struck] out of the bill at the insistence of Governor Reagan who threatened a veto unless it was omitted. Thus, ironically, at the very time the Smiths were at Long Island College Hospital for permitting the birth of a rubella baby, nine distinguished California doctors were called up for disciplinary action for performing abortions for precisely this reason.

The problem of potentially defective [offspring] is, however, statistically minor. Dentists estimate that no more than 10 per cent of "unwanted babies" born in the United States are physically or mentally abnormal and can seldom be accurately predicted before birth.

In very few cases of unwanted pregnancy [is the] physical health of the mother threatened. Modern medicine has learned to cope effectively with most of the ills which formerly made pregnancy hazardous. The escape clause for those who can afford psychiatric consultations is a reference to mental health. Thus in California, during the first year in which the new law became effective, approximately 87 per cent of all therapeutic abortions were performed for psychiatric mental reasons.

"Some of our psychiatrists are balking at the suddenly increased load of consultations on this matter which for most is a distasteful business," says Edmund W. Overstreet, Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the University of California

ne, told a recent conference of Planned
d physicians. "Individual [hospital]
practices are extremely variable; some
ently and discuss each case meticulously;
ply rubber-stamp the patient's applica-
onsultation papers. . . . [There is] a kind
phic discrimination in the practice of
abortion in California. Thus, the nine
urrounding San Francisco account for
r cent of California's births; yet 63 per
lifornia's therapeutic abortions are done
contrast, the two counties of the Los
etropolitan area, with almost twice this
abies (44 per cent), account for only 19
its therapeutic abortions. . . .
the continuing problems in many hospi-
tees." Dr. Overstreet added, "is the mem-
ian who manifests a punitive attitude
results of illicit sex activity." (You've
fun, now pay for it, continues to be the
or implicit sentiment of many medical
als.)
onomics of therapeutic abortion in Cali-
omething of a shambles." Dr. Overstreet
"Because of the consultation system the total
ivate patient ranges anywhere from $600
thousands. . . . Hospitals discourage the
atients by not assisting them in clearance
al while eagerly doing so for other gyne-
surgical patients." Nor has the new law
problem of criminal abortion. "Our pro-
0 therapeutic abortions annually scarcely
ent" in the estimated figure of 100,000
bortions a year in California with an
thirty related deaths, Dr. Overstreet said.
problem of the sociologically unwanted
has scarcely been touched by the new
law. . . . California's experience with it
appy one, and the law really satisfies no

y in Colorado there is widespread dis-
n with the liberalized law passed in 1967.
rich lady's law," Dr. Harvey Cohen,
obstetrician, told a *New York Times* re-
estimated the Colorado price tag as at
. Colorado Blue Cross and Blue Shield
for only 2 per cent of the legal abortions
since the new law was passed although
t of the state's residents have health in-

nchantment with "liberalized" laws has
ted, there have been surprising develop-
he judicial level. This turn of events was
by very few of the proponents of abor-
eform who have been keenly sensitive to
ns and prejudices of legislators. But now
epeal" seems to be on the horizon.
t startling decision was handed down in
of last year by the California Supreme
ch reversed the conviction of Dr. Leon P.
conspiring to perform an illegal abor-
verly Hills obstetrician and gynecologist who has campaigned vigorously for abortion-law reform, Dr. Belous was consulted by a pregnant college girl and her fiancé, also a student. Both were determined not to have a baby until the young man had completed his education. If all else failed, the girl said she would go to a notoriously dangerous Tijuana abortion mill. Dr. Belous referred her to a physician in whose competence he had confidence and who was licensed to practice in Mexico but not in California. Dr. Belous was convicted on a conspiracy charge.

Reversing his conviction on appeal, the state Supreme Court held by a 4 to 3 vote that the California statute infringed on a number of constitutional rights including a woman's right of privacy and her right to decide whether to have a child. The Court found the old California law unconstitutionally vague in that there was no way of determining when an abortion is "necessary to preserve life."

"The problem caused by the vagueness of the statute," the Court held, "is accentuated because under the statute the doctor is, in effect, delegated the duty to determine whether a pregnant woman has a right to an abortion and the physician acts at his peril if he determines the woman is entitled to an abortion. He is subject to prosecution for a felony and to deprivation of his right to practice medicine if his decision is wrong. Rather than being impartial, the physician has a 'direct, personal, substantial pecuniary interest' in reaching a conclusion that the woman should not have an abortion. The delegation of decision-making power to a directly involved individual violates the Fourteenth Amendment* . . . The state . . . has skewed the penalties in one direction: *no* criminal penalties are imposed where the doctor refuses to perform a necessary operation, even if the woman should in fact die because the operation was not performed. . . ."

Dr. Belous was tried before California's abortion law was liberalized and convicted under a statute enacted in 1850. At that time, the Court pointed out, before surgical asepsis, abortion, like all surgery, was a highly hazardous procedure. Today, in contrast, "it is safer for a woman to have a hospital therapeutic abortion than to bear a child. . . . [Yet] criminal abortions are the most common single cause of maternal death in California . . . the incidence of severe infection is very much greater. . . . The Los Angeles County Hospital alone, for example, in 1961 admitted over 3,500 patients treated for such abortions. . . ."

On the heels of the California decision, in November, in United States District Court in Washington, D.C., Judge Gerhard A. Gesell held that a federal law prohibiting doctors from performing abortions except when the expectant mother's life or health was in danger was unconstitutional on

"You've had your fun, now pay for it, continues to be the expressed or implicit sentiment of many medical professionals."

*The Fourteenth Amendment provides that "no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

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essentially the same grounds as those set forth by the California Court. By this ruling, he barred the trial in Washington of Dr. Milan Vuitch on charges of performing an abortion.

Paradoxically, ten days later, in neighboring Silver Spring, Maryland, Dr. Vuitch was sentenced to a year in jail and fined $5,000 on the same charge. Maryland is one of the states which liberalized its abortion laws in 1968: the new statute requires, however, that the operation be performed in a hospital. Dr. Vuitch, who had done abortions in his office, is something of a local hero. He has courted arrest more than a dozen times for defiantly performing abortions. To emphasize the absurdity of his predicament he announced that he would soon purchase a hospital where he could operate legally. He has also volunteered for service at an abortion clinic in Washington "open to women all over the country" which a national committee proposes to establish. The Justice Department is appealing Judge Gesell's opinion and, pending the outcome, most doctors in the area are discreetly silent.

Meanwhile, in New York, a suit has been filed in the federal District Court in behalf of four distinguished physicians challenging the constitutionality of the state's abortion statutes. The first round was won on November 5, when Judge Edward Weinfeld ordered a three-judge court to decide the case.

Thus there is, as of this writing, a very real possibility that the U. S. Supreme Court will decide that the question of whether or not to terminate a pregnancy is a private matter to be decided by a woman and her physician. This would be a giant forward step: however, as happened after the school integration decision of 1964, it is unlikely to produce an instant solution of the problem.

Catholic doctors and hospitals certainly show no signs of deviating from the historic position of their church, which holds that life begins either at the moment of conception or of implantation in the womb and that destruction of the fetus at any stage is infanticide, although no code of lay law upholds this thesis. Possibly some of the distinguished Catholics who have endorsed the birth-control pill might modify their position if, as some scientists hope, current reproductive research produces a technique for preventing the fertilized ovum from moving from the fallopian tubes to the uterus. Another promising and not too remote scientific possibility is a safe morning-after or once-a-month pill which would, in all probability, be a biochemical abortifacient. But until such a product is perfected, surgical abortion will continue to be a widely used alternative method of birth control because of contraceptive failures and the unwillingness of a considerable number of women to use contraceptives at all for a variety of psychological reasons. So far as Catholic women are concerned many take the pill in defiance of their church and a number flout the even more stringent ban against abortion. In Colorado, for example, where 22 per cent of the population is Catholic, 17 per cent of applicants for therapeutic abortion, since it was liberalized in 1967, were Catholics.

No one can compel Catholics—or anyone else—who regards abortions as sinful—to have them. But is there any reason to give weight to the views of a religious group in framing secular law? Catholics, however, are not entirely alone in their aversion to abortion.

"I think we have to face the fact that if you get pregnant by rubbing a cloth across your cheek there would be no abortion act or bill in the world there would be no concern about terminating pregnancy," Dr. Allan Barnes of Johns Hopkins, who was one of the prime movers in Maryland's abortion-reform movement, said on a recent TV program. "It's the fact that you get pregnant through sexual intercourse, and sex is different. It is worrisome to some people, sex bothers them."

And certainly no one is more mightily bothered on the subject than the average physician. Some observers of medical attitudes theorize that men are attracted to the study of medicine, in part, because of a special fear of dying. Conceiving of their role as a continuous contest against death, they regard destruction of life, at any stage, peculiarly repugnant. Dr. Robert B. White, a Texas psychiatrist, has offered another explanation in a paper presented to the Houston Psychiatric Society.[1]

"Why," he asked, "are we as physicians so adamant in our anxious determination to put up obstacles in the way of women who want to terminate a pregnancy . . .? Perhaps we have stirred mordial dread that lowering the taboo will lead to racial extinction. There is, however, at least one other deep motive . . . a fear on the part of every physician of granting a woman a greater say whether she will or will not keep the pregnancy. Is it possible that the pregnant woman symbolizes proof of male potency and that if we loosen up over women and grant them the right to destroy that proof when *they* want to, we men are terribly threatened lest women can at will rob of the proof of our potency and masculinity?"

If indeed such irrational factors are involved then the current insistence of some militant nists on making the right to abortion a "women's issue" may be a questionable The presumption seems to be that the act made the woman pregnant was something she "submitted" to—surely an anachronism in of "sexual equality." It implies also that who impregnated her is, in all probability sponsible cad who has no concern about or not he fathers a child. This is a libel American male.

A doctor can scarcely be forced to against his wishes, no matter what the co

[1] Upon completing his medical education virtually young doctor swears to the Hippocratic oath, which among other things forbids giving "to a woman tive remedy."

Published in *Texas Reports on Biology and* (Winter 1966).

e may object to "abortion on demand" unds that he does not perform any other rgery at the patient's demand; the deci- retically a joint one, is largely his. Ques- alpractice can arise, however, if he fails patient competently or fails to refer the another physician. The outcome of the e may move some to reconsider their poli- ortion.

g that the physical burden of "compul- pregnancy" falls upon women, the issue, fects all human beings, not just one sex. ty of the population crisis is now almost y acknowledged. The battle lines are cur- ng drawn between champions of volun- y planning and hard-line demographers cate compulsory population control as a social policy, enforced through a variety ntives (or disincentives) and techniques zing entire populations, making child- ible only by special permit. The goal of nent is Zero Population Growth—that is, qualization of the birth and death rate. tarians argue persuasively that the time ipe for such draconian measures when an five million American women do not have ontraceptive information and when the f procuring abortions results in the birth imated quarter of a million unwanted his country every year.

ion that there is no "unwanted" child, y human life—actual or potential is ecious and cherished, dies hard. We look horror upon the ancient and primitive hich openly practiced infanticide. But in distant past this was precisely the func ritain's "baby farms," which received babies and the unwanted off-spring of ed millhands without question on pay- ump sum. The more babies that died, the table the business, and the rampant in- seases of the day did the job handily in ed nurseries. (When Little Buttercup *MS Pinafore*, "A many years ago/ When g and charming/ As some of you may practiced baby farming." Victorian audi- understood why the chorus responded by This is most alarming!" In Germany, ers were known as "angel makers.") The Britain was so scandalous by 1871 that of Commons appointed a select commit- quire as to the best means of preventing tion of the lives of infants put out to ite by their parents." By the turn of the onsiderable protective legislation had ed. However, as recently as the decade 1927 the British Society for the Preven- ruelty to Children reported an annual f 13 baby-farming cases involving 28

s have now taken over the executioner's any parents but too many," says Garrett Hardin, a University of California biologist.* "Child-ridden, impoverished, and desperate parents are responsible for thousands of 'battered babies' every year and perhaps some hundreds of dead ones. . . . But we should not focus our attention exclusively on the physical mayhem and murder. How many more unwanted children, never physically harmed by their parents, have their hearts broken every year?"

In the case of illegitimate babies, adoption has long been the favored solution in this country, and for many years there were far more would-be adoptive parents than available infants, a fact which may account for the long silence of social workers on the question of abortion. There has, however, always been an oversupply of "unadoptable babies," the ugly, the stupid, the crippled or emotionally disturbed, those whose skin is the wrong color or those who become "unwanted" by their parents when they are no longer adorable cuddly infants or toddlers, but unruly and unmanageable adolescents.

These are the unwanted children who keep venerable buildings known as "shelters" in cities like New York filled most of the time to 150 per cent of capacity. The official intention is to make these temporary way-stations until foster homes can be found. But foster homes are in short supply, even for babies, and there are few foster parents who can cope with troublesome adolescents. So many of the children remain for years in the "temporary" shelters. Among them are many long-rejected young girls whose conscious or unconscious yearning for something of their own to love propels them into pregnancy at the age of fourteen or earlier. Few of these child mothers have any prospect of supporting or rearing their offspring. Thus another generation fated to become "unwanted" is spawned.

In view of our society's callous unconcern for existing children who are, in fact, unwanted, it is hard to listen tolerantly to the hypocritical cant which defends the "rights" of minute cells of human tissue which have had the mischance to be fertilized.

Despite the dramatic gains of genetics in recent years, there will probably always be human beings misshapen in mind or body because of heredity, accident, disease, war, famine, or the lack of loving nurture. To them, a humane people owes the kind of support and rehabilitative effort which is now no more than a utopian dream. Surely it is a form of madness to insist on adding to this still-unaccepted burden responsibility for thousands of children, rejected even before they are born.

In his appeals brief, Attorney Grutman has included an eloquent quotation from Dr. N.J. Berill's recent book, *The Person in the Womb*: "If a human exists at all it is the right to be born with a normal body and mind, with the prospect of developing further to fulfillment. If this is to be denied, then life and conscience are mockery and a chance should be made for another throw of the ovarian dice." □

"The fiction that there is no 'unwanted' child, that every human life—actual or potential—is equally precious and cherished, dies hard."

*Published in *Perspectives in Biology and Medicine* (Autumn 1966).

Irving Howe

BOOKS

A great man's greatness

Gandhi's Truth, by Erik Erikson. Norton. $10.

How do you remember Gandhi? "He was like a good night's sleep," answered Ambalal the industrialist. "He was my mother!" declared Anasuya, the sister of Ambalal. "He was a consummate politician," said a political opponent Indulak Yagnik.

The questions came from the famous American psychoanalyst, Erik Erikson, during a visit to India, and once he had elicited this lovely triad of memories everything could follow in this lovely book. Ambalal was a millowner in the city of Ahmedabad, against whom Gandhi led a strike of textile workers in 1918, perfecting his method of *Satyagraha*, usually mistranslated as "passive resistance." For Ambalal, Gandhi signified the force of conscience, and only through its assuagement could he gain "a good night's sleep." Anasuya had become a labor leader even before the strike, pitting her faith and will against a beloved brother. To her, Gandhi evoked the gratification she had found in caring for workers, and more deeply, that maternal bisexuality, at once comforting and claustrophobic, which seems pervasive in Hindu religious culture. And for Yagnik, Gandhi figured not as saint but as strategist, a shrewd actor in the struggle for power. If it were possible to structure these replies into a coherent vision of Gandhi, we might then have the foundations of a great man's greatness.

They do in fact form the foundation of Erik Erikson's subtle book: psychoanalytic probings, historical narrative, the insights of a keen old bird, all entwined in an illusion of unity and decorated with a gorgeous dialectic. The story opens with Gandhi's childhood: he is the youngest son, clever but a bit spoiled, never playing with other children except as a peacemaker in their disputes, teasing his way into adult favor but also suffering a series of tests that begin to establish his distinctiveness. The book ends in 1930, twelve years after the Ahmedabad victory, with the Mahatma launching his great March to the Sea in protest against the British Salt Act. Thousands of disciplined followers act out the peaceful aggression of *Satyagraha*: the rule of British imperialism is shaken beyond repair; Gandhi pays a triumphant visit to the Viceroy, where—saintly rascal—he pours a pinch of the forbidden salt into his tea in order, he smiles, "to remind us of the famous Boston Tea Party."

Gandhi's Truth is extraordinary: an almost-great book that yields intellectual pleasure from start to finish. If I add the judgment that in demonstrating its essential thesis the book is also a failure, you will understand that I am applying to Erik Erikson standards he must suppose it flattering to fall short of (though only by an inch or two, he's not the kind of man who'd care to fall *very* short). What I propose to question is the link Erikson claims to establish in his books on Luther and Gandhi between psychoanalysis and history—so let us look, schematically, at each in turn.

II

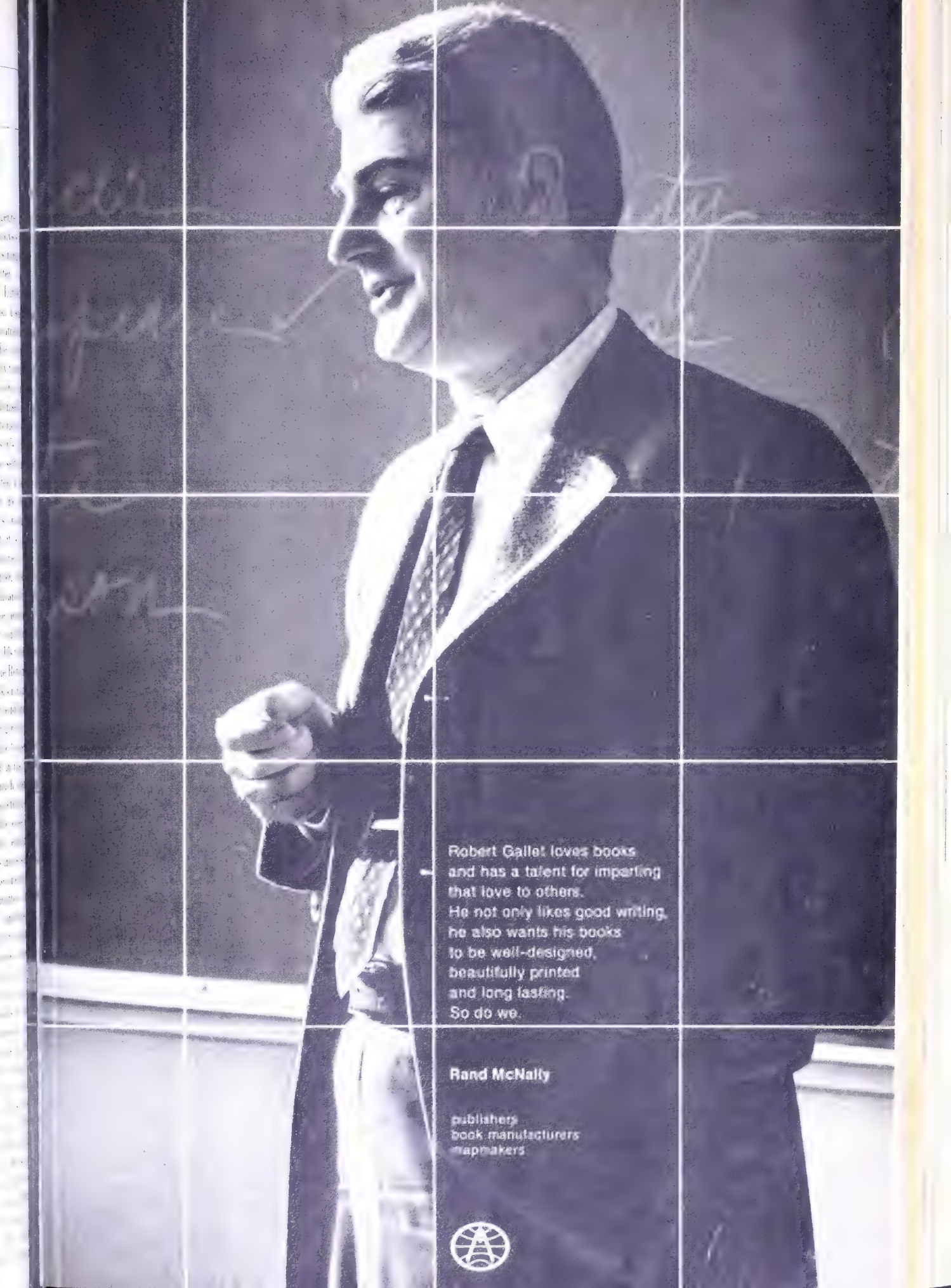
Less disciplined in central exposition but more fecund in local detail, *Gandhi's Truth* follows the pattern of Erikson's earlier book, *Young Man Luther*. In the life of a great man there occurs a moment when he suffers a crisis of definition. He is young, he separates himself from others and himself, he comes apart, he struggles for a new self and a new conception of his place in the world. Erikson calls this an "identity crisis," that crucial moment which occurs in all men of some self-awareness and with a special force in great ones. Erikson's fertile mind has seized upon this concept with a fascination that cannot be explained simply by his clinical concerns. My guess is that it has something to do with a gradual and unacknowledged movement away from a strict psychoanalytic role: the concept of "identity crisis" lures him into speculations about the psychic attributes of greatness, it enables him to attempt a new biographical genre r... fusion of psychoanalysis a... and it satisfies his strong t... dramatics of character.

In writing about Luther... elaborate portrait on a sin... one not even fully authenti... tory: the "fit in the choir... during Luther's early twenti... furt monastery. From tha... Luther torments himself ... self and a new historical c... persuasive is Erikson's por... gradual struggle for self-tra... that one comes to feel it ba... whether the "fit in the ch... occurred or was as crucial ... supposes. At worst, it is a ... tion skillfully employed.

What Erikson then does ... refined use of psychoanalyti... is to show how the neurot... Luther's character contribu... spur and brake—to his towe... ment as voice of the Reform... as in the later book on Gan... avoids the sin of Freudian ... or what he calls *originology*... ual effort to find the 'cause' ... whole development in his ch... flict." Whether much ther... Freudianism is something ...

With Gandhi the case i... cult, and that may explai... son's new book is more sel... elaborate than the one on ... choanalysis, no matter wh... to universality, employs ... drawn from Western cultur... ern too is the more conv... stance of historical study ... experience Erikson necessa... where Luther stands at the ... of Western experience, acc... through perceptions by wh... lived for centuries. Gandh... away—and the more one ... him, the greater does his ... tance seem. Even in Erik... thetic account, Indian reli... ture are hard for a Western ... the very terms we employ i... such Hindu concepts as *dha*... and *brahmacharya* must in... tion. Very shrewdly, Erik... penetrate beneath his own ...

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Robert Gallet loves books
and has a talent for imparting
that love to others.
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he also wants his books
to be well-designed,
beautifully printed
and long lasting.
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publishers
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mapmakers

ic premises and Gandhi's religious-cultural premises in order to find universal modes of experience that hold for men of all cultures. Such universal modes must surely exist, but the immediate consequence of looking for them is, paradoxically, to become aware of the distance, the "strangeness" of Hindu styles of life. Erikson must therefore keep providing exegesis, "translation" from culture to culture—and the possibilities for error, both by author and reviewer, become alarming.

Even in his tactful pages on Gandhi's boyhood—you'd suppose infantile traumas as decisive in the East as in the West—Erikson continually struggles with the problem of cultural distance. Consider a passage such as this:

> *Gandhi's protestations of motherliness [are] more than an emotional inversion: the primary power of motherliness (symbolized in the cow) is an ancient and all-pervasive ingredient of Indian tradition. When this boy appointed himself his father's nurse, there was a drive in it which later could suffice for the care of all India as well as of Untouchables and lepers. . . .*

An Indian, however, might be startled at the suggestion that Gandhi's "motherliness" needs to be protected from the charge of "emotional inversion"—what, he might wonder, is the matter with those Westerners? And even we can ask whether, or to what extent, the religious-cultural tradition of Hinduism calls into question the force of Erikson's psychoanalytic categories when these are applied to a man like Gandhi.

Or consider the painful story of Gandhi's marriage in early adolescence, not at all unusual in late-nineteenth-century India, with all the troubles it brought a boy who felt guilty not only toward a father he supposed himself to be neglecting but also toward himself because of what he took to be his rampant "lustfulness":

> *The nursing care of the father is pictured as the one endeavour superior to all other purpose; was this a parable in which the son not only atones for his own sins but also forgives the father for* his *too? . . . Gandhi's sexuality, by omission or commission, became permanently marred by what to him was juvenile excess, depleting his power of spiritual concentration.*

What strikes one here is the utter *Westernness* of Erikson's analysis, the distance between the life described and the values that Erikson, for all his charming tolerance, cannot help bringing to it. And the troubles that follow are most striking in two areas of experience, that of social role and that of sexual relations.

Erikson relies a good deal on an Indian concept called *dharma*, almost untranslatable but roughly signifying a mixture of social task, caste position, and moral obligation. People of certain castes and perhaps certain natures have distinctive *dharmas*, and by this is apparently meant something at once less improvisatory than what we would mean by personal destiny (a Napoleon says, "it's my destiny," but makes sure to determine its content himself) and a good deal more flexible in practice than our revulsion against the Indian caste system would allow us to believe. For the mission of *dharma* is complicated, and humanized, by the Hindu vision of the life-cycle, according to which all men must go through a series of stages in their experience, with each stage offering unique responsibilities and occasions. The ritualized life-cycle is seen as a kind of spiral, first a movement toward involvement with the world and then a gradual withdrawal. Presumably —I am not clear on this and Erikson isn't much help either —one's distinctive *dharma* "intersects" with one's stage in the life-cycle to create the terms of personality.

Perhaps because he sees in them strong analogies with his own sense of human experience, Erikson is attracted to both *dharma* and the life-cycle. *Dharma* he relates to our views of role and obligation: the Hindu life-cycle to his own notions concerning psychic growth, tension, and the conquest of identity. The young Gandhi is pictured as being harassed by all the embarrassments, awkwardnesses, self-confrontations, and ultimatistic demands we associate with youth: but he experiences these within a sequence of expectation and limitation that allows him to locate his personal needs within traditional ways. Thereby, the "identity crisis" of the young Luther is transferred to the young Indian barrister who journeys to England and fancies himself a bit of a swell: to the apprentice leader in South Africa who rallies the mistreated Indians behind the still-formative tactics of civil disobedience: and to the emerging spokesman-saint who travels throughout India in third-class coaches rallying both a moral elite and the inexperienced masses to the struggle for national revival.

In his section on the young Erikson keeps in delicate bala Hindu vision of the life-cycle own neo-Freudian sense of hu perience. He grants the reality o wisdom, which, all cultural em ment apart, seems to me a sig own wisdom. He keeps steadil to relate the patterns of Indian to his own faith in the generati cities of mankind. Yet I am vinced that he has shown Ga have lived through an "identity during or shortly before the Ahn strike.

For we must remember that th occurred when Gandhi was fo years old, the Indian equivalent, guess, of being a decade older culture. Gandhi was by then a s veteran of social struggle, a m had worked out his commandin of life, if not yet all the strate which to realize it. The very co "identity crisis" as formulated l son seems distinctive to youth, pecially youth in cultures whe into adulthood is abrupt and Obviously, Gandhi, like any ot sitive (or even insensitive) mid man, went through a range of troubles that may in sum ha stituted a crisis. He must hav himself during the strike: what next? will I be able to fulfill m have I undertaken a campaign f I do not yet have the resources don't see any evidence in E book that he asked the kinds tions one associates with an crisis." By then Gandhi knew who he was, even if not quite magnitude of the public role h create: his friends and oppone tainly knew who he was, and t good part of what comprises man's identity. True, he was the national leader of India, but that was because India was n coherent nation: he would be national leader precisely thro struggle to achieve a rebirth fo

Furthermore, the traditional in which Gandhi was raised, w moral discomfort it may evok was so organized as to provid men with a range of opportun experiment and contemplation tion and withdrawal: it gave the terms of self-definition but left ganization of those terms to th themselves: and thereby it ten traditional societies can, to sm and ease up the inevitable b psychic growth. Reading

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moral: and Erikson must
to explain to himself, as
an enlightened psychoanalyst, how it can be that a man whose sexuality was "permanently marred" (no small hurt, one would think) could yet be so marvelously unmarred, so creative and gay and inspiring, throughout his life?

Some years back, in a brilliant essay on Gandhi, the American writer Isaac Rosenfeld put the matter sharply: "Gandhi emerged uncrippled from the crippling inner life he made himself lead. . . ." And the explanation Rosenfeld gave, as it relied upon the cushioning traditionalism of Indian culture, wasn't very different from that of Erikson. Now, as long as we persist in holding to our own frame of reference—even if it's a hoop through which our subject won't jump—then this seems clever and perhaps satisfying. But suppose, just suppose Gandhi's inner life wasn't "permanently marred" or "crippled" at all? And in any case, what sense does it make to speak of a crippled life if a man of Gandhi's stature is said to have had one? Who then isn't crippled?

I raise these questions not because I have answers to them—obviously I do not—but because they enable me to underscore the dangers in Erikson's method of "translating" from culture to culture.

While I am plunging into these uncomfortable regions, let me ask a few more questions. Erikson's concept of "identity crisis" has a strong relevance for problems we encounter in America today: its methodological value depends, I would think, largely on the extent to which it remains abstract and formal, that is, the extent to which it gives the clinician a flexible mode of perception for dealing with specific disorders and difficulties. Insofar as it remains abstract and formal, it must make some claims—even if only within the boundaries of our culture— for universality of application: it describes a generic pattern of maturation, a common potential for conflict. What, however, can it contribute to a psychological analysis of "greatness"? In the case of Luther, Erikson shows how his neurotic energies not merely impeded but also helped release his ambitions. About the historical figure Martin Luther we may not know very much more than before reading Erikson, but we do gain a keener sense of the relation between that figure and the private person of the same name. There is profit in this, for it shows what great men share with the rest of us. But what can it contribute to illuminating their differences from the rest of us?



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Very little, I think. My impudent surmise is that Erikson has turned to writing about great men because in part he senses the limitations of psychoanalysis once an effort is made to apply it beyond the therapeutic setting. In both the Luther and Gandhi books he keeps warning against orthodoxy, but insofar as he heeds the warning he tends to move from psychoanalysis into psychology, that is, from a rigid system of concepts concerning unconscious springs of behavior to a complex of insights drawn partly from his own clinical experience and partly from a very supple intelligence. (As he jokingly warns himself in *Young Man Luther:* "This sounds dangerously like common sense.") And in moving from psychoanalysis to psychology, he is also, I think, moving from both into history, for by now psychology has become part of history, assimilated into our consciousness of the past. The link between psychoanalysis and history never being fully achieved, Erikson tends to replace the idea of fusion with the reality of replacement. As two of his recent admirers, Daniel Yankelovich and William Bevan, remark in their book *Ego and Instinct:*

> *To the basic Freudian insistence on the development of the infant out of frustration of pre-emptory instinctual demands within the family setting, there are added the later struggles of the individual . . . for self-validity and meaning in a larger setting. . . . Yet the two parts of the synthesis still stand in unstable equilibrium. . . . For, if we trace Luther's life as a structure of meaning, certain "explanations" having to do with unknown infantile experiences become merely gratuitous and unexplanatory relapses into another form of reductionism that would seek to derive the whole person from the psycho-social phenomena of infancy and adolescence. The truth is that Erikson has thought beyond Freud to a degree that, in his reticence and loyalty to the psychoanalytic movement, he does not stress. . . .*

A distinction should be made, however, between Erikson the writer and Erikson the clinician. It is quite possible that in his work as an analyst he can still rest more securely on the Freudian tradition than he can in his work as an historian. By now psychoanalysis has accumulated a store of insights and experiences concerning the problems of mental disorder which seem likely to survive, and which probably are not dependent on Freudianism as an intellectual system. It is even possible that a break-up of Freudian ideology could lead to a strengthening of psychoanalysis as a distinctive therapeutic method.

And one more question. In the hands of an Erikson, psychoanalysis can beautifully describe the pattern of "identity crisis." But what can it tell us about the content of this crisis? I will be told this is a naïve question, but that is precisely the reason to ask it. Christianity, like other religions, has had a theory about the content of such crises. Luther would not have regarded his "fit in the choir" as a psychological event, he would have insisted that he was an instrument in the hands of superior powers. Dostoevsky would have said that young people reach a point where they must decide whether to admit or expel the presence of Christ, whether to open themselves to transcendent suffering or, in behalf of entering the world, suppress their religious possibilities. Now it hardly matters whether one accepts the religious view—I do not. The point is that seen in this or some parallel way, "identity crisis" takes on more than an internal character, it acquires a large ethical and historical value. So, I think, would Gandhi have seen the matter. But insofar as the psychoanalyst remains a psychoanalyst, he can tell us little about the significance and magnitude of any given "identity crisis," and if he is not as supple as Erikson he is almost certain to deprecate its moral and intellectual substance in favor of its inner dynamic. Perhaps it was some such realization that led Erikson into his new field of study: if so, it led him farther than he probably expected. For in plain fact, he has become an historian.

III

And a first-rate historian. In describing Gandhi's nonviolent campaigns in South Africa and India, Erikson writes with verve and authority. He destroys the common misconception of *Satyagraha* as an outcry of helplessness or as a refusal of masculine strength. In Hindu the term signifies "truth-force," a mode of militant nonviolence that draws upon Indian tradition but manifests itself as a secular strategy. As Erikson nicely remarks, Gandhi struck "the religious imagination of an angry people," and still more important, he tried to work out a politics that would not merely be effective but would retain at least some congruence with the ethical precepts of Hinduism. Gandhi's own description of *Satyagraha* is that of a manly, and even combative

> *What am I to advise a man who wants to kill but is unable . . . his being maimed? Before I . . . him feel the virtue of not . . . must restore to him the . . . lost. . . . A nation that is unable . . . cannot from experience preach the virtue of not fighting. I do not . . . this that India must fight. . . . say that India must know how*

The strength of Erikson's narrative rests in part on . . . standing of the way Gandhi . . . traditional resources for . . . "He had to call for a rapid . . . tion of awareness and . . . yet also to acknowledge and . . . serve those aspects of the . . . structure which alone could . . . replaceable elements of . . . identity." If, as his critics . . . some justice, Gandhi's reliance . . . dian traditionalism delayed . . . to some social problems, it . . . India maintain a unity which . . . enabled it to preserve democracy . . . and after its liberation. Right . . . may not rouse much excitement . . . Americans and others . . . prefer to admire Mao's total . . . but I believe that in a long . . . ing the ability of the Indian . . . their democratic society and . . . regarded as one of the real . . . achievements of the age.

When Erikson comes to . . . his analysis becomes . . . cially keen and his prose . . . vibrant. He reprints the leaflets . . . issued each day of the strike . . . not only marvels of political . . . but also models of the art of . . . simply to uneducated workers . . . avoiding condescension. In . . . struggle in Ahmedabad to Gandhi's . . . ner life it almost convinces . . . ideal historian for the life of . . . is a genuinely worldly man. . . . does his critical intelligence . . . and that is in sentimentalizing . . . sponses of Ambalal, the cultivator . . . owner against whom Gandhi . . . struggle. Erikson offers rec . . . planations for Ambalal's . . . sponses to Gandhi, but . . . must surely be the . . . that insofar as he was an . . . pressed by British imperialism . . . wished to follow Gandhi, but

talist trying to maximize had to resist Gandhi. It's note that, after Ahmeda- hied away from labor is- ly persuaded that a too tion of the class struggle er Indian national unity. put down a few notions dhian strategy, and we

a is inherently elitist. It Erikson says, on "a dis- of expert volunteers." It kely to thrive when a uni- motion can be mobilized, when the struggle is brief with limited stakes, as in during the early Sixties, provide a stable basis for politics in a democratic

elped create a democratic is a question whether he en its leader after inde- method depended on an conscience of opponents, es that puts conscience *in* -quite apart from majori- ities, parliamentary pro- al restraints—is peculiarly e by charismatic leaders minorities. Gandhi knew urged that those "being fasted against" who considered the fast to be blackmail should "refuse to yield to it, even though the refusal may result in the death of the fasting person." Ideally, a democratic society rests upon a consensus of conscience, but in its daily operations it can survive only through a common acquiescence in formal rules.

· *Satyagraha* is most effective against opponents who fail to live up to standards they claim to accept. Its aim is reconciliation, not widening conflict: it proposes not the destruction of the enemy, but his conversion: and thereby it can succeed only within strictly limited circumstances.

· *Satyagraha* is not a strategy for revolution. Erikson shows that it aspires toward a ritualization of conflict in order to prevent violence: he even compares it with Konrad Lorenz's observations concerning the ritualization of conflict among animals as a way of minimizing violence. Along these lines Erikson keeps stressing that Gandhi urged the Ambedabad workers to demand only what was "fair and right," and this seems to him evidence of Gandhi's reasonableness. Perhaps—but what if the workers had come to believe that "fair and right" required the expropriation and socialization of Ambalal's mill? Could Gandhi's approach have ritualized a conflict that was so deep-going in nature?

· In one of his resistance appeals Gandhi said: "Real suffering bravely borne melts even a heart of stone." Does it? Gandhi had not yet learned about the stones of our century. If he had tried to fast a Hitler or Stalin into submission, they would have been delighted to let him die—assuming they had not already killed him for his gesture of defiance. George Orwell's remarks on this topic seem to me incontrovertible:

> *The important point is not so much that the British treated Gandhi forbearingly as that he was always able to command publicity. . . . It is difficult to see how Gandhi's methods could be applied in a country where opponents of the regime disappear in the middle of the night and are never heard of again. Without a free press and the right of assembly, it is impossible not merely to appeal to outside opinion, but to bring a mass movement into being, or even to make your intentions known to your adversary.*

IV

Erik Erikson has written a marvelous book. □

AS IN BRIEF

ilader, Deborah Kaetz, Richard Schickel, Ed Yoder

Fiction

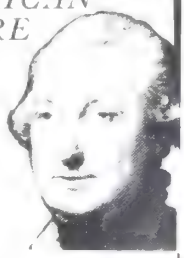
by Thomas Berger. Rich- $6.95.

ent moment satire seems ecause of the fiendish skill ality mimics the most de- distortions imaginable. only the most generous istic vision can escape a dvertent naturalism of an . This massively humor- ensely mature book par- great literary tradition in gonistic satirist is himself broader comic perspec- ff. Jaques, Molière's Al- Bloom inhabit worlds of e vision extends beyond omas Berger's Reinhart is y anti-heroes, triumphant al effectiveness, spawned by Joyce's Bloom. A fat, morally conventional autodidact, not in the least Jewish but rather Ohio German in ancestry, his gravity centered in his own — as in America's — breadbasket, he is nevertheless a man who seems to be the only person in his world whom adversity can improve and, ultimately, the only person for whom improvement might matter. *Vital Parts* is the third of a trilogy, the earlier novels being *Crazy in Berlin* and *Reinhart in Love* (1958 and 1962, respectively, but just now being reissued by the publisher of this last one): but it is perfectly self-contained, in that references to earlier periods in the hero's life are all rewoven, like memories, on the frame of his present condition.

That condition—fat, forty-five, unemployed, married to an efficient, bread-winning bitch: entailing a son and daughter who have metamorphosed into a smart, rude plastic radical of twenty-one and a good-natured, overweight but not overbright sixteen-year-old—is the one from which Reinhart unlocks himself in the course of the novel. A superb self-satirizing enterprise—a foundation for research in cryonics or deep-freezing of corpses until resurrection is possible by pre-apocalyptic means, spun off from his wheelings and dealings by a reemergent schoolboy acquaintance—provides the narrowing frame of a briefly picaresque plot. As Reinhart is pushed further and further into the absurdities he prides himself so successfully on avoiding, the promise of the brilliant opening scenes is not only confirmed but fulfilled by the double takes in plotting and narrative surface. It is particularly the handling of attitudes, verbal gestures, exhalations of ideology, in such a terse and abstracted way, that allows Mr. Berger's minor characters to

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become automatons when they are asserting, praising, blaming, or explaining, and to blossom into humanity again when they lapse into movement, touch, silence. Reinhart's old "Maw," for example, oscillates between being a George Price old lady in tennis shoes and what is almost a clever and well-informed omniscient narrator. Best of all, the moral and narrative progress of *Vital Parts* is continually being advanced by a sequence of dazzling "saves"—moments like that in the late Brendan Behan's *The Hostage*, say, when the dead British Tommy comes to life and sings, rebuking us for not having trusted comedy to avoid bathos. These twists and shifts become almost characteristic of the style of this hilarious and humane book. For the time being at any rate (the time being, alas, what it is), it reads like some kind of masterpiece.
—J.H.

Poor Devils, by David Ely. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.

Poor Devils is what I like to think of as social science fiction—that is, a dramatic exploration of serious contemporary issues within the framework of what is regarded as an unserious literary form, in this case the mystery-adventure novel. Here David Ely sets a second-rate professor of history from a second-rate college in pursuit of a first-rate, if eccentric, anthropologist who has disappeared into the wild depths of American poverty while attempting to investigate the people who are its prisoners. Turns out the real danger is not from his subjects, but from a quasi-government research project designed to computerize and quantify their experience with the aim, eventually, of learning to control their inconvenient behavior. The experience of looking for the missing anthropologist—a man with a fierce belief in intuition, a fierce hatred of the statistical approach—pulls Bell, his pursuer, out of himself, out of his second-rateness, and into an emulation of that crusty old party. The novel's mood is depressing, not exhilarating as tales of this kind usually are. And it seems to me that Mr. Ely's characterizations lack a certain roundedness, his plot a certain entertaining deviousness of development. Nevertheless the book raises some good questions about the co-optation of scholarship by those who would manipulate men en masse at the expense of individuality. It also has a nice sardonic sense of humor and a well-developed air of menace. It is not great stuff, but, like all of Mr. Ely's work,

imaginative in its overall c
and agreeably humanistic i
Despite his gloom about th
system is working these days,
a lively sense of the individu
to save himself by re-creati
under stress. If you haven't
him yet it is time you did, fo
is one of the good ways of pas
evening.

Deliverance, by James Dick
ton Mifflin. $5.95.

If you sometimes play at S
the Wilderness, pass over M
first novel for something mo
—*Heart of Darkness*, say, "
jungle rots people and not the
around. In this little night
solid citizens of suburbia go
down a wild North Georgia r
to be flooded by a dam. Tw
laid, forced to sodomy at shot
by two degraded but believa
taineers, and their companio
assailant with an arrow int
deer. What do you do with
mountaineer, especially after
panion begins to snipe at you?
try, as the narrator does, to p
self awake and out of the
"...I glanced at the corpse t
would come out of the phony
stand up and shake hands a
someone new we'd met in th

This *donnée*, in which
nature strips away one's civ
fenses, is so exhaustively mi
rad, of course, and William
with the kids, and Jack Lo
that one is startled to find M
working it. But he succeeds.
the superhighway, you're hoo
every cut, groped up every c
lowed water with every spi
canoe, sweated with every dr
deadly bowstring. Later, to
had some second thoughts. Th
terization is thin—running to
organizer of the weekend, for
is a certifiable physical-fitness
announces—even before the tr
—that "the whole thing
human race) is going to be r
the human body ... the mac
going to fail...and a few
going to take to the hills and st
This beeping of the early wa
vice is a bit shrill for my t
more so in retrospect. There
tricky dramatic irony, too, wit
hill-country deputy sheriff lo
pecting that the city fellers h
in his missing brother-in-la
they have. And the wilderne

evoked, is not so much as backdrop for a form of that could occur as well But believable—with all its lly absorbing tale. General I never foresaw this. —E. Y.

easts and Children, by rthout. Doubleday, $5.95. warthout had the misfor- ag a couple of his early movies and, since his sen- to lead him naturally to- ear adventure story, no very seriously. But he is taining writer—exuberant, ybe a little childlike (in a his love of archetypal d situations, but always d alive.

Beasts and Children he is a gang of eightball, odd- ts who test and prove their escaping from an Arizona ith intent to free a herd of legalized slaughter (must you know) at the hands rtsmen invited to the kill The kids are, I suppose, field's younger brothers, plucky, engaging lot and a just one. The slaughter gically defensible, but its t. It is in bad taste. And ag with bad taste? Only destroy the planet," as ut once wrote.

xtaposition of the primal he great animals with that he brevity and tension of damn my eyes, its earnest Swarthout's taste in simile r is a little richer than e novel needs simplifying like his right now if it is hold on the general popu- ke Vonnegut—Mr. Swarth- never falls over into limp le is a stylist who also en- structs and I say good for s easy as it sounds. —R.S.

Nonfiction

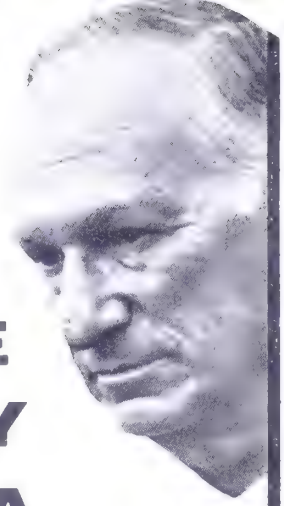
rector as Superstar, by s. Doubleday, $6.95. interviews with movie di- e way little film journals names to bill on their flatter the subjects with st without taking up much especially since the inter- as a rule, such buffs that uss the metaphysical im- plication of each cut in pictures even the director may have forgotten. They also give the guy an opportunity to tell off the critics, the producers, and everyone else who has given him a hard time in the course of his career. In all, they are very satisfactory for everyone concerned—except the reader, who is likely to feel that he has fallen, all unaware, through a looking glass and down a rabbit hole.

In contrast to the customary, the interviews Joseph Gelmis has collected here make very good reading. He is out neither to enhance someone's reputation nor to prove his own erudition. Indeed, one of his characteristics (and the mark of a good interviewer) is to feign innocence so the subject cheerfully overexplains himself, in the process revealing more than he probably intended. Thus, Arthur Penn, trying to come on like an intellectual, misuses common terms (like Keynesian economics) and Francis Ford Coppola, trying to come on like an intransigent rebel, reveals himself as more emotionally wedded to Hollywood than he knows.

Gelmis' range is wide, taking in underground outsiders, the industrial fringe, the dabblers from the other media, the big-name centrists. His criterion is mainly that all try to make their own statements, undiluted by industrialism, on film. He gets the true ring of their voices and the correct dimension of the problem they all face, which is how to keep those voices ringing true and still get financing. Despite its horrendous title and despite an introduction one wishes had been more venturesome in offering the author's own opinions about the way things work in the movies these days, this is a solid book. Something from which the casual moviegoer as well as the dedicated film freak can learn. —R.S.

The Thursday Evening Art World: The Alfred Weary Lectures, by D. H. Myers. McCall Publishing Co., $5.

Art is art; but the Art World, alas, is life, and to write off the current crisis in the interrelations among seriousness, passion, skill, vision, and success in the production of new painting and sculpture as a mere instance of life imitating bad art will not do. We are at a time when even such sophisticated theoreticians of innovation as Harold Rosenberg begin to reflect, in recent writings, a kind of despair for the continuation of culture, a fading out of that part of the democratic vista in which the broadening of the base of education in, and



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appreciation of, the arts appeared to be so splendid a prospect. The current state of the Art World is in part a function of inflated demand for pictures and sculpture by apparently ineducable and tasteless arrivistes: of the expansion of those otherwise dear realms of novelty and play, grown monstrous in their imperialistic phase: of subtle means whereby dealers can turn artists into producers of art objects, with each believing, no doubt, that he is successfully conning the other—even, perhaps, for his own good. The result has been the demoralization of painting, the triumph of planning, even of plotting, and the creation of instant styles, instant oeuvres, instant careers.

David Myers has invented a charming satirist of the current life of art, Mr. Alfred Weary. By his hesitancy, good-humored solemnity, and great difficulty in attributing stupidity, fraud, self-deception, lack of talent, or aesthetic immorality to any artist, Alfred Weary manages, as if unwittingly, to devastate the foolish and the phony merely by taking them totally seriously. He represents a mythological version of all our desires to come beautifully and satisfactorily to terms with the New. His lectures are those of a man totally unacquainted with the New York Art World, who, for some mysterious reason (set out in the, unfortunately, lost first lecture) finds himself delivering weekly discourses on the subject of contemporary art and artists to an audience composed of those painters, dealers, customers, and perhaps their psychiatrists who may have been recently sporting together on Long Island beaches. Mr. Weary is tactful and enthusiastic, a mine of apt little quotations from the great and the near great, faintly puzzled from time to time, and relentless in his cheerful attempt to make sense out of it all.

Mr. Myers is no philistine, which is what makes him care enough, and pay enough attention, to make this book possible. It is primarily a stylistic achievement: the tone controls the satiric balance throughout, and leaves one almost convinced that the whole pop-op-slop-flop-drop-glop-shop enterprise has been justified, after all, in some higher way. Pop art began, after all, with what looked like overly literal illustrations of Kenneth Koch's splendid, mid-Fifties poem, "The Artist," and grimly serious environmental manipulators are just beginning, in the manner of all truly unimaginative people, to follow the end of it, unwittingly, as a script. It is perhaps appropriate that a literary work redeem all this, teaching us that the Art World, in short, exists as it does in order that Mr. Alfred Weary have a subject for his lectures. —J.H.

The Supreme Court and the Idea of Progress, by Alexander Bickel. Harper & Row. $6.50.

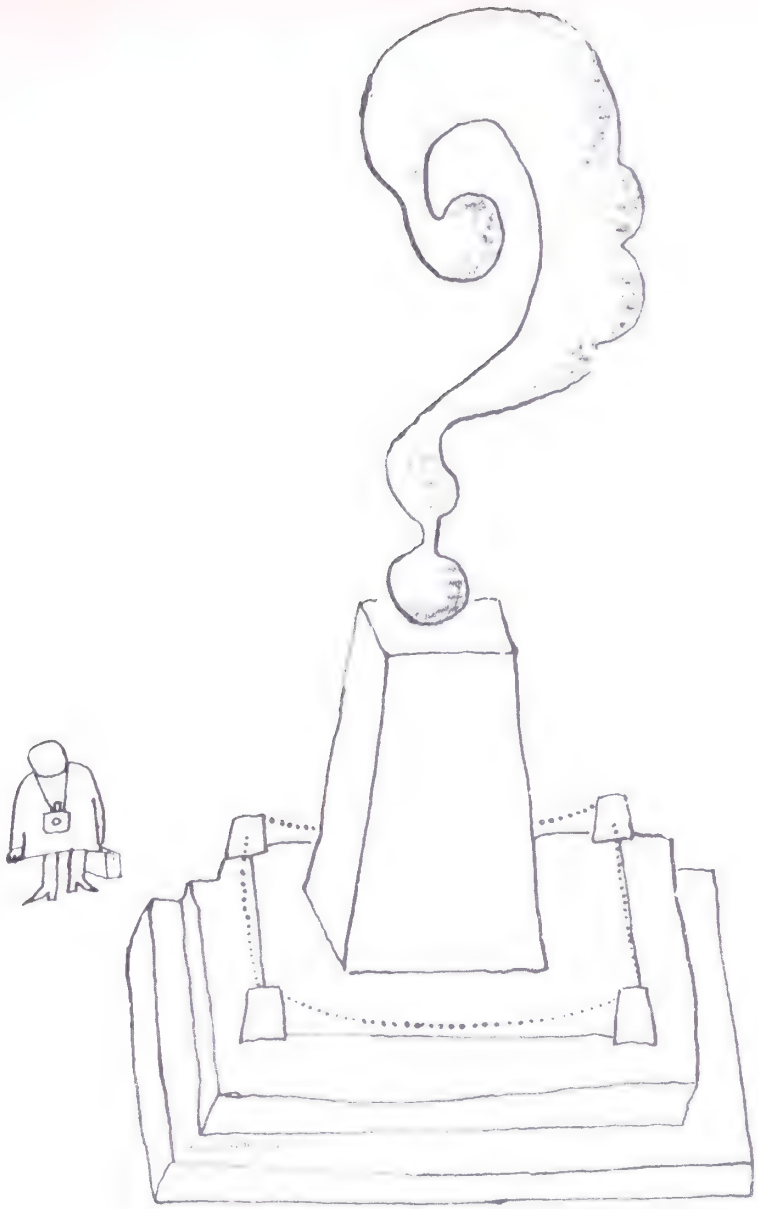
Although neither a President nor a Congress need disclose the rationale of every controversial policy—may indeed camouflage it—the Supreme Court is constantly explaining itself: properly enough. But explanation exposes the Court to the formidable armchair Hannibals who prowl jurisprudential battlefields long after the last shot, assuming custody of the custodians. Among these, Alexander Bickel, Chancellor Kent Professor at Yale Law School, is preeminent. His Holmes Lectures of last autumn at Harvard Law School elegantly stated a scholarly case against the so-called Warren Court, to the stupor of its defenders and the delight of its attackers. Here they are expanded and dressed in scholarly finery.

The justices of the Warren Court, so Mr. Bickel argues, were latter-day "*philosophes*" who made a religion of progress: moreover, they descended from the legal realists who stripped American Constitutional law of its sacerdotal aura. Combine these forces a pursuit of progress and egalitarianism, plus legal realism—and you emerge with the Warren Court's assaults on school segregation, malapportionment, censorship, and kangeroo police procedures. The two former chiefly concern Bickel here. He finds that the lines of law laid down in the school segregation and reapportionment cases are "obsolescent" and "headed for irrelevance," even if one concedes, as he readily does, their rationality, their humanity and (occasionally) their craftsmanship. The Warren Court, he charges, too often failed to find a "principled basis" for a good policy, was too often internally contradictory in its logic, but above all deferred too little to the experimental genius of local government and problem-solving. The Court, he suggests, is now caught out by history—by developments in the schools that commend decentralization and by developments in government that render "one man, one vote" a simplistic basis of political representation. In other words, Bickel applies a muted historicism that assumes that "history" will not only render a verdict on the Warren Court, but that the verdict may startle and daunt us.

One may suggest, of course, that some of the justices at least su much to begin with, but w to be judged by history if the humane in policy terms for Nor does Professor Bickel fu the possibility that activist less infatuated by heavenly judges who rely on the "se sciences of entrenched rural and segregationist school bo or not—and a short review evitably vulgarize the argum a book of the highest impor tainly it is a preferable basis ing the Warren Court tha diatribes against it.

George III and the Mad by Ida Macalpine and Richa Pantheon. $10.

This is a book for those are pretty sure there is a pu study of history, but can't ho to terms with it or the tedi ship involved. It is coinc serious medical case study, description of chronic a symptoms and evidence of diagnoses to satisfy the des latent hypochondriasis. Th *George III and the Mad Bus* was published in England l mysterious malady suffere George five times during his It was generally conclude times by the King's flotilla that the disease was mental was a borderline raving lu already over the edge. Back political factions, the docto to deal with the situation eac to his own methods. After the King recovered, howe for the last, the effects of wh ten years until his death at eighty-two. Motivated ma medical curiosity, I plodd the various accounts of Geo kept by his physicians, f enemies (most of whom h and it seemed to me a mira as long as he did or that ro ever transpired. As treatm King's vaguely defined (fever, agitation, quickne the royal doctors variou blisters to his legs and lee head "to draw out ill hum him with potions like tartar digitalis (sometimes disgu tea), and when these choi encouraged a state of del clapped him in a "strait wai many of these occasions t flicted monarch was too wea



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himself, but once during a relatively well period when he was merely confined to the house, he went on strike and "refused to sign his name to any paper or do one act of government whatever."

Macalpine and Hunter have impressively gathered together all references to George's repeated illnesses as well as to many of those suffered by his close and distant relatives, from Mary Queen of Scots to present-day royalty. Like good Sherlock Holmeses they put all the medical clues together and came up with the diagnoses of a disease—porphyria—which has only recently been clinically identified and which, if you push it, *can* be liberally defined as an "ill humor." It turns out King George was not mad at all, but he must have endured excruciating pain. —D.K.

Victorian Paintings, by Jeremy Maas. Putnam. $22.50.

Perhaps the most despised period in the history of art, from the revisionary viewpoint of the traditions of the modern, at any rate, was bound to undergo some sort of revival. In the past few years there have been at least three more or less popular studies of the English painting of the middle and later nineteenth century, all by British authors, as might be expected. Mr. Maas, who is a dealer with a special interest in the period, has done an informal history of this excessively pictorial and literary era, and his handsome book contains more reproductions (300) and more color plates (45) than any of the previous ones. His text is brisk and accurate: its concerns are less profound than those of Quentin Bell's excellent *Victorian Artists*, its style less terse than that of Graham Reynolds' study, and its manner and quality of mind considerably more sophisticated than Raymond Lister's *Victorian Narrative Paintings*, to name the recent precursors. Mr. Maas is, in a sense, hanging a show of the period for us, genre by genre, annotating historically, biographically, and anecdotally as he goes along. The long and detailed captions, in which everything is dated with care, are particularly valuable, even more than the mapping out of some previously unisolated genres and the assembling of the many heretofore unreproduced examples of familiar ones. He includes remarkable paintings and many funny ones; but they have all become more luminous, somehow, in the past decade, and it is time to look at many of these artists with what Wallace Stevens called "an ignorant eye," again. —J.H.

The Expatriates, by Ishbel Ross. Crowell, $7.95.

When John Jacob Astor lunched with the Albert Gallatins in Paris one day in the 1820s, snobbish young James Gallatin watched with horror as Astor wiped his fingers on his sister's sleeve. "Mamma in discreet tones said: 'Oh, Mr. Astor, I must apologize; they have forgotten to give you a serviette.'" Miss Ross's chronicle of American expatriates from Ben Franklin to the hippies of our day is full of such gems—and occasionally one even finds that the manners of eminent exiles have improved. I call the book a chronicle, not a history, because it is haphazardly organized and many of the tales are told elsewhere, but mostly because Miss Ross seldom stops to analyze why Americans expatriate themselves. But the book is none the worse for that, perhaps; exile is often self-explanatory—whether it's that of a Revolutionary Tory, an artist like the grave Benjamin West or the foppish Whistler, a connoisseur like Berenson, or a refugee from the long arm of General Hershey.

There is much engaging matter here, although the book suffers from minor inexactitudes. Thus when John Adams went to France in 1778 his friend the Duc de la Rochefoucauld obviously could not yet have translated the U.S. Constitution into French. If Jefferson had the Bill of Rights on his wall in Paris before 1789 I wonder where he got it. If it seems mysterious that a North Carolina soldier found the gold-weighted corpse of Kate Greenhow in Maryland waters, that is because this Confederate agent plunged to her last rest off Fort Fisher, North Carolina. Henry James was a New Yorker and had no "fellow New Englanders"; and Miss Ross's account of his renunciation of U.S. citizenship conveys none of the agony or care of it. But I quibble. For the reader immune to minor tics over these matters of detail, *The Expatriates* will be an engaging read. —E.Y.

See No Evil, by Jack A. Vizzard. Simon & Schuster, $6.95.

See No Evil is an intriguing oddity, the first memoir I know of by a man who was a career censor, enforcing the Motion Picture Association's Production Code on filmmakers whose responses ranged from the outraged to the devious to the cowardly. Mr. Vizzard was a Jesuit seminarian who yearned for the world, leapt over the wall, and found what he was looking for in Hollywood. The ease of his transition from cloister to pus
pencil suggests the most
aspect of his book—an ope
of how closely tied to t
Church's ideas about m
movies' code of self-regulat
deed, the chief drama of t
volves the ongoing attem
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Mr. Vizzard loudly hints th
moral opinion of a given fi
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later, by simple bribery. Ve

But no less so than th
which he recounts, *in extens*
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constitute a moral threat to
Vizzard, though he was i
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seems totally unaware of thi
and, indeed, recounts with
light his many expeditions
to help writers and director
into their films that would he
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afoul of the code.

Most curious of all is his
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has unconsciously written c
thinking, however, that the
censorship is an obscenity o
far more damaging than a
flickering image of a nude
ever be. So perhaps he has
written a useful book—thoug
in the way I imagine he inten

The Double Dream of S
John Ashbery. Dutton, $4.
$2.45.

This magnificent new bo

a's finest poets is an emer- the light of a new clarity . as if from a longish, wind- There was clearly, it now other way through Mr. Ash- ntain than the way of diffi- eme syntactic dislocation, a f sheer juxtaposition, *Wan-* mong the rhetorics, obses- ative formats—represented in books. There are some resi- nat rich darkness in this luding some poems, for ex- ten first in French in order he habits of literature in it for the most part, we are with a majestic series of ndscapes, joyful improvisa- as the "Variation, Calypso on a Theme of Ella Wheeler nd final meditations, like the ment," which returns trium- the Stevensian power and at Mr. Ashbery, almost alone contemporaries, seemed to to in his first book.

ery's poems start out where nplations of scene or of in- ape leave off—he will fre- n a poem with a line abstract n final moralization—and it more magical how, in the completions of poems like "Rural Objects," "Clouds," n with Letter," and the title achieves such dazzling clo- high consummations of the n's ever renewing struggle en. He is fully immune now, discursive diseases, and can pository fields without fear anging light will ever be ese new poems are emblems om and, hence, of our own.

—J.H.

ut Walls, by W. H. Auden. use, $4.50.

last twenty years, W. H. ems have concerned them- life in the human City, con- ncontinuing, crumbling but s thereby?) progressing, its dening, its arts weakening, ndition remaining invariant ansformations which make o be good in the atmosphere de than in that of the next. ecent book is made up in of poems which celebrate oth in the public and in the m: commemorative poems, so forth, in the first in- self-assessing spiritual in- poems like "Profile," "Prologue at Sixty," and, in an oblique way, in a piece of homage to Horace. Since Mr. Auden's fine poem called "The Fall of Rome" of almost two decades ago, not only has the city decayed further for him, but the imperatives of poetry have directed observation's extensive view toward inner surveys. And now, at a moment when "electric lamps allow nightly / cell meetings, where subcultures / may hold palaver, like-minded their tongues tattooed by the tribal jargon / of the vice or business which bothers them," the poet's voice is confirmed in the wisdom that merely being his own for so long can elicit.

And the voice is surely recognizable. It is one for which reasonableness cannot be tested or questioned with shrieks, but only in the tones of reason; for which the concerns of science, too, partake of the holiness of the given—whether hearing that "*annus mirabilis* / when Parity fell" resonating in imaginative space against angelic silences, or celebrating the marriage of lovers "who share with all flesh / a left-handed twist." Formally, most of these poems are in long-wound syllabics, cast in the familiar adaptations of classical lyric forms that the author has used for so many of his "odes." Such poems, part occasional and public, part private and confessional, link him not only to all the Horatians he celebrates, but to Ben Jonson as well. The most interesting departure is in a strange and impressive group of texts called "Marginalia." They are strings of related aphoristic utterances, formed not on the model of the Goethean classical couplets which we might have expected, but rather resembling tanka and haiku-like segments, shaped as if narrowed by the confines of the "margins" of the Book (of Life?) in which they are fictively inscribed. Sometimes they consist of a primary sort of image: "The palm extended in welcome: / *Look! for you / I have unbended my fist.*" Sometimes they appear to sum up the whole volume:

> The class whose vices
> he pilloried was his own
> now extinct, except
> for lone survivors like him
> who remember its virtues.

If the public poems in this collection have become like sermons, they are certainly those for which "interfaith" might be used in a new and unflabby sense. If the private ones seem rhetorically withdrawn, they are distant as an important beacon is distant. —J.H.

Novel Perspective

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New York City: Of the performances, artistic and otherwise, witnessed by your cub reporter of late, only one is worthy of notice: and that, the conversation of a poet, took place within the circus of the reporter's private life. I shall come to it in a moment.

As the reader may recall, my last column nattered at some length on the perennially reliable theme that the arts are in a dire way: and it gave warning that in future I might be obliged to turn for material to the tube. In fact that experiment has now been tried, and radiation and damage to the psyche risked, though I am unable to give a balanced report of it because a reputedly better channel was not in working order at the time (unless I misunderstood and those psychedelic flickers were part of a program of kinetic art). What I *can* say is that a mere two evenings of steady viewing were enough to leave me numb from newzak, saddle-sore (no less from message Westerns than the other kind), torn between the cigarette commercials and the anti-cigarette commercials, and anxiety-ridden over the outcome of dramas evidently written by, if not exactly for, the under-nines. Hope of a sort came when I accidentally tuned in on the nuptials of Tiny Tim, not because the latency barriers had held (the groom not having eloped at the last minute with the best man), but because of the imaginative quality of the publicity stunt itself: examples of this class are so rare that the only others I can think of at the moment are those of young Mr. Brody pretending to give away money—this received exceptional coverage—and that of the Beatle who "vanished" and then noised it about that he was dead.

In sooth, one more day searching for television's very secret cultural life and I might have destroyed hotel property, and in consequence been sent to some *à la mode* institution such as Esalen, which promises—and this may well be the ultimate mortification—"an entirely new awareness of being alive."

Are the "Environmental Sciences" purely theoretical? The question arises with regularity hereabouts, beginning with the onset of pile-driving on 58th Street in the morning, and reiterated through each of thirty or so daily siren-escorted emergencies. It arose again one night recently from a less routine cause, a smell of kitchen-stove gas (methane? propane?), so it seemed, that enveloped the city as if this old-fashioned method of suicide had been revived on a mass, Masada-like scale. The next day's *Times* reported that switchboards had been "jammed" (as if *that* were unusual), and that a special task force from the "Air Resources Department" had been out collecting samples in plastic bags (one pictured net-wielding lepidopterist types chasing about the slushy streets and frozen park). But no analysis was forthcoming, and the identity and source of the pollutant, if known, were never revealed. The gas of hypothesis replacing the atmospheric one, it was rumored that mercaptans had drifted over from a factory in New Jersey; and, alternatively, that a freak chemical reaction, such as sometimes occurs with congeners in alcoholic drinks, had taken place in the New Jersey air itself, due to compounding with certain exceedingly unsavory odors lately uncovered by the Department of Criminal Investigation in Newark. But the most widely circulated theory, undoubtedly suggested by last year's nerve-gas scare, was that a canister of some new secret weapon, en route to dumping at sea, had ru leak. And this was certainly e plausible explanation for the leak in the censorship.

The miasma, whatever it been, was dispelled during t but people who had had a w complained of the jitters after from the "gas," of course, but shock that an incident such a occur in the center of our la and yet remain a complete m

Atmospheres of scientific can be suffocating, too, reason we sometimes feel grat occasional harmless small e prediction upset. (One such slow seismic reaction followi pact of the upper stage of *I* the Moon: judging by their actions this seemed to ha selenologists almost as much the seismic needle itself.) The not hold true in the medical s course, yet while unpredicte reactions, and errors small are seldom if ever gratifying be said that they are on that a less evident. More reliable t tion, in any case, if not the m method of medical science s is the ancient technique of rather a lot of error. In fact, rently threatened with a dem of its merits myself, having the vogue in "atypical" disea time to be caught up in t vogue. In short, I am said t lergically to the hotel rug, not the threat of electrocution. (I lieve in this diagnosis myself as the symptoms are wayward disappear entirely when I music, but that is beside t Moreover it is now proposed the complaint rather than, w simpler, replace the rug wit by trying the effects o

Igor Stravinsky, the world's most famous living composer, observes the arts from his apartment on Central Park South. He is in his 88th year. In his next column he will discuss Beethoven's piano sonatas.

different kinds of food. Thus eat only radishes the first turnips the second, and so t the end, if I survived and ill, I would be triumphantly to drink bourbon—which, of id not drink before.

are rare, an all but extinct it follows that a great one, ne same time a great moralist, indeed. Hence at least the queness of my old friend den, who has visited me more of late. Hence, too, my as- hat the reader, if only because l facts of this introduction, is s interested in Mr. Auden as f; and that it will not greatly im that I have been unable to et say anything momentous. nething that one would want ocket and carry away. What must assume, on the other ke on my word, is that Mr. k is not merely rich but dia- s. The loss of sparkle is the y attempt to indite it, which as an attempt to excuse the hortcomings of my own re-

ps not quite all of the glitter precisely *how* he says it, e amount just possibly be- example, to scenic factors. ot exotic: in fact, except for sha-like felt slippers, them- kable only by contrast with d overshoes favored by other is season, they are not exotic one *is* aware of, and above invisible clocks. The poet's trictly scheduled, his punc- rannical, that he will depart ng at some exactly prede- ur—9:15, say, and it is sel- an that—even if this dead- find him in mid-thesis and y through the consommé. e is a man of such firm vir- d habits (if *I* had them I like the Dong with the Nose) that he will forbear ce toward the gin-contain- before sundown—at which r, one imagines him, binoc- her anxiously scanning the And speaking of gin, both at first, pre-Christmas, re- let our hair down some- more he, for reasons of ept that in his case the con- re noticeable only by a cer- y in marksmanship as he attempted to reoccupy the sleeves of his overcoat, and a certain tactile dependency on the corridor walls, of a kind employed (one imagines) by spelunkers in very dark caves, or by Secret Service agents searching for hidden compartments and trapdoors.

To judge by his conversation, as well as by some recent poems, Wystan is deeply troubled by the generation gap. Whereas the twenty-five-year age-difference between the two of us hardly counted (he said), the distance between himself and the very young was unbridgeable. "And the reason is that you and I are makers of objects: a poem is an object just as a table is an object, and one that, like a table, must be able to stand up." He also said that we shared a sense of the continuity of the past, and he contrasted our own state of affairs in this regard with that of the young "for whom, as for anyone else mad enough to suppose that it is possible to write or paint or compose independently of the past," he portended an unhappy denouement. "One finds things in a certain way, and one goes on from there," he said, and with that *he* went on to outline his creed of "work, *carnevale*, and prayer," which is a framework not merely of his intellectual beliefs, I should add, but of the way of life of a profoundly good man. I hardly need to say that it also constitutes a rather formidable obstacle between himself and the super-young.

Seeing the two purple tomes of *Blake and Tradition* on one of my tables, he remarked that he had not read them because "I can't 'take' the Prophetic Books." Then finding a copy of his own *City Without Walls*, in the same pile, he set about correcting misprints: capitalizing the pronoun for the Deity in "Song of Unconditional Surrender"; correcting a German spelling in the "Elegy"; deleting a gratuitous introductory "b" on "oggle." "The proofreader, poor dear, obviously had never heard of the word, and what else *was* there but 'boggle'?"

He switched to German at one point, wanting to say something personal and probably finding it easier that way. *What* he wanted to say was how much I had meant in his life, beginning as far back as his sixteenth year when he first played my "*Huit pièces faciles*." I was moved by his remarks, of course, though they made me feel posthumous, and no less so by the unspoken thought behind them, though that came out, too, when he noted, near the end of the evening, that "to record an obituary for some-



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one and then have him die a month later—which is what happened to me in the case of T. S. Eliot—makes you feel as if you were in some way responsible."

My wife translated his German into Russian—English accents are difficult for me not only in English—and my Russian back to German, which gave the scene an East-West aura and my wife the aura of the double-agent aware that both parties are only pretending not to speak each other's languages. A similar thought may have occurred to Wystan, for he began to talk about the Soviet poets, saying he had recently introduced an anthology of their work for Penguin and that he now considered Brodsky to be the best of them. Brodsky was to have been invited with Akhmadulina to a poetry conference in London last summer, he told us, but the Soviet official who had been approached to extend the invitation dampened the idea by advising us that "they will probably be ill at that time."

Wystan somehow got on to Goethe, perhaps only because we had been speaking German, but possibly because a thought had crossed his nimble mind about the drawing in of his own *Wanderjahre*; he said, at any rate, that he might soon cease to be a part-time or anytime New Yorker. Then, however, it became clear that the connection was a remark of mine about my dread of being recognized in public. "Goethe," he said, not altogether aptly, "was the first intellectual pin-up, the first culture figure at whom people came to stare in the modern, movie-star sense; and in consequence he may also have been the most conceited writer before Vladimir Nabokov." On the question, still debated in Weimar in my own youth, of whether Goethe "did or didn't" with Frau von Stein, Wystan sided with the "didn'ts." The Stein woman was "Hell," he said, and he gallantly defended Goethe's wife.

Part of our second evening together was spent looking at my manuscript sketches of *The Rake's Progress**—in which, incidentally, he seemed especially interested in my habit of translating syllables to note values before any real notes were composed. When we put the *Rake* aside, he gave me his and Chester Kallman's new libretto after *Love's Labour's Lost*. But about this unique achievement—Boito did not have to contend with Shakespeare's *language*, after all—I will say no more than that I became very envious reading ing exchange, so like the ca the *Rake*: "What is the end let me not know/To know we should not know"—and compose the music myself I *did* compose the song "Wh pied," with which *L.'s L.'s L.* not the play) begins, and authors could do worse than

Mr. Auden's recent th opera, *Words and Notes* verlag Salzburg, 1968), number of distinctions betw quirements of libretti and spoken drama, all well worth about in that locket, at any pirants to the librettist's art. valuable, however, is a distinc pressed in terms of gramma tion, concerning the nature o self. Thus he says that in cont actors in a naturalistic sta "the singers in an opera add selves primarily to the Whether they *do* anymore, face level, is of course deba "address" is meant in the lar the sense in which "All mu ments are intransitive, in the son, singular or plural, a Present Indicative." Music, words, is for everyone and it is always in the Present Mr. Auden establishes his gr classification by comparing poetry, which does not have and should not, in his opi them. The attempt of the *S* "to make poetry as intra Music," could get no furthe than a "narcissistic reflexive."

But music's intransitivene proven by the circumstance may sing a tune without w song where the notes are asso words, but when we *feel* lik the notes will always seem th portant element." (My ital does the qualification, "whe like singing," not say, as I w that the words even of the N phony can be reduced to non- out affecting the meaning of

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Da ned



COLOS

ne t e ago in New York, stand-
g o ne before the first-run thea-
ayi Visconti's *The Damned*, a
cri was born. He happened to
eat ed hand at reviewing or be-
ie l, but always on the literary
Thi lunge into another medium,
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Ave e and 57th Street, made him
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at single gulp? A movie, poor
is pendent on the one-time in-
al a cting the gulper.

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pai his money to the box office
stival Theater. He had
ght behind the generalis-
icket taker, a sign saying
But he was *not* allowed to
there, neither he nor the
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ore than two abreast! Hey,
ore than two abreast!"),
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revelation that awaited—

kind, wonderful, warm.
reen is mercifully un-ner-
redits, bathed in the glow
steel furnace, thaw your
ory enough to recall his
ce so far with the Visconti
Leopard, which had struck
rman Rockwell illustration
of a Tolstoi novel, very adept but a bit superfluous. Now, *The Damned* began as if it were a Teutonic sequel to *The Leopard*, set in Nazi Germany.

A patrician landscape unfolds, inhabited by the von Essenbecks, a dynasty reminiscent of the Krupps. Right away they start to display richly brocaded and subtly cinematographed vistas of corruption. These von Essenbecks are corrupted by their enormous wealth and are further corrupted by the advent of Hitler. There is (1) a genteelly corrupt ancient von Essenbeck, the current head of the family; (2) a grossly corrupt fat von Essenbeck who has long been in cahoots with the Nazis; (3) a piquantly corrupt von Essenbeck widow and her sexually corrupt son; (4) a top Essenbeck executive who, powerfully corrupt, is about to marry the widow and change his name to von Essenbeck; (5) a relatively uncorrupt young von Essenbeck enamored of his cello; and, (6) a uniquely uncorrupt von Essenbeck by marriage, who however is soon accused of the murder of the genteel/corrupt patriarch and therefore must flee the country.

Catalogued in cold print, all this may sound a bit ridiculous. But on the screen it did not appear so—not yet. It did not *ever* appear so to a number of high arbiters, judging from the fact that *The Damned* was a runner-up for the Best Foreign Movie award from the New York film critics. And there might be sufficient reason for that. Visconti is a crackerjack invoker of profundity, which in today's scene can be niftier than actually being profound. Take the dominant milieu of the film, the von Essenbeck manor. Most scenes there start with a panoramic shot which encompasses the mysteriously cankered opulence of it all—the chandeliered, wainscoted, deep-pile-carpeted, furlined, mahoganied, leather-tufted, liveried lushly lit, masterfully furnished palace whose accursedness is defined by the passing leer of a butler. All the satins, the jewelry, the décolletages of the women are suggestively undermined by a little wart here, a crass vein or wrinkle there. It's a feast of pheasants and on each pheasant squats a fly.

This is the initial ambience. It is never developed, only embroidered in serpentine ways. Every image breathes lavish nuances and symbols, an imminence of ultimate artistic significance. Nothing of the kind ever emerges, but it is a breathlessly tricked-out nothing.

In this setting, actors are just part of the allusive decor. At first the cast Visconti has chosen seems quite disparate. Dirk Bogarde plays the executive with a lapidary Oxonian crispness. Ingrid Thulin's corrupt widow makes a lady ghoul whose phosphorescence has been burnished by many a sojourn in Ingmar Bergman's hellish Valhallas. And Umberto Orsini projects his good von Essenbeck-in-law with a lot of soulful Italian heart. Yet they all homogenize fast into puppetry, harnessed to the Visconti style. It's a style which consists of artfully muffled ominousness (servants tiptoeing through reception halls downstairs) to artfully skirted climaxes (rape? murder? incest? in the bedrooms upstairs) back to artfully muffled ominousness (servants tiptoeing away into the kitchen). The entire production is coutured around the director's optical bravura, the perverse virtuosities with which he will tease the eye. So it matters little that the dubbing is excellent, or the dialogue so operatically and memorably lousy that your reviewer has retained snatches like, "I accepted a ruthless logic in which I find myself trapped," or, "The Chancellor has stated, ours shall be an amoral society in which everything must be permissible." Conversation is here no more than a recitative to bridge the arias our camera sings of errant flesh and voluptuous textures. Words, highboys, faces,

Mr. Morton, biographer and novelist, is the author of The Rothschilds, Snow Gods, *and other books. He was born in Vienna and lives in New York.*



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epithets, nipples, aquamarines, nostrils, pearls, eyebrows, cravats... all become part of the same scrollworked flow.

The plot involves a power struggle within the dynasty. In one corner: the grossly corrupt fat von Essenbeck who is a member of the Storm Trooper (SA) faction of the Nazi party. In the other corner: the piquantly corrupt von Essenbeck widow who is being manipulated by the SS faction of the Nazi party. All of 1934 Germany, down to the last ormulu clock in the manor, is caught in between.

Okay. What's a dynasty without a power struggle? Nothing, as even Harold Robbins knows. But what's a film with an ambitious historical framework—*without* historical truth? The one overtly shown climax in *The Damned* is the murder of the Storm Trooper leadership by the SS on June 30, 1934. The site of the massacre—the Hotel Hanslbauer, Wiessee, Bavaria—has been lovingly reconstructed, as has the slaughter itself, in the most orgiastic spray of tomato juice since *The Wild Bunch*. And who is among the Storm Trooper brass, bleeding away on the floor? The fat von Essenbeck, of course.

Which is wrong. And not just specifically but generically wrong—a dead-wrong death. No Krupp or proto-Krupp ever died on that Teutonic St. Bartholomew's night. No von Essenbeck, no Krupp or proto-Krupp ever lost out on anything during Hitler's entire reign. Quite the opposite: the big industrialists always won. And they were never more clearly Hitler's winning allies than when the guns went off at Wiessee. Your Storm Troopers, homosexual or not (most were not, despite the film's heady sequences of Brown Shirts in drag), constituted the populist and anti-capitalist wing of National Socialism. Hence the coal and steel barons together with their confederates on the Wehrmacht general staff pressured Hitler to rid himself of those beer-bellied, red-necked Lumpen-Nazis. (Yes, George Wallace, there just might be a historical precedent.)

But the distortion in *The Damned* doesn't stop there. After Wiessee it's back to the von Essenbeck manor and more, much more baroquely plotted sin, portentously glimpsed amidst Gobelins and boiseries, until what finally matters goes beyond misstatement of social or economic fact. It involves the film's attitude toward evil, its principal theme and obsession. I suddenly [illegible] *Castle to Castle*. Céline's n[illegible] similar mise-en-scène, nam[illegible] Siegmaringen where the Fr[illegible]ch illuminati around Marshal [illegible]étain uriated during the decline [illegible]the Reich. The difference b[illegible]ween man's book and the oth[illegible]s fi[illegible] Céline's genius—a kind of [illegible]vage cierge's vision which relate[illegible]s he al[illegible] nations of the elect to the [illegible]flies petit bourgeois: in other w[illegible]rds rest of us. Visconti's came[illegible]. h[illegible] trast, lives in hothouse se[illegible]estr[illegible] It assures us that evil [illegible]el[illegible] macabre, hypnotic, and ver[illegible]verw[illegible] special, enclosed by m[illegible]'le[illegible] neither you nor I could ever [illegible]flow[illegible] bad guys are a classy, g[illegible]ipsy[illegible] show for us straight fellas.

The nasty truth, from [illegible]hich *Damned* shields us, is tha[illegible]t is and never was. Nazism can [illegible]al[illegible] through a few glamorous [illegible] but through the gray small [illegible]ily[illegible] escences of many. Millions [illegible]opp[illegible] their way to or from their [illegible]nest[illegible] and went into the voting bo[illegible]th[illegible] Hitler legally into power. M[illegible]ions bolstered the Fuhrer prosi[illegible] sively, with a "what can *we* [illegible]?"

When the show was [illegible] Festival Theater, it was just such a shrug (plus a [illegible]smile thrilled sigh) that the au[illegible] up. It was good to button u[illegible] our lamb-lined cinéaste's leathe[illegible] coa[illegible] such a dandy good yarn, [illegible] Visconti had quarantine[illegible] from our workaday world, [illegible] to return to this world—y[illegible] your newly baked movie [illegible] all, he was just another s[illegible] the chill of 57th Street. [illegible] tie connected *him* to the p[illegible]ent[illegible] the military-industrial [illegible] their fatcat Georgetown m[illegible] matter how much noise he [illegible] writer, he'd never be o[illegible] satanic movers and shaker[illegible] so exclusively on the wide [illegible] he couldn't even flag down [illegible] was *he* responsible that a l[illegible] was rotting only a siren sc[illegible] Or that come April 15th h[illegible] finance the killing of more [illegible] more Americans as he had [illegible] vious April 15ths? After a[illegible] likes of him were not in tha[illegible]

And that is the most suc[illegible] about Visconti's film: it abs[illegible] gorgeously from being [illegible] damned.

SIC IN THE ROUND

a we won't hear at the Met

atural scenes of Der Frei- *ut drove the Romantics out nds, and are still spectacular nd power.*

ropolitan Opera was sup- o revive **Der Freischütz** but everybody knows what There was a labor dispute, in a lockout, and four of productions went pf-f-f-t. *er Freischütz* was among the ot *Cavalleria Rusticana* and Which has been pretty much of the Metropolitan Opera. ays depend on *CavPag* and nts. When something really cheduled, the finger of des- out. God did not intend the n Opera to perform operas *ischütz*. For that, we in New ave to turn to records.

e is an awfully good *Frei-* out, by far the best ever Angel SCL 3748, 3 discs). pera it is! Carl Maria von posed it in 1820, and it set period off and running. It ed by a remarkable man, and consumptive, a cripple with a limp through life, mely intelligent and strong- who accomplished a great forty years (1786-1826). being a great composer, he he finest pianists of his day the first great conductor in sense of the word. He dab- ture, was a good critic, left ed novel, managed opera made concert tours, and Beethoven and Schubert. ys he was more farseeing He was not a composer on those two giants, but he an- ch to come, and in the nine- ry his reputation was enor- wn century has seen fit to of his music, and the loss is ours. One of these days his glittering piano music will be rediscovered, and there even may be attempts to revive his other two important operas, *Oberon* and *Euyranthe*. They are supposed to have bad librettos: but how many operas have *good* librettos?

Der Freischütz was the first nineteenth-century opera to turn to the supernatural, and it spawned a series of successors that culminated with Wagner. "*Freischütz*" means "free shooter." In German legend, free-shooting bullets are the Devil's bullets. Six of them will hit their mark, and the seventh goes where the Devil directs. In the opera, Max makes a deal with Samiel (= the Devil), meeting him in the Wolf's Glen. It was this Wolf's Glen scene that all but drove the Romantics out of their minds. A lonely valley, midnight, forces of evil, incantations, all expressed in music of spectacular novelty and power. Nothing like it had been written before. For another thing, it broke completely free from the conventions of French and Italian opera. "The most German of operas," raved Wagner about *Der Freischütz*.

It is a *Singspiel*, like Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, meaning that it uses spoken dialogue (most of it cut in the new recording). Weber scored it for a very large orchestra, for his day, and the vocal parts are very difficult. That is one reason *Der Freischütz* is done so little in this country (another reason is that it used to be considered peculiarly German and not for export, which is nonsense). A soprano and tenor of near-heroic qualities are needed. And that is what we do get in this new Angel recording. None less than Birgit Nilsson sings the role of Agathe, and Nicolai Gedda is Max. The opera also calls for a soubrette with considerable lung power as Annchen, and Erica Koth takes on the role here, not completely successfully, for she has to strain a bit. The role of Kaspar calls for a black bass or bass-baritone (black bass has nothing to do with the color line or stream fishing; a black bass is one with a growly, heavy low voice, as opposed to a basso cantante). Walter Berry sings it here. Minor roles are well handled, and the eighty-two-year-old Robert Heger conducts the orchestra and chorus of the Bavarian State Opera.

The result is a thrilling performance, vocally. Nilsson keeps her big voice cool and virginal-sounding, shaping the phrases of her great aria, "*Leise, leise*," with exquisite artistry and beauty of tone. Gedda is impressive. In a way he is something of a male Nilsson, with a strong, clear, "Nordic" voice relatively free from vibrato coloration in the Italian manner. The role demands strength rather than high notes, and a resplendent middle range, both of which Gedda has. Berry, too, sounds comfortably malevolent as Kaspar.

If the album as a whole has a few negative points, it is not because of the leading singers. Heger, an experienced man, conducts with a firm grip on the music but in the fashion of a *routinier*, making little effort to achieve the dynamic scheme of the opera, letting the orchestra (a good one) play in a competent rather than inspired manner. The recorded sound superficially is exciting, but it is one of those close-up recordings where after a while everything sounds too loud. There is background noise here and there, and pronounced inner-groove distortion at the end of Side 5. None of this is enough to impair the value of the album, but it could have been better. As it is, highly recommended, thanks to the glorious music and to Nilsson, Gedda and Berry.

Along about the time Weber was composing *Der Freischütz* there was a highly respected pianist named

ANARCHISTS FAINTING
by Robert Bly

You United States, frightened by dreams of Guatemala,
building houses with eight-mile-long wings to imprison the Cubans,
eating a bread made of the sound of sunken buffalo bones,
drinking water turned dark by the shadow of Negroes.
You remember things seen when you were still unable to speak—
white wings lying in a field.
And when you try to pass a bill,
long boards fly up, suddenly,
in Nevada,
in ghost towns.

You wave your insubstantial foot timidly in the damp air.
You long to return to the shell.
Even at the start Chicago was a place where the cobblestones
got up and flew around at night,
and anarchists fainted as they read the *Decline and Fall.*
The ground is soaked with water used to boil dogs.

Your sons dream they have been lost in kinky hair,
no one can find them,
neighbors walk shoulder to shoulder for three days.
And your sons are lost in the immense forest.

And the harsh deer drop,
the businessmen climb into their F-4s,
the chocks are knocked out,
the F-4 shoots off the deck,
trailing smoke,
dipping as if haunted by the center of the ocean,
then pulling up again, as Locke said it would

Our spirit is in the baseball rising into the light

So the crippled ships go out into the deep,
sexual orchids fly out to meet the rain,
the singer sings from deep in his chest.
Memory stops,
black threads string out in the wind,
the eyes of the nation go blind.

We look out the window, and the building across suddenly explodes.
Wild horses run through the long hair on the ground floor
Cripple Creek's survivors peer out from an upper story,
blood pours from their ears,
the Sioux dead sleep all night in the rain troughs on the
Treasury Building.

The moonlight crouches over the teen-ager's body thrown from the car

The weeping child like a fish thrown from a herring block
the black-nosed Avenger leaping off the deck

Women who hear the cry of small animals in their furs
and drive their cars at a hundred miles an hour into trees

Ignaz Moscheles who was t
reams of music. Moscheles wa
who bridged the classic style
and the romanticism of
Chopin. He was a conservati
not like the new music, b
open mind about it. He was
garded as a composer, and his
Piano Concerto remained i
the end of the century. The
peared, together with all othe
Moscheles. Has any of his
played in our time, aside fr
piano piece that Hambro
once unearthed? It seems d
also is doubtful if any of his
was recorded in this coun
seems to have been one dis
in France some fifteen years
way, the G minor Concerto is
as played by Michael Ponti an
harmonica Hungarica con
Othmar Maga (Candide CE 3
Side 2, Ponti plays, for sol
group of **Etudes** from Op
Opus 95.

Ponti not too long ago gave
selt F minor Piano Concerto.
comfortable in the Mosche
does not require the kind of e
bravura and long line he is u
give. The Moscheles G mi
posed about the same time a
schütz, is an eclectic work tha
features of Clementi, mic
Beethoven and Weber, and
pations of the Mendelssohn t
its old-fashioned way, it is an
well-made work—indeed, an a
tinguished minor work. Por
in a neat, accurate, strong
There is a cut in the introd
for some reason Ponti leav
last eight bars of the first
Was it because of those diffic

The Etudes, composed bet
and 1830, are virtuoso ma
some of them anticipate Ch
should be heard in concert
full of effective writing an
melody. Again, Moscheles h
great innovator, but so attract
as the double-note Etude in
sweet-sounding and charmi
Etude in A flat, should have
place in the repertory. It is
long-forgotten music like th
back. Put this record next
cently recorded Henselt F m
certo and Scharwenka B fl
and start building a collecti
certos and solo piano music
beginning of the Romantic E

*See "Music in the Round," No

NMENTAL CONFLICT—
APHAM ON ALASKA; MARSHALL FRADY ON HILTON HEAD

Harper's extra

May 1970 $1.25



MY LAI

THE FIRST DETAILED ACCOUNT OF THE VIETNAM MASSACRE

**by Seymour M. Hersh,
the writer who broke the story**



If the competition had Impala's high resale value, maybe they'd be No

Maybe.

The people at Chevrolet generously offer these tips to competitors to help improve their resale value.

They could try adding Impala's side-guard door beam structure, heavy steel rails inside each door for a greater feeling of security.

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They could put protective inner fenders in every model, like Impala, to keep outer fenders looking new.

They could hush up the sounds of old age with something like Impala's long life exhaust system.

Impala's cargo-guard luggage compartment is a good bet, steel wall separates luggag passenger compartment.

But if competition doesn these tips, you certainly sho

Buy an Impala. It's such a ing car to get rid of.

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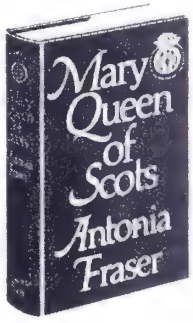
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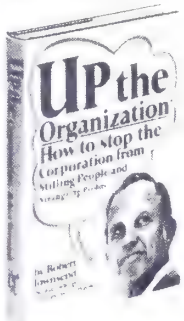
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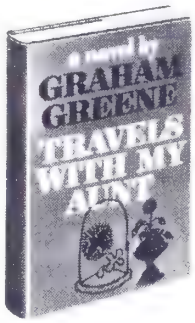
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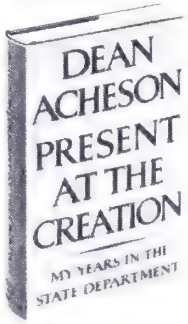
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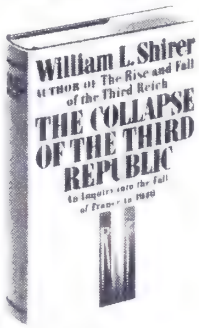


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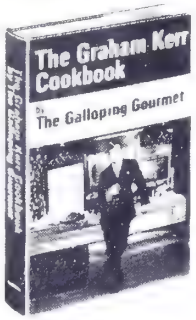
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ABOUT THIS ISSUE



GEORGE DAVIDSON

There were few physical protests from the people; about eighty of them were taken quietly from their homes and herded together in the plaza area. A few hollered out, "No VC. No VC." But that was hardly unexpected. Calley left Meadlo, Boyce, and a few others with the responsibility of guarding the group. "You know what I want you to do with them," he told Meadlo. Ten minutes later—about 8:15 A.M.*—he returned and asked, "Haven't you got rid of them yet? I want them dead."*

It has now been more than two years since the massacre of dozens of Vietnamese civilians, mostly women and children, in the hamlet of My Lai in Song My village. Largely through the persistence and talent of one American journalist the murders there have cast a widening shadow on our national conscience. That journalist is Seymour M. Hersh, thirty-three, a former police reporter in Chicago, AP man in Washington, and press secretary to Senator Eugene McCarthy in the 1968 campaign.

From October 1969 to March of this year Hersh traveled 50,000 miles interviewing more than fifty members of Charlie Company. The result is a carefully documented, vividly detailed book (Random House will publish in May), of which some 30,000 words are excerpted in this issue. Included here is a thorough reconstruction of the massacre itself, of the efforts of high military officials to conceal the truth, and of the reaction to the murders in America and elsewhere.

This is the first complete and fully documented account of My Lai to appear in print. See page 53.

Having been tipped off last fall by a source in the Pentagon, Hersh was the first reporter to interview Lieutenant William L. Calley, Jr. He was unable to interest major magazines in the interview, so he subsequently sold it to thirty-five newspapers through a small Washington news firm called [illegible] News Service. He followed [illegible] other stories based on eyewitness accounts. For these news stories [illegible] already been given a special George Polk Memorial Award in journalism and the Worth Bingham Award for investigative reporting.

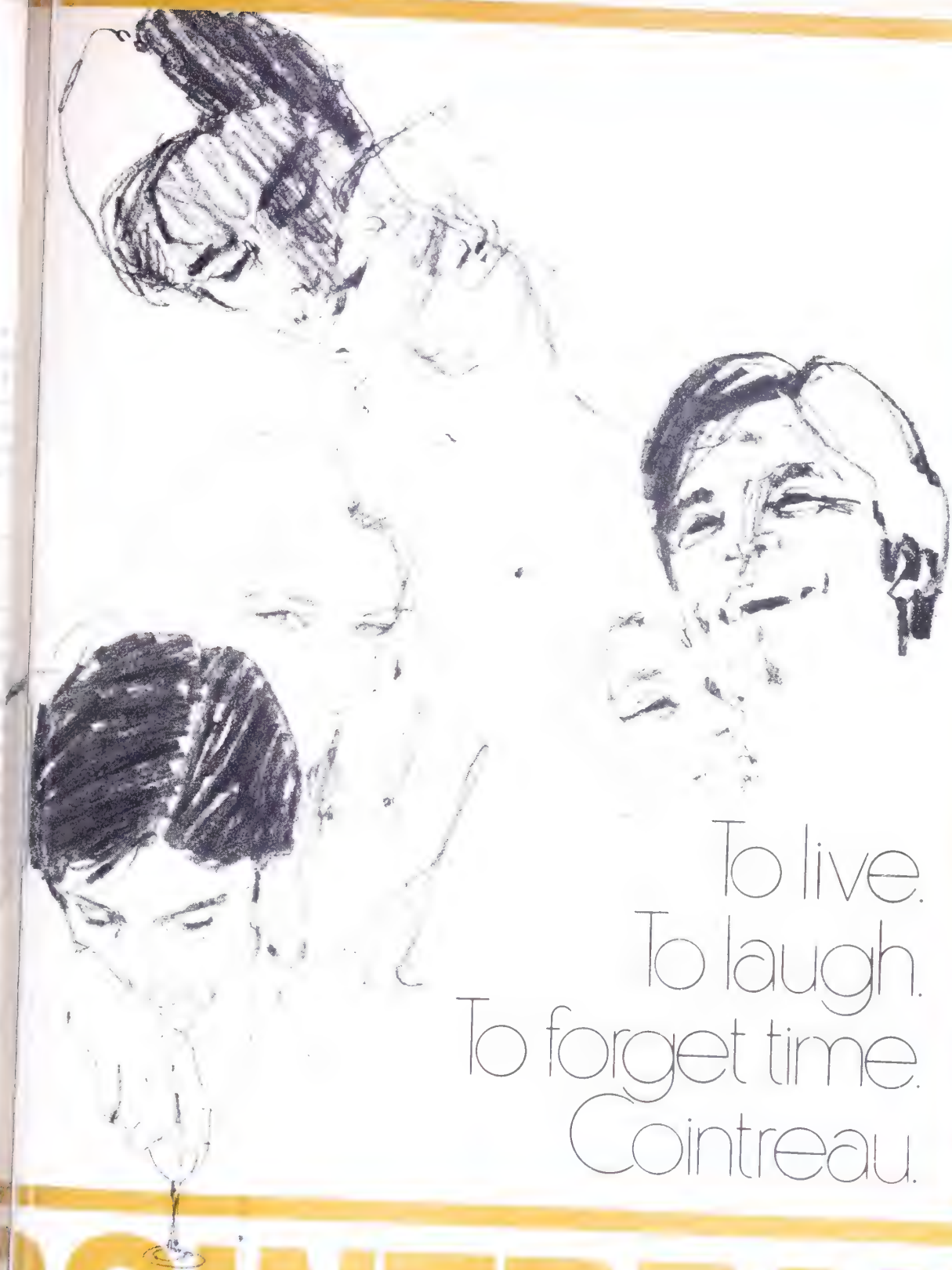
Hersh says in the preface to [illegible]

"These interviews inevitably produced a maze of conflicting stories; many of the men were unable to agree on details, especially when asked to discuss an event that took place [illegible] years earlier and one in which [illegible] have committed premeditated murder.

"I tried to balance that [illegible] three ways. First, I interviewed [illegible] members of the company as [illegible] find those facts and incidents [illegible] generally agreed upon. Many [illegible] Company members were personally interviewed two or more times [illegible] were contacted again by telephone to clarify conflicting points.

"Second, I was provided [illegible] limited number of transcripts of interrogations of key witnesses [illegible] conducted by the Criminal Investigation Division (CID) and the office of the Inspector General, the two Army agencies which did the bulk of the investigation of My Lai 4.

"Third, simply trying to [illegible] my interviews were accurately recorded was not enough, and I decided to omit some statements because even though they were obviously contradictory they could not be verified by other [illegible] Where there was a conflict [illegible] cant points, that conflict is described as fully as possible. Some GIs [illegible] interviewed did not want their names used. Their wishes were respected, though I felt free to use some [illegible] information when it was not [illegible] events of that day. There are [illegible] mous quotations on any important details of the My Lai operation [illegible]



To live.
To laugh.
To forget time.
Cointreau.

COINTREAU



LIQUEUR D'ORANGE

LETTERS

In pursuit of G.

G.'s interminable article on Women's Liberation [February] (the point of which seems to be that if they aren't dykes, as he originally surmised, they should be—since that would solve both their loneliness and their orgasm problems) is of course infuriating on a number of counts. However hysterical Women's Lib people are—and certainly they are, and often hilariously so—their mania in no way diminishes the importance of what they are trying to do. We're sent to college, we have the pill, we're urgently begged to limit our families and therefore our domestic lives—so it seems reasonable to expect that at some point we are going to enter the heretofore male world.

Those of us who do it discover that only around 2 per cent of the female labor force makes over $10,000 a year; that the top executive placement agencies in New York refuse to accept female clients (though they maintain a token black executive file); that no matter how high you climb in the corporate structure your salary never quite equals that of the man just below you; that no tax allowances are available for working mothers—who have to pay their housekeepers the minimum wage, thereby becoming female oppressors themselves. These things are outrageous, and G.'s nod to them "in the privacy of his mind" (which appears to be amazingly public) is disgusting. Most jobs, alas, don't involve orgasms. No matter how charming the divine A.—who must surely be G.'s last lady friend—her wiles are not going to enforce the laws against this discrimination. Thank God someone, raving maniac or not, is finally *doing* something about it.

(Mrs.) Frances McCullough
New York, N.Y.

I thought your article by Edward Grossman was beautifully written and most nostalgia-evoking. The build-up to the experiences of "No More Fun & Games," etc., was marvelously done, thoughtful, and the first *slow* masculine response to the Women's Liberation movement I've ever read.

However, I believe the conclusion to be wrong, and I believe we are nearer to the apes than we give ourselves credit for being. Read about female apes' sexual behavior and you'll see the latent similarity between it and ours. It's not mechanical orgasm-producing machines that women will revert to, despite Roxanne Dunbar's one remark (it's true that some women have decided to go about sex in odd ways but that's the risk women run in moving away from traditional paths), but orgiastic sex with *many men*—rather than the monogamistic (I was about to say monotheistic—the two I bet are connected) *one*. It's this that men inchoately fear, and it's this unconscious knowledge of women's really promiscuous sexuality that has caused the cultural inversion Mr. Grossman describes so well. I think he is right when he implies that it is men who are monogamistic and women who are not, and that to save their identities men have had to put it the other way around. Look what happens to the female ape in heat—it would completely do away with the concept of "paterfamilias," a firmly masculine creation, were it to happen in humans the way I suspect it happened before the age of the written word.

Nancy Vaillant, Vice President
Boston Chapter of NOW

Having witnessed again and again over a period of years rank discrimination in the treatment of women professional colleagues and being the father of two girls I have joined the National Organization for Women (yes, men can and do join NOW). Edward Grossman would have us believe Women's Lib groups get organized not in an effort to end discrimination, but because women cannot get male mediated orgasms with sufficient frequency and must masturbate. What a curious and insulting rationalization. Can Grossman advance similar theories to explain the civil-rights movement? Until we can stop indulging in such pseudoscientific Freudian locker-room fantasies, the real issues will remain obscured—or was that Mr. Grossman's intent?

Peter K. Gessner, Ph.D.
Williamsville, New York

In his charmingly ramblin[g] sion of the American woman, Grossman reache[s] I think, a so[me] clusion that she wants org[asm] placing the development of [the] dented preoccupation with [the] orgasm about 1960, he seems t[o be] eral decades late, but his exper[ience] been broader than mine, and [I] may have been ahead of her tim[e].

We were married in 1926. D[uring the] first week of our marriage, my [wife] me know that she expected me [to] reasonable time to bring her [to] to orgasm. It took about seven [or] reach that point. For the ne[xt] years we almost never failed t[o] mutual orgasm.

While there is good reason t[o] that the female orgasm is mor[e] and ecstatic than the male, I [do] certainly that a man does n[ot] what maximum sexual pleasur[e] he has brought a woman to org[asm] then joined in the climax. If [a] woman is firm in her insisten[ce] gasms, she will have happier a[nd] men to deal with.

My wife's professional posi[tion] cludes my signing this letter.

An[onymous]

Let me assure Mr. Grossman [that] domineering male who "rings [the] indeed lives, and his name is le[gion].

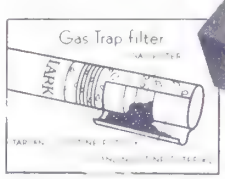
He lives on television saying, ['] The bathroom bowl needs cl[eaning]. He lives in the office, where he [is] "girl" (age 36) bring him co[ffee]. lives as a graduate student who [is] for granted that his wife just lo[ves] ing home from her dull eight-[hour] to wash his ring from the bath[tub] up his dirty pajamas from w[here] dropped them that morning, [get] dinner, and type his term p[aper]. lives as the expectant father [tells] his wife that if she really tries h[ard] have a boy. . . .

Many, many men will adm[it] pressed that they see justific[ation] woman's existence only in he[r] man's servant and plaything. [A] vard graduate stated to me, "I[f] sexes do things equally, an[d] smaller and weaker, why [is] smaller and weaker one aroun[d]



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es by twice as much as ordinary filters is downright avant garde.
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☐ CRYSTAL ☐ BLUE ☐ WHITE

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STATE _____ ZIP _____
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1970
Fulmon Enterprises
HJ

not kill them all off?" This gentleman is presently serving in the Massachusetts legislature, where he is privileged to vote on bills concerning birth control, divorce, abortion, and welfare.

These veiled and not-so-veiled threats of physical violence are one reason for the karate lessons. Another reason is that every day in this country women are assaulted and killed . . .

Mr. Grossman would be amazed if anyone accused him of domineering or sexist behavior. Yet tacitly condoning such behavior and finding it natural are also oppressive acts. Mr. Grossman was not surprised that a woman hearing from him for the first time in three years dropped what she was doing to prepare him a gourmet meal and to play the sycophant while he consumed it. He would have found it distinctly queer if she had offered to meet him at a restaurant and split the check.

The talented A. is like the opulent blacks in the famous joke. When someone calls out "Nigger," they scream in horror, "Where?! Where?!" A. has dissociated herself from other women and feels superior, not lucky. The majority who have failed to reach her level of achievement are either lazy or second-rate. Men love to hear her talk this way, just as a white racist would love to hear his black colleague on the city council tell him that all those blacks on welfare just don't want to work. . . .

Publishing an article by Mr. Grossman, who has had no experience in the doll's house, is insulting. Perhaps you thought his lack of experience would make his views interesting and objective. By those standards, we should find informative an article on urban ghetto problems written by a member of the Darien Junior League.

PATRICIA S. CAPLAN
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Edward Grossman's remarkably overlong and wandering article desperately needed two things: a paternal red pencil and a strong dose of relevance. The piece strikes the unhappiest note that personal journalism can strike, that note in which the experiences being described never arrive at the transforming moment when private observation becomes significant abstraction; it remains embarrassingly without import as it fails to rise above a personal whine, it fails to hit the true nerve of that experience which transcends itself and becomes social criticism.

When we are very young and we travel abroad, we inevitably return home feeling powerfully d
filled with hypersensitive lo
what we have left, and despair
we have returned to; it is equa
table that we should then loo
for some philosophical ob
with which to enlarge and ex
distress. It is a measure of M
man's immaturity that he sh
chosen women's liberation as h
to hang his youthful *Angst*
God, America *is* in ruins. R.
tell me what *she's* been doing
asks me what *I've* been doing!"
all the issues with which to illu
apocalyptic appearance of Ar
contrasted with the satisfyingly
surface of France, nothing co
ther from the mark than the
Women's Liberation. If there
issue that threatens to inject pr
new life into the cultural blo
of this country, certainly Wom
eration is it.

The attitude of weary p
(Dear God, what *do* these co
—er, ladies—want?) that Mr. G
assumes is the attitude of the
ened fool: it is an attitude s
many men and women in this
who within the next five years
to rue the backwardness of the
even as those who five years
of the black militants. "This is
What the hell do they want?"
quite silent about those once
able, now irrelevant views.

What the women of this cou
is the right to grow up. They
be raised, as men are, to unders
their first duty is to prepare th
to assume adult responsibility
ward that end every bit of
talent, and drive in them mus
veloped. Forming families, rai
dren, performing household t
necessary social functions, to b
fully by both members of th
union, in any arrangement th
timately suitable to the in
parties involved. These aspect
are *not* the primary, defining
women. They do not speak t
"nature"; they speak to femal
That is Women's Liberation. W
what one will of it the revo
inevitable.

Mr. Grossman's repeated sug
that Women's Liberation is ma
posed of homely females, of h
the ones nobody wanted, is th
his painfully wrong-headed co
sion of what is really going on.
is that Women's Liberation is
good-looking girls and happily

op the high cost of being well-read!

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women who have, on the contra
the most "successful" females
able. The girls at that famo
session" on sex that he quotes
from being losers, are the kind
who have had a very great dea
ual attention, the kind of wo
have discovered, through thei
success, that they have almost
of themselves that is not domi
their positions in life as "se
jects." And the bitter, unyield
that is now forming in these
parallel to the rage James Bald
in his famous essay "Strange
Village," in which he describ
followed and adored by the S
lagers who consider him som
and beautiful creature, denying
humanity every bit as much
freakish attentions as he is den
the overt hatred back home.

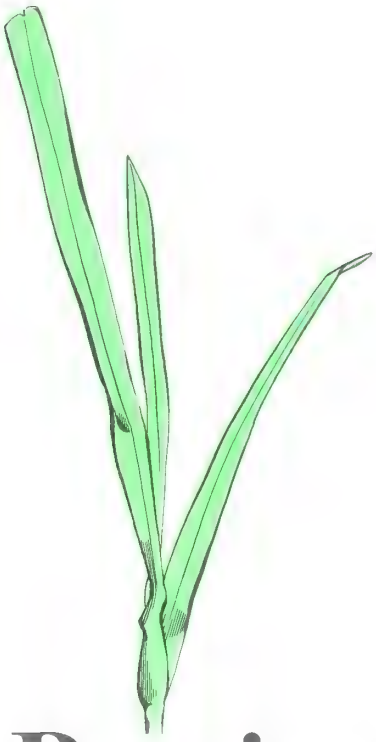
But let me end on a note of
ness: Mr. Grossman, I assu
come the revolution, not even
bullet will mistake you for a
oppressor.

VIVIAN
New Yo

It is characteristic of our t
culture that an article on the
rights movement in a usually
sible magazine must advert
by a picture of a women's thigh
cover. The tasteless and irreleva
image, which reduces *Harper's*
level of the most fleshy and vap
magazines, is nevertheless an
measure of the depth of thoug
article. . . .

Mr. Grossman starts with a ve
glance at the demands of the m
anced, sane women's group. N
[but] he quickly slides off in
sensational and congenial
Gleefully, he discovers the lunat
of the movement, the nastier,
shock groups such as SC
WITCH. Here he is in his eleme
raucous and obscene utterance
easy to deride, so clearly diseas
basic dishonesty of the article lie
Grossman's confounding the
meaning of the women's right
ment with the repellent prop
these groups, while ignoring a
possible the justified social
of the more reasonable groups.

Having tagged the m
"Women's Lib," Mr. Grossma
prets "liberation" in a purely
sense. This piece of sleight-
helps him to get past the impo
sues without examining them. S



The Respirator.

A blade of grass.

It's quiet. It has no moving parts.

Yet it and its fellow blades take in carbon dioxide and the worst atmospheric pollutants — sulfur dioxide, ozone, peroxyacetyl nitrate, hydrogen fluoride – and give up pure oxygen in return.

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olf. And best of all, they got to
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ey gave each other for their fifth
edding anniversary.
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xious friend and his wife got to
e Aruba Sheraton Hotel and
sino in the Netherlands Antilles
r a week.

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hours a day, 7 days a week—and
t a Sheraton reservation
ywhere in the world.

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Each of our 200 companies is in an industry with good growth potential.

Avis, for example, has almost quadrupled its number of cars and trucks since joining us in 1965. (At the same time, the industry has enjoyed an equally spectacular growth.)

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SERVING PEOPLE AND NATIONS EVERYWHERE ITT

the unseen WORLD

by ISAAC ASIMOV

Though our eyes see so much, there is much more they do not see. A television special will make visible a sampling of the beauties our eyes miss.

In the course of three billion years of evolution, the human eye has been developed—a tough little sphere, an inch in diameter and marvelous in its versatility and capacity.

Look at your fingertips and you will see a delicate tracery of curving lines. Adjacent ridges are separated by less than a fiftieth of an inch but you see them without too much trouble.

Look at the sky and, if the night is dark enough, you will see in the constellation of Andromeda a small foggy patch. It is the Andromeda Galaxy: a vast collection of stars 12 billion billion miles from us.

The same eyes that see the fingerprints see the Andromeda Galaxy.

What's more, your eyes analyze the wavelengths of the light you see. Quite automatically, and without effort on your part, your brain interprets those wavelengths as color. You see the rose as red; and the giant star, Antares, you also see as red.

You see light reflected from a myriad substance and from that reflected light alone you can determine shape in three dimensions, judge distance, tell whether a surface is smooth, rough, or textured and whether a body is solid, liquid, or gas—all at a distance, all without calling on any other sense.

Is there anything the eye *doesn't see?*

Alas, yes! What it doesn't see includes almost everything.

The development of the eye followed the lines of feasibility and practicality. What was needed to keep us alive long enough to have children and pass on our genes worked itself out. What was not needed, we do without.

The Sun is at a temperature which places its maximum radiation in those wavelengths we call "visible light" and the atmosphere is of such a chemical composition as to allow that "visible light" (and little else) to pass through. So our eye ends by being able to detect "visible light", which is what makes it "visible." Other radiations aren't there in quantity; to have the eye detect them offers little practical value; so the ability for such detection was not developed.

But to either side of the single octave of visible light-waves are some sixty octaves of radiation with wavelengths too long or too short to see. There are infra-red waves, microwaves and radio waves on the long side; ultraviolet waves, x-ray waves and gamma-ray waves on the short side. The Universe is filled with them, but we neither see nor sense them in any way. Since the atmosphere blocks most of the radiati… a way, we mu… detecting … into outer s…ce pick up the …a… beyond so t… might filch fur… crets from the U…

Then, too, when … technology produces … rays in dangerous abu… we must wear detecting de… guard our lives at nuclear stati… our eyes will tell us nothing.

For our eyes to work at all, the light strikin… must be at or beyond a certain level of bri… What lies beneath that? What is too dim … Anything?

There are artificial eyes called telescope… lenses that are in some cases over sixteen fee… (compared to the third of an inch of the … lens). Place camera film at the focus so t… light trapped by the enormous lens can acc… and you will end by detecting light-sources … several million times too dim for our eyes … The result? A hundred billion stars in the … Way, which we can't see otherwise; and a … billion other Milky Ways we never dreamed …

Add radio waves, which we can't see at any … ness, and we detect whole galaxies that are … ing and tiny neutron stars that are rotating … thirty times a second.

Our eyes can detect only objects a fiftieth … inch across or larger. We don't need to d… for ordinary affairs of life, but is there a … beyond the horizon of smallness?

Only a whole world of life undreamt of … the coming of the microscope and its ability … into tininess we cannot see otherwise. Th… small creatures that compress all of life into … of a pinpoint and less, yet which are, chemic… complicated as we.

More than the ordinary microscope is the … microscope which expands a pin point of … a gigantic and intricate structure, bringing … ibility the molecules themselves—if they a… enough.

For below the molecules are atoms, and wit… atoms are electrons which circle tiny nuc… inside the nuclei are individual protons a… trons, and making up the protons and neutr… what?

The world of the infinitely small regress… our grasp as elusively as the world of the in… distant, and with all our instrumentation, … (perhaps infinitely much) remains unseen a… end and is known to us at all, only through i… deduction from what can be seen.

Isaac Asimov, associate professor of biochemistry at Boston University School of Medicine, has written 103 books of science fiction, mystery, science popularization, history and so on, with his next big book, ASIMOV'S GUIDE TO SHAKESPEARE. You he is trying his hand (for the first time) at a television special.

ever mind size and distance. Time is the . too. We live at a fairly constant rate and s time for our retina to react, but not more n it takes time for our muscles to react. There se seeing anything we can do nothing about. ution didn't bother to give us eyes that could speeding bullet. It doesn't stay in one spot nough to be seen.

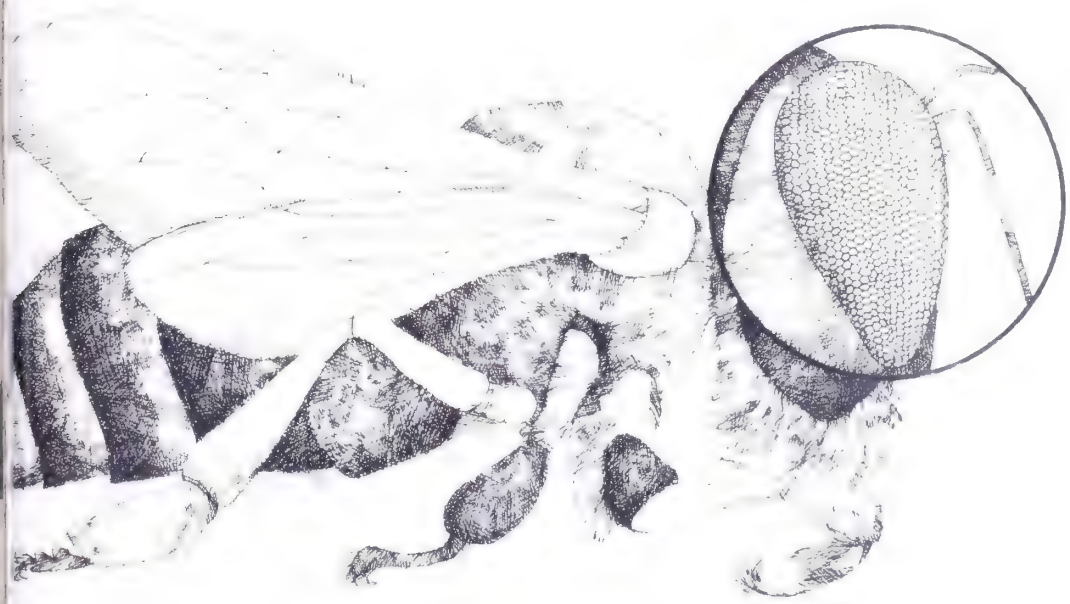
ust because there is no practical use in seeing ra-quick, doesn't mean there is no esthetic With the movie camera taking thousands of er second, we end by seeing the splash of loat up into a crown, the screaming bullet a wake and shatter a glass into glittering las, the feathered wings practicing a slow There is a world of loveliness that is lost to ause we don't have time to see it.

n our eyes store up impressions. We can- ve the sight of the frail green shoot peeping the ground, and knit it to the same sight an ater, and the same sight an hour later again. ult of that, the plant world seems motionless ssive to us. With time-lapse photography, that same shoot becomes a living green wriggle, thrusting upward eagerly toward the light, sending out its leaves, turning this way and that—as tremblingly active as any animal. We need only adjust to the time-rate.

Or perhaps it's just a case of attention. How much, even with our limited vision we could see—if we looked. We don't look long enough, we don't look hard enough, we don't look thoughtfully enough. We just don't look.

All around us is a world of delicate, evanescent things: the thread of a spider web, the motion of the munching jaws of a caterpillar, the tracery of veins in a leaf, the delicate earth-coming of a bird. Infinite variety: all of it seeable: hardly any of it seen.

There is so much more to see than can be seen casually and without help. And so much of that much is incredibly beautiful. A sample of the beauty and fascinating is presented in the television special THE UNSEEN WORLD in the preparation of which (I must admit) I have been involved.



Sometimes it is not enough to see that which is. We must also see that which is not.

ceive reality is to see the present. But to see ich does not exist—to imagine—is to see the

t 3M are in the business of creating reality magination. As often as not, when we bring ew product, it's a whole new approach to the n.

use if we decide to produce a product to do a job, we don't just make small improvements ting ones. Instead, we analyze the problem nost basic level. Consider the possibilities. Even the impossibilities. And then work to turn it into reality.

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The *Unseen World* will be telecast on ABC May 3rd (8:00-9:00, 7:00-8:00 Central). Consult your local listings for exact time and channel in your area.

eration means *sexual* liberation, Mr. Grossman is led inevitably to his incredible, dizzying conclusion: what the women's rights groups are *really* after is more orgasms! Eureka! It's a gas! It's the biggest verbal spoof since *Alice in Wonderland*! It MUST be a parody—of the angry snarling of the typical complacent man who thought everything was just fine the way it was, and, exasperated by all this incomprehensible, undeserved criticism, seizes any club to beat off the attackers. Or is it a takeoff on the whole subject of "sexism," a charge leveled at men by the women's groups? It certainly substantiates the charge! Unfortunately the high comedy is spoiled by the reader's suspicion that Mr. Grossman did not *mean* to write satire. Now we don't want to deprive conscientious researchers like Mr. Grossman of the pleasures of reading *Screw* and battling witches, but could we possibly stick to the subject of women's *rights*, rather than sexual liberation and aberrations? . . .

Perhaps someday, no thanks to the obfuscating uproars perpetrated by SCUM, WITCH, *Harper's*, and Mr. Grossman, the subject of women's rights may be freed from the smut, hysteria, and paranoia that make it such a target for ridicule, and from the essentially irrelevant blather about sexual liberation. Eventually maybe women will be able to participate . . . Possibly they will do it with as much grace, verve, insight, wisdom, and style as was formerly spent haggling over the price of groceries and giving formal teas.

KATHARINE MORE
Chappaqua, N.Y.

Edward Grossman does precisely what men have been doing to women for centuries: reduces them to their sexuality, whereupon their "demands and proposals" can be dismissed as "irrelevant" and "pathetic." It is the age-old "keep them barefoot and pregnant" theme done up in modern drag . . . if we'd just shut up and get into bed, we'd be happy. . . .

But perhaps more tedious and distressing is Grossman's attitude toward women in groups. His prose is circumspect, but he appears to be suggesting that the purpose of women getting together in groups is for mutual masturbation sessions. Of course, he thinks that all Women's Liberation women would rather masturbate than fuck (it's a surefire way of achieving orgasm) and that, individual masturbation being lonely, the group follows. Is this the sort of fantasy that underlies another age-old tendency of men: to resent and fear attempts of women to band together for any purpose whatsoever? It is essential for him to be able to dismiss these groups, and he pontificates on "confronting alone the condition of being alone." One naturally, out of delicacy, hesitates to point out that men have been evading this condition since time out of mind, with clubs, football teams, armies, board meetings, conventions, and business lunches, to name a few. But of course men don't masturbate. . . .

SIGNE HAMMER
New York, N.Y.

Edward Grossman, who must be approaching thirty and tells us he is "no longer young," can take some consolation in the fact that his self-centered maundering sounds very young, indeed. . . .

The competitive society tends to segregate in favor of the maintenance of the power structure; the cooperative society tends to free the individual to do that which he does best so that all may benefit. Undoubtedly many males would be happier taking care of a home and children than in the jungle of our "free" economy, just as many women would be happier doing other kinds of work than those assigned to them in the present role-oriented structure. We are no longer primitives. . . .

This role-playing is not more beneficial to men than it is to women. It only seems that way.

KAY GREEN JERREMS
Monte-Carlo, Monaco

Edward Grossman's most honest statement about the subject of Women's Liberation is that he doesn't "get it." Your cover quote . . . sets the tone of the piece. Freud also said, if you recall, that "the portion of woman cannot be other than what it is: to be an adored sweetheart in youth and a beloved wife in maturity," and declared that there was a "sense of the absurd" inherent in the question of the emancipation of women. . . .

The author insists that "private reasons" and "squalid disappointment" illuminate the anger and anguish of women. It is precisely the contribution of the feminist movement to have discovered that those private reasons are exceedingly public in their universal application. The "splash" of Kate Millett's "Sexual Politics" is due to the sense of recognition it awakens in women of their own sexual exploitation. . . .

Incidentally, if "A." works for [illegible] dation-sponsored TV," she wou [illegible] to be blind not to be struck by [illegible] splendent male chauvinism an [illegible] female discrimination that exist [illegible] I know because I worked for N[illegible] Educational Television and w[illegible] quite openly that women do not [illegible] producers—they remain associa[illegible] ducers. And men are paid m[illegible] doing the same jobs.

The notion that it promotes [illegible] ination to think of women as a s[illegible] oppressed group is absurd. [illegible] *treats* us as a separate group. . . .' [illegible] have always had the opportunit[illegible] alone together—in playgroun[illegible] Mah Jongg parties and ladies [illegible] ries. Those are the pathetic gat[illegible] of the powerless. Mr. Grossma[illegible] sertion that the demands and [illegible] of the women's movement are [illegible] vant and pathetic is so outrage[illegible] one can only gasp. I regret that th[illegible] an question bores him, but are [illegible] estations of guilt supposed to r[illegible] feel sympathy? . . .

LUCY K[illegible]
New Yo[illegible]

From the frozen North on t[illegible] of the taiga, a word in defense o[illegible] women. . . . I am a widow, wi[illegible] children, a classroom teacher in [illegible] intermediate high school; I an[illegible] fifty, and even in my palmier d[illegible] best that could be said for me w[illegible] I was "wholesome-looking." I ar[illegible] happy, secure, and contented hu[illegible] ing. I have the memory of a del[illegible] and earthily passionate marria[illegible] man who never made more than [illegible] mechanic's wages in our whole [illegible] gether. I have never learned [illegible] play golf or tennis. I took u[illegible] drinking two years ago, and [illegible] bridge a year ago. I have nev[illegible] out of my native province, an[illegible] want to. I have never owned so [illegible] a diamond ring, nor a fur coa[illegible] formal gown. I have never be[illegible] cocktail party, nor a nightclub.

I enjoy myself, like myself, a[illegible] almost everyone I know. I love [illegible] fession, and my students. My m[illegible] is a dream to work under, and t[illegible] on staff give me the best of all [illegible] worlds—in social contexts, they t[illegible] as charming and feathery fem[illegible] professional contexts, as an e[illegible] competence: in debates of ideas, [illegible] they nor I expect nor give quar[illegible] they never lower themselves to at[illegible] me as a person or a biological od[illegible]

Three of my sons married the l[illegible]

Canada, in my opinion. My chil-
l at home are middle-class, con-
squares whose lives center
the choir, the church youth
the downtown youth center,
ssons, and school affairs. They
rink, smoke, take drugs, or en-
promiscuous sexual activity.
ey have to be away for a while
ne home, and they have the
to love me as much as I love
d to proclaim it publicly to
who wants to listen.
NOT feel cheated. I do NOT
aded. I do NOT feel inferior. I
dislike and distrust men
love them. I do NOT feel bio-
ill done by. I always felt sorry
usband: I had the glory and the
ving the babies, while he only
worry.
rt. Mr. Editor, the women lib-
nay have good reasons to feel
hey do, and to act the way they
I would not presume to judge
I ask is, for God's sake, ladies,
own thing, and give me leave
ne. I am perfectly happy as a
eligious, conservative, conven-
minine woman.

KATHLEEN M. BROOK
Edmonton, Alberta

d Grossman's clever and per-
rticle on the American woman
Woman's Liberation movement
inking about the problem free
es for the liberated woman.
eedom is long overdue since it
l the traditional "sex as a tol-
rden" concept, but along with
se in female pleasure there has
l a marked increase in female
nment and alienation. A man
has to commit himself to a
e desires or even needs, and
and more women find them-
ndoned and alone.
rd the Women's Liberation
t as the modern Lonely Hearts
ld Maids' Association—women
together who have been dis-
men. I disagree with Gross-
male friend that they are
nd spoiled" or "second-rate
nor am I able to look upon
h amusement. I see them as
ht, appealing girls who have
dened by a high-power city
ent, an intensity of competi-
from their male counterparts,
other females), and constant
by one man after another. I
their fate but question their
and solution. All the move-

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THE SWING E

Swing music, like rock today, was t
sion of a generation, of boys and gir
up in the 30's and 40's. In "How It
Young Then" the editors of Time-Lif
take you on a nostalgic visit to the S
You'll see how it was and what the
all about. You'll see how youth g
groove," how eating goldfish, bubble
tests, jukebox parties, the soda fo
date and, of course, the big bands
their part in growing up. Those wer
when beer was a dime a mug, and th
with a rumble seat was a favorite. I
tured in exciting pictures and word
It Was to Be Young Then." Examin
days free. Find out how on the opp

The Saturday-night prom brought out boys in tuxes and girls in full-length evening gowns, dancing sedately under the watchful eyes of the prom chaperons.



Trombonist Glenn Miller led one
groups that made the brilliant Swing

Below: Part of growing up was the
quiet talk, tender moods at weeke





Sweater and skirt, bobby socks and saddle shoes were the "in" costume for teen-age girls, while the zoot suit (right) was mandatory for a young man who was "in the groove."



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—10-day examination of the picture book "How It Was to Be Young Then" in the big-band Swing Era

nber the great music of the Swing

ie Shaw's *Begin the Beguine*
enn Miller's *Moonlight Serenade*
mmy Dorsey's *Opus One*
nny Goodman's great *Let's Dance*

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remarkable music you'll hear on big 12-inch stereo LPs is based on assic arrangements that made the nds famous. These great arrange- were rerecorded by specially as- d groups of present-day virtuoso ans and arrangers, all of them es of the Swing Era. Each new ing has been carefully checked t existing 78 rpms. Except for the richness of these new hi-fi rec- you probably couldn't tell which layed by the original band. Only sounds don't come to you on a 78 ing (the *only* kind of records that nade in 1940) . . . but in brilliant, n stereo. It's as if the big bands of ing Era had made recordings for day—with all their original magic ced by the miracle of today's sound!

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part of the Swing Era package, also receive a wonderfully nostal- k of words and pictures entitled t Was to Be Young Then," which tes the joys of growing up in that rful era: the Saturday-night proms, with *two* big bands per- g and couples doing the Lindy raternity hazing, college queens, g in the aisles at the Paramount e on Broadway, the world of 10¢ d Coke dates, comic books, non- olleges and weekend dates . . . as t from today's world as Glenn is different from Sam Cooke. To- your records and book will let you ain to the rhythm of swing!

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lbum will take you on a nostalgic lively! — journey back to those days just before America entered War II, when Roseland was jump- d Harlem's Cotton Club echoed e sounds of Duke Ellington and d. You'll hear "Stealin' Apples," just as it was by Benny Goodman many college proms. You'll hear light Serenade" and "In the Mood," just as they were by Glenn Miller nk Dailey's Meadowbrook or the land Casino.

e were the golden days for the bands, as they played their way e hearts of millions of Americans. ur album will bring you 30 of the at captivated the country . . . yours y again and again, played just as ere—*but with the magic of modern delity stereo.*



BE OUR GUEST

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Charlie Barnet version of *Cherokee • Pompton Turnpike • Redskin Rhumba*

Tommy Dorsey version of *Lonesome Road (Parts I & II) • Swanee River • Deep River*

Benny Goodman version of *Stealin' Apples • Let's Dance*

Artie Shaw version of *Temptation • Frenesi • Stardust*

Les Brown version of *Bizet Has His Day*

Bob Crosby version of *South Rampart Street Parade*

Duke Ellington version of *Take the "A" Train*

Woody Herman version of *Blues on Parade*

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ment will do for them, besides giving them something to do on a Saturday night, is entrench them in their miserable existence and reinforce their failures as women.

Segregation, ugliness, or making the male their scapegoat seems to me to be cutting off the hand that feeds them and a child's form of revenge. Femininity is our most valuable defense against masculine usurpation, and a distinction between masculine and feminine roles is not such a bad thing for woman's freedom. The members of NOW or WITCH hate being women and thus lose their satisfaction in the sex act. Only those who revel in their own femininity and sexuality can benefit from the new freedom. But then, they do not need a movement because they have a man.

After going to college with white, middle-class, educated females for almost four years I have found that most of us want to belong to someone if not be dominated by him, and we spend most of our time preoccupied with our current "man." The disillusionment comes when we discover that most of the boys with whom we associate are not men enough to make us feel like fulfilled women, or they are not mature enough to face commitment. And so we begin the process of the wearing down of our confidence and femininity. Some of us rush frantically to catch anyone, deciding that a ring is better than insecurity, and we marry the boys who are less than our dreams. But there are those of us who find ourselves with a diploma and without fulfillment. We are left with our independence and a future struggle where aggressiveness becomes necessary. Although more and more marry there are always those who have no husbands or babies to come home to. Is Women's Lib all that remains for the leftovers? . . .

BARBARA HALSMAN
Wheaton College '70, Norton, Mass.

I enjoyed Edward Grossman's observations on the women's rights movement, particularly A.'s reaction with which I most easily identified. . . . Many [women] who are competent are making it on their own, and besides, even if we do suffer from time to time from unwarranted discrimination, aren't there many compensations for being a woman? There is so much noise in our world today. If only those women who are contributing to the confusion through this movement would relax, they might have time to enjoy being women.

I understand one good reason [illegible] female revolution—lack of love a[illegible]derstanding from men. If we were [illegible] for being individuals and not pro[illegible] of services, there would be no [illegible] reason to rebel. It is hard work [illegible] Perhaps it is up to women to [illegible] duce this fruitful labor to our [illegible] After all we are the ones who [illegible] benefit most from such a revival.

SHERRIE S[illegible]
Arlington, V[illegible]

Whites have told blacks, adult[illegible] told youths, and obviously, now m[illegible] must tell women what is good fo[illegible] . . . At considerably less length th[illegible] Grossman employs to find his e[illegible] with his manliness it may be sug[illegible] that . . . women are beyond the [illegible] —masturbation or coition. They a[illegible] ing havoc at a world brought to th[illegible] of suffocation and destruction [illegible] endless progression of gross, in[illegible] dominated civilizations. We male a[illegible] turns out, have had no more depe[illegible] capacities or concerns for the pro[illegible] of the species and the planet w[illegible] so long dominated than might [illegible] goloid apes occupying our aut[illegible] Faced with a world careening [illegible] disaster we settle with our sorry c[illegible] with the only techniques we h[illegible] veloped, or allowed to develop—[illegible] brace the complaining earth [illegible] seeming quiescence as we ha[illegible] braced blacks, youth, and wom[illegible] "sound off." We declare we are, [illegible] sponsible (only in crises do t[illegible] meaned discover what status the [illegible] had all the while). And we send E[illegible] Grossman forth to expatiate u[illegible] question/subject, troubling, bori[illegible] with which we shall live in comf[illegible] guilt. Thus shall we triumph [illegible] Without coping with the need, w[illegible] losing one jot or tittle of our [illegible] the natural superiors and leader[illegible] out permitting the maternal com[illegible] of the species to assert its saving [illegible] we will ride our white rockets for [illegible] as it takes to wipe from the face [illegible] planet the beautiful people wh[illegible] is that they have permitted ther[illegible] to become only half persons, em[illegible] not with the other sex, but with th[illegible] part of wholeness in themselves—[illegible] with their androgynous natures. [illegible] known American writer in the ea[illegible] of the century said, "The worth [illegible] civilization resides in its estim[illegible] women." For "women" read pea[illegible] ternity, liberty; read survival.

HERBERT BIB[illegible]
Hollywood

THE TYPEWRITER THAT BEAT THE ORINOCO RIVER.



In the dark heart of Venezuela flows a river of een water. The Orinoco. On either bank, e chokes on its own growth...plants soaking n by day, sweating it out by night.

This steamy, uncomfortable, exotic place is the address of missionary Nancy Dillin. As she e keeps notes and records for the outside ping them all up on her Hermes 3000.

Like Nancy, the Hermes is indomitable. ed in snowy Switzerland, it can equally stand heat of the tropics...and to the eternal jungle that saturates clothes, blankets, bones, metals.

The only permanent highway through that vegetation is the river. So Nancy and her ravel from village to village by boat. Up to a years ago, the boat they were using was t old—had grown old, in fact, in missionary ne day, right in mid-stream, the worn timbers and the boat began to sink fast. There was just me to save the passengers, but Nancy's Hermes n to the bottom.

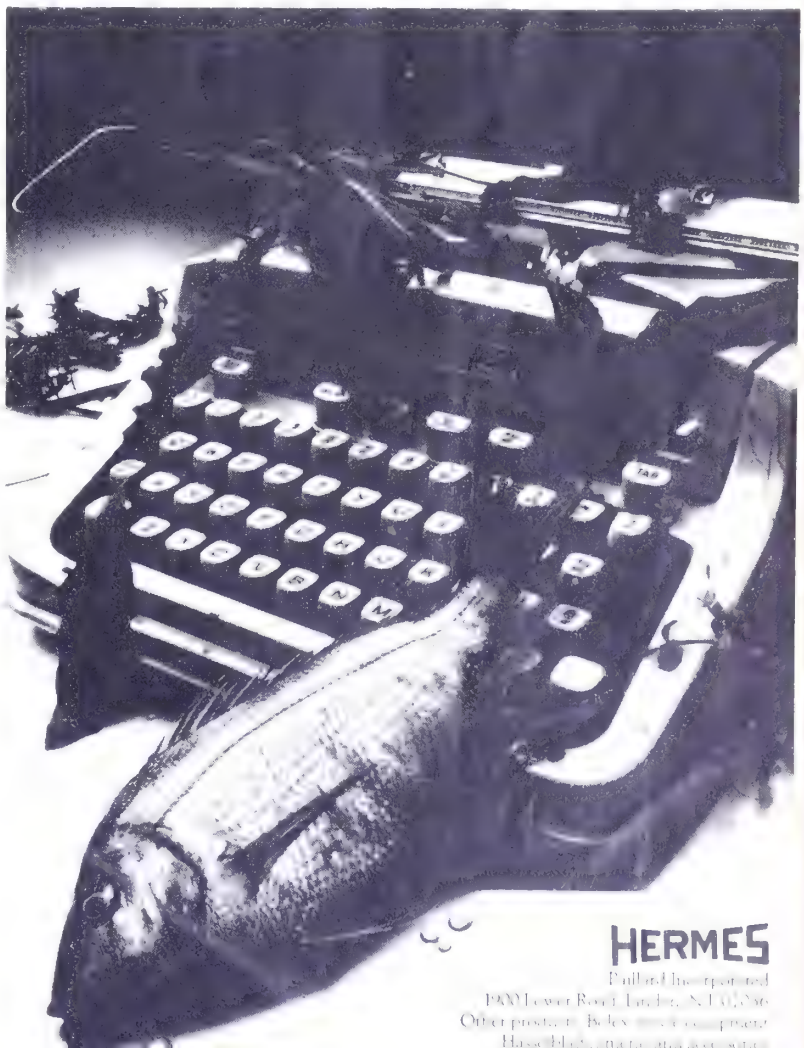
Now the Orinoco is deep, murky and s, so Nancy gave her typewriter up for lost. e river bed for almost three months and then sh piece of luck it was fished out. One look r muddy, weedy thing and Nancy felt like t right back. Still, she gave it a chance. She e river out of it and dried it in the sun and a bit of oil. And to her perpetual astonish- unked away as good as ever.

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John Fischer

THE EASY CHAIR

What am I doing here? (apologia pro februa sua)

This is being written in February, the month of the ancient Romans' *februa* ceremonies: a time for repentance, self-reproach, and moral stock-taking. It is the right month for such doings, even more in New England than in Rome, since both the weather and the human spirit then reach their nadir; and more this winter than usual, since it has been the hardest anyone can remember. For weeks ice floes have been grinding on the ledge below my bedroom window, a rare sight since salt water normally doesn't freeze in this latitude. Anyone watching them, and the sea fog rolling in as gray as death, can hardly avoid the question of the old *februa* ritual: Your days are short, and what are you doing with them?

For me there is another reason for such an inventory. If my count is right, this is the hundredth column I have written for this space. It seems high time to ask whether this is a useful enterprise—for me, for the magazine, and for the readers. And what purpose does a column of this kind serve anyhow?

The Easy Chair is grotesquely misnamed. It has never been easy for me nor, I suppose, for any of the five men who occupied it before me. As my family and editorial colleagues can testify, I am as mild and peaceable as anybody who ever cursed a typewriter; yet this column has kept me embroiled in almost continuous combat for the last fourteen years. In the beginning that astonished me, but I soon learned that it is an inescapable part of the job. My predecessors too got their share of angry mail, threatened lawsuits, abuse from politicians, enraged squeals from press agents and advertisers, and an occasional poison-pen letter. None of us, so far as I know, actually suffered a horse whipping, though some were promised.

The title has been kept simply because it is the oldest column in American journalism. It began in the October 1851 issue of *Harper's*, and except for a lapse of eight years it has appeared regularly ever since. In the spacious days before the Civil War, the name presumably was meant to suggest a sort of leisured gentility—although I doubt whether any editor really had an easy chair in his office even then, or time to sit and muse in it. The genteel tone was in fact maintained in some of the early columns written (though not signed) by Donald G. Mitchell, an essayist and travel writer who affected the stylistic elegance of that era. It didn't last.

From the time that George William Curtis began writing the column in 1853, it has been a running affront to the genteel and the leisured. Curtis was a radical—for a year and a half a member of the Brook Farm commune, friend of Thoreau, an early foe of slavery, and one of the founders of a new and disruptive organization, the Republican party. He once forswore allegiance to the United States on the ground that, though apparently so prosperous, it was rotten at the core. All his life he fought against the political establishment, and was largely responsible for the first civil service reforms which, he thought, would wreck the machinery of both parties.

After his death in 1892 the column was dropped for eight years, only to be revived under the ministrations of another radical: William Dean Howells, avowed socialist, defender of anarchists, and critic of Society with a capital S. He passed on the tradition, after twenty years, to Edward S. Martin; and in 1935 it was taken up by Bernard DeVoto, a banty rooster from Utah who enjoyed a fight more than any man I ever knew.

Well-organized people, I understand, conduct their lives according to a rational plan. Mine has been a series of accidents. On the evening of November 13, 1955, DeVoto—who had been seething with vigor and vinegar that afternoon—died of a heart attack. Since I was then editor in chief of the magazine, and another column was due at the printer within three weeks, I made a hurried effort to enlist someone to take his place. One after another the likely candidates turned me down, each taking a few days to think it over. Time was running short, and finally in desperation I wrote the column myself. By another accident, it turned out to be about a revolutionist—Father Raymond-Leopold Bruckberger, Ch[illegible]lain General of the French R[esista]nce who had helped liberate Pa[ris] with machine gun in hand and welcomed Charles de Gaulle to Notre Dame on his triumphal return to the city. I wrote about him simply because I had been working with him on an article and book project, and he had impressed me as the kind of intellectual-in-motion who could teach a lot to American readers.

At the time I thought of myself as a pinch hitter, serving only until we could locate a permanent writer for the Easy Chair. Instead—and this is one of my self-reproaches—I have been writing it, with occasional help from guest columnists, ever since. If I had tried hard enough, I should have been able to find somebody who would do it better than I could, even if not as brilliantly as DeVoto. The truth is that I found I enjoyed it, and therefore lacked the will in my search for a successor.

By coincidence, or perhaps because of the nature of this magazine and therefore of the people who contribute to and write for it, all of The Easy Chair columnists have tackled their job with much the same purpose in mind. As DeVoto called it, "criticism of [life]." Less ambitiously, I think of it as analytic reporting. No sensible reader, it seems to me, will be interested in a writer's opinion on any subject unless he knows the facts on which it is based and the line of reasoning by which the judgment is reached. Consequently the reporter-analyst is under an obligation to be informed on any subject he takes up—not only from reading the relevant material, but from firsthand observation and from discussion with experts in whom he has confidence. This may sound like a truism; but you would be surprised how many writers there are who are willing—indeed, eager—to air passionate opinions on practically any question. Sincerity and commitment, they believe, are all they need to make their views worth listening to, whether on foreign policy, education, or rock music.

A sense of obligation to their readers is a handicap to a writer. It limits the output, since the legwork necessary to

and test information takes time. limits his range of subject mat- ce nobody can be well-informed re than one or two subjects at ven moment. Then too it forces illing or not, to be a disturber peace.

oto wrote about matters as di- s conservation, bourbon whiskey. an history, and the craft of fic- On all of these he was profes- y qualified, not only from study om experience. His historical won both Bancroft and Pulitzer he turned out more-than-compe- vels, served as an adviser on con- on to the Department of the Inte- d had an educated taste for malt On the other hand, he never verseas in his life, and never pre- to write about foreign goings-on. y own case, I have never felt ent to report on the theater or tics or the fashion industry or a d other fascinating subjects on I've had no chance to pick up an superficial information. Like), I've tried to stick (well, most ime) to matters in which I have ne personal experience: politics, g, some aspects of life in Russia ia, the workings of government. ublishing, education, and, most y, human ecology. Together with decessors, I believe that this kind nment requires something more e disciplines of a professional It calls for practical working dge, gained from firsthand in- ent, in at least a few other fields avor. For the only way to learn g, so that you feel it in your , is to try your hand at it. Walter nn, for example, could never ritten so solidly about foreign if he had not served in the War nent and on the staff preparing Versailles conference, just as who never sailed could not report ently on the America's Cup races.

columnist's job, as understood those who have practiced it in ace, calls for something more sponsible reporting. It requires a position. It is not enough for er to say, "Here is a bunch of ake what you can out of them." bligated to go a step further and have examined these facts as can, discussed them with other lgeable people, and arranged some kind of order. Here, then, nclusion which common sense

How the other half lives.



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For their welfare and my own sense of security, I go with the drug products that experience has shown me work well. They may be brand name drugs . . . or they may be quality medicinals sold by their generic names. But they must be drugs that have proved they will do the job. I want to know their source and the reputation of the manufacturer. This freedom of choice should be mine, based on my knowledge and experience. With the potency of today's drugs, I don't know any safe ways to cut corners.

Another point of view . . .

Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

might draw from them, and a c rse action which a reasonable ma mi follow."

This does not mean that the onc sion is necessarily correct. As ba ball, any columnist whose batti av age reaches .300 is doing bet th he has a right to expect. Neith d it mean that many of his rea rs likely to accept the suggested c rse action. The real function of su n a lytic reporting is to help reade ar at conclusions of their own.

None of us has time to co ct pertinent facts on all the subjec wh might interest us—much less them out and try to extract a an from them. Facts by the millio ai on us all day long—from new ap television, the gossip of frienc st signs, computer print-outs, ar of sources beyond number. Toget r t add up to that current cliché, th In mation Explosion. It is literal, o whelming: no human mind, ai can begin to cope with even a sm ll of it. That is why we have deve pe array of machines and special s are supposed to help. A cor ra president, for example, can understand his own business ith data-processing equipment, ma et lysts, lawyers, economists, m ia perts, and other shamans to inte re flood of information streaming ro his office. But in the end, after te to all of them, he has to decide r h self what line of action to purs

A certain kind of columnist, s to me, serves much the same ur for America's involved citizens ha for the 2 or 3 per cent who tak a ous interest in the workings of society, and look for help in ide it the significant facts. For th columnist is a data process grammed to deal with informa on elusive and complex for any e tr machine. Whether they agree th columnist's interpretation doesn' n matter. For many years I rea W Lippmann's column three times w At least half the time I disagr d him. Nevertheless I found hi mously useful: by watching h sift and evaluate events, I le appraise them in my own way.

This was possible only becau L mann's column appeared regu the same place. Unlike the fr writer whose articles show radically in a dozen different t tions, Lippmann became a fix of reference. His readers got his unspoken assumptions, hi

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convictions, even his uncon[scious] biases. We learned to make allow[ances] for them, just as one figures the [mag]netic deviation of a compass.

Here, I believe, is the chief jus[tifica]tion for any column, in newspa[per o]r magazine. It offers the reader a [chance] to become familiar enough with a [writer's] point of view so that he can use it [as] work out his own intellectual be[ings].

The foregoing job description [vis]tually imposes on a writer a s[tyle,] strategy, and an outlook on life.

For more than a hundred ye[ars] typical column in this space ha[s been] an effort to explain something—w[ith] a tangled political situation, a be[st-s]a moral dilemma. A prime goal [of the] writer, therefore, has to be clari[ty: all] statement of his case in the si[mplest,] most precise, and most direct [words] that he can find. Ambiguity m[ay be] dandy for the poet or the novel[ist, but] for the reporter-analyst it is the [unfor]givable sin. Any sentence which [leaves] open a possibility for misunderst[anding] not only cheats the reader; it [almost] certainly means that the writer [is] confused himself. It is a signal di[recting] him back to the drawing board t[o figure] out what he is really trying to s[ay].

The most useful approach to c[larity] for me at least—is what E. B. W[hite] called the Plain Style. I never [expect] master it, but I do know how t[o strive] toward it, because White gives [the] instructions in the best book on [this] I have yet found: *The Elem[ents of] Style*, better known in the tr[ade] Strunk & White. It is White's [revision] and expansion of the rules or [principles] set down in 1918 by his English [professor] at Cornell, William Strunk, Jr. [Macmil]lan published it in paperback i[n 1959] and aspiring writers have been [buying] it ever since, for the same re[ason] apprentice carpenter buys a ha[ndbook].

White's own writing is a cla[ssic ex]ample of the plain style. So is th[at] of people as diverse as George [Orwell] and Renata Adler. But good sam[ples are] rare, because other stylistic mo[des are] so much easier—for instance, the [Pseudo-] Academic, as found in practic[ally every] doctoral dissertation, or the [Faux-] Breathless, typified by Tom Wo[lfe's] youth culture kid, not the noveli[st but] the Long-winded Profound, a sp[ecialty] of *The New York Review of Boo[ks]*. The method recommended by St[runk &] White is hard work, because its [secret] is concision. ("Omit needless w[ords]" was Strunk's favorite comman[d].)



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To state something precisely an in few words as possible normally r at least five drafts. Long-wind ing, in comparison, is no troub —as Dr. Sam Johnson once obse a rival British journalist wh "badly, but with the greatest o

Besides clarity, the sort of co we are talking about owes duty to his readers: to give th warning of the likely flaws in hi

We all know that complete ob is impossible—or so at least the ogists and economic determini telling us. An honest reporter wi theless believe that an approxim objectivity is worth pursuing Holy Grail. And when he real he, like Galahad, may never hands on it, he is obliged to p where his grasp falls short. A of Parliament is honor-bound clare his interest"—that is, to colleagues when he has a perso financial, emotional, or any oth in the issue under debate. T rule holds for the writer.

In most cases this kind of " can be avoided. When I went for Byron Price, then chief of th ington bureau of the Associate he admonished me never to organization—whether the Bo or the Ku Klux Klan—whose I might someday be called up port. Because his advice still s as valid, I remain a non-joiner the most praiseworthy movem though beating women is a to me, except when necessary steadfastly refused membersh Society for the Abatement o to Ladies; otherwise anything write in their defense could s pect.

Nevertheless, for the reaso earlier, a writer needs to inv self in some enterprises that him away from his typewriter him in the main currents of Since these involvements inevi affect the way he thinks, his have a right to know what When I was writing some m about poor people and their from farms to cities, it was on point out that my views had be shaped by my work on a go Commission on Rural Pov that I then owned a small inte Oklahoma farm. Similarly, i writing about the automobile a reader might want to know held stock in a motor compan

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of faith that no writer for any per lica (except perhaps for the so-called der ground press) can be really n pendent; that he must be a pup t the establishment, which manip ate him through the publication's ne ship, or its advertisers, or may th wicked banker who holds a mo gag on the plant. I have no hope of d bu ing such true believers. For the no open-minded, however, I would te note that so far as I can discove suc hands have never been laid o th column. Certainly during my ov te ancy and DeVoto's, its indepe en has never been questioned by an ed tor, advertising manager, offic , stockholder of the company; and h lieve the same to be true of our ed cessors. This is not a matter of iet but of simple common sense. Th on value of a columnist—or, for tha ma ter, any reviewer or critic—lies h absolute freedom to speak his own in subject only to the laws of libel.

There was a period, before my im when the House of Harper was ep in debt to the Morgan banking in Throughout those years the mag in columnists and other writers we je as critical of Wall Street and the ho comings of American business as an period, before or since. I suspe th they sometimes brought on an epi em of near-apoplexy in the Morgan ha room, but no hint of bankerly di le ure ever reached the editorial flo at least I was assured by the late re erick Lewis Allen, who was both lit of the magazine and biographer f elder J. P. Morgan.

This does not mean, of cours th a columnist lives in a vacuum, ins at from all pressures and contami tio Pressure is his working habitat, ke deep-sea diver's. Readers berat h and sometimes cancel their su scr tions. Offended advertisers do oc sionally drop their contracts. Th regiments of press agents seem t awake nights thinking up new wa seduce him. Do-gooders incessan y mind him of his duty to save ma ki by giving their causes a plug. I c times may seem like one long enc n group, armed with real knives. Bu h varieties of pressure are no thr long as he is shielded by a thi and a bristly conscience.

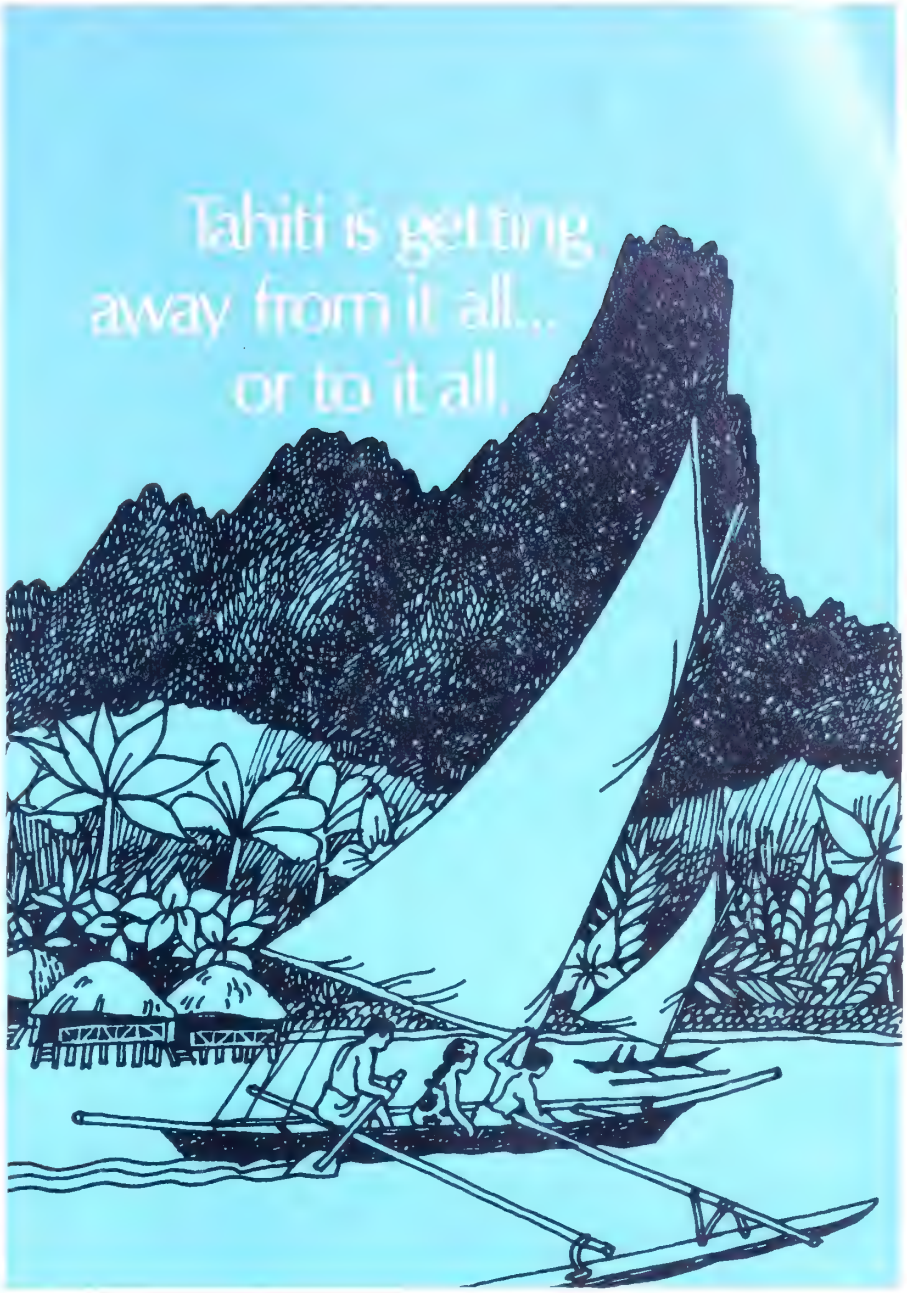
The most aggrieved complaint co from people who honestly that the columnist is a malicious of boats and upsetter of apple

was true in Curtis's time and De-
, as it is today, and not by coinci-
The complainants, in fact, have
t. For the very nature of his work
s the reporter-analyst, much of the
into the role of critic of the status
a role which beneficiaries of the
quo naturally resent.

reporter who examines care-
n existing institution—the senior-
stem in Congress, for instance, or
nure system in our universities—
nd to be struck by its imperfec-
If it is human, an institution is
finition less than perfect: and the
it has been around, the more
fect it is likely to get, because of
niversal human reluctance to
e with the times. "Don't break up
ning combination" is a favorite
n of the successful. But though it
ound like folk-wisdom, it isn't; it
leath-rattle. Those were the last
spoken by the once-invincible
e baseball club, by the old man-
nt of *The Saturday Evening Post*,
w York leadership of the Demo-
party, and the executives of many
d conglomerate.

onscientious reporter inevitably
s much of his energies to poking
inning combinations which may
in tomorrow. If he accepts with-
uestion a glorious tradition, a
n policy which worked a decade
r a political system which seems
y satisfactory to Mayor Daley
piro Agnew, then he isn't doing
b. His duty is not to commemo-
ut to question: to keep saying,
an't go on like this": to demon-
that changing our ways, though
fortable, may be the price of
al.

s sort of writing clearly is not en-
g, and has little to do with litera-
t earns no critical laurels, and a
s cash than the standard porno-
c novel. At moments its chief
l seems to be the bellows which
kes from Our Spiro, and all his
ning back through Joe McCarthy
Judge Samuel Chase. Today no-
emembers James Thomas Callen-
ut Judge Chase sentenced him to
nonths in jail under the Sedition
1798 for practicing this kind of
lism—with the result that the
n Act was soon repealed, and has
dead ever since. Callender may
een one of the columnists DeVoto
mind when he wrote that such
lism "is not important, it is only
ensable." If true, that's comfort
for one February. □



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Igor Stravinsky

PERFORMING ARTS

On Beethoven's piano sonatas

New York City: The recommended general introduction to the subject still seems to be Eric Blom's thirty-year-old program notes, *Beethoven's Piano Sonatas Discussed.** Rudolph Réti's *Thematic Patterns in Sonatas of Beethoven*,† for comparison, is more "scientific" and more narrowly musical. But it deals with only two of the piano Sonatas, is not for general readers, and in effect simply confirms that the *materia prima* was always and necessarily very similar, a fact not altogether unknown. So far as the actual listening experience is concerned, moreover, Réti's diagrams bring one about as close to the "sound of music" as an aerial photograph of a lawn does to the scent of grass (or, for that matter, "grass"). Nor is Blom any more successful in this regard, of course, except that he quotes the music fully clothed whereas Réti only exhibits skeletons.

But having settled for Blom, one rushes in with qualifications. For a start, his chapter on performance fails to take account of Beethoven's instruments, as if they were a mere musicological curiosity, and as if the reader were not interested to know that at the time of the earlier Sonatas Beethoven's piano had a shallow keyboard on which rapid successive octaves were comparatively easy to play; and a relatively short reverberation time, thanks to which the bass register was more transparent than is generally the case with modern instruments; and that beginning with the "Moonlight" Sonata his pianos were equipped with a pedal which shifted the hammers from three strings to one, thereby effecting a change in tone and weight comparable to a change in registration on an organ or harpsichord. Piano makers have long since improved this "*Sopra una corda*" device out of existence, needless to say, and with it deprived the *Adagio* in the "*Hammerklavier*" Sonata (to name only one victim) of an entire dimension, for the alternation of two timbres and intensities indicates that the movement was conceived in dialogue form. No discussion of this is found in *Beethoven's Piano Sonatas Discussed.*

Blom's own tone is agreeably old-fashioned. When he muses that a "note of apprehension" in the coda of an early Sonata is "just like him" (young Ludwig), the reader half expects the further reflection that "they don't make them like that anymore." The tone is also agreeably unmingled with the whirr of grinding axe or sharpening hatchet, except that in Blom's case perhaps these tools are unduly neglected. The larger one would be of no use to him, since he accepts the view that the greater boldness of invention in the Sonatas, compared to the orchestral and chamber music of the same date, is due simply to the circumstance that the piano was the composer's domestic instrument. But the smaller implement could and should have been applied precisely to that undergrowth of banalities which Blom frequently and regrettably commends, to the extent of citing as "penetrating criticism" an inane comparison of the emotion of the Sonata "*Pathétique*" and that of Verona's (and Shakespeare's) most cinematized young lovers.

It remains to be said that Blom is a more resourceful guide in the early Sonatas than in the late ones, but that this is a lesser disadvantage than the other way around, since the majority of the Sonatas *are* early; more than half of them antedate the Second Symphony, in fact, and more than two thirds are pre-*Eroica*. And Blom's presentation of these earlier works is at the same time simple and comprehensive, including, as it does, a survey of the elements of the form as Beethoven inherited it—of the principle of thematic duality, for instance (or "duothematicism," as Réti calls it, for one of the items in which Réti "surpasses" Blom is the progress of his jargon in the direction of our own). And, finally, Blom succeeds in his aim, which is to help the rea r f low the growth of the form in Bee ov and to enable him to apprecia- B thoven's enlargements.

Reasonably good performa es those with just and co ol *tempi*, precise articulation of yt and phrasing, balanced and op tioned voicing of the parts—a r Rare, too, are musician-type p is and pianists who are able to fr from helping the meanings of th m by emphasizing the obvious pianists unaddicted to such sta b ness as the "artful" delaying of t ri hand and the deliberate (it can al untoward!) non-synchronizing f treble and bass parts, as if tak g Bible literally about not letting t ri hand know what the left hanc lo My own addiction to these Sonat — my dependence on recordings, s th have heard almost all of them— as me to wonder whether piano re al locked in their own traditions a l isolated from ensemble mu ci might have begun to lack rhy m netically and as a breed.

Backhaus's recording of the fp *sionata*," for instance, must be at stunning success—if it was inte le a demonstration of the uses of u st ness. And the same pianist's neg ia of the A-flat fugue (Opus 110) ing short of a triumph—if his m to blur and obliterate the fast ot the diminutions. (Did he beli e Beethoven was mistaken in intr l new figurations at this poi *Meno Allegro* is wholly disrega le any case, as if it had been put t for any musical purpose but s p a concession to technically i players.) Kempff, too, enjoys u in—or, rather, at the expense he uses it primarily to show ho can play—the *Rondo* of the *tique*." And Barenboim, who the last movement of the "*W* intelligently, at the same time so insufferably slowly that he ceeds—in killing the piece. T cases, moreover, are concer large and, one would have tho

This column is the third in a series done specially for Harper's *by the great composer and conductor. His most recent book is* Retrospectives and Conclusions, *written with Robert Craft.*

*Da Capo Press, N.Y., 1968, a reprint, including misprints (the wrong clef on page 29, for one), of the edition of 1938.

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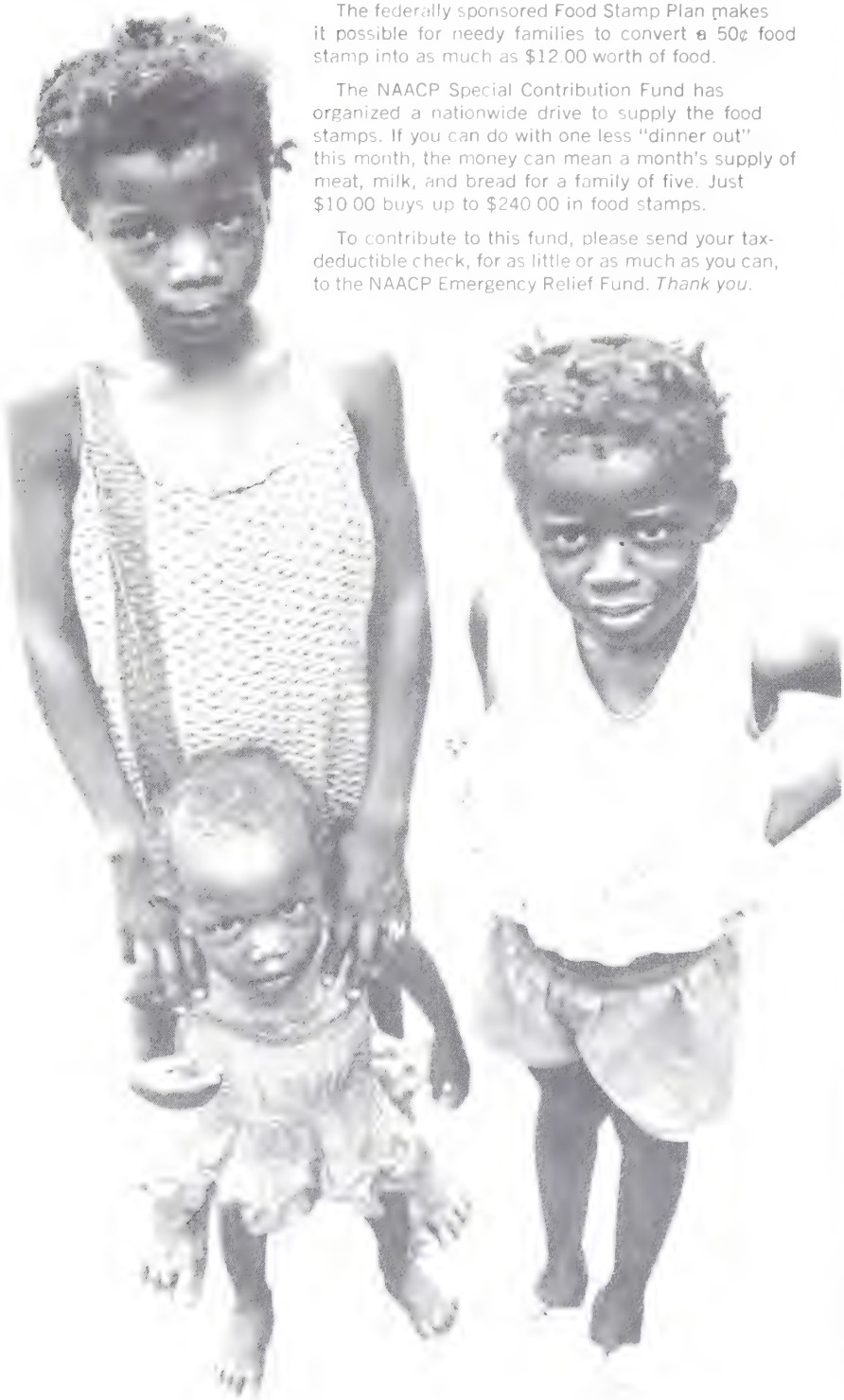
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vious points. The slightly finer
say nothing of the superfine,
respondingly more voluminous
for one illustration, most play
ceed in making the opening
"*Hammerklavier*" sound not
deliberated but *recherché*, which
I think, the most fitting way of
with a bolt from the blue.

I am prepared to believe, h
and on *no* further evidence, th
at their worst, pianists perfor
at the keyboard than they do
a prejudice I owe to a reading
footnotes festooned to the Sor
Artur Schnabel. Though never
come very trippingly off the
Schnabel outdoes himself here
for example, the following bit o
(?) on a quite unremarkable
technique: "As any truth can
permanent recognition only
painful struggle with dissonant
posing errors, in like manner,
quiring certain mechanical acc
ments, the expedient is to be
mended, first of all—but, be it o
with equal zeal—to exhaust all
ways of how not to do it." Well
Now I get it.

Whether restrictions on
parking space can be bla
my failure to provide an *apparc
criticus*, to say nothing of a t
the music's "relevance" to the
porary scene (unfortunately
scene, it probably isn't), space
responsible for the confining
remarks to the last four Sonat
the exception of Opus 31 No.
the Sonatas are delectable to
mastery is absolute from the fi
the size of the gifts behind it i
dent as a mountain range in a lig
hence the meaninglessness of th
for a "turning" point or poi
which prophets would have bee
say "tomorrow the world." Bee
powers were divinable (at leas
the beginning, and his hand wa
lever all the way.

In the piano Sonatas, far m
in his other music. Beetho
covers and sometimes maps out
ferent territories of several futu
posers, including himself. An
of the latter is the connection, c
or unconscious, between the
half-notes in ms. 51-62 of the
the Sonata Opus 10, No. 2, and
50 in the *Scherzo* of the Four



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phony. But the area designated for other composers covers almost the whole of the nineteenth century. Schubert and Mendelssohn, for example, are everywhere indicated. (I would quibble with Blom's assignment of the *Rondo* theme of Opus 90 to the Mendelssohn rather than the Schubert heritage, except that the one point worth making about the movement is the overtaxing of the theme by the repetitions.) And in the case of Chopin, the Sonatas do not merely indicate the path but very solidly pave it as well (*cf.* the first variation in Opus 109). Some of Wagner's harmonic and melodic characteristics are blocked out, too, as early as the first movement of Opus 31, No. 3—the third movement of which, as I have lately discovered, makes a fine funeral march, at half tempo. More surprising is the passage plainly earmarked for development by Tchaikovsky, from ms. 11 in the *Maestoso* of Opus 111. The territorial gifts to Brahms, on the other hand, are too numerous to enumerate. They include the first movement of the Sonata Opus 28, this on the occasion of the younger composer's Second Symphony; the final *Presto* in the "*Appassionata*," this on the not-so-immaculate conception of his G-minor Quartet; and the beginning of the Sonata Opus 109, this for the beginning of his Fourth Symphony—though the Beethoven contains a great deal more that Brahms did not "get."

Since to me the hammerer and thunderer are not Beethoven's most appealing aspects, it follows that the more orchestral Sonatas, the "*Waldstein*" and "*Appassionata*" among them, are not my first favorites. Nor do I concur with the highest estimates of Opus 101, with its flat-footed March and too long final movement, or of "*Les Adieux*," in which the "absence" is much more attractive than the "return" (to the tune of "Three Blind Mice"), the latter inherently possessing some of the more comic features of silent-film chase-music (the episode in G-flat major). My favorite middle-period Sonata is the slender one in F-sharp. I admire, too, the second movement of Opus 54; much is made of Haydn's influence, little of Bach's, yet the two-part counterpoint here is homage to Bach inferior only to that of the later fugues and later "*Diabelli*" Variations. Another small favorite is the G-major Sonata which follows the F-sharp. The *Barcarolle* is one of Beethoven's loveliest *Andante* movements; the *Vivace* is a delight, and the first movement is in Beethoven's best bucolic vein, a better example of it, in fact, than the *Scherzo* in the *Pastorale* Symphony, with which it begs comparison; but I should add that "country-western" music, even of the Austrian kind, does not get a look in with me. And now, having given my own, what, may I ask, do anyone's preferences matter? The Sonatas together, after a century and a half, still exhibit the "ageless spirit and undiminished breath of life" that Plutarch attributed to the works of the greatest age of the Greeks.

Opus 106

This mammoth Sonata resembles the later Quartet in the same key in its extraordinary fecundity, huge dimensions, and radical substance. Both works challenge our powers of absorption even now, in fact still await full appreciation from a future generation. In both, too, the radical music is largely confined to detachable final fugues: at least *I* prefer to come to the fugue in the Sonata with fresh ears, finding it diffuse otherwise (my memory being a kind of dead-letter office now, receiving but not transmitting). And in both, once again, the ultimate coherence of the entity is considered problematical, with less point in the case of the Sonata, despite the great difference in feeling of the first two movements from the last two, and of the last two from each other.

Much of the first movement could be included in my category of orchestral Sonatas: but not the canons, at least not when played with a clean, prickly staccato, as they are by Ashkenazy. The *Scherzo* offers previews of the *Scherzo* from the Quartet in E-flat, in the interruptions of the *Presto* movement and of the 2/4 movement, which is a Russian tune in the Sonata. The predictive is balanced by the retrospective, too, the B-flat minor canon at the octave quoting the "*Eroica*."

Spaciousness, the main novelty of the *Adagio*, is the main hazard for composers-to-come. The movement is the richest harmonically in all of the Sonatas, in so far as that element can be thought of separately, and the six-measure modulation to the second subject is the high point of the piece. As for the fugue, its prodigality is not only inexhaustible but exhausting; I will therefore content myself simply with the mention of one other resemblance to the fugue in the Quartet, which is that the loud and dissonant episodes are relieved by soft and consonant on[e]. . . three-layer linear style of the E[flat] episode (in *pianissimo* quarter[-note] points toward the Fugue in th[e] Sonata.

Opus 109 and Opus 11[1]

The three final Sonatas repr[esent] great ventilation in style—[what] more Augustan writer would d[escribe] as a rediscovery of the classical pi[ano]. Compression is more evident th[an] pansion, and a more controlled e[moti]on replaces the inconsolable feeling[s] of t[he] *Adagio* in Opus 106.

The formalism of the middle [mo]ment, like that of the similar-[sized] fu[gal] tion middle movement of Opus [10]0, anachronistic, hence the mo[st] seems to be of a different period [and] a different level than the rest [of] Sonata. The elimination of the [mid]dle movement in Opus 111 was predi[ctab]le but, then, "evolution" in the [Sona]ta amounts to the elimination of [a] great deal of what was formerly tho[ught] constitute a "sonata," from the [idea] contrasting themes and movem[ents] set character down to many oth[er] torical devices. Beethoven's path [of] covery tended, at the end, to lea[d] m[e] and more to contrapuntal means [of] phonic thematic developments [in] iv[e] way to thematic transformat[ion] variation and fugue.

The necessity of the return [of] hymn-subject of the variati[ons] reminder, and not the only one [of] "*Goldberg*" Variations—is the [dri]ving structural fact of the moveme[nt]: the long dominant (the entir[e] variation!) is its most striking [ar]tectural "detail." Suspense is ge[ner]ated by other means than the exploit[ation] of the dominant, of course, and [one] them is the meshing of metrica[l] 3/4 to 9/8 to 3/4, at the begin[ning] of the variation—this being a rel[ative] as well, of the proportionalized [scale] of the variations in Opus 111.

The third variation is a we[ak] not so much because of its too [ob]function of providing contrast, [but] cause the theme is inaccessible t[o] Hindemith-like treatment. The [con]puntal fifth variation, like th[e] period fugues—as early, though [in] fugal exposition near the end [of] last Violin Sonata—contains mos[t] Sonata's share of "modern" mu[sic].

Beethoven was apparently so [in] the Opus 109 hymn theme that I [can] hardly bear to abandon it. It re[turns]

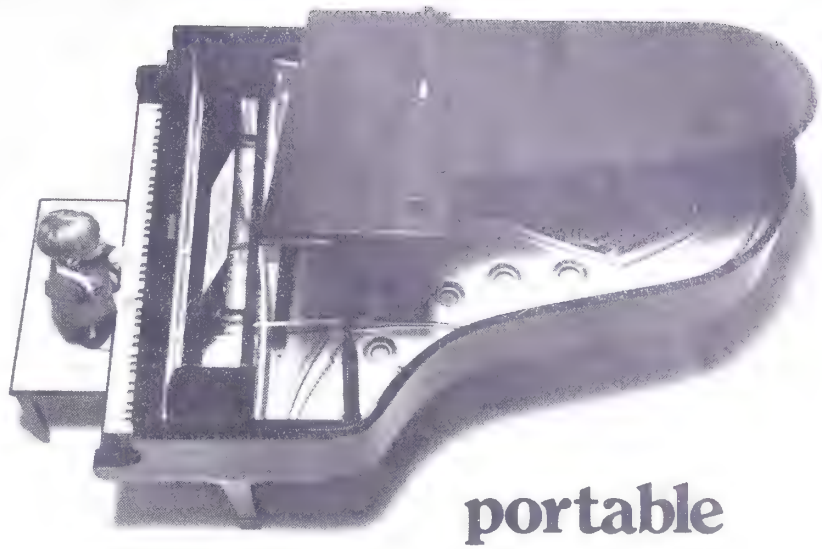
pus 110, in the form in which it
ks out in the "Bach-Partita" varia-
(No. II) of Opus 109, as the first
e, and the surprising number of
tements of it, strung together at
rent harmonic positions, is a fea-
of the movement. The *Allegro*
o movement, a masterpiece in and
self, may seem somewhat too pat
e context, for the reason I have
dy given in connection with the
le movement of Opus 109. But the
baffling event in the Sonata is that
e ten repeated G-chords leading
the second *Arioso* (the ancestor,
entally, of the "*Beklemmt*" episode
e *Cavatina* of Opus 130) to the in-
d form of the fugue. They occur on
ast third of each beat following
hirds' rest, but whereas the first
or three chords succeed in sustain-
n off-the-beat feeling—and in this
, looking back on them now, steal
of the silent thunder from
rn's Piano Variations—after that
become progressively, rapidly, and
rably dull.

e fugue is the pinnacle of the
a, but the marvel of it is in the
ance of the counterpoint and can-
described. On second thought (or
ver number it may have been)
oven decided on a different direc-
from ms. 15 of the C-minor en-
e of the subject. He rewrote the
27 ms. from there, and the can-
and final versions can now be
ared in the facsimile edition
ays Verlag, Stuttgart), an exercise
orth the eyestrain. At the end of
gue, incidentally, and thus of the
a, the dominant is delayed to very
effect.

Opus 111

hether the repeat in the first
movement is miscalculated—as I
it is, though I admit that the
pation of the Liszt sonata in the
may have influenced my judg-
-it is difficult to listen to the
ning twice. When, after complet-
e Sonata, Beethoven described the
as an unsatisfactory instrument,
t have been with the extremes of
the huge intervals and rumbling
of this movement in mind.

etta, the title of the variation
was once suspected of concealing
, in the line of the "*non troppo*
" in the sixth "*Diabelli*" varia-
manifestation of Beethoven the
herefore, to be looked up under a
formal heading in Professor



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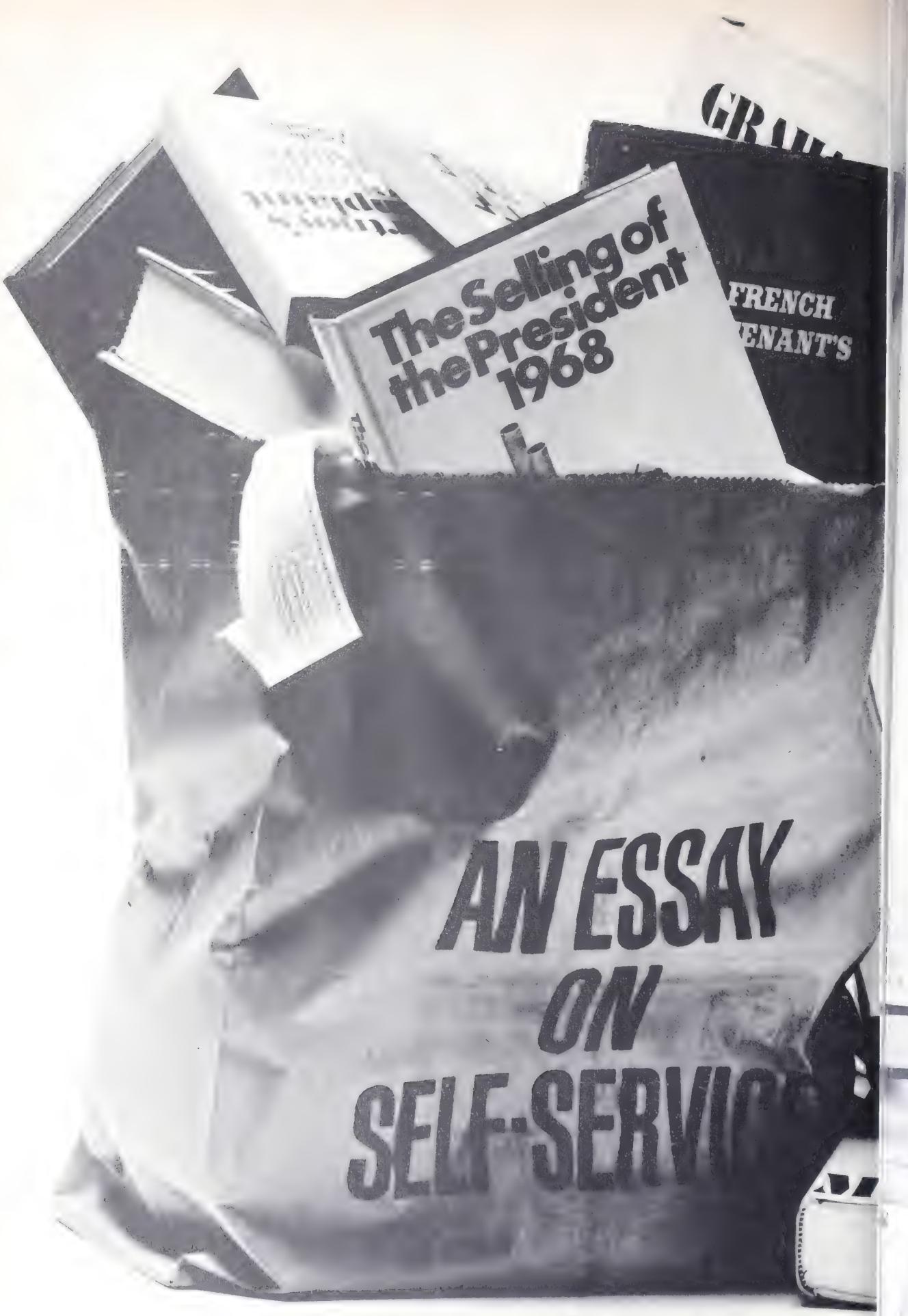
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The Peace Corps.

Nettl's *Beethoven Handbook*. And speaking of the "*Diabelli*" Variations, some of the direction of that work is discovered in the first variation of the Sonata (*cf.* the "adjacencies" in the bass part).

The rhythmic innovations are astonishing, above all in the boogie-woogie variation (No. III), but not more so than the new aspect of "time" itself (my sense of which I shall try to distinguish in a moment). The nexus between rhythm and "time" is pulsation (Hamlet's "My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time"); but whereas the metrical divisions of the variations change, 9/16 equaling 6/16 (*i.e.* the old dotted eighth equals the new eighth) equaling 12/32 equaling 6/16, the pulsation is constant. Ratios such as these, as well as far more complex, had been used long before Beethoven, of course, but never to such effect—an effect of continuity and of overarching unity compared to which the contrasts and complementarities of the variations in Opus 109 sound positively choppy.

But "time itself" is inconceivable. To predicate something about a time element in a piece of music is to say something about the music as a whole, our awareness of the passage of time in music being a result—a consequence of the musical ideas and their treatment—rather than a cause. Yet it seems to me that the listener's subjective reckonings of time-passage, his apprehensions of its pressures, limits, inevitabilities, are more apparent and more urgent factors here than ever before in music. (Which may simply be another way of saying that the music is tighter.)

Our mode of time perception in the variations was developed through and is inseparable from the evolution of the tonal system, by which notes of music, like

> *The Heavens themselves, the Planets, and this Centre*
> *Observe degree, priority and place . . .*

It is an evolution from linearism to an ever more versatile relativism (words whose *lack* of explanation I try to explain in the next paragraph), reaching a point in Beethoven himself where powers of tonality (powers of music) are a power of and over time. Thus he can suspend our sense of time-passage (in the time-vacuum trill-variation); or reduce it to near standstill (in the slow-motion E-flat variation, where, however, the enormous space between the two lines is a contributing effect); or postpone it through "perp ial turnings (the downward-drifting ndu lations) which, the unexpected b ing the expected, suddenly pivot th home key.

Beethoven's measurements wer nd imposed on a void, of course, b th antecedent developments and pro sse are too tedious to be reviewed er they involve some such argume that, before Beethoven, large form really only accretions of smaller which is why the time-scales of Ha Biblical epics and Mozart's oper elastic enough (if they are) to a modate lengthy cuts and interpola on But I lack the enterprise for such I am interested not in music histo in the *music* in music history, an tainly not in origins, developmen clines, or even in a "sonata for such a thing existed abstractly.

Beethoven's own time-sense universality that for the better p a century served as a kind of m Greenwich. But what I really me course, is the musical whole, wh why it hardly needs to be said tha clock trouble *was* eventually re at the Beethoven Greenwich, it cided with the challenge to the system's pretensions to a universa cal grammar.

This is not to say that the time in these translucent and transc variations has been either supe or invalidated by the pulverizat time in our own age, an age transience no longer seems to simple fact of life but something like a goal. No goal, of course, c further from Beethoven, who sou conquer transience by containin dynamically, in his own shapes, engineer channels a natural for

How will the boom in the cen business affect the composer Sonatas? The consumer might w the question as, herded by conc presarios, festival directors, manufacturers, he goes from de Berlioz to birth-of-Beethoven c tion years. But the answer is: not Novelties will be noisily taken from their—in Beethoven's case, well-deserved—places on the she put back again, more quietly, nex As for the *real* novelties, the perf ones including these Sonatas, 19 make no difference at all. They "consumed" as much after as the before, since they are part of our cal daily bread.

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tor Fred R. Harris

HE MAKING OF A MAJORITY

the Democrats have to make an uncomfortable appeal to conservatism and the
t in order to beat the Republicans?

Nixon Administration seems destined by
cedent to be the beginning of a new Repub-
a," wrote Kevin Phillips in his book, *The
ng Republican Majority.** The old Demo
majority coalition, he solemnly announced,
ken up for good. "The king is dead; long
king!"

Americans still worry about pollution, edu-
housing, and crime in the cities (after all,
a nation where 70 per cent of our people
ess than 3 per cent of the land) but, in this
Ir. Phillips chose to draw purely political
ons. "The GOP is particularly lucky," he
not to be weighted down with commitments
olitical blocs, power brokers, and poverty
onaires of the decaying central cities of the
ow that national growth is shifting to sub-
South, and the West."

kind of sober, self-assured analysis gave
e to many Republican professionals and
nore than a few battle-tough Democratic
to look apprehensively over their shoul-
om do the Democrats have left on their
illips claims they are the "Establishment"
-stocking" suburban types who make their
s "research directors, associate professors,
rkers, educational consultants, urbanolo-
velopment planners, journalists, brother-
ecutives, foundation staffers, communi-
pecialists, culture vendors, pornography
s, poverty theorists and so forth." The
tic team still includes the young and the
said, but its main constituents are the same
effectively ruined their chances in 1968:
s. "The principal force which broke up
the Democratic (New Deal) coalition is the Negro socioeconomic revolution. . . ."

If, as Phillips feels, the GOP is lucky enough not to be politically obligated to worry about the cities, then the growing political activity of black people is for the Republicans, as we used to say in Oklahoma, like finding a bird nest on the ground. For he wrote: "Substantial Negro support is not necessary to national Republican victory in light of the 1968 election returns. Obviously, the GOP can build a winning coalition without Negro votes." In fact, it is easier that way. "Indeed," Mr. Phillips declared, "Negro-Democratic mutual identification was a major source of Democratic loss . . . and Republican or American Independent party profit . . . in many sections of the nation."

Phillips views the "military-industrial complex" as a plus, not a minus. "For one thing," he wrote, "sun country in general and California in particular house a vast complex of military bases and defense plants," which, "logically tend to support patriotism, pentagon and paycheck." He goes on: "One of the greatest political myths of the decade —a product of liberal self-interest—is that the Republican party cannot attain national dominance without mobilizing 'liberal' support in the big cities, appealing to 'liberal' youth, empathizing with 'liberal' urbanization, gaining substantial Negro support, and courting the affluent young professional classes of suburbia."

Phillips' thesis then basically states that there exists a majority conservative coalition ready to be glued together permanently, consisting of 57 per cent of the combined 1968 vote received by President Nixon and Governor Wallace. To maintain this majority, the GOP should write off the industrial Northeast and concentrate on the people whom it is

on House, 1969

Fred R. Harris, 39, graduated from the University of Oklahoma with degrees in political science and law, and served in the State Senate before being elected to the U. S. Senate in 1964 and reelected in 1966. He is the author of Alarms and Hopes *and was chairman of the Democratic National Committee from January 1969 until his resignation in March 1970.*

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Senator Fred R. Harris

THE MAKING OF A MAJORITY

now fashionable to call "the unpoor, the unblack, and the unyoung" in the South and the suburbs.

Kevin Phillips is an intense young Harvard Law School graduate who, during the 1968 campaign, inked in his map sections and lined out his charts at the right hand of John Mitchell, the chief architect and head guard of the Nixon candidacy. One year later Mr. Phillips still sat at the right hand of the newly appointed Attorney General as his Special Assistant.

Soon after being published, *The Emerging Republican Majority* was selected by the Conservative Book Club and began to get a great deal of public attention. When liberal and moderate Republican Senators such as Jacob Javits of New York, Marlow Cook of Kentucky, and Charles McC. Mathias of Maryland began saying some unkind words about the book, GOP Chairman Rogers Morton came forward to disclaim the book as the work of a "clerk" whose ideas could not change the political profile of the country. But many Republicans continued to worry. Some actions of the new Administration appeared to be falling in line with Phillips' thesis. Even Chairman Morton had defended the Nixon slowdown on desegregation of schools fifteen years following *Brown vs. Board of Education*, saying, "Implementation of civil-rights laws had to be carried out at a rate equal to the public digestion process. Obviously, that rate is different in Vicksburg, Mississippi, than it is in Portland, Maine."

The Attorney General was said to have denied that such a "Southern strategy" existed, but it was Mitchell who recommended Clement F. Haynsworth and G. Harrold Carswell for the Supreme Court, who asked the Congress to water down the Voting Rights Act and the Supreme Court to approve a desegregation slowdown. President Nixon, when asked about the book at a press conference, passed it off with a chuckle and said, "I regret to say—and I hope this does not discourage sales of the book, which I understand are quite good—but I have not read the book."

In the same press conference, President Nixon said he was for the middle ground between "instant integration" and "desegregation forever," and, later, both conjured up and summoned out the "Silent Majority" to stifle dissent and display national unity on the Vietnam war. Vice President Agnew, too, tried to cool attention to the "Southern-strategy" theory. But he also bareknuckled it with the kids, the "effete corps of intellectual snobs," "the ideological eunuchs," and the biased Eastern television and press, choosing to speak loudest, by chance, in George Wallace's home country of Montgomery, Alabama.

"Under the circumstances," as *Fortune* magazine stated, "it seems permissible to question whether the Administration's leaders truthfully reject his theory, or merely are charmed that he has spelled it out with such candid cynicism. It may be that Phillips has done for Nixon the same dubious service that Machiavelli performed for Cesare Borgia—describing in naked words what his hero had all along been doing by instinct."

There are really *two* questions. Will it wo[rk]? the obvious one. Should it work? is the th[ird] Will it work? Several "minor" facts are a[gainst] it: the strategy makes pariahs of a lot of [people] such as Phillips' "associate professors" an[d] banologists" and "journalists" and "comm[uni]tions specialists," who, experience shows, ca[n] considerable impact on the opinions of othe[rs] the long pull. Such a distinctly conservativ[e] proved a disaster for Goldwater. It was r[ec]ently pointed out in *Commentary* magazine by [Co]lumbia Professor Andrew Hacker, a Republican, th[at] Republican burghers and bankers who do[n]'t like their party's politics would have to change a great deal before they would truly welcome meeting [at] shoulder-rubbing with the blue-collar men [and] votes they crave. George Wallace himself sh[ows] every sign of again being a candidate for Presi[dent] 1972 ("Nixon is doing what I advocated, [and] said I was unfit to be President"). But larger [fun]mental and structural defects exist in the [Phillips] grand design.

For one thing, it is not so easy to characte[rize] South and "Sun Belt" as so uniformly "co[n]servative" as they might once have been, or as M[r.] lips thinks them now. Professor Nelson Pol[sby] shown that over the last decade, for example[,] of the liberal Democratic Congressmen from [Texas] have represented the growing cities of H[ouston,] Galveston, Fort Worth, Austin, Beaumont, a[nd] Antonio," and that in the South and So[uth] "Republicans have replaced conservative De[mocrats] more often than they have replaced liberals." [In] a recent article, "The Liberal Republican De[feat]" in *The New Leader*, Democratic New Yo[rk] gressman Bertram L. Podell made the po[int] "a cursory look at new Southern faces" in t[he] House of Representatives shows that "almo[st] the Democrats are at least moderates, like [John] Pryor [Arkansas] and Nick Galifianakis [North] Carolina]." And the progressive Republica[n] Society calls attention to the fact that ". . . [two] the GOP's top Southern officeholders—in[clud]Governor Winthrop Rockefeller of Arkansa[s] tor Howard Baker of Tennessee, Cong[ress]man George Bush of Houston, and Mayor George[C.] of Birmingham, Alabama—have won by a[p]to just those groups that the Southern stra[te]jects." Atlanta recently chose a liberal Jewi[sh] ocrat, Sam Massell, as mayor in preferen[ce] less progressive Republican and elected [Black] man and a liberal Democrat, Maynard [Jackson] vice-mayor, over a conservative Republican.

The South is changing. Regular Democra[tic] Chairman of Alabama, Robert S. Vance, [has] launched new efforts to broaden the bas[e] party and bring in more blacks, recently m[aking] point in a speech in Huntsville, saying, "T[he] flicts and conditions which made reconcili[ation] Democrats impossible a few years ago are [now] changing. Old problems within this region [are] being resolved overnight, but democratic [progress] is being made. New leadership is arising—[co]alitions are being formed—new attitudes ar[e]

ape." Arkansas in the 1968 elections, at one and e same time, endorsed Independent George Wal- ce for President, moderate Republican Winthrop ockefeller for Governor, and dovish Democrat J. illiam Fulbright for Senator.

An openly conservative line or anything akin to racist appeal is already proving troublesome and ll soon prove very costly for the Republican party. r example, it writes off the entire state of Penn- vania, despite the fact that it has had a liberal-to- derate Republican Governor (Raymond Shafer), d two liberal Republican Senators, one of whom ichard Schweiker) was just elected to the Senate 1968, and the other (Hugh Scott) is the recently cted Republican leader in the Senate—all of them, her understandably, have tried to dissociate mselves from the movement to the right of the ublican party. Such an appeal ignores the fact t most of the Republican Senators who have come he Senate since I have been there (Brooke, Percy, weiker, Saxbe, Goodell, Cook, and McC. Ma- is), as well as a substantial number of more ior Republican Senators (Javits, Cooper, and e), and, indeed, Senate Republican Leader Scott Assistant Leader Robert Griffin of Michigan, find it increasingly impossible to survive under label of an openly conservative Republican y. When the GOP was not in control of the te House, it was easier for its Presidential can- te to fuzz up his position without angering r Strom Thurmond or Jack Javits on the issue ace, or John Tower or John Sherman Cooper he issue of ABM. It is much more difficult now. epublican attempts at a national conservative ition are causing severe stresses on party unity. early indicated by the angry and anguished out- already heard from liberal and moderate Re- icans in the Senate. Though it is not my role to se the opposition, I would just point out that liberal wing of their party, while not yet inant, is growing and is already too large to be red except at serious peril to the future of the e GOP. Thus, another serious flaw in the Phil- trategy. He calmly wrote that "perhaps several n Republicans and Independents from Maine Oregon to Fifth Avenue" might be lost to the blican Presidential candidate because of his mmendations. The Ripon Society has calcu- that this planned loss (which sounds a lot to ke the late *Saturday Evening Post* purposely ng off millions of their subscribers) would re- Nixon's 43 per cent vote in 1968 to 40 per cent. his, coupled with what Phillips would then to pick up from the Wallace vote, would only nt to a "cliff-hanging fifty and a half per cent ity—hardly the stuff of which political dy- s are made."

llips and other like-minded Republicans are than a little incautious in basing so much of ong-range plans and projections solely on the election. If one feels that 1968 was a typical le from which to generalize about the direc- olitics is heading in America, then he must el that the awful divisiveness of the Vietnam war and the urban black riots and the mostly white student disorders, as well as the "throw-the-rascals out" baggage which Vice President Humphrey carried in 1968, will continue to be with us for the foreseeable future, but in the next election will somehow work to the advantage of the incumbent. Or, do Mr. Phillips and others who agree with him feel that these were not major factors in the election which finally brought Nixon into office, even as his standing was declining while Humphrey's was increasing at the end? Nixon had the smallest percentage of the popular vote since Woodrow Wilson's election in 1912, and was inaugurated President at the same time as both houses of Congress were being organized by the opposition party, a situation obtaining for the first time since Zachary Taylor's election in 1848.

Democrats were elected in five of the seven 1969 special Congressional elections, picking up a net of three previously Republican seats, two of which, in Wisconsin and Massachusetts, had never been held by Democrats in this century. On the state level, two Republican Governors were elected in the previously Democratic states of New Jersey and Virginia, one of which, it will be noted, is in the Northeast region which Phillips finds generally expendable. And locally, one saw mostly Democratic results in the mayors' races, specifically in Cleveland, Buffalo, Toledo, Pittsburgh, Atlanta, Louisville, and Seattle.

Can one really, then, take President Nixon's 43 per cent and Governor Wallace's 14 per cent of the vote in 1968 and total them up to a Republican majority? Not if there is real regard for the facts. Especially not if one is realistic about Mr. Wallace's 14 per cent.

The fact is that Governor Wallace made strong endorsements of labor unions and the right of collective bargaining, demanded massive increases in Social Security benefits, and advocated important and meaningful tax reform—and these were by no means all of the nonconservative positions which he took. In my own state, a national pollster recently ran a poll in which the persons interviewed

ON EACH JOURNEY
by W. S. Merwin

As on each journey there is
a silence that goes with it
to its end let us go
with each other
though the sun with its choirs of distance
rises between us though it
were to hang there the past like a day
that would burn unmoved forever
and only we went on
each alone each with nothing
but a silence

Senator Fred R. Harris

THE MAKING OF A MAJORITY

were quite accurate in listing all major political figures in either liberal, conservative, or moderate columns, but were confused about how to list Mr. Wallace; one-third thought he was conservative, one-third thought he was liberal, and one-third was unable to say which he was. In the same poll, a majority of those Democrats who said they had supported Senator Eugene McCarthy prior to the Democratic nomination stated that they had thereafter voted for Mr. Wallace in the general election. A Michigan State University survey has indicated that a large number of those who voted for Senator McCarthy in the New Hampshire primary either was not aware of or did not agree with his Vietnam position, and a national magazine found that steelworkers in Gary, Indiana, who had supported Senator Robert Kennedy in the primary, were leaning after his death toward Mr. Wallace.

What does all this mean? It means that some of those who voted for Mr. Wallace in 1968 did so as much because of some of his progressive populist positions as for racist reasons. It also means that, in 1968, there was a large body of feeling in America against the way things were and against the people who were running things, and that at least some part of the appeal of Senator McCarthy, the late Senator Kennedy, and Mr. Wallace resulted from the belief that these three intended to change the status quo and were fighting against those who were in power. A conservative party and an incumbent President would do well, then, to delay enumerating the poultry prior to the hatching process, or however we used to say it in Oklahoma. One might more easily and with more reason add up enough voters for a majority by totaling Vice President Humphrey's 41 per cent of the 1968 vote with the populist portion of Mr. Wallace's 1968 percentage. There are those who say that to counter the more conservative Republican appeal, the Democrats, too, must slick down their hair and make a courting call on the Rightists. I do not agree, and that brings us to the second question concerning the new Republican strategy: *should* it work?

I remember, late in the 1968 Presidential campaign, in Portland, Oregon, George Ball and I and Vice President Humphrey were sitting in Humphrey's suite, discussing the Vietnam speech he was to make three days later in Salt Lake City. We had just returned from a rally at which a small group had, as had so often been true throughout the campaign, skillfully heckled the Vice President, ruining the impact and news reports of an otherwise successful meeting. Vice President Humphrey was badly depressed, and he said out loud for the first time that he doubted he could be elected.

Up to that time, the Vice President had been receiving two different kinds of campaign advice. One group of the Vice President's campaign intimates regularly studied the opinion polls and brought forth the revealed truth like soothsayers reading chicken entrails. They frequently alluded to what they called the "non-marching majority," whose average member was supposed to have 2.2 childr 1.3 cars, two-thirds of a boat, a mortgaged $13,(house on which the payments were $73 per mo and a television set, one half of which was colore or some such statistics. They could rattle off average man's views on every subject with eq assurance, and so the proper campaign plan obvious to them: "Nixon and Wallace know t man; hit him with the old 'law and order,' hawk axe handle," whatever the Vice President's perso views.

There were others who strongly disagreed. I one of these. So was Mr. Humphrey, but that not stop the soothsayers from continuing to w him over. Sitting there in Portland late that ni after everyone else had gone to bed, we talked ab these things. I complimented him on a courage civil-liberties speech he had made at a Califor state labor convention two days before and on h the delegates had cheered him. The speech hit h at the fact that the next President would determ by his Supreme Court appointments whether rec advances would be wiped out. We talked, then. Adlai Stevenson and about how he had died one America's most honored public men because he h spoken out forthrightly on the issues, had poin the way for America, and had served to help k the country from going into the dark ages of re tion at a time when grown men trembled when late Senator Joseph McCarthy spoke.

"I don't have to be President, and I may be," I remember the Vice President saying, tak strength from his own words. "But I'm going to the right thing, and I'm going to say what ne to be said." Pandering to the baser fears and pre dices which lurk within us is not what Preside are for. Officials, candidates, and political par have a higher duty, a duty to lead, to search gather up, and shout forth a better vision of c selves. We do not only need someone to tell us w we look like when we are at our worst. We n someone to help us see what we can be. That is w is most wrong with the Phillips doctrine. It is moral.

You cannot turn your back on black people the problems of the central cities, you cannot fuse to stand up for the poor and hungry, with calling into question your reason for existing a political party. Further, it is important to n that Vice President Humphrey began to go up the polls after his Salt Lake City speech in wh he took a stronger stand for peace in Vietnam.

When you are right it rings true. "More imp tant than winning the election is governing the tion. That is the test of a political party—the ac final test." Adlai Stevenson said in accepting Democratic nomination at Chicago in 1952, a while it may not be technically true that, as Thor Jefferson said, "one man with courage is a jority," he will eventually win over the majo if he is right. If you question that, you quest whether our system will really work and whet people are smart enough and decent enough to g ern themselves.

Seymour M. Hersh

A Report on the Massacre and its Aftermath

MY LAI 4

I. "YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT"

It must have been a beautiful area, Quang Ngai Province, before the war. Situated on the northeast coast of South Vietnam, its green rice paddies and fertile farmlands stretch in a plain from the rolling foothills of the Ammanese Mountains east to the smooth white sand beaches of the South China Sea.

But the mountains—at some points less than ten miles inland—also provided a perfect haven for revolutionaries. The people of Quang Ngai have a history of rebellion dating back to the sixteenth century; it was there that Vietminh troops led revolts against the French in the 1930s and after World War II; and it was there that the Viet Cong fought the Saigon government in the 1950s and 1960s.

When Vietnam was partitioned in 1954, after the defeat of the French, Saigon officials estimated that 90,000 southerners went north to join the Hanoi regime. More than 90 per cent of them came from Quang Ngai and a neighboring province. By the mid-1960s Quang Ngai's population was estimated at 640,000; it was South Vietnam's third-largest province. It was also considered the toughest Viet Cong stronghold in the country.

Attempts to separate the Viet Cong from the people had begun in earnest early in 1962, when the Saigon government launched its Strategic Hamlet Program, later known as "pacification" or "rural construction." Whole families were uprooted and moved into fortified hamlets; if they refused to go, units of the South Vietnamese Army burned their homes and fields. The program was a failure; it embittered the peasants and did little to

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drive the Viet Cong out of the area. Those civilians living inside fortified hamlets were still in contact with the National Liberation Front, the political arm of the Viet Cong, and the gates and walls of strategic hamlets were often scribbled with Viet Cong slogans of defiance.

Quang Ngai, not unnaturally, became the target for the first major American combat operation of the Vietnam war. The mission, conducted by the U. S. Marines in 1965, was called "Operation Starlight" and more than 700 Viet Cong were reported killed. General William C. Westmoreland, commander of the U. S. forces in Vietnam, later boasted that the Marines "could meet and beat any force they might encounter."

The Marines were given the job of freeing Quang Ngai and its people from Communist control. To help them, a new concept of pacification was devised. As explained by a senior officer in early 1966: "We've been told by our superiors that in many areas there isn't any chance of pacifying the people, so instead we've got to sanitize our region—kill the Viet Cong and move the civilians out. We are not going to be able to make the people loyal to our side. So we are going to sterilize the area until we can win it back." American military men began quoting Mao Tse-tung to the effect that in guerrilla warfare the guerrillas are the fish and the people are the water. The officers talked of catching the fish by removing the water.

By this time much of Quang Ngai, as well as many other provinces, had been declared a "free-fire zone," in which all civilians were automatically suspected of being Viet Cong or Viet Cong sympathizers. The U. S. forces did not need to get approval from Saigon or local officials before staging bombing missions and artillery attacks. Tens of thousands of tons of bombs, rockets, napalm, and cannon fire were poured into the free-fire zones during much of 1965, '66, and '67. Often a pilot would find himself left with some bombs or other ordnance after a mission and simply drop them on a likely-looking target. Artillery units devised a fire concept known as Harassment and Interdiction, in which rounds of artillery were fired at irregular intervals at no targets in particular.

Yet the Viet Cong continued their hold on Quang Ngai.

In the spring of 1967, a new task force was assembled under command of the Marines and ordered anew to sanitize the Communists in the area. Known as Task Force Oregon, it included two infantry brigades, one airborne unit, and a brigade of Korean Marines. In four months of military operations, Task Force Oregon claimed a kill of 3,300 Viet Cong, and said it had captured 800 weapons and arrested 5,000 suspects in the area. By then, as a side effect of the two years of U. S. operations in Quang Ngai, at least 138,000 civilians had been made homeless and brought into refugee camps and about 70 per cent of the homes and huts in the province had been destroyed by bombs, shells, or fire. Some infantry platoons formed a "Zippo Squad"—named after the cigarette lighter—to handle the burning of homes and huts during hamlet sweeps. By the fall of 1967, the only government hospital in the province was treating more than 700 patients a month in its 400-bed facility. Hundreds of patients were overcrowding wards and corridors; hundreds more could not get in.

In September, combat operations in Quang Ngai were handed over to a newly formed unit known as the Americal Division, which was composed of three brigades—the 196th, which had served as part of Task Force Oregon, and two new fighting teams, the Eleventh Brigade from Schofield Barracks, H and the 198th Brigade from Fort Hood, Texas. Many senior officers of the new division came from Fort Ho pressly to serve in the new headquarters under the comm Major General Samuel W. Koster. A West Pointer, Kost the rare opportunity to put together his own commanc and selected a number of his classmates and friends to serv him.

There were many rag-tag aspects to the new divisi was not an elite fighting force, and thus did not warra helicopters and armored equipment of an airborne divis cavalry brigade. There was serious squabbling and comp among the three brigades making up the division; ma chose to wear the patch of their brigade and not the ne sion patch. For many brigade and battalion officers new division, Vietnam was a chance to put in some c duty, earn battle ribbons, then come back with the c experience they thought was vital to future promotion. time the desire to see combat was so high among th grade officers—majors and above—that each was limited months' duty.

The majority of troops in the front-line combat unit draftees. They knew little about Vietnam and usually less. And, although ranking officers would deny it in they themselves had little use for the average combat G former Americal Division colonel, talking later about the one of the division's task forces, said, "When you tal bunch of task-force nothings—you're talking about a bu guys who don't know anything. They're dumb dogface other Vietnam officer said, "We are at war with the ten-y children. It may not be humanitarian, but that's what it'

The Army's effort to educate GIs on the rights of pr consisted in 1968 of two hours of instruction a year. GIs who were assigned to South Vietnam got an additio hours of training upon arrival, plus a wallet-sized card "The Enemy in Your Hands," which told soldiers: " treat your prisoners humanely."

The average GI's ignorance of Vietnamese customs palling, and the Army did little to educate them. The Vi bound soldiers were given—at the most—only one lectures on the country and its people while in trainin Claire Culhane, a Canadian who served as a tuberculosis volunteer in Quang Ngai City in 1967-68, later describ GIs assigned to pacification projects would often compl the Vietnamese didn't care about their own children. The say that the mothers tried to leave them behind wh were being evacuated. "Saw it with my own eyes," one "A woman hopped up on the chopper after setting h down on the ground. When I picked it up and hand her, she shouted and pointed to the ground and woul cept the baby from me." The GI didn't know that a woman in Quang Ngai believes it is unlucky to carry across a threshold, and so she always sets the baby dow across, and then reaches back and picks it up—in a sing movement. Another GI claimed that "you can't help thes They like to live like pigs in hovels, and even when yo them new houses, they won't live in them." What *h* know, however, was that according to the custom in th married women had to live in houses with full, doubl roofs. The new GI-built units were attached, single-slo

ated tin-roofed huts. Since most of the peasant women were widows, they refused to move in.

Even worse than the misunderstandings were the deliberate alties and implicit assumptions of superiority on the part of Americans. The pacification policy called for the free provi- of medical care and medicines to the civilian population. in practice, visits by medical teams to any hamlet were erally infrequent, and only two days' supply of medicine ld be given each patient out of fear that the excess would into Viet Cong hands. Vietnamese were provided with new es when they entered a U. S. military hospital, so the staff ld have less trouble identifying them. Thus a civilian who an eye was called, for example, "Bubbles," "Ohio," or lops." All U. S. hospitals had to keep 35 per cent of their empty in case of an emergency involving American alties; this rule was adhered to even in areas where the local ian populace was in desperate need of medical help. Few ericans paid any attention to the names of hamlets and vil-s, many of them centuries old, and devised their own titles, h often found their way onto official military maps.

oung GIs soon learned that there were Army names for namese too: gook, dink, and slope. One battalion com-der in Vietnam named his helicopter the "Gookmobile" listed his kills on the fuselage with a neatly painted row of al hats. Another helicopter pilot stalked Vietnamese in free-ones, shooting at anyone who moved below with his pistol rifle. Another called his helicopter the "Slope-toter." One de commander ran a contest to celebrate his unit's 10,000th y kill. The winning GI received a week's pass to stay in the el's personal quarters. Many battalions staged contests g their rifle companies for the highest score in enemy with the winning unit getting additional time for passes. very officer liked what he was doing. "I am sickened by the bers of people we have killed and kept killing all year," one commander, after completing a tour of Vietnam in 1968, a reporter. "This is not my concept of a soldier's career, illing, killing, killing." But he did it nonetheless.

nong the highly touted colonels in Vietnam in 1967-68 George S. Patton III, son of the famous World War II ; who was commander of the Eleventh Armored Cavalry nent just south of Quang Ngai. His unit had the motto: the bastards and pile on." He would exhort his men be-combat by telling them, "I do like to see the arms and ly." He once told his staff: "The present ratio of 90 per illing to 10 per cent pacification is just about right." a celebrated Christmas in 1968 by sending cards reading: a Colonel and Mrs. George S. Patton III–Peace on Earth." ned to the cards were color photographs of dismembered Cong soldiers stacked in a neat pile.

nilitary physician who served with Patton later recalled: y experience, Patton was neither the best nor the worst military there. He is simply the product of the misbe- and misguided idea that a single-minded dedication to de-on is to be highly rewarded." When Patton left Vietnam, ew a farewell party at which he frolicked with a peace me- around his neck while carrying the polished skull of a ong with a bullet hole above the left eye. When a Congress-ter read an account of that party and of some of Patton's ents in *The New York Times Magazine,* he privately the Pentagon to complain. He received a reply twenty days later from a major general, airily brushing aside the Congressman's concern and giving a candid view of the leeway provided combat officers in Vietnam:

> *Colonel Patton was commanding a unit in combat. In carrying out his mission he properly had the safety and well-being of his men in mind. This concern is dramatized by consideration of the fact that his regiment averaged eight to ten average enemy contacts each week, inflicting heavy casualties on the enemy at a very low cost to his own men. In discussions with the members of his regiment he emphasized that combat was a kill-or-be-killed environment and used the phrase that he liked to see arms and legs fly to point this up.*
>
> *At a party given in his honor on the occasion of his departure from Vietnam, he was presented with a peace medallion. This medallion is the unofficial insignia of the platoon of the 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment that had the best combat record of any unit in the regiment. He was also presented with an old skull that obviously had been retrieved from the jungle.*

In September 1969, Colonel Patton's promotion to brigadier general of the U. S. Army was approved by the U. S. Senate. He was one of the youngest officers to achieve that high rank.

To the inexperienced GIs and their inexperienced officers, life seemed cheap in Quang Ngai. "If you can shoot artillery and bombs in there every night," one Americal Division soldier said, "how can the people in there be worth so much?" A favorite joke heard repeatedly among the Marines in Quang Ngai went something like this: The loyal Vietnamese should all be taken and put out to sea in a raft. Everybody left in the country should then be killed, and the nation paved over with concrete, like a parking lot. Then the raft should be sunk.

Some of the contempt was inevitable, a by-product of trying to conduct military operations in an area controlled by the Viet Cong by night, and no one by day. As many as one third of the Americal Division's casualties in some periods resulted from enemy mines and booby traps. The Viet Cong were always hard to find for the troops of the Americal Division, but the people were not. Bombs and artillery were now being called in to destroy villages in retaliation for sniper fire—or reports of sniper fire. The Vietnamese reciprocated the contempt. One British photographer traveled with units of the Americal in late 1967, and later wrote: "In other parts of the country, children would quite often grin at you and beg gum. Not in Quang Ngai. They wouldn't look you in the eyes. They would hiss the Americans, and it upset the young conscripts, who'd been told to expect a great welcome from the people they were defending."

The infantry's basic tactic by then was a refined search-and-destroy method known informally as the scorched-earth policy. The technique was best described in a letter sent home by a GI to his family and later published in his local newspaper:

> *Dear Mom and Dad:*
>
> *Today we went on a mission and I am not very proud of myself, my friends, or my country. We burned every hut in sight!*
>
> *It was a small rural network of villages and the people were incredibly poor. My unit burned and plundered their meager possessions. Let me try to explain the situation to you.*
>
> *The huts here are thatched palm leaves. Each one has a dried mud bunker inside. These bunkers are to protect the families. Kind of like air-raid shelters.*

My unit commanders, however, chose to think that these bunkers are offensive. So every hut we find that has a bunker, we are ordered to burn to the ground.

When the ten helicopters landed this morning, in the midst of these huts, and six men jumped out of each "chopper," we were firing the moment we hit the ground. We fired into all the huts we could. Then we got "on line" and swept the area.

It is then that we burn these huts and take all men old enough to carry a weapon and the choppers come and get them.... Everyone is crying, begging, and praying that we don't separate them and take their husbands and fathers, sons and grandfathers. The women wail and moan. Then they watch in terror as we burn their homes, personal possessions, and food. Yes, we burn all rice and shoot all livestock.

Some of the guys are so careless! Today a buddy of mine called, "La dai" *("Come here") into a hut and an old man came out of the bomb shelter. My buddy told the old man to get away from the hut and since we have to move quickly on a sweep, just threw a hand grenade into the shelter.*

As he pulled the pin the old man got excited and started jabbering and running toward my buddy and the hut. A GI, not understanding, stopped the old man with a football tackle just as my buddy threw the grenade.... After he threw it, and was running for cover, we all heard a baby crying from inside the shelter.

There was nothing we could do....

After the explosion we found the mother, two children (ages about six and twelve, boy and girl) and an almost newborn baby. That is what the old man was trying to tell us!

Often, such victims were included in the day's statistics as enemy kills. The GIs in Quang Ngai had a joke for that practice too: "Anything that's dead and isn't white is a VC."

What, perhaps, would happen inadvertently in the beginning became routine. Terry Reid of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, spent much of 1968 serving with the Eleventh Brigade of the Americal Division near Chu Lai, the division headquarters a few miles north of Quang Ngai City. The indiscriminate slaughter of Vietnamese women and children was commonplace in his unit. "Our company was credited with hundreds of kills," Reid told a reporter. "In the first firefight our company encountered, my platoon alone accounted for forty kills. Yet no one in my platoon saw a [Viet Cong] body. But I witnessed many civilians being shot down like clay pigeons."

On one assault, Reid said, some GIs were killed in a mine accident and his unit retaliated by killing sixty civilians—women, children, and old men. "After all this was done, word came up from the captain at the rear that no women were to be shot. If they don't clarify this—'No women are to be shot'—it is free game." He explained that all young Vietnamese "are supposed to be in the Army. If you see one and he is not... he is free game to be shot." One day, he added, "we saw a young man in a rice paddy with a water buffalo. Since he did not belong there, one of our men shot him. We found no gun near him, but he wasn't supposed to be there. After you kill your first innocent civilian, you tell yourself you are doing the right thing. Everyone else is doing it, so you do it too. You know you are doing it and can't turn back." Reid remembered one GI who refused to carry out an order, believing he would be imprisoned and sent out of the unit. He was court-martialed, busted a few grades in rank, and sent back to rejoin his old platoon.

"To me," the ex-GI said, "the war was being ambushed every three to five days, being left with scores of wounded GIs, and then coming right back at the enemy by going into an inno village, destroying and killing people."

Reid spoke out in November 1969 only after he had ac accounts of how another element of his brigade—the Elever had perpetrated the wholesale slaughter of the hamlet of My Lai 4 northeast of Quang Ngai City. Before seeing the fir stories, Reid said, he had tried to put it all out of his mind

Most GIs simply weren't talking about such things earli

When *The New Yorker* correspondent Jonathan Schell wa touring Quang Ngai Province in the late summer of 1967, h wrote later, a GI who was driving him around in a jeep sud denly turned and said, "You wouldn't believe the things tha go on in this war."

"What things?" Schell asked.

"You wouldn't believe it."

"What kind of things, then?"

"You wouldn't believe it, so I'm not going to tell you," th G said, shaking his head no. "No one's ever going to find out a bo some things, and after this war is over, and we've all gone ho no one is ever going to know."

II. CHARLIE COMPANY

Charlie Company, First Battalion, Twentieth Infantry, m to Vietnam in December 1967. Its men, like GIs i a combat units, considered themselves to be part of the ele and toughest outfit in the newly formed Eleventh Bri Since December 1966, the brigade had been readying sta for Vietnam at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii; when the d let came to move out, Charlie Company was named to lea th advance party.

Captain Ernest L. Medina, the thirty-three-year-old fo ni enlisted man who was the company's commanding office wa proud of his men. "We became the best company in th ba talion. We took every award—athletics, the company-of th month trophy." Medina's hustle had earned him the nick-na "Mad Dog," a term that many of his company would use an when complaining about the captain's love of marchin- an field duty. Originally, the nickname was meant as a compli en Medina's men were wiping out a mock Communist agg sor unit during exercises in Hawaii when one officer broke the radio to proclaim, as he thought a Viet Cong might, le "Mad Dog Medina." After that, Medina would walk int th officers' club and people would say, "Hey, Mad Dog, ho d you?" Medina took it as a joke.

The captain was enthusiastic about killing Viet Cong in mock battles. He was anxious to go to Vietnam to help in war he believed in. But there was a personal reason, to h career. A Mexican-American, he was born into pove Springer, New Mexico, in 1936. His mother died when h w an infant and he was raised in a hard-working ranchin an farming community in Montrose, Colorado, on the western of the Colorado Mountains. When he was sixteen, he lied a his age to enlist in the National Guard, and then the from the very first he wanted to make the military a car 1964, after eight years in the infantry, he became an graduating with honors from the Officers' Candidate Sch Fort Benning, Georgia, and stayed on for two years to as an instructor. He wrote a school paper on "Meteoro

ts on the 4.2-in. Mortar Shell." In 1966 he was promoted otain and made a company commander. By all accounts he in excellent officer. Lieutenant Colonel Edward C. Beers, erved above Medina as commanding officer of the First Bat- in Hawaii and in Vietnam, personally considered him the outstanding officer in his command. "He is a good Army

edina's promotion to captain had been quick and easy, but to major would be more difficult because, as he said, he 't have enough education." Vietnam offered him his best e, and he wanted to make the most of it.

was off to a good start. Putting together a first-rate fighting was no easy feat in 1966. As always, the men assigned to try units were those who, upon entering service, performed y on the various Army qualification and aptitude examina- GIs scoring average and above were most usually assigned upport or training unit to become, for example, clerk-typ- r computer technicians. In Vietnam, there were as many as support troops for each combat soldier in the field. Most of en in Charlie Company had volunteered for the draft; only had gone to college for even one year. Nearly half were with a few Mexican-Americans. Most were eighteen to y-two years old. The favorite reading matter of Charlie any, like that of other line infantry units in Vietnam, was books. Thirteen of the 130 men had not done well enough Army's basic intelligence tests to qualify for service, but een accepted under a new program, Project 100,000, en- l by Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara, which led remedial education for those who would otherwise e eligible for the Army. But as it worked out, none of the t 100,000 men in Charlie Company had been exposed further education before getting shipped to Vietnam.

ere was a decided advantage for Medina in not having ip of college graduates under his command: Charlie Com- was a "grunt" unit; its men were the foot soldiers, the oes," who understood they were to take orders, not ques- nem. In Hawaii, Medina had been fair but tough, handing sciplinary penalties when needed but sticking up for his n many occasions. Charlie Company respected and admired otain. "He did everything for his men," Henry Pedrick Jr., meda, California, said. "When we had chow in the field, listed men ate before the officers... all the time. His men came first." Michael Bernhardt of Franklin Square, York, was impressed by Medina's "tremendous grip on his He was so hard-core." Medina could outwalk anybody in mpany. "He was hard," William Wyatt of Oklahoma City That's the way you got to do it."

body in the unit, however, admired Medina as much as m L. Calley, Jr., then a twenty-four-year-old second lieu- from Miami who was serving as a platoon leader. Medina varthy, powerfully built, and commanded respect; Calley oyish-looking, five-foot, three-inches tall, and unsure of f. No sergeant would dare cross Medina in public; but 's chief noncommissioned officer, Sergeant Isaiah Cowen, een-year veteran from Columbia, South Carolina, was al- rguing with Calley in front of the men.

pite these differences, Calley and Medina had much in on: they both wanted to make the military a career. Calley nked out of Palm Beach Junior College in 1963 after g four Fs. By his own admission, he came from an emo- tionally cold family, one that had never been close. His high-school friends had called him "Rusty," a nickname that stayed with him. There was nothing relaxed about him; he began smoking three to four packages of cigarettes a day and by the age of nineteen he was treated for a stomach ulcer. After leaving college, Calley worked as a bellhop and then briefly as a restaurant dishwasher before becoming a switchman for the then strike-bound East Coast Railway. He made the local newspapers in 1964 when police in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, arrested him for allowing a forty-seven-car freight train to block traffic for nearly thirty minutes during rush hour at several downtown intersections. He was later exonerated. Facing a bleak future, he saved some money, bought a car, and in 1965 left Florida, heading west. His friends didn't hear from him again for nearly three years; some thought he was dead. He wandered around for a year—one of his jobs then was taking photographs for an insurance-adjustment agency—before enlisting in the Army in July 1966 while in Albuquerque, New Mexico. He quickly found roots as an enlisted man, and was pleased when the Army—despite his poor academic record—decided he would make good officer material. He graduated from the Officers' Candidate School at Fort Benning without learning how to read a map properly.

If there is any consensus among former members of Calley's platoon in Vietnam, it is amazement that the Army considered Calley officer material. Allen Boyce of Bradley Beach, New Jersey, an eighteen-year-old rifleman at the time of the massacre, said that "everybody used to joke about Calley. He was one of those guys they just take off the street." Rennard Doines of Fort Worth, Texas, thought that Calley constantly tried to impress Medina. "He was always trying to be the big man; always would be the one to beat them [the Vietnamese] up. He didn't know what was going on half the time." Charles W. Hall of Columbus, Ohio, was one of Calley's machine gunners: "Calley also reminded me of a kid, a kid trying to play war." Hall added that Calley, apparently trying to impress his men, once told them that he had worked as a private detective in Miami—perhaps thinking of his work for an insurance adjuster. "We all called him 'Surfside 5½' "—a reference to a once-popular television private-eye series known as *Surfside 6*.

Many men in the company said that the captain would sometimes refer to Calley as "Sweetheart"; some thought it was a mocking reference, others described it as just a nickname. Gary Garfolo of Stockton, California, recalled that Medina "didn't show any respect for Calley; it was kind of hard for anybody else to show respect." Roy L. Wood of Richmond, Virginia, a rifleman in Calley's platoon, believed that "Medina didn't like Calley. Calley was always doing things wrong . . . never right. I wondered sometimes how he got through OCS; he couldn't read no darn map and a compass would confuse his ass." Robert E. Maples of Freehold, New Jersey, said that Calley was always trying to "do things that would make him out to be a hero. That's what he tried to do—be a good boy in front of the captain. I just couldn't make it out . . . why he always had to try to make something out of himself he wasn't. He was always trying to be the first one."

Daniel E. Zeigler of Santa Barbara, California, served with Calley's platoon until he, Zeigler, was seriously injured in a mine accident in mid-February. He remembers that the men in his platoon mocked the young officer, but followed his orders. A favorite Calley expression was "I'm the boss." Sergeant Cowen,

a Negro who bitterly argued about tactics with Calley throughout their stay in Vietnam, later commented that Calley "was my superior officer and I had to follow him whether I wanted to or not. Personal opinions don't enter into it; you can't have any ifs, ands, or buts about it, you have to go with your officers."

The other key sergeant in the first platoon,* David Mitchell of St. Francisville, Louisiana, was also a Negro. Mitchell was widely disliked in his platoon, however, for his arrogance.

In Charlie Company, the whites and blacks usually kept to themselves, as happened in most units in Vietnam. To Roy Wood, a black Southerner, "it seemed like some of those whites didn't want to be bothered too much with us." Other Negroes noted that Medina surrounded himself with whites in his headquarters group who manned radios and helped to run the company. Harry Stanley, born in Gulfport, Mississippi, a quick-witted Negro, had learned Vietnamese on his own while in Vietnam; in fact, he was convinced that he could speak Vietnamese more fluently than white members of the company who had studied it in Army language school. Yet, it was not until Medina left the company in July 1968 that Stanley got a chance to demonstrate this ability. On the whole, however, Charlie Company saved its antagonism for the Vietnamese. "There wasn't any prejudice in that whole company," said Herbert Carter of Houston, Texas, a Negro. "The government ought to take some pictures of us and say: 'Hey, these guys got along good—at least they killed together.' "

If there was any reason for what began to happen to Charlie Company, it was not too much combat—but too little. The company had conducted some search-and-destroy missions around Eleventh Brigade headquarters at Duc Pho shortly after arriving in Vietnam, with no real enemy contact. Its expectations rose when the brigade, with more units arriving every day from Hawaii, took over responsibility from the South Korean Marines for monitoring an area 40 miles to the north. The 150-square-mile area included parts of the embattled Quang Ngai Province east of Highway One to the South China Sea coast. To continue search-and-destroy operations in the zone, the brigade set up Task Force Barker, a tiny ad hoc unit composed of one company from each of the three battalions in the brigade. The ultimate parent unit of this force, headed by and named after Lieutenant Colonel Frank A. Barker, Jr., was the Americal Division operating out of Chu Lai to the south. Medina's company was assigned to the task force, and relocated on January 26, 1968, at Landing Zone Dotti, one of the three artillery bases from which the three companies worked and bivouacked in the area.

One of the task force's main objectives would be keeping pressure on an area a few miles northeast of Quang Ngai City known as Pinkville, the name deriving from the fact that its higher population density caused it to appear in red on Army maps. The operation was given the code name "Muscatine."

"We were informed that the Viet Cong had been in th[ere] for twenty to twenty-five years," Medina later recalled. "T[he] habitants in the outlying villages had all been moved at on[e] or another. The area was a permanent free-fire zone." Th[e] tain said he routinely explained to his troops that if [they] received fire from a hamlet, they could return it, takin[g] not to fire at unarmed citizens who posed no seeming [threat]. At least one soldier recalled other advice. Gary Garfolo re[call]bered that "Medina used to always tell us about the grena[de] If you shoot a gook and check him out and find he's got [an] [identification card indicating he is not a Viet Cong]—p[ull] grenade on him."

But nothing happened. "We seemed to be blessed," F[rank] Grzesik of Holyoke, Massachusetts, remarked later. "I [could] walk along a street and not draw a shot—and other com[panies] would come along the same street and get into a good fir[e]fight. Other guys would be getting like, you know, hero treat[ment]."

Occasionally the company, still new to Vietnam, was st[unned] by the evidence of the almost barbarous attitudes veter[ans] displayed toward the Vietnamese people. Gregory Olsen of [Port]land, Oregon, remembered that soon after they were in Vi[etnam] they saw an American troop carrier drive by with "about [ten] human ears tied to the antenna. It was kind of hard to b[elieve]. They actually had ears on the antenna."

Charlie Company wanted some action. It began to mak[e] tle of its own. Daniel Zeigler remembered that at first the [were] very little manhandling of civilian suspects. "It started o[ut] then it got rough." Both Medina and Calley began try[ing] to convince the company that most of the suspects in the are[a] Viet Cong. "Once Grzesik gave a prisoner something to e[at] they got mad." Zeigler never understood why Medina or a[nyone] would beat a prisoner to try to get information in a la[nguage] they couldn't understand anyway. "Whenever we got to a village, there were usually no males of military age around [and] they found one, they would just assume he was a VC. [Even] if he wasn't an old man or a little teeny kid."

After many weeks of no combat, the company began [to] tematically beat its prisoners, and it began to be less di[scri]nating about who was—or was not—a VC. Michael Be[rry] thought that as far as Medina was concerned, "Everythi[ng] walked and didn't wear any uniform was a VC. . . . He [was] much of a nut as anybody else. He was pissed off at the [people] and had no respect for them." The lack of respect was app[arently] infectious. "On the lower level," Charles Hall said, "squad [leaders] and platoon leaders didn't enforce the rules—like for [killing] people. This happened every day; every day there was di[sregard] for the people. There were a few people who made a h[abit] this."

Charlie Company got its first ear early in January ne[ar] Pho. While on patrol, a GI had seen four Viet Cong in [the] below. Medina called in artillery, and sent a squad in a [sweep] bombardment to search for the dead. Harry Stanley sa[w] come back "with an ear. Medina was happy; it was his fi[rst]. Some members of the company, finding ears of Viet Co[ng] to come by, began marking their estimated kills with [notches] on their rifles.

Charlie Company had an isolated life, staying either [in the] field or at one of the artillery fire bases. Unless there [was] operation in a village, the men only saw whores, begg[ars], thieves. "They were all after my money, I'll tell you th[at]

*Infantry companies theoretically are composed of three rifle platoons and a weapons platoon, each with forty men. The platoons, led by lieutenants, have four ten-man squads, each led by sergeants. Each squad is comprised of two small-weapons fire teams. By the time Charlie Company went into My Lai 4, its ranks were depleted and most of the platoons were operating with two or three squads.

nbered James R. Bergthold of Niagara Falls, New York. He kly learned to direct his anger at all Vietnamese. "Why ldn't I? They were the enemy."

usebio B. Santellana of San Antonio, Texas, had served with rlie Company since December 1967; he watched as his bud- got shredded by mines. (Later he would lose a leg in Viet- , but Santellana was not at My Lai 4: he had been called e in early March on an emergency leave.) He remembered ompany's feelings then about the Vietnamese, and his own: ope they kill everybody over there because they won't tell where the VC is. They should kill every goddamn thing over e—VC, animals. . . . You can slap them around but they won't ou—and then the VC snipe at you. Villagers won't tell you ing. How come they won't tell you? They ought to know. come they don't like GIs?"

e said the trouble in Vietnam is that "the people aren't ght like we are. We ask them something and they don't . After we leave, the VC hit us. They all look alike."

nny Zeigler recalled, with a touch of shame, one operation rly February in which the first platoon grabbed and beat ur old men they knew were not Viet Cong. "I looked at it and I looked at myself. Most of the guys realized what was ening. It wasn't so much that we were against the people was . . . just a ridiculous thing, all of it, everything."

out a week after the company arrived at LZ Dotti, Lieu- t Calley ordered Michael Bernhardt to shoot at a running n. The GI wasn't sure if shooting at an unknown civilian eally Army policy. He half-heartedly ran after her yelling, *g lai*" ("Stop") but she got away. Calley berated him for ring. Bernhardt later contemplated asking other officers in nit about the propriety of issuing such an order, but he d not to; he was sure Calley would deny everything, and ardt would just end up with a reputation as a trouble- . "I would just fire and miss on purpose after that."

ing these weeks, Medina said later, Charlie Company was arning that "this was a dangerous area." Mines and booby often placed by women and children, were everywhere. was a prevalent belief among GIs in Vietnam, including e Company, yet not one member of Charlie Company om I put the question was ever able to cite a specific act of by either a woman or child. Such incidents most certainly cur throughout Vietnam, and still do, but they weren't ning to Charlie Company. When one of its men got hurt, was usually one reason: carelessness.

of the first casualties at LZ Dotti was Zeigler: "We were g back from a night ambush, and I stepped off the trail t wounded." The date was February 14, 1968. Zeigler l that what happened to him "could be considered dumb ay. We were using a well-worn trail and that would be Something else dumb happened that day: there was lic around. Calley, who was leading the operation, had en to take one along. "It was our first night patrol, and d him for one. I guess he just didn't think it was neces- Zeigler suffered twenty-one punctures in his body from agments, including a collapsed lung. Luckily, the inci- k place a few hundred yards from Dotti, and medical me before he could bleed to death.

v days later, Medina led his men into Song My, establish- ing a blocking position on a stream to the north while other Task Force Barker units sought the Viet Cong's crack 48th Battalion, then operating in the Song My area. By this time, the three platoons of Charlie Company were patroling on a rotating basis. The second platoon was in the field cautiously making its way toward the river when it made contact with the enemy. It was a tough fight, Medina remarked later, with intense small-arms and rocket fire. Michael Bernhardt's squad was a few hundred meters behind the other squads. "Somebody yelled 'incoming'—it was in front of us. I sat down on a dike, lit a cigarette, and watched the battle going on. I saw these guys shooting; I couldn't figure it out; it was really confusing. Nobody knew what was going on." But Bernhardt watched as one nearby GI reacted to the attack by firing his M16 rifle at a group of Vietnamese civilians crouching in a rice paddy fifteen feet in front of the men. "The moment the rounds were incoming, this guy let the people have it. . . . They fell down right fast." After firing, the GI closed in on them. "They were holding their ID cards over their heads. Then he said, 'Okay,' and the people walked away." It had been a family of four—a mother, father, child, and infant. The infant was left behind in the field; it had been struck by one of the GI's bullets.

A few soldiers in the squad near the river were hit by rifle fire from the well-entrenched Viet Cong on the other side. The second platoon was further shaken when mortar shells, flinging showers of shrapnel, injured a few more men. Gunships were called in. "They held them under fire and we took off," Bernhardt recalled, "running back for a mile or so. Then we kind of pulled ourselves together and walked the rest of the way." Gary Crossley of San Marcos, Texas, another member of the second platoon, confirmed that his unit had been overwhelmed. "We had to take off running," he said. "We didn't have a chance." Bernhardt blamed the company officers for the debacle. "It was always ridiculous. They'd sit down and try to figure out what to do next, and it would be over before they figured it out."

The next day, Lieutenant Calley led his first platoon back into the area and again there was enemy fire. Calley was visibly upset when he later talked about the event: "It was a good all-day battle. We received quite a bit of fire. We got hit quite badly. I had my radio operator shot up under me. It was our first time in there and we just literally got the shit shot out of us. So we pulled back, digged up replacements. That was my first good taste of it."

None of Calley's fellow platoon members saw the battle as anywhere near that awesome. Most considered what happened —the death of William Weber, a radioman—simply another result of the lieutenant's stupidity.

Ron Grzesik, Weber's best friend and bunkmate, remembered the incident clearly. "Up until this time, we really never ran into the enemy too much. As far as contact, nothing special, nothing resembling a battle or even a hard fight." He said that the platoon was moving along the river toward a small hamlet when the snipers opened up. "We got pinned down but we made it into the village. Calley called in a lot of artillery." (Others said that Medina had suggested that Calley remain in the hamlet or carefully withdraw in order to avoid exposing his men to fire.) The platoon pulled out, "moving straight back away from the river, using the river as cover." The snipers opened up again but the men, crawling shoulder deep through muck and mud, escaped injury. "We got 400 or 500 meters

away from the river and the snipers weren't bothering us too much. Then we started moving back toward the river, walking toward a causeway. I thought Calley was lost again." To make it worse, instead of ordering the men to walk in a 4-foot-deep dike alongside the river—by this time the company was strung out in single file—Calley permitted them to walk on top of it. "I laid this on stupidity," Grzesik said. "Our own stupidity and our being green. We hadn't been in Vietnam too long."

It was then that Weber got hit. Robert Maples overheard Calley and Cowen decide to put off telling the company that Weber had been killed. The platoon had been vigorously complaining about going back to the river; the news that a man had been killed because of it would perhaps cause panic. "You figured," Maples said, "like Weber got shot and you don't know if it was going to be you next. You can't have a platoon leader who's trying to make things look good. You can't put yourself out for people like that. He [Calley] was jeopardizing his people, their lives and whatnot, just for his reputation. The whole thing was stupid to me."

The platoon blamed the Viet Cong for Weber's death. Describing the incident twenty months later, Sergeant Cowen said that the platoon had been pinned down by fire from the Song My area across the river; he said that gunships were needed to get the platoon out safely. Weber was the unit's only reported casualty that day, yet Charles A. West of Chicago, a member of the third platoon, told how his unit—rushing to the aid of Calley's platoon—went "two or three times . . . to the water's edge and harassed the village with gunfire. Each time we got wounded men."

The incident served to heighten the hostility of the company for the Vietnamese. By this time the men had been living in the field for nearly three weeks without relief; they were tired, confused, and morale was low. Olsen remembered that the company "always seemed to get the dirty job. Everybody thought that we were getting the short end of the stick." Some were beginning to wonder whether they were being volunteered for additional search-and-destroy duty by Captain Medina, who told the men that the Viet Cong were afraid of Charlie Company and knew what a good unit it was; that's why they had yet to come out and engage it in a firefight. The men of Charlie Company were getting more violent, Olsen recalled, routinely kicking away the Vietnamese children who would come begging for gum or money when the unit went through villages and hamlets. William Doherty of Reading, Massachusetts, talked about the dirt and grime of living in the field: "We had to rip our pants up to get a change of clothes." The company routine in the field was fixed: the men would awake at dawn, eat a cold C-ration breakfast, pack up, move, walk until lunch, eat a cold C-ration lunch, walk again until dinner. Sometimes they would have yet another C-ration meal, but more often helicopters would fly in a hot meal to the unit or take the men back into LZ Dotti for dinner. "But after dinner," Doherty said, "they'd fly us out again to set up camp for the night." Richard Pendleton of Richmond, California, felt the company was "kept away from everything. People were made kind of backwards. We never got to the beach places; our job was different. They just kind of snuck us in the back way and put us in the field. They tried to put it into our minds that this was our job—to do this. After a while, people just kept to themselves."

Michael Terry, a Mormon from Orem, Utah, said that the company simply treated the Vietnamese "like animals. A lot of guys didn't feel that they were human beings." Charles Sledge of Batesville, Mississippi, knew why the Vietnamese were beginning to show increasing hostility to the young GIs. "We did it ourselves. We would go through a village, tearing up stuff, kicking it over, burning it down—I know. I did it."

The company was taking its cue from Captain Medina, who was quick to beat and terrorize suspected Viet Cong soldiers or civilian sympathizers in his attempt to gain intelligence information. John T. Paul of Cherry Hills, New Jersey, one of Medina's radiomen, described the captain's interrogation technique: "He thought that if you could instill fear in a prisoner you'd most likely get them to talk. He wanted to put a point across right away on these people—'We're not fucking around with you.'" Sometimes Medina's antics brought laughs. Terry recalled that Medina once hid behind a large rock after hearing that one of the platoons was bringing up an old man—a "Vietnamese"—for questioning. "He told us to 'watch this' and he jumped out with a roar and grabbed the guy in a bear hug from behind. They started rolling on the ground. The old man was screaming." He already had been gashed on the head with the gunsight from a rifle. The old man defecated in fear, much to the merriment of the company. With another prisoner, Medina suddenly pulled out "his survival knife and cut the guy a little behind the ear." The old man wasn't a Viet Cong, so the company medic patched him up, gave him a cigarette and sent him on his way. "A lot of this was done in jest," Paul added. Hodges Carter got fed up with the war and the people at this time. "I used to like kids—but I can't stand them anymore . . . the slant-eyed people. I didn't like them—and the CO didn't either."

The captain was even irritated by the incongruous appearance of young Vietnamese entrepreneurs during combat assignments. "We'd be out on a mission," Gary Garfolo explained later, "and all of a sudden a dozen kids would come selling Cokes and sandwiches. I mean we were *out on a mission.* Medina would come and chase them away, kick them in the ass, throw them out of there."

The atrocities began with Carter. About February 15, Charlie Company was assigned another patrol mission in the task force area. As they filed through a hamlet, Carter offered a "papasan" a cigarette. As the man took it, Carter suddenly began to beat him with his rifle butt. He broke his jaws and ribs. Most of the company watched; some "were mad as hell," Olsen remembered, but no one said anything. Nor was Carter reprimanded. Later that day, the first platoon separated to reconnoiter on its own. By this time, Harry Stanley recalled, the platoon had the idea that "if they wanted to do something wrong, it was all right with Calley. He didn't try to stop them." A few days later two men in the platoon suddenly began firing at a figure walking across a field. They said he was carrying something. It took a dozen shots with an M16 rifle before he fell. Then they forward and shot again. The victim turned out to be a woman farmer who was carrying the deed to her land in a tube. Stanley translated the writing for Lieutenant Calley, and then listened as the lieutenant radioed Captain Medina and told him the men had killed a Viet Cong.

A few minutes later, two men, possibly Viet Cong guerrillas, were brought in to Calley. He turned this time to Grzesik

had 350 hours of Vietnamese language instruction while ompany was in Hawaii, to interpret. But before he could , Grzesik recalled, "somebody brought in an old man. He farmer; there was no doubt in my mind." Grzesik ques- d the man, quickly found that he had an identification card. d Calley I didn't think he was a VC." But it didn't matter; rst platoon hadn't had any contact with the enemy in . Calley motioned Grzesik away with his M16. "Why are oing to kill him?" Grzesik asked. Calley told him to "get ag." But before Calley could fire, Herbert Carter moved rd.

rry Stanley of Long Beach, California, was ten feet away. g an interrogation in October 1969, he told the Army's police unit, the Criminal Investigating Division (CID), happened next: "Carter hit the old man into a well, but the an spread his legs and arms and held on and didn't fall. . . . Carter hit the old man in his stomach with his rifle stock. ld man's feet fell into the well, but he continued to hold th his hands. Carter hit the man's fingers, trying to make all . . . and Calley shot the man with his M16." Carter easily about the incident in a later interview. "Bergthold ed the old man," he said. "I was the one that threw him he well. We tried to make him talk and he wouldn't. we tried, I picked him up and threw him in the well—ieutenant Calley blew his brains out. I started to shoot yself," he added. "I just said, 'The hell with this tramp'—ow what I mean. He was a VC."

ording to Grzesik, Calley then radioed Captain Medina d him that "an old man jumped in a well and we got him." told his commanding officer the man was a Viet Cong la. Medina promptly asked Calley to have the well care- earched to make sure it wasn't part of an enemy tunnel No one in the company would crawl into the—by now—well. Calley reported it was not part of a tunnel complex. thold later was asked what made him bring in the old r questioning. "I found him working in a rice paddy," Did he think he could be a Viet Cong? "I don't know . . . er know."

February 25, Charlie Company suffered its worst day. Six n were killed and twelve seriously wounded when it ran vell-laid minefield north of Pinkville. Most of the casual- re in the first and third platoons. Medina earned the tar, the Army's third-highest medal for valor, for his rescuing the wounded. "I lost some of my best men that edina has said. The incident stunned the company. Carter that "the guys were confused. They said, 'Okay, you he Viet Cong] want to be tough. We can be tough right em.' The VC were blowing us up with mines—sending ls with grenades. It was getting ridiculous."

shock of the incident was increased for a few by the thought that perhaps it could have been avoided. Allen emembered that it happened when "we was in a hurry to move through the minefield." Sergeant Cowen was the platoon that day and Boyce thought he could have s time and gone around the minefield, which was marked maps. "A whole lot of guys were mad about it, mad ant Cowen." Michael Bernhardt remembered something task force was operating in an area that formerly was the responsibility of the South Korean Marines. He was convinced the mine that ruptured the company had been emplaced by the Koreans. "We all knew it, you see"—meaning that the Koreans didn't always clear their minefields or report them, as regulations required. The incident happened, Bernhardt continued, "in a place where the Koreans had laid mines out in their perimeter. But the guys in the company didn't want to know the sad truth. They were all for the Army; all gung ho. Someone you can blame is the Viet Cong or the Vietnamese. Somebody you can't blame are the big men in the Army. They [the men in Charlie Company] didn't want to believe it.... They knew it. We all talked about it. The truth is that the Koreans had set up a base camp and surrounded it with mines. And we walked into the area that they had set up."

About this time, at least two members of Charlie Company began to assault and abuse Vietnamese women. Some of the younger members of the company were troubled, but apparently no punishment was meted out. On one occasion a few GIs accosted a woman working in a rice field in a friendly area. Michael Bernhardt remembered they took away her baby and then "they raped her and killed her. . . . I guess they killed her baby, too." One of the group was busy taking photographs with an Instamatic camera during the incident.

Medina and his men continued their fruitless routine of search-and-destroy missions until the second week in March, when the company was assigned relatively easy guard duty near LZ Dotti. Olsen and Paul Meadlo of Terre Haute, Indiana, an easygoing farmboy, were guarding a bridge together near Pinkville: "We did nothing but laugh and run around," Olsen said. On March 14, two days before the mission to My Lai 4, a small squad from the third platoon ran into a booby trap. Gary Garfolo watched Sergeant Cox lead a patrol into a cluster of trees. Suddenly, he heard Cox call over the radio that he'd found something. "Next thing—kaBOOM—big mushroom cloud, everybody hits the ground. We went over there—this big ruin of a place—and found everybody tore up." Richard Pendleton arrived seconds after the booby trap went off. "Somebody that was injured said Cox picked the bomb up before it went off. He was kind of curious about those things." Cox was killed and one GI lost his eyes, an arm, and a leg. There were screams and calls for medics. Michael Terry, also on the patrol, remembered: "It was a kind of a gruesome thing. We were good and mad."

The wounded and dead were lifted away by helicopters and the remaining men in the squad—about eight—began marching back to LZ Dotti. En route, they stole a radio while walking through a small hamlet. "We stole it because we wanted it," Gary Garfolo explained. "They had it and we wanted it—we figured, 'What the hell, they're gooks, they caused Cox's death.' " "Everybody was just taking things," said Pendleton. "They knew that people here might have something to do with it." The squad wanted more revenge. Moments after leaving the hamlet, a GI shouted, "Something's moving in the bushes." Lieutenant Jeffrey La Crosse of the third platoon ordered them to find out what it was. Someone yelled, "He's got a weapon. He's got a weapon," and the squad opened up with M16 rifle fire. The suspect fell, and the squad came running after him. William Doherty saw what happened next: "I ran there. I was

the first to get there. I kicked her, and then I saw she was a woman, so I stopped. But some of the other guys kept on." Michael Terry yelled in protest as he came up to the group. The woman was still alive. Someone suggested calling in a helicopter to evacuate her to a hospital. "She don't need no medivac," one GI suddenly exclaimed, and shot her in the chest. Someone else stole her ring.

The murder and the theft of the radio and ring angered the residents of the hamlet, a secure area near LZ Dotti. They called in the Vietnamese national police. The police began asking around at the LZ; eventually they found their way to Charlie Company and Medina. "Medina was really hot," Garfolo remembered. "Not because we did it, but because it got to him—we got caught." Garfolo didn't remember whether the ring or radio were returned. No charges were filed.

Medina later had a much different version of what had happened. He told a reporter that the booby trap was detonated by remote control and that his company found a fifteen-year-old girl hidden nearby with her hand still on the plunger. His men then killed her, Medina said. He did not mention any theft charges. "Captain Medina just kind of hushed that up," Michael Terry said of the shooting of the woman, "but something like that's a war crime, just out and out a war crime."

By now, many in the company had given in to an easy pattern of violence. Some were still struggling. Ronald Grzesik had developed a fondness for his Vietnamese instructors at Army language school in Hawaii. He was particularly impressed by a lieutenant colonel and a pretty woman teacher. "You get to like them. I had a little more respect for the average Vietnamese." Yet his attitude changed day by day in the weeks before the My Lai 4 assault: "It just started building. I don't know why. Everybody reached the point where they were frustrated. We weren't getting any action, yet the only thing on our mind was survival. After Bill [William Weber] got killed, I began to stop caring. I remember writing a letter home saying that I once had sympathy for these people, but now I didn't care. I became passive: I wouldn't beat them up but I wouldn't try to stop it. Yet I told Calley at one point that I wouldn't question anybody unless he stopped beating them up. There'd be days when I'd just be sick of it."

Others told of their agony in letters home. Gregory Olsen came from devout Mormon stock in Oregon; he didn't drink or smoke. A few days after My Lai 4, he and Mike Terry, also a Mormon, got special permission to leave the company and attend a Mormon conference at Da Nang. On March 14, a Thursday, Olsen wrote the following letter to his father, Samuel G. Olsen, scrawled in pencil on standard GI stationery:

Dear Dad:

How's everything with you?

I'm still on the bridge, we leave here Saturday [for the My Lai 4 mission].

One of our platoons went out on a routine patrol today and came across a 155-mm artillery round that was booby-trapped. It killed one man, blew the legs off two others, and injured two more.

And it all turned out a bad day made even worse. On t... way back to "Dotti" they saw a woman working in the fi... They shot and wounded her. Then they kicked her to d... and emptied their magazines in her head. They slugged e... little kid they came across.

Why in God's name does this have to happen? These ... all seemingly normal guys; some were friends of mine. ... a while they were like wild animals. It was murder, and ... ashamed of myself for not trying to do anything about it...

This isn't the first time, dad. I've seen it many ti... before. I don't know why I'm telling you all this; I gue... just want to get it off my chest. My faith in my fellow ... is shot all to hell. I just want the time to pass and I just w... to come home.

I really believe as you do, dad, there is a cause behin... this, and if it is God's will for me to go, I would rathe... it here than home on the freeway.

Saturday we're going to be dropped in by air in an N... stronghold [My Lai]. I'm still hoping I'll be able to get ... of here for a few days to go to a conference.

Don't expect any letters for awhile but please keep wri... them.

I love and miss you and mom so much—

Your ...

G...

On the day after the mine incident, Charlie Company ... brief funeral service for Sergeant George Cox. By all ac... it was a moving occasion. "The men were hurt real ba... bad," Henry Pedrick said. "The company was very upse... company was also very angry. It had revenge on its mind... other members of the company, Pedrick came close to t... he talked about it.

After the chaplain's service, Medina got up to speak. T... were quiet. Charles West remembered what the captai... "He knew it was hard on them, but it was just as hard c... Maybe he didn't show it because he was held responsi... being a leader but that was no reason for the guys t... back. He said to let it out, let it go." At this point, We... many of the men of Charlie Company cried.

Medina then began to tell his men about the next da... sion. As Medina described it later, he and Colonel Bark... begun planning the mission early in the day. At one poi... flew from LZ Dotti in a helicopter for a peek at My La... kilometers to the south, being careful not to get too cl... alert the enemy. Barker told Medina that elements of th... Viet Cong Battalion, one of the enemy's best units ... strength of 250 to 280 men, was in My Lai 4. The Color... intelligence reports predicted that the hamlet's wom... children would be gone by 7:00 A.M., en route to the ... markets in Quang Ngai City or Son Tinh Districts.* ... Company's mission was to destroy the 48th Battalion as ... My Lai 4. Medina was ordered to burn houses and bl... bunkers and tunnels, along with killing the livestock. No...

Gregory Olsen letter reprinted by courtesy of Dispatch News Service, © Copyright 1969 Dispatch News Service.

*The basic administrative units in South Vietnam are, in ... size and importance, provinces, villages, and hamlets. The Qua... area is unique in that it also has sub-hamlets that are under t... diction of nearby hamlets. According to the Pentagon, My La... one of six numbered sub-hamlets of Tu Cung hamlet in the vi... Song My. The hamlet's titles were confused even further by a U. ... map project that Americanized many of the original names. So... namese reportedly refer to My Lai 4 as Xom Lang.

ıg the animals was not done, Medina said, but he didn't : it was unusual. "The idea was to destroy the village so 8th VC would be forced to move. It looked like a tough " he said. The captain claimed that his men would be outbered at least two-to-one by the Viet Cong during the as- but added that he did not expect heavy casualties. "I have of faith in the firepower that the American infantryman The helicopter pilots and the gunship pilots do a tremenjob in supporting the infantryman on the ground."*

s objective in the pep talk after the funeral that night, ter explained, was to "fire them up to get them ready to there. I did not give any instructions as to what to do women and children in the village."

ere were sharply conflicting opinions among the company what Medina did order. Many thought the captain had ed them to kill every person in the hamlet. Others thought he had given routine—if more emotional—orders for a ı-and-destroy mission. A few felt that Medina had been , as if to leave the interpretation of his orders for the lay to the feelings and conscience of the individual soldier. rry Stanley later told the CID that Medina "ordered us to verything in the village.' The men in my squad talked this among ourselves that night," Stanley said, "because der . . . was so unusual. We all agreed that Medina meant s to kill every man, woman, and child in the village." es West remembered hearing the captain saying that when ie Company left the area, "nothing would be walking, ng, or crawling." He also recalled the captain saying he women and children would be out of the area. Herbert told the CID he thought Medina had been explicit. "Well, he said the captain told them, "this is your chance to get ge on these people. When we go into My Lai, it's open ı. When we leave, nothing will be living. Everything's to go." Sergeant Cowen testified during a hearing on ınt Mitchell's criminal charges—stemming from his role Lai 4—December 2, 1969, at Fort Hood, Texas, that Metold us to destroy everything with life." He was asked if k that to mean he was supposed to kill civilians. "Yes, sir," ı said. Charles Hall remembered Medina saying, "Don't ny prisoners." Robert Maples recalled that Medina "told us hing in the village was the enemy. The way I think he said l the way they took it—was that anything in the village VC." Michael Bernhardt remembered Medina saying, 're all VCs, now go in and get them. We owe them some- . . . He didn't have to specifically say women and kids." ompany interpreter, Sergeant Nguyen Phu of the South ımese Army, was told that night by one of the black GIs harlie Company was going to destroy a hamlet and its people the next day. The interpreter assumed it was the usual GI bragging.

But Gregory Olsen was sure Captain Medina did not order the killing of women and children: "He did say—he did make the statement—that we had a score to even up. He did tell us that we were to go there and destroy the food supply and hamlet. He said it was known that VC sympathizers were in My Lai 4 and that it was harboring VCs. He told us to shoot the enemy." At this point someone asked, "Who was the enemy?" Olsen said Medina then defined "the enemy as anybody that was running from us, hiding from us, or who appeared to us to be the enemy. If a man was running, shoot him; sometimes even if a woman with a rifle was running, shoot her. He never at any time said, 'Slaughter the people.'" Ron Grzesik agreed with Olsen. He heard Medina tell the men "to go in and destroy the village; to make it uninhabitable," but did not recall an order to destroy the inhabitants.

Perhaps the best answer to what was said or what was believed has been supplied by Henry Pedrick: "The orders could be interpreted in different ways to different persons according to their emotional structure. . . . One person just might interpret it to kill if he wanted to." The question about who was the enemy was asked by Michael Terry. He thought the captain was in an awkward position because of the charged atmosphere following the funeral service. "Guys were asking when they would have a chance to fight instead of marching around and getting blown up. Some of the guys were all shook up, and like a good captain he was trying to appease them." The net result, Terry said, was that Medina "gave the impression—he never specifically said it—that they could kill the people . . . that they could kill anybody they saw. I remember paying attention to how he was handling the situation. It seemed like there would be a whole lot of killing the next day."

Most significantly, Lieutenant William Calley thought so, too. "Every time we got hit [in the Pinkville area] it was from the rear," Calley recalled later. "So the third time in there the order came down to go in there and make sure no one was behind us. Just to clear the area. It was a typical combat assault tactic. We came in hot [firing], with a cover of artillery in front of us, came down the line, and destroyed the village."

Bernhardt recalled that by March 16, "we'd already gone through some villages and the company more or less roughed up the people. If anybody ever told them to go there and kill everybody, they'd do it. They were looking for an excuse, and they got it."

For Ron Grzesik, My Lai 4 was the end of a vicious circle that had begun months earlier. "It was like going from one step to another, worse one," he says. "First, you'd stop the people, question them, and let them go. Second, you'd stop the people, beat up an old man, and let them go. Third, you'd stop the people, beat up an old man, and then shoot him. Fourth, you go in and wipe out a village."

III. THE DAY—part 1

Nobody saw it all. Some, like Roy Wood, didn't even know the extent of the massacre until the next day. Others, like Charles Sledge, who served that day as Calley's radioman, saw more than they want to remember.

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spite Medina's confidence in the ability of helicopter gunships, a puzzling aspect to Charlie Company's mission as outlined by . Most military tacticians, especially those in Vietnam, agree that king force must have a manpower superiority of at least three-to- r a well-armed enemy force defending fortified positions. Only 5 GIs from Charlie Company took part in the assault against the l 250 to 280 Viet Cong guerrillas. Charlie Company thus would have been outnumbered four-to-one. Even more puzzling, then, edina's eventual decisions to attack the hamlet by initially sendonly two platoons, and to land the company less than 200 yards My Lai 4, well within range of enemy rifle fire. The inevitable ı left begging is: did Medina really expect to find Viet Cong n My Lai 4?

But they all remember the fear that morning as they climbed onto helicopters at LZ Dotti for the assault on Pinkville. They all remember the sure knowledge that they would meet face-to-face for the first time with the enemy.

Calley and his platoon were the first to board the large black Army assault helicopters. The men were heavily armed, each carrying twice the normal load of rifle and machine-gun ammunition. Leading the way was Calley, who had slung an extra belt of M16 rifle bullets over his shoulder. There were nine helicopters in the first lift-off, more than enough for the whole first platoon—about twenty-five men—and Captain Medina and his small headquarters unit of three radiomen, some liaison officers, and a medic. It was sunny and already hot when the first helicopter started its noisy flight to My Lai 4. The time was 7:22 A.M.; it was logged by a tape recorder at brigade headquarters. A brief artillery barrage had already begun; the My Lai 4 area was being "prepped" in anticipation of that day's search-and-destroy mission. A few heavily armed helicopters were firing thousands of small-caliber bullets into the area by the time Calley and his men landed in a soggy rice paddy 150 meters west of the hamlet. It was harvest season; the fields were thick with growth.

The first platoon's mission was to secure the landing zone and make sure no enemy troops were left to fire at the second wave of helicopters—by then already airborne from LZ Dotti. As the flight of helicopters hovered over the landing area, the door gunners began spraying protective fire to keep the enemy—if he was there—busy. One of the helicopter pilots had reported that the LZ was "hot," that is, Viet Cong were waiting below. The first platoon came out firing. But, after a moment, some men noticed that there was no return fire. "I didn't hear any bullets going past me," recalled Charles Hall, a machine gunner that day. "If you want to consider an area hot, you got to be fired on."

The platoon quickly formed a perimeter and secured the landing zone. Sergeant Cowen spotted an old man. Sledge was a few yards to Cowen's right. "We came to a well and there was a VC. We thought it was a VC. He was standing and waving his arms. Cowen fell back and said, 'Shoot the so-and-so.' I fired once, and then my [rifle] magazine fell out." Paul D. Meadlo noted that "the gook was standing up shaking and waving his arms and then he was shot." Allen Boyce saw it a little differently: "Some guy was in a rice field, doing something to a rice plant. He looked up and he got it. That was the most confused operation I ever went on. Just everything was screwed up."

By this time, those Viet Cong who were in the hamlet had slipped away. Some local supporters of the guerrillas also left, but they did not go as far. They watched as Charlie Company went through My Lai 4.

After about twenty minutes, the second flight of helicopters landed, and the forty men of the second and third platoons jumped off. Gary Garfolo heard the helicopter blades make sharp crackling sounds as they changed pitch for the landing. "It was a pop, pop, pop sound like a rifle. Lots of us never even heard a hot LZ before. We knew we were going into a hot place. This got their adrenaline going." The men were quickly assembled. Calley's first platoon and Lieutenant Stephen Brooks' second platoon would lead the sweep into the hamlet, Calley to the south and Brooks to the north. The third platoon, headed by Lieutenant Jeffrey La Crosse, would be held in re and move in on the heels of the other men. Captain M and his headquarters unit would move with the third platoo then set up a command post (CP) inside to monitor the ation and stay in touch with other units. Charlie Com was not alone in its assault; the other two companies of Force Barker set up blocking positions to the north and s They were there to prevent the expected Viet Cong troops fleeing.

The My Lai 4 assault was the biggest thing going i Americal Division that day. To get enough airlift, Task Barker had to borrow helicopters from other units throu the division. The air lanes above the action were car allotted to high-ranking officers for observation. Barker tored the battle from the 1,000-foot level. Major G Samuel W. Koster, commanding general of the division allotted the air space at 2,000 feet. His helicopter was p nently stationed outside his door at division headquarte miles to the north waiting to fly him to the scene of any within minutes. Oran K. Henderson, commander of the Ele Brigade, was given the top spot—at 2,500 feet. All c helicopters were to circle counterclockwise over the battl Flying low, beneath the 1,000-foot level, would be the ships, heavily armed helicopters whose mission was to down any Viet Cong soldiers attempting to escape.

Brigade headquarters, sure that there would be a battle, sent along two men from the Army's 31st Publ formation Detachment to record the event for histor Roberts of Arlington, Virginia, a reporter, and photog Ronald L. Haeberle of Cleveland, Ohio, arrived with the wave of helicopters and immediately attached themsel the third platoon, which was bringing up the rear.

The hamlet itself had a population of about 700 peop ing either in flimsy thatch-covered huts—"hootches," GIs called them—or in solidly made red-brick homes, with small porches in front. There was an east-west fo just south of the main cluster of homes in My La few yards further south was a loose surface road that a hamlet boundary. A deep drainage ditch and then paddy marked the eastern boundary. To the south of My was a large center, or plaza area—clearly the main sp mass meetings. The foliage was dense: there were high b trees, hedges, and plant life everywhere. Medina could 30 feet into the hamlet from the landing zone.

The first and second platoons lined up carefully to the 100-meter advance into the hamlet. Walking in an important military concept; if one group of men g far in front, it could be hit by bullets from behind fired by colleagues. Yet even this went wrong. Ron was in charge of a small first-platoon team of riflemen machine gunner that day; he took his job seriously. H was supposed to be on the right flank, protecting Call his men. But Grzesik's group ended up on Calley's left.

As Brooks' second platoon cautiously approached the a few Vietnamese began running across a field several h meters on the left. They may have been Viet Cong, may have been civilians fleeing the artillery shelling bombardment from the helicopter gunships. Vernado Si

of Jackson, Mississippi, told reporters he saw a man he identi- l as a Viet Cong soldier running with what seemed to be a apon. A woman and small child were running with him. apson fired...again and again. He killed the woman and the by. The man got away. Reporter Roberts saw a squad of GIs ap off a helicopter and begin firing at a group of people run- g on a nearby road. One was a woman with her children. Then saw them "shoot two guys who popped up from a rice field. ey looked like military-age men...when certain guys pop from rice fields, you shoot them." This was the young orter's most dangerous assignment. He had never been in bat before. "You're scared to death out there. We just ted to go home."

The first two platoons of Charlie Company, still unfired n, entered My Lai 4. Behind them, still in the rice paddy, e the third platoon and Captain Medina's command group. ley and some of his men walked into the plaza area he southern part of My Lai 4. None of the villagers was ning away; they knew that U. S. soldiers would assume anyone running was a Viet Cong and shoot to kill. There no immediate sense of panic. The time was after 8:00 A.M. esik and his fire team were a few meters north of Calley; couldn't see each other because of the dense vegetation. esik and his men began their usual job of pulling people n their homes, interrogating them, and searching for Viet g. The villagers were gathered up, and Grzesik sent Meadlo, was in his unit, to take them to Lieutenant Calley for ner questioning. Grzesik didn't see Meadlo again for more an hour.

me of Calley's men recalled thinking it was breakfast time ney walked in; a few families were gathered in front of homes cooking rice over a small fire. Without a direct r, the first platoon also began rounding up the villagers. e still was no sniper fire, no sign of a large enemy unit. ge remembered thinking that "if there were VC around, had plenty of time to leave before we came in. We didn't e in there."

ne killings began without warning. Harry Stanley told the CID that one young member of Calley's platoon took a civil- nto custody and then "pushed the man up to where we were ing and then stabbed the man in the back with his net.... The man fell to the ground and was gasping for h." The GI then "killed him with another bayonet thrust shooting him with a rifle....There were so many people that day it is hard for me to recall exactly how some of the e died." The youth next "turned to where some soldiers holding another forty- or fifty-year-old man in custody." picked this man up and threw him down a well. Then [he] l the pin from a M26 grenade and threw it in after the Moments later Stanley saw "some old women and some children—fifteen or twenty of them—in a group around ple where some incense was burning. They were kneeling ying and praying and various soldiers . . . walked by and ed these women and children by shooting them in the with their rifles. The soldiers killed all fifteen or twenty m...."

re were few physical protests from the people; about of them were taken quietly from their homes and herded together in the plaza area. A few hollered out, "No VC. No VC." But that was hardly unexpected. Calley left Meadlo, Boyce, and a few others with the responsibility of guarding the group. "You know what I want you to do with them," he told Meadlo. Ten minutes later—about 8:15 A.M.—he returned and asked, "Haven't you got rid of them yet? I want them dead." Radioman Sledge, who was trailing Calley, heard the officer tell Meadlo to "waste them." Meadlo followed orders: "We stood about 10 to 15 feet away from them and then he [Calley] started shooting them. Then he told me to start shooting them. I started to shoot them. So we went ahead and killed them. I used more than a whole clip—used four or five clips." There are seventeen M16 bullets in each clip. Boyce slipped away, to the northern side of the hamlet, glad he hadn't been asked to shoot. Women were huddled against their children, vainly trying to save them. Some continued to chant "No VC." Others simply said, "No. No. No."

Do Chuc is a gnarled forty-eight-year-old Vietnamese peasant whose two daughters and an aunt were killed by the GIs in My Lai 4 that day. He and his family were eating breakfast when the GIs entered the hamlet and ordered them out of their homes. Together with other villagers, they were marched a few hundred meters into the plaza, where they were told to squat. "Still we had no reason to be afraid," Chuc recalls. "Everyone was calm." He watched as the GIs set up a machine gun. The calm ended. The people began crying and begging. One monk showed his identification papers to a soldier, but the American simply said, "Sorry." Then shooting started. Chuc was wounded in the leg, but he was covered by dead bodies and thus spared. After waiting an hour, he fled the hamlet. Nguyen Bat, a Viet Cong hamlet chief who later defected, said that many of the villagers who were eating breakfast outdoors when the GIs marched in greeted them without fear. They were gathered together and shot. Other villagers who were breakfasting indoors were killed inside their homes.

The few Viet Cong who had chosen to stay near the hamlet were safely hidden. Nguyen Ngo, a former deputy commander of a Viet Cong guerrilla platoon operating in the My Lai area, ran to his hiding place 300 meters away when the GIs came in shooting, but he could see that "they shot everything in sight." His mother and sister hid in ditches and survived because bodies fell on top of them. Pham Lai, a former hamlet security guard, climbed into a bunker with a bamboo top and heard but did not see the shootings. His wife, hidden under a body, survived the massacre.

By this time, there was shooting everywhere. Dennis I. Conti, a GI from Providence, Rhode Island, later explained to CID investigators what he thought had happened. "We were all psyched up, and as a result when we got there the shooting started, almost as a chain reaction. The majority of us had expected to meet VC combat troops, but this did not turn out to be so. First we saw a few men running . . . and the next thing I knew we were shooting at everything. Everybody was just firing. After they got in the village, I guess you could say that the men were out of control."

Brooks and his men in the second platoon to the north had

begun to ransack the hamlet systematically and slaughter the people, kill the livestock, and destroy the crops. Men poured rifle and machine-gun fire into huts without knowing—or seemingly caring—who was inside.

Roy Wood, one of Calley's men who was working next to Brooks' platoon, stormed into a hut, saw an elderly man hiding inside along with his wife and two young daughters. "I hit him with my rifle and pushed him out." A GI from Brooks' platoon standing by with an M79 grenade launcher asked to borrow his gun. Wood refused and the soldier asked another platoon mate. He got the weapon, said, "Don't let none of them live," and shot the Vietnamese in the head. "These mothers are crazy," Wood remembered thinking. "Stand right in front of us and blow a man's brains out." Later he vomited when he saw more of the dead residents of My Lai 4.

The second platoon went into My Lai 4 with guns blazing. Gary Crossley said that some GIs, after seeing nothing but women and children in the hamlet, hesitated: "We phoned Medina and told him what the circumstances were and he said just keep going. It wasn't anything we wanted to do. You can only kill so many women and children. The fact was that you can't go through and wipe out all of South Vietnam."

Once the first two platoons had disappeared into the hamlet, Medina ordered the third platoon to start moving. He and his men followed. Gary Garfolo was caught up in the confusion: "I could hear heavy shooting all the time. Medina was running back and forth everywhere. This wasn't no organized deal." So Garfolo did what most GIs did when they could get away with it. "I took off on my own." He ran south; others joined him. Terrified villagers, many carrying personal belongings in wicker baskets, were running everywhere to avoid the carnage in the hamlet. In most cases it didn't help. The helicopter gunships circling above cut them down, or else an unfortunate group ran into the third platoon. Charles A. West sighted and shot six Vietnamese, some with baskets, on the edge of My Lai 4. "These people were running into us, away from us, running every which way. It's hard to distinguish a mama-san from a papa-san when everybody has on black pajamas."

West and his men may have thought that those Vietnamese were Viet Cong. Later they knew better. West's first impression upon reaching My Lai 4: "There were no people in the first part. . . . I seen bodies everywhere. I knew that everyone was being killed." His group, no longer burdened by questions of differentiation, quickly joined in.

Medina—as any combat officer would do during his unit's first major engagement—decided to move from the rice paddy nearer to the hamlet. John Paul, one of Medina's radiomen, figured that the time was about 8:15 A.M. West remembered that "Medina was right behind us" as his platoon moved inside the hamlet. There are serious contradictions about what happened next. Medina later said he did not enter the hamlet proper until well after 10:00 A.M. and did not see anyone kill a civilian. John Paul didn't think that Medina ever entered the hamlet. But Herbert Carter told the CID that Medina did some of the shooting of civilians as he moved into My Lai 4.

Carter testified that soon after the third platoon moved in, a woman was sighted. Somebody knocked her down and then, Carter said, "Medina shot her with his M16 rifle. I was 50 to 60 feet away and saw this. There was no reason to shoot this girl." The men continued on, making sure no one was escaping. "We came to where the soldiers had collected fifteen or more Vietnamese men, women, and children in a group. Medina [gave the order]: 'Kill every one. Leave no one standing.'" A machine gunner began firing into the group. Moments later, one of Medina's radio operators slowly "passed among them and finished them off." Medina did not personally shoot any of them, according to Carter, but moments later, the captain "stopped a seventeen- or eighteen-year-old man with a water buffalo. Medina told the boy to make a run for it," Carter told the CID. "He tried to get him to run but the boy wouldn't run, so Medina shot him with his M16 rifle and killed him. . . . I was 75 or 80 meters away at the time and I saw it plainly." At this point in Carter's interrogation, the Army investigator warned him that he was making very serious charges against his commanding officer. "What I'm telling is the truth," Carter replied, "and I'll face Medina in court and swear to it."

If Carter is correct, Medina walked first into the northern side of My Lai 4, then moved south with the CP to the hamlet proper and arrived there at about the time Paul Meadlo and Lieutenant Calley were executing the first group of villagers. Meadlo still wonders why Medina didn't stop the shooting, "if it was wrong." Medina and Calley "passed each other quite a few times that morning, but didn't say anything. I don't know if the CO [company commander] gave the order to kill or not, but he was right there when it happened. . . . Medina just kept marching around."

Roberts and Haeberle also moved in just behind the first platoon. Haeberle watched a group of ten to fifteen GIs methodically pump bullets into a cow until it keeled over. A woman then poked her head out from behind some brush; she may have been hiding in a bunker. The GIs turned the fire from the cow to the woman. "They just kept shooting at her. You could see the bones flying in the air chip by chip." No one had attempted to question her; men inside the hamlet also were asking no questions. Before moving on, the photographer took a picture of the dead woman. Haeberle took many more pictures that day; he saw about thirty GIs kill at least a hundred Vietnamese civilians.

When the two correspondents entered the hamlet, they saw dead animals, dead people, burning huts and homes. After GIs were going through victims' clothing, looking for pieces. Another GI was chasing a duck with a knife; others [were] standing around watching a GI slaughter a cow with a bayonet.

Haeberle noticed a man and two small children walking toward a group of GIs. "They just kept walking toward us. You could hear the little girl saying, 'No, no. . . .' All of a sudden, the GIs opened up and cut them down." Later, as he left, he watched a machine gunner suddenly open fire on a group of civilians—women, children, and babies—who had been collected in a big circle. "They were trying to run. I don't know how many got out." He saw a GI with an M16 rifle fire at two young boys walking along a road; the older of the two—about seven or eight years old—fell over the first to protect him. The GI kept on firing until both were dead.

Haeberle and Roberts walked further into the hamlet as Medina came up to them. Eighty-five Viet Cong had been killed in action thus far, the captain told them, and twenty suspects had been captured. Roberts jotted down the captain's information in his note pad.

Another Vietnamese interpreter, Sergeant Duong [Ngoc]

l a Vietnamese investigating team later that he saw Me-
a for the first time about then. Minh had arrived on a
r helicopter assault, along with Lieutenant Dennis H. John-
, Charlie Company's intelligence officer. When he saw the
ies of civilians, he asked Medina what happened. Medina,
iously angry at Minh for asking the question, stalked away.
Now it was nearly 9:00 A.M. and all of Charlie Company was
My Lai 4. Most families were being shot inside their homes,
ust outside their doorways. Those who had tried to flee were
nmed by GIs into the many bunkers built throughout the
llet for protection—once the bunkers became filled, hand
nades were lobbed in. Everything became a target. Gary
folo borrowed someone's M79 grenade launcher and fired it
nt-blank at a water buffalo. "I hit that sucker right in the
l; went down like a shot. You don't get to shoot water
alo with an M79 every day." Others fired the weapon into
bunkers full of people.

y Roberts insisted that he saw Medina in My Lai 4 most
f the morning. "He was directing the operations in the
ge. He was in the village the whole time I was—from nine
ck to eleven o'clock."

me GIs were shouting and yelling during the massacre,
er recalled. "The boys enjoyed it. When someone laughs
jokes about what they're doing they have to be enjoying it."
I said, "Hey, I got me another one." Another said, "Chalk
ne for me." Even Captain Medina was having a good time,
er thought. "You can tell when someone enjoys their work."
members of Charlie Company protested that day. For the
part those who didn't like what was going on kept their
ghts to themselves.

erbert Carter also remembered seeing Medina inside the
et well after the third platoon began its advance: "I saw
nose dead people lying there. Medina came right behind
At one point in the morning, one of the members of
na's CP joined in the shooting. "A woman came out of a
vith a baby in her arms and she was crying," Carter told
CID. "She was crying because her little boy had been in
of their hut and . . . someone had killed the child by
ing it." When the mother came into view, Carter said,
f Medina's men "shot her with an M16 and she fell. When
ell, she dropped the baby." The GI next "opened up
e baby with his M16." The infant was also killed. Carter
aw an officer grab a woman by the hair and shoot her with
caliber pistol. "He held her by the hair for a minute and
let go and she fell to the ground," Carter told the Army.
e enlisted man standing there said, 'Well, she'll be in
g rice paddy in the sky.'"

the midst of the carnage, Michael Bernhardt got his first
look at My Lai 4. Bernhardt had been delayed when
na asked him to check out a suspicious wood box at the
g zone. After discovering that it wasn't a booby trap,
ardt hurried to catch up with his mates in the third
n. He went into the hamlet where he saw Charlie
any "doing strange things. One: they were setting fire
hootches and huts and waiting for people to come out
en shooting them. Two: they were going into the hootches
nooting them up. Three: they were gathering people in
s and shooting them. The whole thing was so deliberate.
It was point-blank murder and I was standing there watching it. It kind of made me wonder if I could trust people anymore."

Grzesik and his men, meanwhile, had been slowly working their way through the hamlet. The young GI was having problems controlling his men; he was anxious to move on to the rice paddy in the east. About three-quarters of the way through, he suddenly saw Meadlo again. The time was now after 9:00 A.M. Meadlo was crouched, head in his hands, sobbing like a bewildered child. "I sat down and asked him what happened." Grzesik felt responsible; after all, he was supposed to be a team leader. Meadlo told him Calley had made him shoot people. "I tried to calm him down," Grzesik says, but the squad leader didn't stay long. He had to move on; his men still hadn't completed their sweep.

Those Vietnamese who were not killed on the spot were being shepherded by the first platoon to a large drainage ditch at the eastern end of the hamlet. After Grzesik left, Meadlo and a few others gathered seven or eight villagers in one hut and were preparing to toss in a hand grenade when an order came to take them to the ditch where they found Calley, along with a dozen other first platoon members, and perhaps seventy-five Vietnamese, mostly women, old men, and children.

Not far away, invisible in the brush and trees, the second and third platoons were continuing their search-and-destroy operations in the northern half of the hamlet. Ron Grzesik and his fire team had completed a swing through the hamlet and were getting ready to turn around and walk back to see what was going on. And just south of the plaza Michael Bernhardt had attached himself to Medina and his command post. Shots were still being fired, the helicopters were still whirring overhead, and the enemy was still nowhere in sight.

One of the helicopters was piloted by Chief Warrant Officer Hugh C. Thompson of Decatur, Georgia. For him, the mission had begun routinely enough. He and his two-man crew in a small observation helicopter from the 123rd Aviation Battalion had arrived at the area around 9:00 A.M. and immediately reported what appeared to be a Viet Cong soldier armed with a weapon heading south. Although his mission was simply reconnaissance, Thompson directed his crew men to fire at and attempt to kill the Viet Cong as he wheeled the helicopter after him. They missed. Thompson flew back to the hamlet and it was then, as he told the Army Inspector General's office in June 1969, that he began seeing wounded and dead Vietnamese civilians all over the hamlet, with no sign of an enemy force.

The pilot thought that the best thing he could do would be to mark the location of wounded civilians with smoke so that the GIs on the ground could move over and begin treating some of the many injured persons. "The first one that I marked was a girl that was wounded," Thompson told the Inspector General (IG), "and they came over and walked up to her, put their weapon on automatic and let her have it." The man who did the shooting was a captain, Thompson said. Later he identified the officer as Ernest Medina.

Flying with Thompson that day was Lawrence M. Colburn of Mount Vernon, Washington, who remembers that the girl was about twenty years old and was lying on the edge of a dike outside of the hamlet with part of her body in a rice paddy. "She had been wounded in the stomach, I think, or the chest," Colburn told the IG. "This captain was coming down the dike and he had men behind him. They were sweeping through and we

were hovering a matter of feet away from them. I could see this clearly and he emptied a clip into her."

Medina and his men immediately began moving south toward the Viet Cong sighted and reported by Thompson. En route they saw the young girl in the rice paddy who had been marked by the smoke. Bernhardt had a ground view of what happened next: "He [Medina] was just going alone . . . he shot the woman. She seemed to be busy picking rice, but rice was out of season. What she really was doing was trying to pretend that she was picking rice. She was 100 meters away with a basket. . . . If she had a hand grenade, she would have to have a better arm than me to get us. . . . Medina lifted the rifle to his shoulder, looked down the barrel and pulled the trigger. I saw the woman drop. He just took a potshot . . . he wasn't a bad shot. Then he walked up. He got up real close, about three or six feet, and shot at her a couple times and finished her off. She was a real clean corpse. . . . She wasn't all over the place, and I could see her clothing move when the bullets hit. . . . I could see her twitch, but I couldn't see any holes . . . he didn't shoot her in the head." A second later, Bernhardt remembered, the captain "gave me a look, a dumb shit-eating grin."

By now, it was past 9:30 A.M. and the men of Charlie Company had been at work for more than two hours. A few of them flung off their helmets, stripped off their heavy gear, flopped down, and took a smoke break.

IV. THE DAY—part 2

Hugh Thompson's nightmare had only begun with the shooting of the girl. He flew north back over My Lai 4 and saw a small boy bleeding along a trench. Again he marked the spot so that the GIs below could provide some medical aid. Instead, he saw a lieutenant casually walk up and empty a clip into the child. He saw yet another wounded youngster; again he marked it, and this time it was a sergeant who came up and fired his M16 at the child.

Larry Colburn, who was just eighteen years old at the time, remembered that "the infantrymen were killing everything in the village. The people didn't really know what was happening. Some of them began walking out of there and the GIs just started going up to them and shooting them all in the back of the head." He added, "We saw this one woman hiding there. She was alive and squatting; she looked up when we flew over. We dropped a smoke marker. When we came back she was in the same position—only she was dead. The back of her head was blown off. It had to be point-blank."

Thompson was furious. He tried unsuccessfully to radio the troops on the ground to find out what was going on. He then reported the wild firings and unnecessary shootings to brigade headquarters. All of the command helicopters flying overhead had multichannel radios and could monitor most conversations. Lieutenant Colonel Barker apparently intercepted the message and called down to Medina at the CP just south of the plaza. John Kinch of the mortar platoon heard Medina answer that he "had a body count of 310." The captain added, "I don't know what they're doing. The first platoon's in the lead. I am trying to stop it." A moment later, Kinch said, Medina called Calley and ordered, "That's enough for today."

Harry Stanley was standing a few feet away from Calley near some huts at the drainage ditch when the call came f[rom] Medina. He had a different recollection: "Medina called C[alley] and said, 'What the fuck is going on?' Calley said he got s[ome] VC, or some people that needed to be checked out." At [this] point Medina cautioned Calley to tell his men to save their [am]munition because the operation still had a few more days to [run].

It is not clear how soon or to whom Medina's order was gi[ven] but Stanley told the CID what Calley did next: "There [was] an old lady in a bed and I believe there was a priest in w[ith] praying over her. . . . Calley told me to ask about the VC [or] NVA and where the weapons were. The priest denied bei[ng] VC or NVA." Charles Sledge watched with horror as C[alley] pulled the old man outside: "He said a few more words t[o] monk. It looked like the monk was pleading for his life. Lie[u]ant Calley then took his rifle and pushed the monk into a[n] paddy and shot him point-blank."

Calley then turned his attention back to the crowd of [Vi]namese and issued an order: "Push all those people in[to] ditch." Three or four GIs complied. Calley struck a woman [in] a rifle as he pushed her down. Stanley remembered that [one] of the civilians "kept trying to get out. Some made it t[o] top...." Calley began the shooting and ordered Mead[low] join in. Meadlo told about it later: "So we pushed our sev[en] eight people in with the big bunch of them. And so I b[egan] shooting them all. So did Mitchell, Calley. . . . I guess I [killed] maybe twenty-five or twenty people in the ditch . . . [men], women, and children. And babies." Some of the GIs swi[tched] from automatic fire to single shot to conserve ammun[ition]. Herbert Carter watched the mothers "grabbing their kid[s] the kids grabbing their mothers. I didn't know what to [do]." Calley then turned again to Meadlo and said, "Meadlo, we'[ve] another job to do." Meadlo didn't want any more job[s]. He began to argue with Calley. Sledge watched Meadlo [and] more start to sob. Calley turned next to Robert Maple[s] and said, "Maples, load your machine gun and shoot these pe[ople]." Maples replied, as he told the CID, "I'm not going to do [it]." He remembered that "the people firing into the ditch [were] reloading magazines into their rifles and kept firing in[to] ditch and then killed or at least shot everyone in the [ditch]." William C. Lloyd of Tampa, Florida, told the CID that [hand] grenades were also thrown into the ditch. Dennis Conti [re]called that "a lot of women had thrown themselves on top [of] children to protect them, and the children were alive a[fter]. Then the children who were old enough to walk got u[p and] Calley began to shoot the children."

One further incident stood out in many GIs' minds: s[ome] after the shooting stopped, a bloodied but unhurt two-y[ear-old] boy miraculously crawled out of the ditch, crying. He [then] running toward the hamlet. Someone hollered, "There's [a] There was a long pause. Then Calley ran back, grabbed the[m] threw him back in the ditch, and shot him.

Moments later, Thompson, still in his helicopter, fl[ying] He told the IG what had happened next: "I kept flying [for] and across a ditch...and it...had a bunch of bodie[s] and I don't know how they got in the ditch. But I saw s[ome] them were still alive." Captain Brian W. Livingston wa[s] ing a large helicopter gunship a few hundred feet above. [He] been monitoring Thompson's agonized complaints an[d] down to take a look for himself. He told a military h[is]: "There were bodies lying in the trenches. . . . I reme[mber]

we remarked at the time about the old Biblical story of
s turning water into wine. The trench had a gray color
, with the red blood of the individuals lying in it."
y now Thompson was almost frantic. He landed his small
copter near the ditch, and asked a soldier there if he
d help the people out: "He said the only way he could
them was to help them out of their misery." Thompson
off again and noticed a group of mostly women and chil-
huddled together in a bunker near the drainage ditch.
anded a second time. "I don't know," he explained, "maybe
as just my belief, but I hadn't been shot at the whole time
d been there and the gunships following hadn't. . . ." He
saw Calley and the first platoon; the same group that had
two of the wounded civilians he had earlier marked with
ze. "I asked him if he could get the women and kids out
iere before they tore it [the bunker] up and he said the
way he could get them out was to use hand grenades." "You
hold your men right here," Thompson told the equally
y Calley, "and I will get the women and kids out."
fore climbing out of his aircraft, Thompson had ordered
urn and his crew chief to stay alert. "He told us that if
if the Americans opened up on the Vietnamese, we should
up on the Americans," Colburn recalled. Thompson walked
to the ship and called in two helicopter gunships to res-
he civilians. While waiting for them to land, Colburn
"he stood between our troops and the bunker. He was
ling the people with his body. He just wanted to get
people out of there." Colburn wasn't sure whether he
l have followed orders if the GIs had opened fire at the
er: "I wasn't pointing my guns right at them, but more
s toward the ground. But I was looking their way." He
nbered that most of the soldiers were gathered alongside a
y dike, "just watching. Some were lying down; some of
were sitting up; and some were standing." The helicopters
l, with Thompson still standing between the GIs and the
amese, and rescued nine persons—two old men, two
n, and five children. One of the children later died en
to the hospital. Calley did nothing to stop Thompson, but
tormed up to Sledge, his radioman, and complained that
lot "doesn't like the way I'm running the show, but I'm
ss."
gory Olsen, who had watched the encounter from his
ne-gun position a few dozen meters away, remembered
he next thing I knew Mitchell was just shooting into the
At this point, Grzesik and his fire team came strolling
ne area; they had gone completely through the hamlet,
break, and were now returning. It was about 10:00 A.M.
k saw bodies all over the northeastern quarter of My Lai 4.
inced at the ditch. Suddenly Mitchell yelled, "Grzesik,
here." He walked over. Calley then ordered him to go
ditch and "finish off the people." Grzesik had seen the
ter carrying some wounded Vietnamese take off from
a a moment earlier; much later he concluded that Calley
us with Thompson's intervention—wanted to make sure
vere no more survivors in the ditch. Calley told Grzesik
er his team to do the job. "I really believed he expected
do it," Grzesik said later, with some amazement. Calley
him again and Grzesik again refused. The lieutenant
ngrily ordered him to take his team and help burn the
es. Grzesik headed for the hamlet plaza.

Thompson continued to fly over the ditch and noticed that some of the children's bodies had no heads. He landed a third time after his crew chief told him that he had seen some movement in the mass of bodies and blood below. The crew chief and Colburn walked toward the ditch. "Nobody said anything," Colburn said. "We just got out." They found a young child still alive. No GIs were in the immediate area. The crew chief climbed into the ditch. "He was knee-deep in people and blood." The child was quiet, buried under many bodies. "He was still holding onto his mother," Colburn said. "But she was dead." The child, clinging desperately, was pried loose. He still did not cry. Thompson later told the Inspector General: "I don't think this child was even wounded at all, just down there among all the other bodies, and he was terrified." Thompson and his men flew the baby to Quang Ngai Hospital and safety.

In other parts of My Lai 4, GIs were taking a break, or loafing. Others were systematically burning those remaining homes and huts and destroying food. Some villagers—still alive—were able to leave their hiding places and walk away. Charles West recalled that one member of his squad who simply wasn't able to slaughter a group of children asked for and received permission from an officer to let them go.

West's third platoon went ahead, nonetheless, with the killing. They gathered a group of about ten women and children, who huddled together in fear a few feet from the plaza, where dozens of villagers already had been slain. West and his squad had finished their mission in the north and west of the hamlet, and were looking for new targets. They drifted south toward the CP. Jay Roberts and Ron Haeberle, who had spent the last hour watching the slaughter in other parts of the hamlet, stood by—pencil and cameras at the ready. A few men now singled out a slender Vietnamese girl of about fifteen. They tore her from the group and started to pull at her blouse. They attempted to fondle her breasts. The old women and children were screaming and crying. One GI yelled, "Let's see what she's made of." Another said, "VC boom, boom," meaning she was a Viet Cong whore. Jay Roberts thought that the girl was good-looking. An old lady began fighting with fanatical fury, trying to protect the girl. Roberts said, "She was fighting off two or three guys at once. She was fantastic. Usually they're pretty passive. . . . They hadn't even gotten that chick's blouse off when Haeberle came along." One of the GIs finally smacked the old woman with his rifle butt; another booted her in the rear.

Grzesik and his fire team watched the fight develop as they walked down from the ditch to the hamlet center. Grzesik was surprised: "I thought the village was cleared. . . . I didn't know there were that many people left." He knew trouble was brewing, and his main thought was to keep his team out of it. He helped break up the fight. Some of the children were desperately hanging onto the old lady as she struggled. Grzesik was worried about the cameraman. He may have yelled, "Hey, there's a photographer." He remembered thinking: "Here's a guy that you've never seen before standing there with a camera." Then somebody said. "What do we do with them?" A GI answered "Waste them." Suddenly there was a burst of automatic fire from many guns. Only a small child survived. Somebody then carefully shot him, too. A photograph of the woman and child,

with the young Vietnamese girl tucking in her blouse, was later published in *Life*. Roberts tried to explain later: "It's just that they didn't know what they were supposed to do; killing them seemed like a good idea, so they did it. The old lady who fought so hard was probably a VC." He thought a moment and added: "Maybe it was just her daughter."

West was annoyed at the photographer. "I thought it was wrong for him to stand up and take pictures of this thing. Even though we had to do it, I thought, he didn't have to take pictures of it." Later he complained personally to Haeberle about it.

By now it was nearly 10:30 A.M. and most of the company began drifting aimlessly toward the plaza and the command post a few yards to the south. Their work was largely over; a good part of the hamlet was in flames. The villagers "were lying around like ants," William Wyatt remembered. "It was just like somebody had poisoned the water and everybody took a drink and started falling out."

Herb Carter and Harry Stanley had shed their gear and were taking a short break at the CP. Near them was a young Vietnamese boy, crying, with a bullet wound in his stomach. Stanley watched one of Captain Medina's three radio operators walk along a trail toward them; he was without his radio gear. As Stanley later told the CID, the radio operator went up to Carter and said, "Let me see your pistol." Carter gave it to him. The radio operator "then stepped within two feet of the boy and shot him in the neck with a pistol. Blood gushed from the child's neck. He then tried to walk off, but he could only take two or three steps. Then he fell onto the ground. He lay there and took four or five deep breaths and then he stopped breathing." The radio operator turned to Stanley and said, "Did you see how I shot that son of a bitch?" Stanley told him, "I don't see how anyone could just kill a kid." Carter got his pistol back; he told Stanley, "I can't take this no more...." Moments later Stanley heard a gun go off and Carter yell. "I went to Carter and saw he had shot himself in the foot," Stanley remembered. "I think Carter shot himself on purpose."

Other children were also last-minute targets. After the scene with the women and children, West noticed a small boy, about seven years old, staring dazedly beside a footpath. He had been shot in the leg. "He was just standing there staring; I don't think he was crying. Somebody asked, 'What do we do with him?' " At this point West had remembered there had been an order from Captain Medina to stop the shooting. "I just shrugged my shoulders," West recalled, "and said, 'I don't know,' and just kept walking." Seconds later he heard some shots, turned around and saw the boy no longer standing on the trail.

Haeberle and Roberts were walking together on the edge of the hamlet when they also noticed the wounded child with the vacant stare. In seconds, Roberts said, "Haeberle, envisioning the war-torn-wounded-waif picture of the year, got within five feet of the kid for a close-up. He was focusing when some guy, just walking along, leveled his rifle, fired three times, and walked away." Haeberle saw the shooting through the lens of his camera. "He looked up in shock," Roberts added. "He just turned around and stared. I think that was the thing that stayed in our mind. It was so close, so real; we just saw some kid blown away."

By then a helicopter had landed near the command post, under Medina's supervision, to fly out the wounded Carter. Sergeant Duong Minh, the interpreter who had angered M[illegible] with the questions about the dead civilians, was also put a[illegible] One of Haeberle's photographs shows the company medi[illegible] daging Carter, with Medina and a radio operator, Rodger [illegible] ray of Waukegan, Illinois, in the background near a pa[illegible] destroyed red-brick house. Medina was on the radio. W[illegible] Wyatt remembered the scene; that was the first time he [illegible] Medina that morning. Roy Wood also saw him then f[illegible] first time.

Others recalled, however, that the captain had left his [illegible] mand post south of the plaza many times during the late [illegible] ing to tour the northern and western sections, urging th[illegible] to stop the shooting and get on with the job of b[illegible] down the buildings. Some GIs from the second platoon, [illegible] Lieutenant Brooks, found three men still alive. Gary C[illegible] heard the GIs ask Brooks, "What do we do now?" The lieu[illegible] relayed the question by radio to Medina. "Don't kill then[illegible] captain said. "There's been too much of that already." [illegible] Garfolo remembered that Medina seemed frantic at times [illegible] ing about the hamlet: "He was telling everybody, 'Let' sta[illegible] getting out—let's move out of here.' "

Roberts also thought that Medina "was all over." H[illegible] Haeberle had crossed from the south to the north side [illegible] hamlet to look around, and saw the captain there. "Then [illegible] shot himself and Medina went back," Roberts said. At [illegible] point earlier in the morning, Roberts had watched son[illegible] interrogate an old man. He didn't know anything and son[illegible] asked the captain what to do with him. Medina "indica[illegible] didn't care," Roberts said, "that the guy wasn't of a[illegible] to him, and walked away." The GIs shot the man. Se[illegible] Mitchell may have witnessed the same scene. He saw both [illegible] and Medina interrogating an old man; Mitchell thou[illegible] was a monk. "Four or five of us weren't far away. W[illegible] watching. The old monk mumbled something and [illegible] walked off. I looked away for a second and when I looke[illegible] the old man had been shot and Calley was standing over[illegible]

Richard Pendleton remembered Medina himself sho[illegible] civilian that day. Pendleton was standing about 50 fee[illegible] from the captain sometime that morning—Pendleton isn[illegible] exactly when. Pendleton hadn't seen the captain earlier [illegible] wondered what Medina thought about what was goi[illegible] "Medina was standing there with the rest of the CP. It wa[illegible] there in the open. I was watching." There was a small [illegible] mese child, "the only one alive among a lot of dead peop[illegible] said he watched Medina carefully aim his M16 rifle [illegible] child. "He shot him in the head, and he went down."

Pendleton may have been mistaken. There was a chi[illegible] near the command post that day, after Carter shot h[illegible] Charles Gruver of Tulsa, Oklahoma, remembered vividly [illegible] happened: he saw a small boy, about three or four yea[illegible] standing by a trail with a wound in his arm. "He jus[illegible] there with big eyes staring like he didn't believe what w[illegible] pening. Then the captain's RTO [radio operator] put [illegible] of 16 [M16 rifle fire] into him." Ronald Grzesik also [illegible] He was just watching the child when he heard a rifle sh[illegible] looked back and saw that the radio operator was still in [illegible] firing position. But Medina, recalled Grzesik, "was arou[illegible] corner" in the command post at the time. Roberts also wi[illegible] the shooting; he thought the toddler was searching throu[illegible] pile of dead bodies for his mother or father, or a sis[illegible]

wearing only a shirt. The impact of the M16 flung the small backwards onto the pile.

ter that incident, Grzesik said he went up to John Paul old him what had been going on inside My Lai 4. Paul ptly asked him to tell the captain. Grzesik declined, think- iat Medina "was going to find out anyway if he walked few feet."

ere were some small acts of mercy. A GI placed a blanket the body of a mutilated child. An elderly woman was l when some GIs hollered at a soldier just as he was to shoot her. Grzesik remembered watching a GI seem to e with his conscience while holding a bayonet over a ded old man. "He wants to stab somebody with a bayonet," ik thought. The GI hesitated . . . and finally passed on, g the old man to die.

ne GIs, however, didn't hesitate to use their bayonets. een-year-old Nguyen Thi Ngoc Tuyet told a reporter he watched a baby trying to open her slain mother's to nurse. A soldier shot the infant while it was struggling he blouse, and then slashed at it with his bayonet. Tuyet ys she saw another baby hacked to death by GIs wielding ayonets.

Tong, a rice farmer, reported seeing one woman raped GIs killed her children. Nguyen Khoa, a peasant, told of a n-year-old girl who was raped before being killed. GIs ttacked Khoa's wife, he said, tearing off her clothes. Be- ey could rape her, however, Khoa said, their six-year-old ddled with bullets, fell and saturated her with blood. The t her alone.

re were "degrees" of murder that day. Some were con- out of sympathy. Michael Terry, the Mormon who was a leader in the third platoon, had ordered his men to take nch break by the bloody ditch in the rear of the hamlet. iced that there were no men in the ditch, only women ildren.

ad watched Calley and the others shoot into that ditch. seemed just like a kid, Terry thought. He also remem- hinking it was "just like a Nazi-type thing." When one couldn't fire any more and threw down his weapon, "Cal- ed it up." Later, during lunch, Terry and his men saw ne of the victims were still breathing. "They were pretty ot up. They weren't going to get any medical help, and ot them . . . shot maybe five of them."

s Bergthold saw an old man who had been shot in gs: "He was going to die anyway so I figured I might kill him." He took his 45-caliber pistol (as a machine- munition carrier, he was entitled to one), carefully placed el against the upper part of the old man's forehead, and the top of his head. Carter had watched the scene and ered thinking that Bergthold had done the old man a If me and you were together and you got wounded arter later told an interviewer, "and I couldn't get you tor, I'd shoot you, too."

of the shooting was over by the time Medina called for lunch, shortly after 11:00 A.M. By then, Roberts berle had grabbed a helicopter and cleared out of the ir story for the day far bigger than they wanted. Cal- chell, Sledge, Grzesik, and a few others went back ommand post west of My Lai 4 to take lunch with Medina and the rest of his headquarters crew. Grzesik recalled that at that point he had thought there couldn't be a survivor left in the hamlet. But two little girls showed up, about ten and eleven years old. John Paul said they came in from one of the paddies where they apparently had waited out the siege. "We sat them down with us [at the command post]," Paul recounts "and gave them some cookies and crackers to eat." When a CID interrogator later asked Charles Sledge how many civilians he thought had survived, he answered: "Only two small children who had lunch with us."

In the early afternoon, the men of Charlie Company mopped up to make sure all the houses and goods in My Lai 4 were destroyed. Medina ordered the underground tunnels in the hamlet blown up; most of them already had been blocked. Within another hour, My Lai 4 was no more; its red-brick buildings demolished by explosives, its huts burned to the ground, its people dead or dying.

Michael Bernhardt later summarized the day: "We met no resistance and I only saw three captured weapons. We had no casualties. It was just like any other Vietnamese village—old papa-sans, women, and kids. As a matter of fact, I don't remember seeing one military age male in the entire place, dead or alive. The only prisoner I saw was in his fifties."

The three platoons of Company C pulled out shortly after noon, rendezvousing in the rice paddies east of the hamlet. Lieutenant Brooks' second platoon had about eighty-five villagers in tow; it kept those of military age with them and told the rest to begin moving south. Following his original orders, Medina then marched the GIs a few hundred meters northeast through the deserted hamlets of My Lai 5 and My Lai 6, ransacking and burning as they went. In one of the hamlets, Medina ordered the residents gathered, and then told Sergeant Phu, the regular company interpreter, to tell them, as Phu later told Vietnamese investigators, that "they were to go away or something will happen to them—just like what happened at My Lai 4."

By nightfall, the Viet Cong were back in My Lai 4, helping the survivors bury the dead. It took five days. Most of the funeral speeches were made by the Communist guerrillas. Nguyen Bat was not a Communist at the time of the massacre, but the incident changed his mind. "After the shooting," he said, "all the villagers became Communists."

When Army investigators reached the barren area in November 1969, in connection with the My Lai probe in the United States, they found mass graves at three sites, as well as a ditch full of bodies. It was estimated that between 450 and 500 people —most of them women, children, and old men—had been slain and buried there.

V. THE VICTORY

Specialist 5 Jay Roberts carried his reporter's note pad and a pencil with him when he took the helicopter from Eleventh Brigade headquarters at Duc Pho that morning. But whatever he wrote could not be used. The Army had decided the night before that the Viet Cong were in My Lai 4; nothing that happened in the next twenty-four hours officially changed that view.

A Saigon report of Charlie Company's battle sent to the Pentagon the night of March 16 noted that initial "contact with the enemy force" occurred at 7:50 A.M., about the time Lieuten-

ant Calley and his platoon had secured the landing zone and shot an unarmed old man. The military message added that a second combat company had been airlifted into the area by 9:10 A.M. and that both units reported "sporadic contact" with the enemy as they moved toward a rendezvous. The companies had support from "Army artillery and helicopter gunships."

Roberts—who had been out of My Lai since 11:00 A.M.—learned from Colonel Barker in the early afternoon that the final body-count for Task Force Barker that day was 128, with three enemy weapons captured. He had no idea how, or why, that total was reached. There was great excitement at LZ Dotti: the 128 body-count was the largest for the task force since it had begun operations forty days earlier. The correspondent knew most of the dead were civilians; he personally had seen at least twenty-five persons killed and fifty bodies: "I was pretty upset. And then I had to write a story about it. How do you write a story when you have 128 bodies and only three captured weapons?" He thought briefly of reporting what had happened, but his ambition vanished when he walked into the tactical-operations center at LZ Dotti. He was promptly kicked out of the area by Major Charles Calhoun, the task force's operations officer who was monitoring the radios. Roberts still doesn't know if he was thrown out because of what was coming over the radios or because of simple officer hostility to enlisted men. In either case, the incident didn't bolster his courage. Colonel Barker also returned to his headquarters at LZ Dotti early in the afternoon, and Roberts sought him out. Roberts asked him "about the high body-count and the low number of weapons discovered. He just kind of overlooked it and said something to the effect that I could make a good story without that fact." Barker died in a helicopter crash three months later, but Roberts was certain that "he knew what was going on. He knew they were wiping out the village."

Roberts returned to brigade headquarters at Duc Pho, wrote the story based on the official statistics, and gave it to his superior officer. "I just figured it'd look real bad, and it wasn't my problem." The brigade press officer, Second Lieutenant Arthur Dunn of Forest Park, Illinois, also thought the story looked bad. Dunn particularly noticed the claim that high numbers of Viet Cong were killed and the fact that artillery had been called in before the ground assault. "Well, they did it again," he said to himself, thinking that an artillery round had landed amidst civilians. Dunn's job was to file a daily after-action report on the brigade's maneuvers to division headquarters at Chu Lai. Task Force Barker's assault on My Lai 4 was the biggest thing going on March 16, and Dunn used the same official statistics that were available to Roberts. As he wrote his report that evening he knew it "was fishy." Perhaps, he thought, Medina and his company had unearthed some previously killed soldiers or civilians and were claiming them as enemy dead. Such things had happened before.

Roberts hadn't discussed the mission with him, Dunn recalled, but it wouldn't have made any difference if he had. "If I had known there was a massacre and let somebody write about it, I would have lost my job." The young officer's two-page action report was dictated that night by telephone to the American Division press office at Chu Lai. "They copied it down word for word," Dunn said. Division press personnel sent one copy of the story up to Saigon for release to the hundreds of newsmen there; a second copy was sent over to the printer for publication in the division's daily newsletter. The report bo[re] relation to reality. Neither did Roberts'.

The official brigade account of the task-force operation written by Roberts, gave Charlie Company direct credit f[or] fifteen of the 128 enemy kills, and also said that none [of] company's victims was inside My Lai 4 at the time. "[The] fantry company led by Captain Ernest Medina engag[ed] killed fourteen VC and captured three M-1 rifles, a rad[io] enemy documents while moving toward the village," the [re]port said, adding that one Vietnamese had been killed earlie[r] landing zone. It said firefights in the surrounding area [were] responsible for most of the enemy deaths. Six victim[s] killed by the helicopter gunships from the 123rd Aviati[on] talion and 174th Aviation Company, which were flying [cover] for the mission. Those six, according to Roberts' versio[n] the only Vietnamese who were killed inside My Lai 4. [Medina] was quoted in the story as saying, "The combat assau[lt] like clockwork. We had two entire companies on the gr[ound] less than an hour." The story added that "the swiftne[ss] which the units moved into the area surprised the enem[y]. A the battle, the Eleventh Brigade soldiers moved into the [area] searching each hut and tunnel."

Similar stories appeared later in the *Pacific Stars and* [Stripes] and in *The Trident,* the weekly newspaper of the A[mer]ical Division.

A report of the My Lai 4 invasion, based on the official [account] supplied newsmen in Saigon, was published on the front [page] the *New York Times,* as well as in many other newspa[pers] March 17. It said that two Americal Division compan[ies] caught a North Vietnamese unit in a pincer movement [and] 128 enemy soldiers. "The United States soldiers were sw[eeping] the area," the *Times* said. "The operation is another A[mer]ical offensive to clear enemy pockets still threatening th[e] While the two companies of United States soldiers m[oved] on the enemy force from opposite sides, heavy artillery [fire] and armed helicopters were called in to pound the [North] Vietnamese soldiers." The report said two American C[om]s killed and ten wounded during the day-long fight si[x] northeast of Quang Ngai, even though Medina's comp[any] only sustained one casualty—Carter. There was no me[n]tion civilian casualties.

Haeberle had returned with Roberts to Duc Pho. H[aeberle] oped some—but not all—of the photographs taken at M[y Lai] that day. He had taken three cameras with him; one [held] black-and-white photographs for the Army and two [held] color photographs for his own use. A few black-and-wh[ite] tographs were printed and sent up to division headquar[ters] only a few. Most of the negatives were simply thrown [on a] desk at Duc Pho. Roberts obviously thought that there [was] sense in sending up photographs of carnage, because t[he] people at headquarters would never have approved th[em] release.

Charlie Company's apparent victory did not go un[noticed] A few days after the battle, General William C. We[st]land, then commander of U. S. forces in Vietnam, sent [the] lowing message: "Operation Muscatine [the code name [for] My Lai 4 assault] contact northeast of Quang Ngai Ci[ty] March dealt enemy heavy blow. Congratulations to offi[cers] men of C-1-20 [Charlie Company, First Battalion, Tw[enty] Infantry] for outstanding action."

VI. AFTERMATH

ours after it was over, most members of Charlie Company were still keyed up. There was a lot of talk; much of it brag- about how many gooks had been killed that day. Harry ey said that three members of the company had staged a st at My Lai 4 to see who would kill the most people . Charles West got angry at all the loose talk and joking the incident. "It was bad enough that we did this, but guys were telling how many people they had killed. . . . didn't make no sense. The guys wasn't unhappy until after me out; until they stopped to think about what they did." hen the men of Charlie Company finished razing My Lai 5 , Medina marched them south to meet up with another any of Task Force Barker; together the units would set up sive positions for the night near the coast of the South a Sea a few miles to the east. By late afternoon the com- was about 2,500 meters—well over a mile—outside the t. Medina got a radio call from Major Calhoun, asking o take the company back into My Lai 4 to do a better count of civilian casualties. Medina argued: "I said I felt vas too far to go and it was late in the day and that it be better to go into defensive positions." He was afraid es and booby traps. "This was a very dangerous operation gerous territory."

denly Major General Samuel Koster, apparently flying ead in a helicopter and monitoring the conversation be- Medina and Calhoun, broke in over the radio, using his ame "Saber Six." Medina remembered that "Saber Six here was no need to send the company . . . back into all ess" this late in the day. Saber Six asked how many civil- ad been killed during the operation in My Lai 4. Medina im "about twenty to twenty-eight." Koster replied, "That about right," and ordered Medina to get his defensive ns set up. At some point that evening, Medina gathered ee platoon leaders and asked if any civilians had been "I received negative indications," he recalled.

t that night, Medina told his men that a helicopter pilot d a complaint and there was the possibility of an investi- Bernhardt remembered Medina promising that he would hem up in case of trouble: "He said he would say that was a gunfight and that we did a lot of shooting." The urged his men not to talk about it. "The guys weren't ," Bernhardt added. "They had absolute faith in him."

lie Company heard no more officially about My Lai 4 y. But they talked among themselves. Mike Terry shared ner that night with Gregory Olsen and Michael Bern- They were all upset about what had happened. "We talked he way the Army was going to cover it by saying it was good thing . . . a big victory," Terry recalled. All three that field-grade officers must have known about it. rdt heard talk of a body-count of "over three hundred" Lai; he also heard that only those old enough to walk llied. Young children and infants were not. Paul Meadlo ply disturbed about what he had done, especially after e told him that the company was not supposed to kill dy: "Mitchell said we were just supposed to shoot the ames Bergthold remembered, "Everybody was talking about it. First we heard there were quite a lot killed and then it was found out they weren't supposed to be killed, but were supposed to have been evacuated by helicopters instead."

They didn't dwell on it too long, however. John Paul remembered that some of the GIs brought two girls—apparently taken from My Lai 4—down to the beach. He isn't sure what happened to them. At one point in the evening a GI approached Sergeant Phu, who was distressed by what had happened to his countrymen that day, and suggested that he try not to look unhappy because "it could be very dangerous for him." The Vietnamese was told to "look casual."

Back at Duc Pho, Captain Charlie R. Lewellen, assistant intelligence officer for Task Force Barker, was just getting to sleep after an exhausting day. He liked to tape radio transmissions during combat: "It's one thing to tell a man what combat's like, it's another to play a tape." He had set up his equipment at the communications center at Duc Pho early in the morning. The first words recorded, he said later, showed that the "lift ships were getting off the ground at 7:22 A.M." The tape played continuously during the day, transcribing all of the complaints made by Thompson and the transmissions between Medina and others in the Eleventh Brigade. Lewellen kept the Japanese-made recorder going until "I checked out and went to bed."

Charlie Company spent that night in a Vietnamese graveyard, their sleeping bags and pup tents flung amidst shrines and burial mounds.

The next morning, Medina was ordered by Task Force Barker to establish an outpost on a nearby hill and destroy three deserted hamlets named Mykhe 1, 2, and 3. Sometime that day there was another argument in the first platoon between Calley and Sergeant Cowen, and another casualty resulted. The mission was reconnaissance; Calley wanted to take a small squad to the top of the ridge that was marked off-limits on the map because of minefields. Cowen argued briefly, but gave up when Calley asked his usual question: "Who's the boss?" The lieutenant picked Meadlo and a few others to go along. Meadlo had the minesweeper that day: his job was to go before the others and carefully sweep the warning device back and forth a few inches off the ground. His mind was on other things; he got careless and triggered a mine that blew off his right foot. Charles Sledge heard Meadlo begin to yell and curse at Calley while waiting for a rescue helicopter, warning him that "God will punish you. If you don't get out of the field, the same thing will happen to you." Rennard Doines also heard Meadlo say to Calley: "God will punish you for what you made me do." Some of the mine fragments had struck Calley and slightly wounded him about the face—he got a Purple Heart for the injury. Calley was shaken. He began screaming, "Get him on the helicopter. Get him on the helicopter." Describing the incident twenty months later, Roy Wood commented that "maybe God done caught up with Calley. It seems to me that now he got his reward, too."

During the search-and-destroy missions, some men seemed to get out of control again. Three men and a woman were sighted fleeing from a burning hut in one of the hamlets. The woman was grabbed. Gregory Olsen saw a soldier from the second platoon running around with the woman, by this time stripped of all her clothing, over his shoulder. "He said he was going

to 'put it' to her, but she was too dirty," Olsen recalled. The men were all told that the woman had been identified as a North Vietnamese Army nurse; the men with her, who had escaped, were described as doctors. Wood remembered clearly that they didn't get the men, but the whole second platoon "got her —they caught her ass." Wood said, "They all raped her . . . tore her up." He saw her later, bleeding badly, but a sergeant fixed her up. Later she escaped. "Tough?" he asked rhetorically. "She sure must of been—she took on all of them." The incident, which took place hardly twenty-four hours after the assault on My Lai 4, was known to most members of the company.

Charlie Company eventually worked its way back to the South China Sea coast, where four suspects were captured, including a young boy and a middle-aged man. The boy was gagged and tied to a bamboo tree; he quickly identified the man as an area commander for the North Vietnamese Army. The men decided to have some fun. One GI lit a cigarette and stuffed it, still burning, inside the older man's pants. Grzesik watched as the man started to dance in pain and the GI danced alongside, mocking him. John Kinch told *Life* magazine that Medina played Russian roulette with the old man at one point, trying futilely to make him talk. Medina acknowledged the incident in an interview with the Washington *Post,* but said he had removed the bullets from the pistol. Kinch's account continued: "Then he grabbed him by the hair and threw him up against a tree. He fired two shots with a rifle, closer and closer to the guy's head, and then aimed straight at him." The captive began talking. He said he was a North Vietnamese Army area commander. Medina later had a photograph taken of himself drinking from a coconut with one hand and holding a sharp knife under the throat of the trussed-up boy.

Sometime in the afternoon of that day, March 17, Medina got a call from Task Force Barker headquarters informing him that Colonel Henderson, the brigade commander, was en route for a visit. The colonel, accompanied by two other officers, landed and told Medina he had been accused of shooting a woman at My Lai 4. The colonel said he was conducting an informal investigation. "He asked me if there had been any war crimes at My Lai 4, and I told him no," Medina recalled. Henderson left. By this time, word of Charlie Company's victory at My Lai 4 was on the front page of the *New York Times* and General Westmoreland's office was readying his routine message of congratulations.

But Medina was worried. John Smail of Renton, Washington, a squad leader in the third platoon, remembered thinking that "somebody gave him a good ass-chewing." Smail and Medina got along well; the GI said that "Medina liked to bullshit with me, but he just wasn't himself" after Henderson's visit. "He was sweating about something," Smail said. "He walked around real nervously, and kept on saying, 'Sergeant Smail, what can I do?' I asked him, 'What do you mean, sir?' "

The next day, Charlie Company returned to LZ Dotti, its mission a success. Some of the men were quizzed by Colonel Henderson about My Lai 4 as they climbed off the helicopters onto the landing pad, but all denied seeing a massacre. For most of the GIs, that was the last they would hear about My Lai 4 from their officers or brigade headquarters.

Michael Bernhardt, however, wanted to do something about what he had seen. But he was afraid to speak out. He watched as Colonel Henderson asked his questions, and h sure nothing would come of it. He thought, too, tha helicopter pilot who had reported the incident had been kil action the next day. Not many could speak, he figured, wi implicating themselves, and if they did, no one knew ho Army would react. Bernhardt felt he had no place to g decided he could, perhaps, write his Congressman abou shooting. He apparently mentioned his ideas to other me of his platoon; the word got to the platoon leader, Lieut Stephen Brooks. Brooks passed it on to Medina. The c accosted Bernhardt in a mess hall, and told the rifleman, "Y write your Congressman if you want to. But you will c big stink. The matter is being investigated." Medina di spell out just what could be reported to the Congressma it was clear to both men what they were talking about. hardt denied that he had any such plan; Medina then emph that it would be unwise to send such a letter. An Army in gation concluded more than a year later that Medina h really threatened the youth; he had merely "encouraged not to write any letters.

A few days after Charlie Company's invasion of My Ronald L. Ridenhour, a GI from Phoenix, Arizona, then s as a helicopter door gunner in the Eleventh Brigade, flew the stricken area: "The hamlet was completely desolate. were no people around, no signs of life anywhere." The Warrant Officer Gilbert Honda, hovered the craft over paddy near the hamlet. Ridenhour saw a body below. Th copter flew down to investigate. "It was a woman," Ride remembered, "spread-eagled as if on display. She h Eleventh Brigade patch between her legs—as if it were type of display, some badge of honor. We just looked; obviously there so people would know the Eleventh B had been there. We just thought, 'What in the hell's with these guys? What's going on?' "

The pilot banked the helicopter so its prop wash cau patch and blew it away. Moments later Ridenhour sp number of possible Viet Cong suspects walking toge the My Lai 4 area. The men ran and jumped into a bunke the helicopter approached. Ridenhour wanted to flush out with a white phosphorous grenade to determine were enemy troops. "They were obviously bad guys," called. But Honda seemed reluctant, and halfheartedl the helicopter over the bunker—at far too high an alti hit it with a grenade. Ridenhour was angry: "What i going on, sir?" Honda told him cryptically that "these around here have had a pretty rough time the last few The helicopter flew off.

Within hours, word of what had happened in My La spread throughout the helicopter units of the Eleventh B "We just rapped about it," Larry Colburn recalled. "Guy 123rd Aviation saw it and got mad. Thompson was so p wanted to turn in his wings."

Charlie Company quickly settled back into its rou search-and-destroy missions that continued until its Vietnam was over. There were only a few reminders had happened. Somehow other companies in the First B of the Eleventh Brigade had learned about My Lai 4. "The

h, we heard you killed a whole lot of women and children
d then reported 128 VC killed,'" West recalled. Charles
ge also remembered, with unhappiness, the fact that other
panies "would razz us about it."
y then, Medina had promoted Calley to first lieutenant,
the first platoon continued in its dislike and disrespect for
young officer. In April 1968 the long-simmering feud be-
n Sergeant Cowen and Lieutenant Calley reached its climax
n Calley insisted during a field operation that artillery be
d in near the first platoon's position. Cowen demanded he
el the order. Calley refused. "I told him that someday he'd
orry he never listened to a noncom," Cowen recalled. "I
oed Mitchell and told him we'd better find a hole and
l in it. . . . We were sitting there talking when I heard
whistle of an incoming. It landed 50 meters away. I could
Calley yelling on the phone for the artillery to stop. The
night we hooked with the company again and I had a talk
Medina. I told him, 'It's either Calley or me.'"
ne following day, Calley was relieved and put in charge
ne mortar platoon, whose responsibility was to provide
ery cover for the infantrymen in the company. John
said that Medina must have made the shift after "figuring
where Calley could do the least damage." Calley later re-
ed a transfer out of Charlie Company—and got it.
then Medina's men were talking much less about My Lai
there was any general consensus among the members of
ie Company, it was perhaps best expressed by William
rty, who thought that "it was pretty disgusting, but it was
erent feeling. If they had been Americans," he said of the
Vietnamese, "I might have felt different. I never really
stood those people." Doherty was upset by what had hap-
to him in Vietnam: "You'd see a guy's leg blown off,
rifle wound through his head—it stopped meaning any-
more. It was nothing. You'd just say, 'Glad it wasn't me.'
told me this would happen to me when I got to Nam—
titude. I didn't believe it, but . . ."
one had stepped forward in protest, and most of the
started brooding about the incident only after they left
mpany or returned to their homes in the United States.
Colburn later bumped into some GIs at Fort Hood,
who had served in other units of Task Force Barker
time of My Lai 4. He talked to them about it. "They heard
Charlie Company had a turkey shoot," Colburn recalled.
least one GI, however, had second thoughts while still
Medina's company in Vietnam. Ron Grzesik remembered
e wasn't immediately distressed by what he saw that day.
days after My Lai he wrote a friend back home with-
en mentioning the shooting. But the following week
t another letter, this one describing the massacre and
ding that every man in Charlie Company "should be
jail."

VII. THE COVER-UP

Army defines the shooting of unarmed civilians as a
grave Breach" of the Geneva Convention of August 12,
or the protection of war victims. A 1968 directive pub-
by the United States Command in Saigon is explicit about
o do: "It is the responsibility of all military personnel
having knowledge or receiving a report of an incident or of an act thought to be a war crime to make such incident known to his commanding officer as soon as possible. . . ."

March 16, 1968, was Colonel Oran K. Henderson's first day on his new job as commanding officer of the Eleventh Brigade. It should have been a happy day. But things began going wrong for Henderson right from the start. Shortly after 9:00 A.M., the colonel, cruising above the battle in My Lai 4, noticed two men fleeing the hamlet. He thought they might be Viet Cong and ordered Warrant Officer Thompson, below him in a small observation helicopter, to stop them. After this was done, Henderson landed and personally interrogated the suspects. They turned out to be, Thompson later told the IG, not Viet Cong but two members of the Saigon government's local militia, who had apparently been held captive in My Lai 4.

Sometime in that same hour, Thompson filed his complaint to brigade headquarters about the "wild shooting by men on the ground and by helicopters in the area." He specifically cited the shooting of a woman by a captain. Upon learning of the complaint, Henderson said later, "I reported it to division headquarters [at Chu Lai] right away." He told them that he would make an inquiry. Henderson already had had some hints of wild shooting at My Lai 4 before he heard from Thompson. In the fall of 1969 Henderson told a reporter that on an earlier helicopter fly-by, he had seen the bodies of "five or six" civilians, two of which appeared to be men.

But the colonel, testifying in the spring of 1969 in private at the Pentagon about the incident, had had a different recollection: he had observed the bodies of only one woman and two children, both killed—he believed—by artillery. The IG subsequently asked Thompson about that statement, and the warrant officer—who had landed his helicopter in the same area at the same time—disagreed.

Henderson gave a third version of what he saw. He told a group of radio and television newsmen in November 1969 that he had flown over My Lai 4 and had seen no evidence of a massacre. By the end of the next day, March 17, Henderson said, he had questioned the men of Charlie Company and they had proclaimed their innocence.

There is yet another version of Henderson's involvement. Larry Colburn decided to tell somebody what he had witnessed in My Lai 4. After returning in the afternoon to brigade headquarters at Duc Pho, he walked over to Henderson's office. "I told him what happened that day," Colburn said. "He took a few notes and then I just never heard anything about it." The colonel seemed "nonchalant" about the whole affair. Colburn wasn't surprised: "I never thought anything would come of it anyway. I'd seen it happen before, but just not with that many people." Thompson accompanied his young crew member to the colonel's quarters. Colburn recalled that the pilot also spoke to Henderson that day.

This was only the beginning of many contradictions in the subsequent accounts by Henderson and others of how the colonel learned about and investigated the charges of wild shooting and unnecessary killing in My Lai 4.

Lieutenant Colonel Barker, the task-force commander, and Major Charles Calhoun, its executive officer at LZ Dotti, were immediately informed of Thompson's report. It is not known

if anyone else immediately knew of it. Barker contacted Medina, who then radioed Calley to ask what was going on and to tell him to conserve ammunition. All of these messages were being carefully logged on Lewellen's tape recorder at the communications center at Duc Pho. Second Lieutenant Joseph Reid of Mountain View, California, was monitoring the radios at brigade headquarters at Duc Pho that day; he heard radio messages indicating that "the going was pretty thick."

Thompson's report could not be ignored. Army Secretary Stanley R. Resor later said that Henderson was immediately "directed to conduct an investigation of the incident." It is unclear who actually gave Henderson the order. The colonel, in his subsequent description of his actions to newsmen, indicated that he himself had initiated the brief field investigation on March 17, and went on to say that he had interrogated a suspect that day in connection with a shooting at My Lai 4. In his first public discussions of the case, however, Henderson did not identify Medina as the man who was being investigated for the murder, nor did he say the victim was a woman. Henderson told one television reporter that Medina's story was virtually the same as that told by the helicopter pilots, with this exception: "The individual [Medina] thought this [Vietnamese] person was dead, and as he walked away, the Vietnamese raised his arm, and instinctively the individual thought it was a hand grenade. He whipped out and fired with his weapon, and it was a regrettable incident. But as a soldier, I can accept this. It was purely a result of the survival problem you're faced with. You only have a split second to react." The on-the-spot interrogation in connection with the shooting of the woman was ended at that point, apparently because of Medina's explanation.

Henderson also gave two accounts of his subsequent interrogation on March 18 of some of the men of Charlie Company at LZ Dotti. He told one reporter: "I talked to about forty of them and I asked them point-blank if there was any truth to these reports. This was an informal inquiry. I got a negative from all of them. In all my questioning, there was only one admission that a civilian had been killed . . . [a reference to the Medina shooting]." According to another newspaper version, supplied by Henderson, he gathered thirty or forty men, and approximately the following happened:

"From initial reports he [Henderson] had, some civilians might have been killed, perhaps promiscuously. This overshadowed to a degree any success they had in the operation. It concerned him as brigade commander. He did not expect his soldiers to kill civilians. He asked whether anyone in the group had observed shooting or killing of civilians. Reportedly there was a general murmur: 'No, no.' He pointed his finger at random at three or four men, and asked each of them. 'No, sir,' came the answer, loud and clear."

One of the men he asked was Sergeant Cowen. "When we got out of the area," Cowen recalled, "some colonel came up and asked me if there was anything unusual going on in the village. I said, 'No comment,' and he passed on." Allen Boyce also clearly remembered the interrogation: "When we got off the operation, somebody—a colonel or light colonel—asked us if anything out of the ordinary had taken place. Some sergeant who was there just shook his head. He didn't say yes or no. He didn't say either way. That's the way they [the Army] do it; they usually ask the highest-ranking guy. The officer directed questions at everybody but the senior man answered. He's [i]posed to. In training, they try to brainwash you—they tell [y]that 'you don't ask questions; just obey orders.' " Even [no] Grzesik told Henderson no. As he explained later, "It was [m]only answer I could think of." Harry Stanley later wond[ered] why the colonel expected anyone to say anything, since [it] first thing they teach you is about the chain of command. [If] talked to the colonel, they'd [Charlie Company] find some [a]to get me."

By the afternoon of the 18th, Medina was convinced tha[t he] matter was indeed closed. Colonel Barker later suggested [that] he tell the company not to discuss the incident with an[yone] else—a step Medina had already taken.

Henderson, meanwhile, concluded his investigation a[t LZ] Dotti. There are again different versions of what took [place]. Secretary Resor told Congress later that Henderson, durin[g his] informal investigation of the incident, "interviewed the [task] force commander and S-3 [Major Calhoun, the executive [offi]cer], and the commanders of the two companies which [had] been in the immediate area. He also received some repo[rts of] unnecessary killing through Vietnamese channels." But He[nder]son, making no mention of Vietnamese reports, told new[smen] simply that the answers he received from the men of Cl[arlie] Company and Captain Medina "satisfied me and I acc[epted] them." He then made an oral report of his findings to [the] quarters of the Americal Division. A few days later, a[round] April 1, Henderson personally talked to General Koster [about] My Lai 4.

By this time Lewellen had played his long-running tap[e for a] number of officers attached to headquarters company at Duc [Ho]. Lieutenant John Gore of Lawrenceville, New Jersey, lister[ned to] it a few days after the March 16 mission. "It was insta[nt re]play," Gore said later. He remembered that Lewellen cont[inued] "to play it once in a while" for the men of the brigade.

Henderson said that sometime in May 1968 he was or[dered] by General Koster to conduct a formal inquiry. The pr[ocedure] of formalizing an on-the-spot field investigation is a n[ormal] one in the military, but Koster's order to Henderson to h[andle] it was a deviation. Usually a division commander will re[fer] his inspector general's office—charged by regulation wi[th the] sponsibility for such investigations—to step in at that [point]. Henderson assigned Lieutenant Colonel Barker to hand[le the] formal inquiry, although it was his task force that was [being] investigated. Barker reached the same conclusion as he[had] Henderson explained: "Colonel Barker also talked to a n[umber] of the men who had been in on this operation, and he al[so got] a negative." Barker's report was deemed satisfactory by [Hen]derson, who signed it and sent it on to headquarters. Wh[at] Barker did do remains a mystery. Of over forty memb[ers of] Charlie Company who were later asked about it, not one [could] recall the Barker investigation.

Once Barker's report was handed in, General Koster s[hould] have forwarded it to his superiors in Saigon and Washi[ngton]. A Defense Department directive then in force said clearl[y that] reports of civilian killings—whether substantiated or not—[must] be forwarded up the line. Koster's actions throughout the [March] 16 incident are suspect. The officer, who later became Su[per]intendent of West Point, is known to have been monitoring [radio] transmissions in the area that day; most Vietnam comba[t vet]erans agree he should have taken it upon himself at least

the My Lai 4 operation—the most significant for the erical Division at that time. Did he, as Medina claimed, r the captain not to return to the hamlet and do the more rate body-count that Major Calhoun was insisting upon? he call for an immediate inspector-general investigation receiving Henderson's oral report on the My Lai 4 in- rt? Did he follow the directive about forwarding such rts to his superiors in Saigon? A three-star general was put harge of an in-depth Pentagon investigation of My Lai 4 in ember 1969 to determine, among other things, the answers ose questions.

Within a few days after March 16—the dead had been buried by then—Do Dinh Luyen, the Song My village (which includes the My Lai 4 area), turned over a carefully oiled list of the dead to the official immediately above him e Vietnamese hierarchy—the Son Tinh district chief, Cap- Tran Ngoc Tan. He in turn reported the incident to the ng Ngai Province chief, Colonel Thon That Khien, within v days. Captain Tan, who made his report by letter, also a sharply critical note to the chief of staff of the South namese Second Division, which had responsibility for the Included with the note was the list of the 450 to 500 gers who were said to have been shot. Tan's report put nel Khien in an unenviable spot; the forty-year-old officer popular among American military men, who considered a strong supporter. But Khien knew that no one reporting merican atrocity would remain a friend for long, partic- after a number of high-ranking American officers lready investigated the charges, and ruled them ground-

hien delayed. He explained later that he was reluctant to de the enemy with anything it could use as propaganda, hat he also had doubts the Americans could commit such ne. He had tried to convince himself that it was an accident haps some artillery had gone astray. In any case, once the Cong began distributing leaflets about the incident, he, arse, had to keep quiet; otherwise he would be providing rt for the enemy.

t officials of the South Vietnamese Second Division, mean- , had started doing what Khien was afraid to do: they were igating the report. On April 15, four weeks after the nt, military intelligence officials filed reports noting that ican troops had "gathered people together" and executed t five hundred of them in the My Lai 4 hamlet of Song My e on March 16. The document was found on file by a Lon- ewspaperman in late 1969 at the province headquarters at g Ngai.

urther document, also seen by the same reporter, revealed n June Colonel Khien requested Colonel Toan of the Sec- Division and James A. May, the senior United States ce adviser at the time, to take up the matter with the ical Division. That document was the last-known contact time between the Americans and the South Vietnamese ing My Lai 4. May, in an interview, said he left Quang on May 29, 1968, and had heard nothing of the incident then. His successor, Robert T. Burke, insisted that "I heard a word. Not a thing."

Song My village chief told a newsman in November 1969 that he had never spoken to any American about the massacre. And no Americans—either from the province adviser's office or from the Americal Division—ever attempted to verify the chief's report by interrogating survivors. The next discussion about My Lai 4 between Americans and South Vietnamese took place the following spring, when the United States Army launched its investigation.

It's impossible to determine how far up the Vietnamese reports climbed in the bureaucracy. Had normal procedure been followed, Khien's report to the Second Division would have been passed up to the corps commander, the Vietnamese joint general staff, the defense minister, the Premier, and then to the President. In early December 1969, President Thieu was reported to have known about the My Lai 4 case for more than a year. He was said to have believed there was a good deal of truth to it, but did not want to acknowledge the incident publicly, telling associates at the time that it would only increase the anti-American feeling in South Vietnam.

VIII. THE UNCOVERING—part 1

It took twenty months for the American public to learn what Charlie Company had done in a few hours at My Lai 4. Why, and how, the deliberate murder of hundreds of civilians remained a secret so long is difficult to understand, especially because so many knew about it—and so many had participated in it. Dozens of Charlie Company GIs had transferred to other units; many chose, perhaps deliberately, the most dangerous job in South Vietnam—long-range reconnaissance patrols into enemy territory. GIs talk, and brag; the 250 men in the other two companies of Task Force Barker learned within days about what had happened in My Lai 4. A number of officers in the brigade had listened with fascination to a tape recording of the events at the hamlet. At least sixty Army men in a dozen helicopters saw firsthand what was going on in My Lai 4; the gunships had been assigned by the Americal Division to help Charlie Company overcome the expected Viet Cong resistance. And there were the survivors, unknown in number, of My Lai 4 itself.

Details of the massacre had been published twice in France: in the May 15, 1968, edition of the French-language publication. *Sud Vietnam en Lutte,* and in *Bulletin du Vietnam,* published by the North Vietnamese delegation to the Paris peace talks. The issue was raised again in a report to the July meeting in Grenoble, France, of the World Conference of Jurists for Vietnam.

By the early summer of 1968, Paul Meadlo was home in Terre Haute, Indiana, his right foot gone, along with his self-respect. And by early 1969, most of Charlie Company was gone from Vietnam, back on the job or at school in cities across the nation. Ron Haeberle was busy in Ohio showing slide photographs of the My Lai 4 massacre to Rotary Club luncheons and the like; no one in his audiences apparently cared, or believed, enough to find out how he had managed to take such pictures. None of the GIs seemed to consider his experiences worth telling about.

But at that time a twenty-two-year-old ex-GI in Phoenix, Arizona, was in the midst of preparing a letter that would eventually prompt an Army investigation of the massacre. Ronald Ridenhour had flown over My Lai 4 a few days after the shootings. He noticed the complete desolation, but did not

find out what caused it until he joined a long-range reconnaissance unit operating out of Duc Pho, where he heard accounts of the massacre from five eyewitnesses. Ridenhour drove to the Americal Division headquarters in Chu Lai and confirmed that Charlie Company had indeed been at My Lai 4 on March 16. Ridenhour was cautious as he gathered information in Vietnam; he did not even make written notes for fear of his safety.

Ridenhour was discharged and returned to Phoenix in early December 1968, intent on doing something about the shootings at My Lai 4. He had served well in Vietnam, both as a helicopter door-gunner and as a team leader of long-range patrol groups. He earned the usual medals, and did nothing that would mark him as an antiwar protester. He kept his outrage to himself. But "I wanted to get those people," Ridenhour said. "I wanted to reveal what they did. My God, when I first came home, I would tell my friends about this and cry—literally cry. As far as I was concerned it was a reflection on me, on every American, on the ideals that we supposedly represent. It completely castrated the whole posture of America."

Those to whom he talked urged him not to report it, not to turn in his buddies, not to help the enemy. "Forget about it," one friend said, "if you know what's good for you and America." By the next spring, the young ex-GI was hard at work as a Popsicle maker for the local ice-cream company, saving his money so he could continue his college education in the fall at Claremont Men's College near Los Angeles.

He turned now to Arthur A. Orman, one of his former high-school teachers who had also taught him creative writing during the one year he attended Phoenix College before getting drafted. Along with his moral indignation, Ridenhour had another motivation: he'd always wanted to be a writer, and he knew he would never find a better story with which to begin. Orman, however, convinced the ex-GI not to try to sell his story to a magazine. Instead, he argued, Ridenhour should give his information to those government agencies that were equipped to investigate such matters. "I thought it would cheapen what he was doing if he tried to sell the story," Orman recalled.

Then came the critical decision to approach Congress. The two men agreed that letters should be sent to leading members of the House and Senate, and not just to the White House, Pentagon, and State Department. The letter described in detail what Ridenhour had learned about My Lai 4, but he was careful to make clear he was reporting what he heard, and not what he saw. The letter* said, in part:

> It was late in April 1968 that I first heard of "Pinkville" and what allegedly happened there. I received that first report with some skepticism, but in the following months I was to hear similar stories from such a wide variety of people that it became impossible for me to disbelieve that something rather dark and bloody did occur sometime in March 1968 in a village called "Pinkville" in the Republic of Vietnam....
>
> In late April 1968, I was awaiting orders for a transfer... when I happened to run into [Charles] "Butch" Gruver, whom I had known in Hawaii [Ridenhour went through training with the Eleventh Brigade at Schofield Barracks, as did Charlie Company].... During the course of our conversation he told me the first of many reports I was to hear of "Pinkville."
>
> "Charlie" Company... had been assigned to Task Force Barker in late February 1968 to help conduct searc destroy operations on the Batangan Peninsula, Barker of operations.... One village area was particularly tr some and seemed to be infested with booby traps and soldiers. It was located about six miles northeast of Ngai City.... It was a notorious area and the men o Force Barker had a special name for it: they called it ville." One morning in the latter part of March, Task Barker moved out from its firebase, headed for "Pinl Its mission: destroy the trouble spot and all of its inhal
>
> When "Butch" told me this I didn't quite believ what he was telling me was true, but he assured me was and went on to describe what happened.... I "Butch" several times if all the people were killed. H that he thought they were, men, women, and child Gruver estimated that the population of the village ha 300 to 400 people and that very few, if any, escaped.
>
> After hearing this account I couldn't quite accept it. how I just couldn't believe that not only had so many American men participated in such an act of barbaris that their officers had ordered it. There were other r the unit I was soon to be assigned to... who had b Charlie Company at the time that Gruver alleged th dent at "Pinkville" had occurred. I became determi ask them about "Pinkville" so that I might compar accounts with Gruver's....
>
> The first men I looked for were Michael Ter William Doherty. Both were veterans of Charlie Co and "Pinkville." Instead of contradicting Butch G story, they corroborated it, adding some tasty tidbits o mation of their own....
>
> If Terry, Doherty, and Gruver could be believed, th only had Charlie Company received orders to slaugh the inhabitants of the village, but those orders hac from the commanding officer of Task Force Barker, sibly even higher in the chain of command....
>
> It was June before I spoke to anyone who had son of significance to add to what I had already been to ran into Sergeant Larry LaCroix at the USO in C LaCroix had been in 2nd. Lt. Kally's [Calley's] plat the day Task Force Barker swept through "Pinkville." he told me verified the stories of the others, but he a something new to add. He had been a witness to Kall ning down of at least three separate groups of village
>
> This account of Sergeant LaCroix's confirmed the that Gruver, Terry, and Doherty had previously t about Lieutenant Kally. It also convinced me tha was a very substantial amount of truth to the stori all of these had told. If I needed more convincing, I receive it.
>
> It was in the middle of November 1968 just a few before I was to return to the United States for sep from the Army that I talked to Michael Bernhardt... hardt had served his entire year in Vietnam in Charli pany and he too was about to go home. "Bernie" substa the tales told by the other men I had talked to in vivid, detail....
>
> Exactly what did, in fact, occur in the village of ville" in March 1968 I do not know for *certain*, bu convinced that it was something very black indeed. I irrevocably persuaded that if you and I do truly bel the principles of justice and the equality of every ma ever humble, before the law, that forms the very ba that this country is founded on, then we must press f a widespread and public investigation of this matter our combined efforts....

* Printed by permission.

have considered sending this to newspapers, magazines, broadcasting companies, but I somehow feel that investi- on and action by the Congress of the United States is the ropriate procedure, and as a conscientious citizen I have desire to further besmirch the image of the American iceman in the eyes of the world. I feel that this action, le probably it would promote attention, would not bring ut the constructive actions that the direct actions of the ıgress of the United States would.

e letters—sent by registered mail—were addressed to: Pres- Nixon; three Democratic Senators who were then the ; anti-Vietnam war spokesmen in Congress—Eugene J. thy of Minnesota, J. W. Fulbright of Arkansas, and Ed- M. Kennedy of Massachusetts; and the five members of rizona Congressional delegation—Republican Senators M. Goldwater and Paul J. Fannin, House members Sam and John J. Rhodes, both Republicans, and Democrat K. Udall. Letters were also sent by ordinary air mail to ntagon, State Department, Joint Chiefs of Staff, thirteen members of the Senate, three members of the House, ng Chairman L. Mendel Rivers of the Armed Services ittee, and to the House and Senate Chaplains.

nty-two of the offices later said they had no record of ceiving Ridenhour's letter. The Reverend Edward Gardi- ch, Chaplain of the House, read the Xeroxed letter, but ter he did not answer it because "I don't answer letters kind." Five legislators—Congressmen Rhodes and Steiger ona, and Senators Edward W. Brooke of Massachusetts ldwater and Fannin of Arizona—routinely referred it to ny.

two men, Representatives Morris Udall, a liberal from a, and L. Mendel Rivers, a conservative from South Caro- ok a personal interest in the letter. In both cases, their n was the result of alert staff work.

en Ridenhour's letter arrived at the office of the Armed s Committee, it was read by Frank Slatinshek, a staff who took it to his superior, chief counsel John R. Bland- We couldn't brush it off," Blandford recalled later. "It many facts. There was too much of a germ of truth in tter was drafted for Rivers' signature, urging the Depart- f the Army to investigate the matter, and Rivers signed l 7, only three days after it was received by the committee. factor behind Rivers' quick action may have been Udall. our had included Udall on his list of thirty largely be- e represents his home state, and to a lesser degree because ll's political views. Both factors were important to what ed next. Udall was especially impressed by Ridenhour's which was brought to his attention by Roger Lewis, an It just had a ring to it," Lewis said. "Furthermore, he Arizonan."

l wrote a letter to Secretary of Defense Melvin A. Laird Ridenhour's charges, and took the unusual step of sending to Rivers. Udall knew that any military investigation have a better chance of being held if Rivers pushed it, thought Rivers might just—out of legislative courtesy— He likes me," Udall said of Rivers. Udall's letter reached ned Services Committee April 7, the same day on which forwarded his letter to the Department of the Army.

e was additional pressure on the Army—from Secretary ense Laird, who later told newsmen he read Ridenhour's letter on April 4, three days before Rivers' request for an investigation was mailed. Laird recognized that it was "more than a routine letter," an aide said, and forwarded it to the Department of the Army for handling. Laird's personal reading of the letter —one of thousands that arrive every day at the Pentagon—wasn't unusual, the aides explained; he often dealt directly with citizen complaints.

Thus, by the end of the first week in April, the Army had received a total of six Congressional referrals enclosing the Ridenhour letter; clearly it had to do something to avoid another public black eye. Udall was visited by a Pentagon officer soon after he mailed his letter; the officer "immediately promised an investigation." Precisely what the Army thought about Ridenhour's complaints at that time is unknown, but one general familiar with such investigations later commented that "any of us at the start would have thought it was a lot of baloney. There's less of that kind of stuff in Vietnam than in any other war we've had."

On April 12, less than two weeks after he mailed his letters, Ridenhour received a reply from Colonel John G. Hill, Jr., of the Army Chief of Staff's office, saying: "Because the circumstances related in your letter concern events of a year or so ago, a proper investigation will take some time. This investigation is under way now." The letter also thanked Ridenhour "for bringing this matter to our attention."

A few days later, the Army said in a letter to Congressman Udall that an attempt to investigate the matter from Saigon would be impractical, "as the people involved have since departed Vietnam and are now widely scattered. . . . Faced with these circumstances and considering the gravity of the allegation, it has been determined that a complete investigation will be required." On April 23 General Westmoreland, then Army Chief of Staff, officially turned over the case to the office of the Inspector General, the Army's main investigatory agency for administrative and procedural complaints and directed it to make a full-scale inquiry. Colonel William Vickers Wilson, a Southerner, was assigned the task of building the Army's case.

Wilson began at the beginning: he flew into Phoenix April 29 with a court reporter to question Ridenhour. He told Ridenhour, as he would tell others he interrogated, that he was conducting a special investigation for General Westmoreland. Wilson and Ridenhour carefully went over the allegations in an interview lasting an hour and a half. The former GI was told that if Wilson could find corroboration of the charges from just one other witness, a more intensive investigation would be ordered—with the ultimate aim of filing criminal charges against those responsible.

Wilson, operating in official secrecy, then began a cross-country journey. He interviewed Michael Terry in Orem, Utah, immediately after seeing Ridenhour; Terry told how he had shot and killed some wounded Vietnamese civilians in the drainage ditch at My Lai 4. Wilson tried to find Charles Gruver of Oklahoma City, but could not. He saw Michael Bernhardt May 8 in Washington, and received further confirmation of the details in Ridenhour's letter. He called on others in the Inspector General's office for help, and statements from other Charlie Company members began flooding in. On May 13, Wilson himself flew to Fort Benning, Georgia, and interrogated Captain Medina. Medina was stunned; he was then in the midst of a

nine-month career officers' advanced course that would enable him to get his promotion to major. Since leaving Charlie Company, Medina had been marked for advancement, handling key staff assignments with the First Battalion in Vietnam and later with the Americal Division's tactical-operations center. He had left Charlie Company, he said later, thinking, "We had a good combat record."

While Wilson worked, Ridenhour worried. He wondered if any of the witnesses named in his letter would confirm the essential details of the massacre. He had reason to believe that most of the persons quoted in his letter were implicated in some manner in the killings. His star witness, he thought, would be Michael Bernhardt. When they had talked in Chu Lai, where Bernhardt was recovering from a severe case of jungle rot on his feet, Ridenhour had sought assurance that Bernhardt would verify his story at the proper time. The GI said he would. Ridenhour began placing collect calls to Colonel Wilson, asking what was going on. He called sometimes twice a week during April and May, and learned that Bernhardt had told all he knew to Wilson on May 10. But nothing happened. In Ridenhour's eyes, Wilson had not kept his word and he took the colonel's reassurance as a stall for time while the Army sought a means of covering up the incident. His trust shaken, Ridenhour decided the only thing to do then was to try to make the details of My Lai 4 public.

On May 29, Ridenhour picked up a writer's guide to literary agents and found one whose blurb seemed sympathetic, Michael Cunningham, then a twenty-two-year-old part-time literary agent in Hartford, Connecticut. Ridenhour mailed Cunningham a copy of his letter with this comment: "It is my belief that the U.S. Army will, if at all possible, cover up this incident hoping that it will fade away and be forgotten. I believe very strongly that this should not be allowed to happen."

Ridenhour was basing his belief about a cover-up on flimsy evidence, fed in part by the Army's inability—or unwillingness—to brief him fully on the progress of its investigation. Since Cunningham did not personally know many editors or publishers, he sent telegrams over the next six weeks to a number of magazines. Only *Ramparts* responded, but Ridenhour did not want to be associated with the violently anti-Vietnam war politics of the magazine.

Ridenhour's persistent inquiries resulted in another report from the Pentagon, this one informing him that about 70 per cent of the persons cited in his letter had been interviewed. Ridenhour was not reassured by that information: only eight persons had been named in all in his letter. The Pentagon also noted that "the investigation is requiring considerable time and travel." To Ridenhour, it seemed like another stall. He got in touch with Udall's office and complained that the Army was burying the case. Udall's aide, Roger Lewis, began to think—it was now early June—that he might have been mistaken in assuming that Ridenhour was not a crackpot. "We still had nothing from the military," Lewis explained later, "no way of knowing. And the fact that it hadn't broken led one to wonder whether Ridenhour's information was good." Surely a massacre of that magnitude, and a Pentagon investigation of it, would have been leaked to the Washington press corps by then. Lewis decided to telephone Captain Medina. Medina was polite but firm; he couldn't discuss the case. Lewis then called Bernhardt and was told that the GI had been interrogated by the Inspector General's office. The aide decided that the Army was trying its best to investigate the Ridenhour charges, whether they were accurate or not.

By then, Colonel Wilson had been working full-time on the case for nearly five weeks.

IX. THE UNCOVERING—part 2

At 8:30 A.M. on June 13, 1969, the Inspector General's office of the Army staged a police lineup at the new Forrestal Defense Building in Southwest Washington. One of the officers in the lineup was Lieutenant William L. Calley, Jr.

Calley had been abruptly pulled out of Vietnam in early April—at least one month before his tour of duty was over—and shipped home overnight to Fort Benning, Georgia, with secret orders to report to Washington. Calley had been forewarned of trouble when the Army turned down his request to extend his tour of duty in Vietnam for a third time. He knew then, he recalled later, that something was up.

The lineup was called by Colonel Wilson to enable key witness to the massacre—Warrant Officer Hugh C. Thompson of the 123rd Aviation Battalion—to identify the young officer who was directing operations at the bloody drainage ditch at My Lai 4. Wilson had brought Thompson to the Pentagon on June 5 and quizzed him repeatedly about the lieutenant who had said to Thompson at My Lai that the only way to remove civilians from a bunker was with a hand grenade. On the next morning Thompson picked out Calley as the officer at the drainage ditch in My Lai 4 on March 16, 1968. That fact was duly recorded by an Army stenographer. Thompson also had reported seeing the captain shoot a woman at close range during the same day. Wilson now turned to that charge. He had received Medina's explanation of the event during his interview with the captain on May 13 at Fort Benning.

"Could you identify the man who shot the girl?" Wilson asked.

"I think it was a captain, sir . . ."

Without mentioning Medina by name, Wilson then read the pilot Medina's version of the shooting "Now could this have happened?" he asked.

". . . nothing is impossible," Thompson said. He added that he saw Medina back at LZ Dotti two days after My Lai 4. "He asked me how everything was going and I said, 'Everything going just fine,' and saluted him and walked away." He said nothing else to Medina, Thompson said, "because I did not like anything about talking to him."*

On June 19, Wilson heard testimony from Larry Colburn who corroborated Thompson's testimony and also identified Medina and Calley as the officers involved in the shooting. Colburn picked out the Charlie Company officers from photographs shown by Wilson; the ex-GI also was shown detailed aerial views of My Lai 4. Wilson next began interrogating Medina's platoon men and others in the command group who had knowledge of the captain's movements that day.

Colonel Wilson and other officers in the Inspector G

*On October 15, 1969, four months after his testimony at the Pentagon, Thompson was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for heroism in the line of duty at My Lai 4. The citation credited Thompson with "disregarding his own safety" to rescue fifteen children trapped in a bunker "between Viet Cong positions and advancing friendly forces."

had interrogated thirty-six witnesses by the end of July, ıg from Colonel Henderson, the Eleventh Brigade com- er, to Paul Meadlo, whose extraordinary confession was ered to be most significant. The evidence mounted y against Calley and on July 23, Wilson was able to order el James D. Kiersey, chief of staff at Fort Benning, to Calley's records, an Army procedure freezing any promo- r transfer for a soldier. Wilson's lengthy report was sub- l to General Westmoreland, and on August 4, Westmore- esponded by ordering the Inspector General's office to ver the results of its investigation to the Provost Marshal's of the Army and its Criminal Investigation Division to ıine whether there was enough evidence to file criminal s against Calley and others in the company.

e the CID took over the case, its men retraced Colonel n's steps and began to interrogate all of the available ers of Charlie Company to determine how many GIs or were involved. Many of the investigators became per- involved in the investigation. Michael Bernhardt said was visited three times by CID agents who were trying out the truth about Medina's shooting of the woman.

August 25, the CID agents found Ronald L. Haeberle in ınd, and he gave them a set of his color photographs of ɔoting. Haeberle had been discharged shortly after the i 4 incident; upon his return to the States he had assem- is best photographs into a slide show which he screened, equest, for civic organizations in Cleveland. Haeberle's of photographs began with the Eleventh Brigade in train- Schofield Barracks in Hawaii, and moved with the unit tnam. Then, amidst pictures of smiling peasants and GIs he scenes from My Lai 4. "They caused no commotion," l. "Nobody believed it. They said Americans wouldn't ." Haeberle also told the military police agents that, as ıe knew, his unprinted rolls of black-and-white film were ng around the public-information office of brigade head- s. The CID sent someone to check; the film was there.

he end of August, interrogations of former Charlie Com- ıembers were being conducted all over the United States etnam.* Many witnesses were quizzed a second time and the Haeberle photographs. The photos jogged memories GIs began recalling what happened in more detail.

August 8, four months after the Army first received the our letter, Major General William A. Becker, chief of ıgressional liaison for the Army, began giving oral brief- the My Lai 4 case to members of Congress. L. Mendel was visited first. Congressman Udall was seen by Becker olonel Wilson on August 11. "They came to say that as something to the Ridenhour story," Udall recalled. said charges would be brought, and that it would take ime to draft them and make arrests. They hoped I 't do anything publicly about it." Udall had been handled refully up to then, with full colonels visiting him at his rom time to time to assure him that the Army was proceeding properly with the case. "I was in a position to have grandstanded on this for several months if I wanted to," Udall said later. "They [the colonels] would keep on reporting, saying they were making an investigation, no stone was being left unturned. They'd ask, 'Are you happy?' "

While the Army was preparing its case against him, Lieutenant Calley found himself a lawyer, George W. Latimer of Salt Lake City. The elderly Latimer was highly regarded in military legal circles, having served for ten years on the Military Court of Appeals in Washington and also on the Utah State Supreme Court. Latimer was defending one of the eight Green Berets in connection with another controversial murder charge in mid-1969 when Calley first approached him. He was immediately impressed by the young lieutenant and agreed, as a matter of principle, to take the case.

It was now clear that the Army was going to institute proceedings against Calley. As one military source later explained: "If they don't prosecute somebody for this, the Army's going to get clobbered. And if the story ever breaks without the Army taking any action, it would be even worse." On August 19, Colonel Wilson flew down to Fort Benning to brief the legal officers there about the case. Under Army regulations, the commanding officer of Fort Benning and his legal staff were the ultimate authority for reviewing the evidence and filing charges against Calley, but the Pentagon wanted to make sure that the infantrymen at Benning knew exactly what was going on. A few days earlier the Pentagon had notified the officials at Benning by telegram that Calley must be charged with a general court-martial offense—a military proceeding for more serious offenses such as murder—in order to retain him in the service beyond September 6, the day his two years' obligation ended.

By then it was clear in Washington that the Army was going to have an unprecedented murder case on its hands, one that could become an international liability and might even affect the progress of the war in South Vietnam.

In late August, Defense Secretary Laird, who had been kept abreast of the case by the Department of Army, flew to the Summer White House at San Clemente, California, and handed over a detailed summary of Colonel Wilson's findings to the President. Nixon was reportedly angered by the Army's delay in finding out about and investigating the massacre.

The Army cautiously waited for the President to study the documents and react—if he chose to. In late August, Colonel Kiersey—the Fort Benning chief of staff—was ordered to "hold" the processing of charges against Calley because "you may be receiving additional instructions through channels." The order came from four-star general James K. Woolnough, the commanding general of the Continental Army Command at Fort Monroe, Virginia. The delay nearly precipitated a staff revolt among the young legal officers at Benning, some of whom were fearful that the Administration would decide not to charge Calley with the murders. But the young officers also knew that under the Military Code of Justice the Army had the right to disregard the White House and other superiors and ask for a court-martial anyway. Many of the officers would have wanted to sign the murder charges against Calley, and Captain William R. Hill, a non-career officer who was then legal officer for The Student Brigade, Calley's unit, talked briefly about flipping a coin with them to determine who would, but then decided, as a matter of principle, to sign the charge sheet himself. Hill also

* CID interviewed more than 75 witnesses by November 26, any of them recalled being asked about the use of marijuana ie Company; that question seemed to be of special interest to stigators. The GIs all acknowledged that many members of the smoked or otherwise made use of marijuana, which is plenti- uth Vietnam, but none believed it was in any way a significant what happened at My Lai 4.

urged his immediate superior, Colonel Lon D. Marlowe, to go ahead with the trial even if he had to defy the Pentagon. Hill was convinced that the Army was reluctant to charge Calley because of the potential propaganda advantage to the Viet Cong. But Marlowe, about to retire from the service, was cautious. "You know the President is involved in this?" he asked Hill. The captain did know by then, as did most of the legal officers at Fort Benning, that Laird had taken a report on the case to the President at the Summer White House, and that there had been a "hold" placed on further proceedings.

There was no opportunity to challenge the White House, however. On September 4, two days before Calley was to be released from the Army, Fort Benning officials were told to go ahead and file the charges, if they were so determined. "It's all yours," a general told Colonel Kiersey. "You are not receiving any instructions."

On the next day, charges were formally preferred against Calley. Six specifications of premeditated murder were drawn up, accusing Calley of killing a total of 109 "Oriental human beings, occupants of the village of My Lai 4, whose names and sexes are unknown, by means of shooting them with a rifle." Preparing the charge sheet had been a difficult task: at one time the Army planned to charge Calley with only four specifications. The officer who wrote the charges, Colonel Robert M. Lathop, chief legal official at Fort Benning, had flown to Washington in August to get assistance in drafting the language. Lathop later recalled that the information for many of the specific charges came from Paul Meadlo's statement.*

Once the charges were filed, the Army immediately began an Article 32 hearing to determine whether the charges were justified. The hearing is a phenomenon of military law, roughly equivalent to a grand-jury proceeding, in which the evidence against a suspect is weighed to determine whether or not he should stand trial. At that time Calley refused to testify against Captain Medina, his commanding officer, and continued to refuse in subsequent legal proceedings. Asked later to explain this refusal, he said cryptically, "Because I don't scare easily." Sergeant Isaiah Cowen, one of Calley's sergeants in the first platoon, was a witness at the Article 32 hearing and also refused to testify against Medina "because he was the company commander."

Calley's refusal to testify against Medina was apparently based on his strong sense of loyalty, both to Medina and to the military, but the Army thought there might be a different reason. Calley later said that Major Kenneth A. Raby of Fort Benning, his appointed military legal officer, unsuccessfully tried on at least one or two occasions to persuade him to take a sanity test.

The House Armed Services Committee was also told at the same time by the Department of the Army of its action against Calley. "We are exercising utmost caution," a communiqué said, "to avoid any public discussion which could prejudice the continuing investigation or the rights of Lieutenant Calley."

The Pentagon, well aware of the potential impact of the story, debated how to release it to the public. It found a way that managed to bring no credit either to the military—or to the press.

*The charges were later reduced to 102 on February 6, 1970, after Calley's lawyer protested that they were too broadly drawn. The Army also made clear in subsequent pretrial hearings that it was not accusing Calley personally of killing each of the Vietnamese victims, but with killing some and "causing others" to kill them.

X. THE PRESS

The first public hint of the My Lai 4 massacre was a b[rief] worded news release issued to the Georgia press on [the] afternoon, September 5, by the public information office a[t Fort] Benning. It said, in full:

> *1LT William L. Calley, Jr., is being retained on act[ive] duty beyond his normal release date because of an investi[ga]tion being conducted under Article 32 of the Uniform C[ode] of Military Justice.*
>
> *1LT Calley, who was to have been separated from [the] Army on 6 Sep 69, is charged with violation of Article 1[18], murder, for offenses allegedly committed against civili[ans] while serving in Vietnam in March 1968.*
>
> *Whether the matter will be referred to trial by co[urt]-martial will be determined by the Commanding Gene[ral], Fort Benning, upon completion of the Article 32 investi[ga]tion. In order not to prejudice the continuing investigati[on] and the rights of the accused, it is not appropriate to rel[ease] further details at this time.*

The press release did not state that six specifications of m[urder] had been laid against the young lieutenant, nor did it sta[te] he was accused of murdering, by deliberately shooting [with] rifle, 109 Vietnamese civilians. There is nothing in milita[ry] that precluded the release of such information. The Arm[y] that publication of the specific charges would jeopardize C[alley's] rights.

As released, the fact that Calley was being kept in the s[ervice] because of pending murder charges was a routine story. [A] porter in Georgia for the Associated Press asked for [more] information and was referred to the Pentagon, where h[e was] told that no further details were available. The AP's subs[equent] dispatch did no more than repeat the essential facts as re[leased] by Fort Benning. The wire-service story was published in [many] of newspapers over the weekend, but none gave it promi[nent] The *New York Times,* for example, published an edited v[ersion] of the AP story at the bottom of page 38 of its Septem[ber] editions.

Officers in the Pentagon were prepared for a flood of [inquiries] tions that weekend from all news media—but it didn't [come]. "I was amazed that it didn't get picked up—just amazed [at the] one colonel. Secretary of Defense Melvin A. Laird later re[vealed] that he had ordered the news wires monitored to see [if the] announcement would spark immediate controversy.

Five days after the original announcement, the ne[ws of] Calley's arrest was telecast on the Huntley-Brinkley n[ews] evening news show. Robert Goralski, NBC's Pentagon [cor]spondent, told the millions of viewers that Calley "has [been] accused of premeditated murder of a number of South Vie[tnam]ese civilians. The murders are alleged to have been com[mitted] a year ago and the investigation is continuing. A gr[eat] number of such cases is coming to light and the Army d[oesn't] know what to do about them."

For weeks there was nothing more in the press about C[alley], but the Army continued to gather evidence for his court-m[artial]. Paul Meadlo, the most important prosecution witness, w[as re]terviewed for a third time by CID agents on September 18.

ı Terre Haute. And Captain Lewellen decided at about
ıe to turn over his tapes of the radio traffic above My
the prosecution at Fort Benning. He kept a few copies
self, however. (Later Lewellen explained that he was
g to sell the tape to the highest bidder as soon as the
roceedings against Charlie Company were completed.
ts a picture," Lewellen said of his recordings.)
ıhour became convinced that the Army's failure to pub-
etails of the case against Calley meant not only that
was going to get hung as a scapegoat" but higher-rank-
ers who passed down the order to Calley would get off
a reprimand. He also suspected that the Army would
deal with Calley through his lawyers, "to keep him
On October 13, the Army again wrote Ridenhour, telling
ıt Calley's Article 32 hearing on the murder charges
egin that month, and noting: "It is not appropriate to
letails of the allegations to news media. Your continued
tion in this matter is acknowledged." On October 22
Cunningham, his agent, wrote Ridenhour conceding
"Quite frankly, Ron, I am doubtful of my ability to be
ı more help. I honestly feel the matter is best handled
:age by waiting until your next response from the Army."
ls of the charges against Calley were now known to
of officials—Senator John C. Stennis and his shocked
Armed Forces Committee were given a private brief-
: fall—yet nothing reached the press. Despite the wide-
official knowledge of the Calley case a few Pentagon
actually thought Calley could be court-martialed without
ıg any significant public attention. The opinion was far
ıanimous, however. Perhaps anticipating a future furore
y Lai 4, General Westmoreland included these unusual
uring a speech October 14 to the annual meeting of the
tion of the U. S. Army in Washington: "Recently, a few
ıals involved in serious incidents have been highlighted
news. Some would have these incidents reflect on the
s a whole. They are, however, the actions of a pitiful few.
y the Army cannot and will not condone improper con-
criminal acts—I personally assure you that I will not."
Calley case remained dormant as far as the news was con-
until the inevitable Washington tipsters got to work.
w York Times heard something about a massacre case
ied at Fort Gordon, Georgia. It was the right case, but
ng base. The *Washington Post* queried the Pentagon
ome officer's being charged with more than 150 civilian
s in connection with a Vietnam operation. One *Post*
: even managed to locate George W. Latimer, Calley's
, at his Salt Lake City office and ask him about the case.
begged off, saying, "I'm hoping maybe we can come up
me kind of resolution that won't make it necessary for
e public. I can't see it would do any good to anybody."
s story was written.

in the midst of completing research for a book on the
agon when I received a telephone tip on October 22.
rmy's trying to court-martial some guy in secret at
nning for killing 75 Vietnamese civilians," the source
: that time, in fact, the Army had done nothing more
efer charges and it was still trying to keep any word
ıe events at My Lai 4 out of the newspapers.

It took two days and twenty-five telephone calls before somebody told me about the AP story on Calley. From there, it was a short step to Latimer, and on October 29, a Monday, I flew from Washington to Salt Lake City to interview the lawyer. Before leaving Washington, I had received confirmation of the essential facts of the story from a government source. Latimer confirmed them, adding that "whatever killing there was was in a firefight in connection with an operation. To me," Latimer said, "the thing that's important is this: why do we prosecute our own people while on a search-and-destroy mission and they kill some people, be they civilian or not? Is there a point in the chain of command at which somebody could be tried? I think not."

On November 11, a Tuesday, I decided to fly down to Fort Benning and find Calley. But Calley's name did not appear anywhere in the Fort Benning telephone book, nor did the file of tenants in the bachelor officers' quarters list him. It was ten hours afterward and very late at night before I found a warrant officer, who was a downstairs neighbor of Calley's, at one of the officers' quarters. As we were talking, he suddenly hollered at a slight young man walking toward us—"Rusty, come over here and meet this guy." Impatient, I began to leave. "No, wait a second," the officer said. "That's Calley."

Calley was apprehensive. All he wanted in life was to stay in the Army and be a good soldier. He reminded me of an earnest freshman one might find at an agricultural college, anxious about making a fraternity. We went to a party at a friend's apartment, and had some drinks. I wanted to leave. Calley wanted me to stay. He knew what was coming and he knew I was the last reporter with whom he would talk, and drink, for many months. He told me, that evening, a little bit about the operation; he also told me how many people he had been accused of killing. I flew back to Washington the next day and began to write my story. I did it somewhat hesitantly, my thought being that Calley, perhaps, was as much of a victim as those infants he and his men murdered at My Lai 4.

The first story began: "Lieutenant William L. Calley, Jr., twenty-six, is a mild-mannered, boyish-looking Vietnam combat veteran with the nickname of 'Rusty.' The Army says he deliberately murdered at least 109 Vietnamese civilians during a search-and-destroy mission in March 1968 in a Viet Cong stronghold known as 'Pinkville.' "

Once I had completed my research on My Lai 4, I tried to get it published. *Life* and *Look* magazines weren't interested. With some hesitation, I turned over my story to the Dispatch News Service, a small news agency run by David Obst of Washington. Fifty newspapers were offered the initial Dispatch story by cable on November 12; more than thirty—including many of the leading newspapers in the nation—published it the next day, a remarkably high number.

Even more remarkable, however, was the fact that only the *New York Times* chose to pursue the story at the most logical point—South Vietnam. In Saigon, Henry Kamm, the *Times'* roving correspondent in Southeast Asia, was assigned to locate the victimized hamlet, which was identified only as "Pinkville" in the first Dispatch account. Kamm bribed his way on a commercial flight to Da Nang, and ended up in Quang Ngai City a few hours later. But he couldn't find out which hamlet was "Pinkville." On the next day, he drove to the Americal Division headquarters at Chu Lai, and ran into Andre C. R. Feher, an

investigator for the CID, who "lectured me in a heavy German accent as to why he couldn't tell me anything." By Saturday, November 15, the Army gave in to the inevitable and flew Kamm, along with representatives from *Newsweek* magazine and the American Broadcasting Corporation, to a relocation hamlet in Song My village where some My Lai 4 survivors were living.

The newsmen were given only one hour on the ground and their interviews with the villagers were taped by a public-information officer from the Americal Division. Kamm borrowed a typewriter, banged out a dispatch in which he quoted survivors as saying that 567 Vietnamese men, women, and children were massacred by the Americans, and telephoned it to the *Times'* Saigon bureau in time for it to make page one of Monday's paper.

Kamm's report was treated coolly by the *Times'* main competitor, the *Washington Post,* which chose to publish a Pentagon statement describing Kamm's story as exaggerated. This denial was placed on page sixteen. Other newspapers were similarly skeptical and initially few commented editorially on the massacre.

On Tuesday, November 18, Joseph Eszterhas, a general-assignment reporter for the *Cleveland Plain Dealer,* took a telephone call from an old schoolmate, an ex-GI named Ronald L. Haeberle, who said he had photographs of the massacre. Eszterhas was properly cautious: he conducted hours of taped interviews with Haeberle at the newspaper office, trying to put together a full picture of the photographer's involvement. On the 19th, he telephoned the Pentagon seeking confirmation that Haeberle was indeed at My Lai 4 on March 16, 1968. He did not get it immediately. Later in the day, Haeberle was called at home by Captain Aubrey Daniels of Fort Benning, then directing the prosecution against Calley, and was asked not to publish his pictures. Daniels warned that the photos would "inflame public opinion" and might seriously jeopardize the rights of Calley and the others. Haeberle told Eszterhas about the call and the reporter, still reluctant to release the story without confirmation of Haeberle's mission that day, telephoned Fort Benning and received the same warning that Haeberle got from Daniels. The *Plain Dealer* now knew the photographs were authentic. The interview with Haeberle, and some of his photographs depicting slaughtered women and children, were published November 20, the same day my interviews quoting Bernhardt, Terry, and Olsen were made available.

The articles and photographs had an immediate shock effect in England, where the My Lai 4 massacre reports pushed news of the second U.S. landing on the moon off front pages on eight of Britain's nine morning newspapers.

The reaction to the revelations about My Lai 4 in Great Britain was profound compared to that in the United States. In America, perhaps because of the less prominent newspaper coverage, the public was unable to comprehend the full significance of the incident. The impact of Haeberle's photographs and Bernhardt and Terry's eyewitness reports was partially diminished by the *Washington Post,* for example, in a story suggesting that the hardships suffered by Charlie Company might be responsible for its action. "For Company C, in March 1968," said one *Post* story, "the Pinkville rice paddies and battered hamlets were a nightmare of booby traps and mines." One Associated Press dispatch attempting to explain the atmosphere in Vietnam included the following in its fourth paragraph: "In Vietnam the killing of civilians was a practice established by the Viet Cong as a major part of the war long before the first U.S. ground troops were committed in March 1965." The statement, though factual, was not relevant to what Charlie Company did on that March 16.

On November 25, the Army formally announced that Calley had been ordered to stand trial at a general court-martial for the premeditated murder of 109 Vietnamese civilians. Charges against Sergeant David Mitchell had been announced ten days earlier; he was accused of assaulting thirty Vietnamese civilians with intent to commit murder.

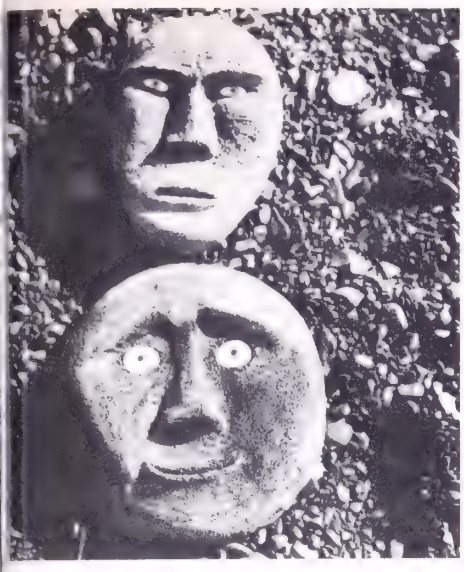
As yet there was little investigative reporting on the part of the American press to determine exactly what had happened, perhaps because newspapers did not try to locate former members of Charlie Company. By Friday, November 21, I had found Paul Meadlo in Terre Haute, Indiana. Meadlo agreed after to tell his story on television, and David Obst and the Dilworth lawyers arranged to produce him—for a fee—on the CBS evening news with Walter Cronkite. His confession, later published in newspapers around the world, stunned the nation. "Many Americans sat in sheltered living rooms," wrote columnists Richard Harwood and Laurence Stern of the *Washington Post,* "perhaps starting in on a dinner martini as Meadlo's face showed on the screen. . . . From the vantage point of those living rooms Meadlo was the American 'gook'—the scapegoat and the buffer between the torn bodies in open graves at My Lai and ourselves." On Sunday the *Post* devoted three full pages to the story. At least, Meadlo's CBS appearance made the American press face up to the fact that something very terrible indeed had happened at My Lai 4.

EPILOGUE

For a few GIs, the experience at My Lai 4 changed their former outlook on life; they became increasingly critical about the way the war was being conducted. "I was a carbon for the Minutemen before this," Michael Bernhardt said. "Now I'm all turned around." He had felt no remorse for the Vietnamese civilians while watching them get slaughtered, but later thought that perhaps he was the odd one. "Maybe this was the way wars really were," he later explained. "Maybe what I saw in the movies and on TV wasn't so, that war was running around and shooting civilians and doing this kind of thing. Maybe along everybody else knew. I felt like I was left out, like they forgot to tell me something, that this was the way fought wars and everybody knew but me."

Herbert Carter shot himself in the foot, perhaps to get out of My Lai 4. For him, there was no later sense of personal guilt, only a feeling of amazement and irony at the response to the event. "I still wonder why human beings claim to be human beings but still conduct themselves as savages and barbarians," he said. "The United States is supposed to be a peaceful country; yet they tell them to do something and then they want to hang them for it."

As far as he was concerned, Carter said, what happened at My Lai 4 was not a massacre, but a logical result of the war in Vietnam: "The people didn't know what they were dying for, and the guys didn't know why they were shooting them."



Lewis Lapham

ALASKA: POLITICIANS AND NATIVES, MONEY AND OIL

Once upon a time there was a frontier

EVENING, JANUARY 18, 1970. I arrived neau yesterday afternoon, and already wenty-seven people with twenty-seven con- visions of paradise regained. The confu- is with the money.

ptember, at an auction in Anchorage, the Alaska raffled off oil concessions on the ean for $900 million. Which, in Alaska, is ney than princes find in fairy tales. Al- o and one-half times the size of Texas, as a population of 280,000 (equivalent to tion of Des Moines, Iowa). For years the een poorer than Appalachia, dependent on ants to rescue it from annual bankruptcy; t is rich nobody knows how to distribute s.

none of the politicians convened in this , wooden town for the present meeting of egislature. Almost all of them must stand n later in the year (not only the Governor ne entire Senate and half the House), and mbitious among them no doubt look upon with the gratitude of a crowd of Eskimos round the body of a beached whale. I sus- ever, that the majority, more timid and f the extravagant public expectations, will lo nothing.

too bad only because they have a chance nuch. In many ways Alaska resembles the frontier one hundred years ago; like before the freeways or Lake Erie before ed. Conceivably, the Alaskans could learn nistakes so evident elsewhere in the land- nceivably they could come up with an alternative to the habit of mind (much admired by local chambers of commerce) that plunders the available resources and divides the spoils among the surviving interests. In the beginning there is the frontier; one hundred years later, given the genius of technology and the arithmetic of population, you end up with the crowds, and the bad air, and the fish floating in the rivers. The transformation is commonly called progress, and some of the people here fear it.

I remember that in Anchorage last autumn the women's voices were the most wistful. The Legislature, in hopes of providing a rationale for its subsequent laws and distributions, summoned a preliminary conference to which it invited people from everywhere in the state. For three days I listened to teachers, Eskimos, bankers, Tlingit Indians, fishermen, petroleum engineers, guides, housewives, newspaper editors, and bush pilots. It was as if they were afraid of the consequences of the money. They kept talking about "Alaska the way it is now," and "all those things we came up here to get away from." The politicians assured them that their fears were irrational, that Alaska must take its place in the twentieth century.

At the end of the conference I remember a woman standing uncertainly in the lobby of the Captain Cook Hotel: she was holding a sheaf of government papers of which she seemed suspicious, as if the pretentious language ("parameters," "time-frames," "infrastructure," etc.) somehow announced impending ruin.

"I listen to them talk," she said, "and I hear the trees falling in the forest."

Lewis Lapham has written for The Saturday Evening Post *and* Life, *and was a reporter for the* New York Herald Tribune. *He now joins* Harper's *as a contributing editor.*

Lewis Lapham

ALASKA

Tonight it is snowing, and perhaps I'm giving way to the pessimism of the weather; tomorrow I begin with debate in the State Senate.

MONDAY AFTERNOON. Soon after the Senate convened this morning it listened to the remarks of Senator Robert Blodgett, the member from Nome. A heavyset man with a severe crew cut and angry eyes, the Senator announced that he'd traveled recently to Toronto and there had heard a banker, "a very damn important banker," say something about the oil exploration in the Canadian Arctic. The news disturbed him. Nobody, he said, was going to beat out the Alaskans. (The oil on the North Slope theoretically could move to the United States through a pipeline across Canada; either that or the Canadians could bring their oil into production before the Alaskans.) Blodgett raised the specter of collusion between the U.S. Department of the Interior and "all those damn conservationists" in Washington. He banged heavily on his desk and demanded to know why construction hadn't yet begun on the Alaskan pipeline from the North Slope to Valdez.

"In Canada," he said "you don't find conservationists messing with economic development. I'm sick of hearing from people in the United States who've made garbage cans of their own states. All those do-gooders and bug hunters and bird watchers can mind their own damn business."

Although indulging in emotional statement rather than inviting debate, the Senator expressed an attitude that I'd found prevalent in Anchorage. Everybody understands the risk to the terrain (a break in the line could dump more oil into the Yukon River in five minutes than has leaked into the Santa Barbara channel in two years), but they want the money. The reserves have been estimated at 50 billion barrels (the richest field on the North American continent), and once the oil begins to flow the state can expect about $300 million a year in taxes and royalties.

Among all but a few people any mention of the word "ecology" invites derisive laughter. The frontier conception of the wilderness differs appreciably from the polite regrets so often heard in New York and Washington; people talk about their friends dead in the snow or eaten by bears, and they think of the environment as an implacable enemy. In an Anchorage bar I remember a man saying, "Two years ago it was the hostile, frozen North. Now all of a sudden it's the goddamn delicate tundra."

Senator Blodgett's statement also revealed the characteristic Alaskan xenophobia, a neurosis that showed itself even more clearly later in the day at a joint meeting of the Senate and House finance committees. For three hours the politicians asked suspicious and resentful questions of the two men responsible for managing the state's investment portfolio. The money rests in the Bank of America in San Francisco, invested in government securities and acquiring interest at an average rate a day of $194,000. The two witnesses (Leland Prussia, a vice-president of the bank, and Terrence C[illegible] of Blyth & Co.) attempted to explain why t[illegible] fluctuations in the money markets had s[illegible] $7 million from the value of the state's [illegible] Their testimony fell on stony ground.

Few of those present could follow the [illegible] language (the chairman of the Senate fina[illegible] mittee introduced both men by saying, "[illegible] hardly understand listenin' to 'em; ask [illegible] question you want, boys, it's everybody's m[illegible] and several of them (notably Senator [illegible] flatly assumed that the state was being [illegible] Under repeated questioning Comerford re[illegible] conceded that Blyth & Co. received about [illegible] a year in fees and commissions; Prussia [illegible] that the Bank of America made nothin[illegible] transactions. Very slowly, and with omino[illegible] rowing eyes, Blodgett said,

"People don't handle money just for [illegible] of handling money, Mr. Prussia."

The distrust of "foreigners" is so perva[illegible] that I can imagine a candidate for polit[illegible] promising to secede from the Union and [illegible] ate the oil. Everybody refers to the Unit[illegible] as "the outside," and they incline to thin[illegible] an evil place. The history of Alaska has [illegible] of an exploited colony, and in the collec[illegible] there is a long procession of shadowy fig[illegible] the south who have come to steal the [illegible] timber, the fish, the gold, and now the oil.

Thus, although woefully in need of sop[illegible] information, hardly anybody in Juneau [illegible] believe it once it has been offered to t[illegible] Governor hires research institutes and [illegible] all persuasions, and then the Legislature, [illegible] ing not only the Governor but also his [illegible] hires other institutes and experts. The two [illegible] of government probably will spend close to [illegible] this year for various studies and reports [illegible] that in the end everything gets thrown aw[illegible] assumption that it was provided by som[illegible] talking guy in a pinstripe suit who di[illegible] anything about Alaska.

TUESDAY MORNING. Last night, at the [illegible] Saloon on South Franklin Street, I [illegible] Comerford and Prussia, both of them s[illegible] obliterate the memory of their appearar[illegible] the joint finance committee. Comerford [illegible] that the state is so suspicious that it reta[illegible] & Co. under an agreement whereby it [illegible] the contract within thirty days. Both he an[illegible] laughed cheerlessly at the local ignorance [illegible]

"Jesus," Comerford said, "you could [illegible] sell them the Brooklyn Bridge."

The saloon conforms to the image of th[illegible] swinging doors, sawdust, a honky-tonk pi[illegible] by an Indian, rifles and antlers on the [illegible] yellow photographs of steamboats on t[illegible] River. Like the other bars in town, of w[illegible] seem to be a great many, it stays open unti[illegible]

I remember that on Sunday, on my firs[illegible] in town, I walked out of the hotel at nine

light, but the desk clerk assured me there wasn't
n to see even at noon. A great place if you're a
k, he said, but otherwise a crummy town.
esumably he knows whereof he speaks, but as
I haven't succumbed to the boredom and claus-
obia that supposedly contributes to the high
of alcoholism in the state. The town seems to
eautiful. An old gold-mining town (population
00) crowded under steep mountains and front-
n the Gastineau Channel. From this window
e sixth floor of the Baranof Hotel (so named
Russian Governor of Alaska) I can look out
e ramshackle roofs of warehouses and wooden
buildings that remind me of a set in a Holly-
western; I can see a railroad barge in the
r; across the narrow channel, the mountains
uglas Island rise upward into the mist.
e all of southeast Alaska the landscape is
ly wooded with spruce and hemlock trees. The
c Ocean is 100 miles to the west, accessible
gh the channels and bays that separate the
l hundred islands of the Alexander Archi-
The town of Skagway lies 100 miles to the
and from there the gold trail of 1898 leads
ough the Chilkoot Pass to Dawson City and
ukon Territory.
weather is warmer than New York at this
f year; this morning it is raining, and since
een here the temperature hasn't fallen below
grees. The latitude is that of Stockholm and
grad, but I'm told the Japanese Current ac-
for the mild climate. In the spring, they say,
ales come into the bays north of town; bears
n the far shores of the inner islands.
romance of the state delights me. I sit talking
nator about education or interest rates, and
myself looking at the map on the wall, won-
about settlements with names like White Eye,
gatory, or Tin City, or Mary's Igloo. Always
lling to abandon politics to listen to some-
story of a plane lost on a glacier or a trapper
death in a cabin. The frontier notion of
apparently still prevails, at least in the minds
inhabitants. In Anchorage I listened to a
explain that for a man the customary sen-
or murder (first offense) is no more than a
rs; for a woman it's six months suspended.
ke of a prostitute named Buck, who shot her
d in the stomach and then calmly watched
. The judge offered to suspend sentence, on
e of three conditions: if she would hire a
trist, leave the state, or go back to school.

DAY NIGHT. As yet I'm not prepared to
l with the so-called "native question."
it isn't as simple as it seems from New York
ington. This afternoon, walking down the
n the Capitol building, I noticed a Tlingit
driving a car decorated with a bumper
that said: "The West Wasn't Won With
tered Gun." The Indians, like everybody
Alaska, oppose gun legislation, but they
ite the slogans, and so they must take what-
ever comes closest to expressing their sentiments.

In the bar of the Baranof earlier this evening I ran across an Eskimo who, like Senator Blodgett, resented easy platitudes about the environment. He wore a belted suit in the manner of Pierre Cardin, and he spoke in the hip vernacular.

"Ecology," he said, "what is that? We're part of the ecology, man. We even live with the mice."

I'm told that the Eskimos don't understand the theory of conservation in any form; any game animal they find, they kill immediately, on the assumption they might not live long enough to kill it the following day.

"Among all but a few people any mention of the word 'ecology' invites derisive laughter."

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON. The Senate came to order this morning after hearing a prayer from a chaplain who began, "We Thank Thee, O Lord, for the oil Thou hath given us as a natural resource."

A conversation later in the morning with Henry Pratt, the Governor's executive assistant, suggested a less pious attitude. A big man with a round face and a sly intelligence, Pratt at one time owned a public-relations business in Anchorage; several years ago he served one term in the Legislature, and after that he became a lobbyist on behalf of a firm dealing in trading stamps. He and Tom Kelly, the Commissioner of Natural Resources, supposedly dominate and inform the thinking of Governor Keith Miller. (Although I've been promised a meeting with the Governor, so far I've met him only briefly; he seems to be a pleasant man who sometimes comes to the bar in the Baranof to sing, "Your Cheatin' Heart," with a band that goes from here to places like Whitehorse and Yellowknife.)

When Pratt spoke about the $900 million, he did so with awe and greed in his voice.

"The big question around here," he said, "is who's going to control all that political and economic power."

The Alaska state constitution gives the Governor almost autocratic powers (a reaction to the years of dependence on a distant and unresponsive bureaucracy in Washington), and Pratt gloated unashamedly at the dilemma offered to the present Legislature. The Governor's budget proposal sets aside most of the $900 million in various trust and investment funds, thus preserving the principal and paying expenses with the interest. Even so, the budget is the largest in the state's history ($242 million as opposed to $154 million in 1969); it allocates additional money to nearly every existing government agency or program, and the administration therefore can argue that it is both generous and responsible. Any politician who seeks further appropriations can be denounced as an opportunist threatening to waste the state's substance and exaggerate the condition of chronic inflation. (Breakfast in Juneau costs $3.20, and a short ride in an Anchorage taxi can cost as much as $6.) Governor Miller is a Republican (he filled the vacancy left by Walter Hickel's appointment to the Department of the Interior), and his policy appeals to the conservative bias

of many people in the state. It also encourages the financial community in Anchorage on which the Governor must depend for campaign money later in the spring.

Pratt smiled and said, "The Governor's program is so close to the ideal that it's hard to attack. Nobody intended to preserve the $900 million. It just happened to come out that way."

In the Legislature, I said, I'd heard complaints from politicians who felt they'd been cheated out of a chance to take part in the decision.

"Yeah," Pratt said, "I can imagine."

He went on to discuss the future of the state in the optimistic, Rotarian language that I've learned to expect from officials in the state administration. He foresaw unlimited growth in all directions. "Hell," he said, "this country's so goddam big that even if industry ran wild, we could never wreck it. We can have our cake and eat it too."

At lunch I listened to a rebuttal from Jay Hammond, the leader of the Republican majority in the Senate and the chairman of the Rules Committee. Hammond is a guide and commercial salmon fisherman, a man with green eyes and weathered, handsome face who represents a district larger than the state of Texas. In the entire district there are no more than 12,000 people, most of them Indians and Eskimos. He is married to a woman who is part Eskimo and they live in the village of Naknek (population 249) on Bristol Bay. I had the impression that he feels crowded in even so small a town as Juneau. Now in his early fifties, he came up to Alaska after World War II, flying an old 1929 amphibian that resides in the air museum at Anchorage.

"The irony," he said, "is that some of us are trying to make Alaska into a replica of the society we came up here to escape. If I want to see a freeway, I can go to Los Angeles."

He distrusted economic development for its own sake, believing that too often only a few people prospered (primarily merchants, insurance agents, and assorted middlemen), and that no amount of money could justify the destruction that most often seems to accompany the triumph of American civilization.

"We've had the example of so-called normal development in the United States," he said. "If that's normal, then I'm for what's abnormal. I don't give a damn about making three or four times as much money. To do what? So I can go to New Zealand? I'd rather have the country."

He doubted if his point of view would prevail in the Legislature. Although he'd introduced a bill establishing a Department of Environmental Affairs (with the authority to decide land classifications in the state), he recognized that it had little hope of passage. Both houses of the Legislature are organized on the basis of population: half the people in Alaska live in either Anchorage or Fairbanks, and so those two towns elect half the members of the Legislature.

"They talk idealistic," Hammond said, "but when it comes down to it, they vote selfish."

Hammond and Pratt represent the two principal kinds of men that seem to be drawn to A[illegible]. Those like Pratt, most of whom arrived with[illegible] last five or ten years, come up to make a killi[illegible] a boom economy. They settle in the towns, and[illegible] incline to talk about the wilderness as if it[illegible] dramatic landscape painting.

THURSDAY. People call themselves Repub[illegible] or Democrats, but the definitions don[illegible] pear to mean the same things in Alaska as[illegible] do elsewhere in the United States. The diffe[illegible] show up in terms of social prejudice or sec[illegible] interest, not in terms of partisan dogma. Th[illegible] Democrats who proclaim the standard be[illegible] themes sound strangely artificial, as if they[illegible] reciting a catechism they'd learned somewher[illegible] Thus the contradictions apparent in the Sena[illegible] bate today on the subject of grain subsid[illegible] farmers in the Matanuska Valley. Senator [illegible] Rader, an Anchorage lawyer and a persis[illegible] liberal Democrat, argued against the me[illegible] Senator C. R. Lewis, also from Anchorag[illegible] a national director of the John Birch So[illegible] argued for it.

The character of the people is conservative [illegible] sense that they distrust any form of gover[illegible] and admire the self-reliant agrarian virt[illegible] haven't yet heard anybody mention (let alo[illegible] nounce) the war in Vietnam, and last summe[illegible] ing the controversy over the nuclear testi[illegible] Amchitka Island in the Aleutians, Governor [illegible] condemned the opponents of the explosion as[illegible] bers of an international conspiracy.

Like the men, the women wear their hair to[illegible] generally their faces are heavy and square, l[illegible] faces of women in bowling alleys. There is a c[illegible] bias against anything suggestive of hippies [illegible] that sick stuff in the decadent cities to the [illegible] Yesterday in the House, during debate pro[illegible] to make it a felony (with five years in pris[illegible] striking a police officer, somebody said,

"We don't have any riots yet, but we c[illegible] what's happening to the rest of the countr[illegible] we know these people are coming in from t[illegible] side. In the old days, you could take them in[illegible] back room and kick the hell out of them."

The bill failed to pass, but I suspect that J[illegible] would be a hard town in which to stage a[illegible] demonstration. I'm beginning to think of [illegible] as the most American place, the raw frontie[illegible] whence we all descended.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON. The oil lobbyists i[illegible] anticipate no serious interruptions. Th[illegible] intelligent and practical men who recog[illegible] simple logical sequence. If the American ec[illegible] depends on oil, then there will be a market f[illegible] if people want it, then they must pay the pri[illegible] part of the price is an occasional accident l[illegible] one in the Santa Barbara channel.

Even so, despite the clarity of their logi[illegible] resent criticism from people whom they ch[illegible]

as preservationists. (In the vocabulary of business a preservationist is a conservationist treme and fanatical obsessions, *i.e.* a person uses to accept the economic imperatives and re dreams foolishly of a lost Eden.) The ent characterized the conversation last night illiam Hopkins, the local agent for the Oil and Gas Association. Hopkins is a young nest man who came to Alaska several years a newspaper reporter.

o's not for birds?" he said. "It's easy to be ls."

hought the oil companies had suffered so dverse publicity because the question of en- ent suddenly had become a fashionable po- ssue. Although more vulnerable than other es, in his view the oil business was no more nan anybody else.

t the hell," he said, "the whole economy is n consumption, waste, and pollution."

efore, if anything was at fault, it was the tructure. As long as money remained the the American dream, then what else could expect? If people wanted to retain the en- nt, then they would have to pay for it. Not h money but also by giving up certain con- s. He suggested, for example, that in order with the air pollution in New York, maybe should not be allowed to bring their cars he bridges. The oil business would comply atever restrictions were imposed on it, but other people accepted similar restrictions gh-minded pronouncements about the en- nt would continue to be meaningless.

e are times," he said, "when you burn or people with German names. Right now "

owever, in Alaska. This morning I met Tom e Commissioner of Natural Resources, and t that he would be entirely sympathetic to unhappiness. He's a Texan who first came aska as an independent oil operator on the eninsula; a self-confident man in his middle not given to questioning his own assump- speaks with a faint drawl and smiles in anical way of a man with charm but no humor.

rily he wanted to talk about the oil auction ember in Anchorage; he conducted it, and d pleased with the way in which he had e oil companies into making such extrav- ds for the leases on the North Slope. But heavy sarcasm in his voice, he dismissed tions of the preservationists. (Knowing from New York, people like Kelly feel o relieve me of my Eastern prejudices; all would concur with Vice President Agnew's of an effete snobbism among members of nal press.) "Too many people," Kelly said, merized by that idea of fragile ecology."

st of his conversation was crowded with ike "maximization of the Alaskan poten- t only did the state still retain 350,000 the North Slope, but there were twelve other sedimentary basins in Alaska, and these Kelly also hoped to raffle off at high prices. The present budget assumes $40 million from a sale next summer of leases on the Kenai Peninsula and in Bristol Bay. As for the Legislature's proposal to establish a Department of Environmental Affairs, Kelly seemed to consider it an insult. His own department at present decides land classifications, and any subtraction from his authority he thought both unreasonable and inefficient.

"I'm tired of people telling us how to do something," he said. "Those of us here are not totally incapable."

The subject of Bristol Bay came up again at tea, in a conversation with Jay Hammond and Clem Tillion. Tillion is a man of the same temperament as Hammond; also a salmon fisherman, he lives in a small town about 130 miles southwest of Anchorage on the Cook Inlet. He has short, reddish hair and not many teeth, but he laughs easily, and he's the kind of man whose company makes you feel that somehow you've been improved. I don't know how else to describe it, but it has something to do with a lightness of spirit and an impression of both wisdom and competence. (With either Tillion or Hammond I can imagine being lost in seemingly hopeless circumstances and yet not worrying about it.)

We sat at a plain, wooden table in the modest apartment Tillion rents within a block of the Capitol. Tillion's wife served tea and smoked fish, and Hammond talked about the purpose of a bill he'd introduced to prohibit oil drilling in the shallow water of Bristol Bay. Salmon in enormous numbers spawn in the rivers emptying into the bay; the circular tides do not wash out to sea, and a heavy spill of oil could destroy the fishery.

"For once," Hammond said, "you'd think we could err on the side of conservation. At least the mistakes are reversible."

(On Wednesday, I remember, an oil lobbyist in the corridor of the Legislature was leafing through bills that had been introduced during his absence. Coming across Hammond's bill, he shrugged and said, "Shit, that'll never pass.")

Tillion has introduced a similar bill in the House, in which he's one of the senior Republicans and a member of the Rules Committee. Speaking of men like Kelly and Henry Pratt, he described them, flatly and simply, as predators. "If a man doesn't know he's an animal," he said, "then you can't reason with him."

He wondered why people couldn't understand that they were all caught up in the same circle of life (men, dogs, fish, plankton, caribou, moths, trees, etc.), each dependent on the other. The trouble begins, he said, when men imagine themselves exempt from the natural law and so go about promulgating their own laws as if they were minor gods. Once let loose, the technological beast proceeds on its ravening way.

He started out in Alaska twenty-eight years ago, building his own cabin on an island in Halibut Cove. Gradually he enclosed it within a frame house, cutting the wood at his own sawmill. Half

"If people wanted to retain the environment, they would have to pay for it . . . by giving up certain conveniences."

the men he started fishing with have since been drowned. Hammond, I find out, began not as a fisherman but as a trapper. The market in fox pelts collapsed in the late 1940s (the result of fox coats becoming associated with whores), and so for several years he worked for the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, shooting wolves to protect the reindeer herds on the northwestern tundra.

They both mentioned the difficulties of campaigning in what the Alaskans call "the bush." The politicians in the rural districts need the native vote (otherwise known as "the canoe vote"), and so they must go to the smallest settlements and demonstrate their fortitude to the chief. The villages do not split their vote. Everybody votes the way the chief tells them, and so both Hammond and Tillion have been obliged to take part in the local feasts while nodding smilingly at the assembled crowd. Moose fat apparently is the worst, particularly if it has been dried and cut into narrow strips; there is also whale blubber, seal oil, and meat left so long in the sun that it attracts maggots.

SATURDAY. It is noon, and I sit looking out the window at the solemn gulls standing in rows on the roofs of rotting sheds. They stand facing in silent, contrary directions, indifferent to the wind blowing up the channel from the southwest. The Coast Guard picket ship in the harbor is heavy with ice. I didn't notice it yesterday, and so presumably it arrived last night from a patrol in more northern waters.

I keep forgetting how big the state is; how big and how diverse. There is a four-hour time shift between here and the Bering Sea, and the papers this morning show the temperature in Fairbanks at 35 degrees below zero. Further north, on the North Slope, it is 60 below and always dark at this time of year.

The people think of the state as a country facing west across the Pacific Ocean. They have more to do with Japan than they do with New York. The Japanese buy most of the Alaskan fish, and the steel for the pipeline, already stacked in tiers at the port of Valdez, was imported from Yokohama.

It is a country of violent contrasts. Forests and mountains in the southeast; flat, barren plains in the north. Extreme poverty in the rural places and sudden wealth in the boom towns. The long winter darkness and the midnight sun of the brief summer. The Arctic Eskimos haunted by the demons of a primitive culture, pursuing whales within sight of the oil derricks working the wonders of the modern alchemy. (I remember a man talking about his Eskimo wife: "Like, what you got to dig, man, is that she's three thousand years old.")

Probably the native question is the dominant issue in the state, more difficult than the money or the oil, and yet hardly anybody will talk about it. The Governor and most of the politicians like to say that it is the concern of the Congress in Washington, their rationale being that the U. S. government bought Alaska from the Russians, and so the U. S. government can goddamn well pay off the natives. (The word, natives, is a collective noun comprising Eskimos and Aleuts, and Tlingit, Haida and Athabascan Indians, all of whom dislike each other.)

The question requires some historical explanation. The deal with the Russians postponed a settlement with the natives for the land to which it was recognized they held aboriginal title. It was assumed that a later Congress would work out an equitable arrangement. No Congress got around to doing that, and so now there are several bills in Washington providing various compensations in land and money.

The bill submitted by the Alaska Federation of Natives (an uneasy alliance between the above-mentioned tribes) demands $500 million in cash, 40 million acres, and a 2 per cent over-ride on the oil revenues. The bill offered by the Department of the Interior offers the same cash, 10 million more acres and no over-ride. (There are other complications having to do with which 10 or 40 million acres, what kind of title and the rate of payment; but generally the two bills reflect the difference in opinion.)

In the meantime, pending a settlement, the Department of the Interior imposed a land-freeze on the state of Alaska, and it is this that accounts for the rising anger. In the Act granting statehood in 1959, the federal government reserved 250 million acres in Alaska; the state received the remaining 100 million acres, with the right to choose whatever land it wanted. (Again there are exceptions and qualifications, but that is the gist of it.) But the state had chosen only 6 million acres before the advent of the land-freeze. Which means that the towns can't extend their boundaries, and the speculators in Anchorage and Fairbanks can't be sure to arrange heavy deals.

Thus the natives are getting in the way. And they're becoming politically sophisticated (the Federation retains both Arthur Goldberg and Ramsey Clark), and they're beginning to notice the disparity between a tar-paper shack and a subsidized ranch house.

Yesterday evening, talking to Senator Ralph Christiansen in the bar of the Baranof, I began to hear an ominous dissonance. Christiansen is an Eskimo and the only native of any kind in the Senate; a gentle man in his fifties, obviously accustomed to the apparent inequalities, he could be identified in the Negro context of the United States as an Uncle Tom. But the $900 million and the rising tide of expectation in Alaska have given him to something more than a polite request for a decent break. He resented the Governor's line and the policy of preserving the principal. With sorrowful bitterness in his voice, he said,

"What are they saving it for? For whom? They should see what it's like in the bush. Those people need help right now."

Again I was reminded of the preliminary conference in Anchorage last fall; few natives had been invited, and those who came made extra-

proposals. Other people talked importantly capital-improvement funds, satellite com- tions, and even a pan-terrestrial bridge the Bering Strait. The natives envisioned a ore food, electricity, and maybe running

n can't know what it's like," Christiansen You can't. People living in sheds, goddamnit lve people in a little room."

stiansen is a bush pilot, and usually he drinks self. Before he subsided into resigned silence, ed at me with confused eyes, attempting to l the expression of rage in his worn, pitted

e, they'll give me something in the Senate. e it's me, good old Ray. But it's never enough. It's all lawyers around here. Lawyers who can twist words anyway they want. Money talks, goddamnit."

SUNDAY EVENING. Quiet day and still raining. I haven't seen the sun for a week, and always the mountains are hidden by drifting clouds. The ice field behind the mountains behind the town extends for 1,000 square miles.

Tillion turns out to be an amateur historian and a man of wide erudition. He says the Eskimo culture has all but vanished. Instead of dog sleds they drive snowmobiles, and they hunt with rifles instead of spears. They get much of their food with stamps from the Bureau of Indian Affairs. (Cont. on p. 98)

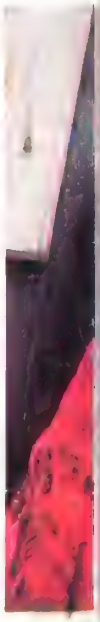
"The politicians in the rural districts need the native vote . . . and so must demonstrate their fortitude to the chief. . . . Everybody votes the way the chief tells them."













Point Hope is an isolated village 130 miles above the Arctic Circle. In summer, when there is no hunting, the young people migrate to the boom towns to look for work. The remaining older Eskimos live on a subsistence level, fishing or killing what game they can, but, for the most part, depending on the Bureau of Indian Affairs for medicine, education, and food stamps.













he women at the village prepare the fish for drying after the men have checked and emptied the nets. The women handle every aspect of the work, except for the construction of drying racks.









By the end of July the great runs of salmon pass and fishing ends. The women and children remain in the village with the fish caches while the men leave to begin hunting and trapping.

Tlingits in the southeast apparently were very cruel: they kept Eskimos for slaves and raised the practice of torture to an art. The first white men they saw, a ship's party of Russian fur traders, they promptly killed. Which, Tillion thought, was entirely correct. "They recognized the practical reality of it," he said. "Somebody ends up as the hewer of wood."

We drove out to the Mendenhall Glacier on the north end of town, Tillion talking about Indians and the land. His island commands a view of mountains still unnamed, and from his dock he can look down into the clear water at the diving ducks turning over stones in their search for snails.

"If I had my way," he said, "I'd keep people out of this state. I'd set up immigration laws."

The old ice in the face of the glacier is the color of sapphires.

MONDAY MORNING. I begin to see what the clerk meant about the local tendency to melancholy. I had dinner last night with Phillips, the president of the Senate, and wards he stared dismally out the window house he has rented on a hill overlookin channel.

"You know something?" he said. "This miserable little town."

Phillips owns an insurance agency in Ancho he's an urbane man of forty-five who finds hi constrained within the limitations of Juneau chorage is brash and new and glutted with en it has the feeling of a mining camp, and the bars place notices in the papers announcin arrival of "new girls daily." Juneau is more s The bar at the Baranof is pretty much the only in town, and on Saturday nights the guitar pl

aroon coats. Otherwise you could think it esday. Later in the legislative session, when ody's been here for four or five months, I agine an oppressive heaviness, like Kafka's or a Broadway show on the road.

aps Phillips was depressed for more specific s. He has served in the Senate for eight years, w that he wants to run for Governor it ap- hat he doesn't have much chance. Brooding he ungratefulness of the electorate, he said, ey don't give a shit unless it's their ox. They images, and no matter what you do, you're "

gain, apropos of nothing in the conversation er a long silence:

at do they think this is? A civics class?"

assumed that the present session would be- increasingly unpleasant, largely because of ctions and nobody therefore being sure of ly else's promises or intentions. He expected itical deals to begin, and he doubted whether vernor could protect the $900 million.

ople say, 'Great, let's keep the $900 million.' en they say, 'Just this one little project, Brad.' ng, of course, their own."

also doubted whether the Legislature could up with imaginative alternatives to the ir political compromises. There wasn't time, and nobody had the necessary infor- . "If we do anything right," he said, "we'll nto it by mistake."

Hopkins, the oil lobbyist, arrived after dinner screen, a projector, and a documentary film d. *New for Tomorrow*. Although paid for by l oil companies, the credits announced that been produced by the State of Alaska. Early eek the *Anchorage Daily News* condemned it nk propaganda, primarily because of a ce showing sockeye salmon in a stream on orth Slope. That species of salmon is un- in the Arctic, and the newspaper questioned tire premise of the film, *i.e.*, that the oil busi- oes not disturb the natural environment.

film opened with a shot of a whale leaping the sea and thereafter presented alternating of wildlife and oil rigs. Hopkins referred to ter as "unobtrusive Christmas trees removing ns." When the questionable salmon appeared, ghed and said, "This is the shot with the ish."

llips, who liked the film, also laughed. "For 's sake," he said. "Who the hell is going to that? How many people can tell the difference en one kind of salmon and another?"

at's what I thought," Hopkins said. "Sort of license."

llips said, "I'm beginning to hate the word, e."

ore Hopkins left, Phillips told him that he'd n that afternoon to Secretary Hickel in Wash- n. He reported that Hickel was as anxious as dy else in Alaska to begin work on the pipe- ut the company contracted to build it hadn't pplied the Department of the Interior with the necessary papers. "He needs maps and the geography," Phillips said. "He doesn't care if they draw it on toilet paper, but they've got to give him something specific."

"Probably the native question is the dominant issue in the state, more difficult than the money or the oil."

TUESDAY AFTERNOON. Charles Sassara, an ambitious man in his late thirties, is the leader of the Democratic majority in the House. Except the majority isn't a majority, and so Sassara is also a suspicious man who imagines people intriguing against him. Probably he's right. Last year he assumed he'd fixed it to be elected Speaker of the House. He'd been so sure of it that he presented his credentials to the Governor and invited his family down from Anchorage to attend his investiture. The night before the election the Republicans and seven Democrats arranged a coalition that Sassara didn't find out about until the clerk called the roll.

I've listened to him debate on the floor of the House, and usually he is cynical and contentious. In a conversation during the noon recess today he denounced the Governor's budget as an obvious political trick.

"It's treating us like children," he said. "You know the bit. . . . Stay away from Mommy's feet because Mommy's trying to cook."

Sassara is a politician in the glib, New York manner. He wears sharply cut suits and heavy gold cuff links; his swarthy pudginess reminds me of Pierre Salinger. He figured that the "creative thing" to do with the $900 million was to travel around the state and ask people what they really wanted. Not what they sort of wanted, but what they really wanted. Once that had been established, then the state could buy it for them.

"You got to push the hot buttons," he said. "I'm here to spend the loot."

He'd heard somewhere, although he admitted he'd never seen it written down, that capital improvements (roads, bridges, schools, etc.) paid 18 per cent interest and circumvented the debilitating effects of inflation. He'd sent a copy of the budget to a stockbroker he knew in New York so that the stockbroker could run it through a computer and locate the weaknesses in it. "There's no point giving the Governor a chance to look good with all that money in an election year," he said.

Discussing the needs of the state of Alaska, he advanced the customary arguments for education and social welfare, but his remarks seemed oddly irrelevant, as if he were addressing an audience on the West Side in New York. In the summers he operates a tourist boat on Prince William Sound, but when he talked about the scenery he did so as if it had been imported from the back lot at Paramount.

At another point, speaking of the poverty among the Eskimos, he said, "It's a subsistence deal. . . . You know, they got to go out and kill a fish or a seal or something."

Midway through the conversation we were interrupted by the arrival of Lewis Dischner, the lobby-

ist in Juneau for the Teamsters Union. Dischner slouched in a chair with his boots on the table, an unshaven and ribald man given to conspiratorial winking. I later discovered he'd been the first Commissioner of Labor when Alaska became a state in 1959. He leafed through a copy of the budget while Sassara talked on the telephone to a contractor in Anchorage who hadn't bothered to obtain the required licenses but still refused to answer inquiries from the State Attorney General.

"Look, Fred," Sassara said, "you got to cut it out. . . . You don't want to start that way." When he hung up he complained to Dischner about the man's unreasonable stubbornness. Dischner shrugged and remarked that if the Teamsters had to deal with the guy, it would be an easy thing.

"What the fuck?" he said. "Shut him down. Nothing moves."

Sassara looked at him with an expression of doubt that also contained an element of envy; after a wistful pause, he said, "I know, Lew . . . but you people work differently."

Dischner had come to talk about the budget. He was skeptical of the good behavior so far evident among the members of the Legislature, and he attributed it to their confusion, their stupidity, and the euphoria in the early weeks of the session. Sooner or later, he said, everybody would remember they were up for election.

"The first one makes a deal," he said, "and there goes the whole barrel of wax."

It soon became apparent that he didn't want to spend the $900 million. Sassara couldn't believe that anybody associated with a labor union could endorse so Republican a point of view.

"Lew," he said, "You don't mean that."

Dischner threw the budget on the table.

"They'll piss it away," he said.

Sassara, still incredulous, began to enumerate social improvements.

"Roads, Lew . . . airports . . . schools."

Dischner nodded at each of the prospects mentioned.

"Whatever you want to call it," he said. ". . . Pissing it away."

When he had left Sassara seemed shaken. His political philosophy in ruins, he turned to me and said.

"You see what a crazy state this is? Even the goddamn labor leaders are conservative. You see them in Anchorage, standing around in paint-spattered shoes, looking at the stock tapes."

WEDNESDAY. Further remarks about the native question, with commentary from Senator John Rader and Representative Willie Hensley.

Rader drew a graph on the back of an envelope. Assuming income and population as the coordinates, the graph looked like a drawing of two steep mountains, one much smaller than the other. "That," Rader said, "is the graph of a South American republic." He argued that it was also a fair rendering of the social imbalance in Alaska. The smaller mountain represented the power of the natives. Pointing to it, Rader said.

"This is Watts; this is Harlem."

A supporter of Gene McCarthy in 196[illegible] therefore the embodiment of the extreme Left [illegible] Alaskan Senate, Rader is a handsome and gen[illegible] man, with gray hair and clear, intelligent eye[illegible] spoke with intense earnestness, appalled that [illegible] all the talk of trees and water, people co[illegible] blindly ignore the social environment. (In Ar[illegible] age I remember a man talking about a pa[illegible] which an Eskimo pulled a knife on him. "Fo[illegible] nately," he said, "it was a mistaken identit[illegible] white men look the same.")

Rader thought the Governor's announced [illegible] with regard to the native land claims (*i.e.*, [illegible] federal government deal with it) was not only [illegible] guided but also dangerous. He thought that it [illegible] out some appropriate gesture from the state [illegible] ticularly since the advent of the $900 million-[illegible] Congress might choose to indefinitely postpo[illegible] passage of a bill. If that happened, and if the n[illegible] then took the matter into the courts, he bel[illegible] they would wait years for any kind of settle[illegible] To him it seemed obvious that the longer [illegible] waited, the more damaging their anger would [illegible] come.

"Nobody wants to admit it," he said, "but [illegible] trouble is already here. If these people contin[illegible] stick their heads in the sand, it'll get worse."

Willie Hensley confirmed Rader's premoni[illegible] Hensley is the Eskimo in the belted suit and [illegible] Representative of the oil district on the North S[illegible]

"When I was a kid," he said, "all I knew [illegible] what I could see. But the Eskimo kids no[illegible] learning a lot of things they didn't know b[illegible] like for instance that their average life expec[illegible] is thirty-four years."

A young man in his late twenties, Hensley w[illegible] ucated largely in the mainland United States, [illegible] accounts not only for his suit but also for his [illegible] wife and his urban speech rhythms. Unlike [illegible] tiansen, his manner is withdrawn and hostile.

"You listen to some of the people around h[illegible] he said, "and you'd think there was a $50 b[illegible] on natives instead of wolves."

He's interested in acquiring political power [illegible] for that he looks more hopefully to the fe[illegible] rather than to the state government. The nativ[illegible] the state are disorganized and scattered thr[illegible] remote villages, and so Hensley spends as [illegible] time in Washington as he does in Juneau, h[illegible] for a land-claims settlement that will subs[illegible] money for numbers of votes. But when he [illegible] about conditions in the Arctic, he doesn't [illegible] authentic (much like Sassara's Democratic [illegible] gans), and I had the feeling that he doesn't li[illegible] go home to Kotzebue.

This apparently is a difficulty encountere[illegible] the younger generation of Indian and Eskimo [illegible] ticians. They learn the white man's laws and [illegible] the white man's clothes, and so in their own vi[illegible] become aliens. In the old Eskimo tradition it [illegible] wise man who keeps silence and the fool who s[illegible]

RSDAY EVENING. Further remarks about the skan xenophobia, with evidence from a of the Senate committee on monetary

Phillips appointed the committee because rusts the Governor's fiscal policy; he dis- it, but neither he nor anybody else in the ure knows enough to dispute it intelli- Thus the purpose of the committee is to technical information and to write a bill ll allow the state to invest in more adven- propositions than government securities.

first witness this afternoon, an investment from Seattle named Duff Kennedy, blandly d the committee that the state probably had eptly advised by Blyth & Co. and the Bank rica. With condescending humor Kennedy 'd heard that Blyth & Co. balanced precari- ear the edge of bankruptcy. Phillips said, t know what we're paying them for."

edy smiled, as if from a long way off. "I now either," he said, "they lost so much in the bond market that they had to get out

ing at each other as if they'd always known st, the members of the committee listened lly as Kennedy proceeded to explain that aska needed was somebody on its side, some- watch out for Alaska's interests. Brokers t do that, he said; his firm could.

service industry is very big right now," he You don't want the blue chips. Neophytes do hey go for the old, established names, and t killed."

tor Zeigler, the member from Ketchikan, What should our goals be? What are we for?"

edy again smiled his distant smile. "I don't he said, "It's your state."

alked for an hour about cash flows and de- ent banks and time deposits, and when he'd l. Zeigler said, "We sure do appreciate you by and visiting with us."

second witness, a man named Charles Boothe os Angeles, was more crass. He also wanted up the Alaskan account, but he didn't under- ne political nuances or the mistrust between vernor and the Legislature, and instead of about general financial policy, he promoted firm. A gray-haired man in a tweed suit, led to a more conservative approach than lv's.

hink Duff maybe is a little aggressive," he What you people need is a team."

bserved that his firm could provide that experts in real estate, mortgages, banking, bonds, and whatever else happened to at- e state's fancy. Zeigler followed the proposal ficulty.

're babes in the woods, Mr. Boothe," he said. nother point Senator Joseph Josephson (a rat and a dogmatic liberal) became alarmed mebody from the outside might be dictating He didn't want anybody advising the state about anything, he said, unless he was sure about that person's social philosophy.

"Nobody," he said, "can come in here and tell us what our values are."

Boothe seemed genuinely alarmed.

"Oh, no, of course not," he said. "You're just looking for input-output. I just give you the facts and the costs. It isn't important what I think."

Senator Zeigler said, "What's so philosophical about $900 million?"

At the end, such was the general confusion, that Phillips asked both Kennedy and Boothe to return the following week. The committee expected to hear testimony from other investment bankers (several of them from New York), and it wanted somebody friendly to translate the technical language.

"You see what we mean," Phillips said; "so we know they're not screwing us."

(Earlier this evening I ran across Josephson in the bar of the Baranof; he'd been drinking with Duff Kennedy, and he assured me that despite his well-cut suit and Establishment appearance, Kennedy at heart was a true Democrat. "You wouldn't know it to look at him," Josephson said, "but he's a liberal.")

"In the old Eskimo tradition it is the wise man who keeps silence and the fool who speaks."

FRIDAY. The House committee on natural resources today heard testimony from fishermen who told of fish dying in the streams near Ketchikan. The wastes from the pulp mill raise the temperature in the water, and the erosion from the picked-over hillsides dumps silt on the spawning gravel. In some places there are fifteen feet of dead herring on the bottom of shallow bays. One of the fishermen, a solemn man with a heavy jaw, tried to explain what happened when a herring died in the effluents from the mills. Drawing tiny, erratic circles in the air, he said, "He goes around and around and around, and he's done for."

Another fisherman said, "I can't catch anything up there now. I think we can come up with some better deals here."

The sympathy of the committee clearly didn't go beyond polite gestures; several members suggested further studies, and one of them, smiling reassuringly, said, "We have no documentation. No measurements of toxicity."

Although not a member of the committee, Clem Tillion had come to offer the fishermen his support. Slouching in a witness chair, his boots off and a broad smile on his red, weathered face, he said, "Five years from now, when the fish are dead, you'll have a lovely set of statistics."

He then cited an obscure study taken several years ago in the same waters by the state health department. The study had foretold exactly what the fishermen described. To the members of the committee, Tillion said, "I don't see why you people bother to pretend. . . . The decision has already been made in favor of the polluters."

Both Tillion and Hammond maintain an attitude of constant vigilance; they understand the practical realities of Alaskan politics (the pulp mill in Ketch-

ikan, for instance, supports the regional politicians and demands that its interests be protected), but they refuse to let anybody get away with hypocritical euphemisms. Between them they so far have introduced several bills having to do with conservation, each of which approaches the issue from a slightly different angle. Tillion figures that maybe he can manage to get some of the legislation passed. After the meeting he explained that his tactics depended on conservation having become recently fashionable.

"I'm delighted," he said. "At least these guys have to pretend to support it, and so it's a tradable item. If we give them a sewage plant or a road somewhere, they might take it easy on the country. . . . Not that I like roads, you understand."

SATURDAY NOON. Governor Miller doesn't appear to have much grasp of the difficulties. Talking to him this morning in his large office on the third floor of the Capitol, I had the feeling of a man isolated behind his own uncertainty, issuing orders through emissaries (Kelly, Pratt, etc.) and not knowing whether they would be carried out. Like the Red Queen in Alice in Wonderland.

He is a pleasant man, with long, wavy hair and an open, boyish charm that conveys the impression of wholesome goodness. He chain-smoked cigars to take up the slack in his nervousness, and he seemed to be wholly unaware of the jealousy, paranoia, and greed shaping the ambitions of the politicians in the Legislature. His innocence is that of the nice guy, who, when he blunders into trouble, feels that somehow the whole thing is terribly unfair.

He came to Anchorage in 1957 as a clerk for the Internal Revenue Service, and in 1962 he was elected to the State House. He lost a subsequent election, but in 1966, having moved to Fairbanks and gone into the heating business, he ran for Secretary of State (an office comparable to Lieutenant Governor) and so was elected on the same ticket with Walter Hickel by a margin of 1,300 votes. (A total of 70,000 votes were cast in the 1966 gubernatorial election.)

I suspect that Miller relies heavily on the word of his advisers, and with regard to the major issues presently confronting the state, he offered nothing beyond the expected political clichés. Of the environmental question, he said, "We all have mixed emotions. I, too, want the state to stay the way it is. I, too, like open spaces and beautiful scenery."

His defense of his fiscal policy was equally conventional, and on the issue of the native land claims he remained adamant. If Alaska's refusal to participate in a settlement harmed the chances of a bill passing Congress, then that was too bad.

"The politics of it," he said, "doesn't make it right."

But I suspect that his entire position is based on politics. There is a strong instinct in the state against giving the natives anything (the other night in the Baranof a man pounded insistently on the bar and said, "I was born here, and I ain't asking for no forty million acres"), and so [illegible] ably Miller hopes to appeal to that instinct [illegible] year's election campaign.

LATE SUNDAY EVENING. Tonight it is s[illegible] and in the narrow street I can hear the [illegible] of drunken men wandering away from t[illegible] Dog Saloon. Either the Red Dog or Mary [illegible] Top Hat Bar. (Now an aging woman co[illegible] by faded photographs on the walls of he[illegible] Mary once drove a dog team from Juneau [illegible] banks; last night, introducing me to her, [illegible] said, "Yeah, old Mary did a lot of mushing.")

Maybe it is the voices that discourage, [illegible] maybe it is the predictable transformation [illegible] frontier. No doubt I suffer from a litera[illegible] therefore false nostalgia: like Rousseau o[illegible] Antoinette with her dairy. If they want to "in[illegible] the state, that's their business. The disadv[illegible] of progress occur only to people who alrea[illegible] sess the washing machine, or the parking lot [illegible] house in the south of France. Imagine tryin[illegible] plain to an Indonesian peasant why it's be[illegible] him to remain in picturesque squalor.

I like the people here, and I admire their [illegible] ness and lack of cynicism: the elegant iron[illegible] New York bars would seem to them incom[illegible] sible. The Legislature remains almost entir[illegible] of corruption: the state hasn't been a sta[illegible] enough for people to acquire the necessar[illegible] niques, and until last fall there wasn't much [illegible] (Presumably the oil companies now will b[illegible] contribute to local elections, and the const[illegible] of the pipeline, expected to cost a billion [illegible] certainly will affect the politics.)

If they wreck the place, it will be for th[illegible] American of reasons. Eventually it resolve[illegible] into a choice between money and trees, and [illegible] take the money (no matter how polite a na[illegible] give to it), you lose the trees. It becomes [illegible] tion not of what you want, but of what you[illegible] ing to give up. Thus the logic of the oil lobb[illegible] irrefutable. (I think of Hopkins saying, "Yo[illegible] gas in the car? Okay, you get oil on the bea[illegible]

But I also think of Hammond and Tilli[illegible] treating further north and setting up reaf[illegible] actions in the Legislature, which Tillion ca[illegible] puzzle house." Certainly the avalanche won[illegible] take them for a long time. The state is eno[illegible] and the climate isn't likely to attract the pop[illegible] that has swarmed into California. I ren[illegible] Hammond talking about a book he'd read in [illegible] two frontiersmen stand looking at a solitary [illegible] crossing an empty valley under an immens[illegible] one of them says to the other that the count[illegible] was beautiful before it got so crowded. Har[illegible] laughed, and then, after a long silence, h[illegible] "Yeah, well, that's the irony in it. We end [illegible] stroying the thing we sought and loved."

And so tonight, listening to the drunken [illegible] in the street, I think of miners pouring the [illegible] on the bar and selling their claims for an [illegible] feather and a woman's smile.

hall Frady

HE VIEW FROM HILTON HEAD

one of the few untainted estuarine landscapes left along the Southeastern
... but for how long?

e South, the land of Canaan consists of a
zon of smokestacks. Industrialization—the
acquisition of factories—has been a kind of
religion there: the secular fundamentalism.
ıer's Flem Snopes was more than a literary
on: he was a historical, cultural species in
ıth, and his heirs are those eager, sharp-eyed,
r-coated, rawly barbered, ruthlessly enthusi-
oung men in the Jaycee chapters of all dowdy
outhern towns, with faint sniffs of wilt along
uiet main streets, which pursue with a poign-
defatigability their own factory as a sort of
fleece, a Holy Grail, a deus-ex-machina de-
ıce from impending exhaustion and extinc-
n this desperation, they seem willing to suffer
ıs of any elegancy. When a paper mill was
ıcted in a little Alabama town some twenty
rom Montgomery, it tinged even the Capitol's
ors, on especially muggy mornings, with a
reek: Wallace, who was then Governor, would
n such mornings, "Yeah, that's the smell of
rity. She does smell sweet, don't it?" What
ıppened is that the Snopesian mind in the South, in the course of its sedulous exertion to transmogrify itself from an earth culture into an urban civilization, has evolved into a hard bright glinting neo-Babbittry. Several years ago, a newspaper in Georgia's old river city of Augusta glumly pointed out that, while a new state anthem just offered by Johnny Mercer "abounds with the sights and sounds of baying hound dogs, cawing crows, watermelons lying ripe in the field, and summer lightning in the sky . . . some of us might have hoped for a song more suitable to the new Georgia than to what to most of us is the old. But it's doubtful that even the great Johnny Mercer could create memorable lyrics about the booming of industry and the soaring of sales, and such. . . ."

Probably no other Southern state has been quite so evangelistic about industrialization as South Carolina. One reason may be that it has been a state which was more or less a company town anyway, presided over by an informal consortium of business interests, predominantly textile, with the fierce orderly privacy of a mill village—all civic irregularities and crises briskly attended to in a

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Marshall Frady

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tidy circumspect corporate manner, as matters of personnel relations. Probably as a result, South Carolina has long persevered as one of the most conscientiously innocuous states in the Union: without the dark glamour of Mississippi or even the hot hasty dingy meanness of Alabama, throughout most of the classic Southern decade of the Negro Awakening she seemed merely to lack the vitality for any serious viciousness. It was as if her defense were a colossal dullness. With occasional visitations by Billy Graham and fracases over Blue Laws, the central obsession has been, in the words of one Columbia legislator, "our program of industrial solicitation. We've brought in a half-billion in new industry each year since about 1959, and we now have a five-hundred-seven-million annual budget. But we haven't reached the point where we can relax this effort. Nosiree."

The conventional celebration, then, was orchestrated—the Governor, the local legislative delegation, assorted chambers of commerce, newspapers like the *Columbia State*—when a German chemical empire, Badische Anilin- & Soda-Fabrik, announced it was establishing a formidable outpost along the South Carolina coastline: a $200-million facility for the production of dyes and plastics which would be the third bulkiest industrial presence in the state. The site was a sprawl of 1,800 acres along Victoria Bluff in Beaufort County—property consisting then of little more than a few scattered thin dirt roads passing like tunnels through the grave muffled grieving of moss, ending at the wide expanse of the Colleton River into which, BASF projected, 2.5 million gallons of treated waste would be discharged daily, emptying finally into Port Royal Sound. Eventually, it was also mentioned, a railroad spur would be laid to the site, docks constructed, and, with federal designation of the area as a free-trade zone and grant of an oil-import quota, a channel dredged for 200-foot-long tankers bringing in 10,000 barrels of naphtha a day.

There were instant assurances that the complex would comply with the state's pollution regulations —which, along with its corporate tax expectations, happen to be among the most indulgent in the nation, devised as they were in the Fifties when the lust for industry was in a high heat. These assurances were particularly facilitated by the industrious attentiveness of the *Columbia State*, including one assiduously solicitous marathon interview with the company's American overseer, Dr. Hans Lautenschlager. (Q: "As of this moment BASF has complied or has signified intention to comply with every requirement that South Carolina has yet presented officially to you?" A: "That is right, yes.") Actually, the headlong enthusiasm seemed to startle somewhat even BASF's officials. "We had a reporter from the *State* simply walk into our office in New York and tell us, 'Now, show me how you aren't going to pollute,' " reported one BASF executive cheerfully. "It's very unusual to have that sort of attitude in a newsman, you know." But there were, from the first, certain uneasy murmurs in the county, principally from former industrialists who had retired there from the North. "I've l... Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit," remarked ... know the price of industrialization. The th... pollution is so much easier to prove *after* ... than before it."

The South Carolina coastline around Port Ro... Sound is an uncertain and capricious play l... land and water, still arrested at that momen... history of the earth when the sea was just ... ning, reluctantly and tentatively, indecisi... relinquish the land, a slight release and he ... and change of mind still enacted every day. ... marshes yawn off level and limitless, past lit... marooned islands of palm and pine, into c... sunsets—one of those plots on the planet wh... is still incidental to nature, instead of natur... incidental to man, which seems to work som... mystic dislocation in the species. Specific... tidal creeks—a myriad and ceaseless discreet bi... with the occasional tiny idle flapping of a ab... across bright open roofless glittering spaces... of the few untainted estuarine landscapes le... the Southeastern coast. But it's not so much at... as man's commerce which abhors a vacuu... Lautenschlager, a badger-like and altogethe... man with bristling close-clipped hair and h... glasses, agreeably explains, "We always felt ... U. S. as compared to Germany was somewhat ... developed—excuse me that expression—in ... of plastics. Because you wouldn't believe ... from, I would say, Philadelphia to Miami. ... nothing. Really—no plastics plant."

The fact is, Beaufort County is underde... not only in plastics, but in most other r... including economically and politically. (... legend has it that the squire of a remote pla... in the county, a man not accustomed to co... who is prone to blast his telephone peri... with his shotgun, once invited a neighbo... moment of restlessness, to engage in a duel ... can take the ground if you want, and I'll t... air"—and presently appeared over his nei... house in a plane, making several passes and o... ing roof, trees, steps with flour sacks wh... neighbor furiously slammed away at him fr... front yard with a rifle.) Altogether, the co... probably one of the most abject and squali... nies of the country, with perhaps up to 40 p... of the 20,000 Negroes there—about half th... county population—illiterate. Some 900 fami... eligible for food stamps, and the ministry ... Donald Gatch, who came to be regarded as ... mentionable indecency by the county's whi... tility, had a great deal in common with Schw... ministry in Gabon. Not long ago, South Ca... Senator Fritz Hollings—a tall, glossy, tann... vered figure who speaks with the steamy org... rhetoric of the primeval summertime p... South but is eccentrically given to certain ... impulses—took a stroll about the county, p... in the doors of Negro shacks, and came aw... quently aghast.

6,000 jobs of the 11,000 in the county—half of this total employing Negroes—are l with fishing and tourism, enterprises focusing on one of the county's offshore Hilton Head. The recent resort develop- here are, indeed, sanctuaries for retired es and industrialists who have fled lands ve laid waste behind them in the North. ith retired military officers, admirals with tomato-faces and frosty moustaches, gather- madras jackets at dusk at the club bars. is a lyrical weather of winy dawns and warm days and chill sundowns, fine for riding. At Sea Pines Plantation, on the most tip of the island, Rolls-Royces and es-Benzes twinkle leisurely along the quiet roads through groves of high pines and d palms and live oaks with moss like down- ng smoke in which the long late-afternoon gers like a soft amber dream—beyond, there npses of fairways, as sleek as the flank of a which golfers occasionally appear, distant, re, trivial, and soundless, walking and g and then moving on, figures materializing in time out of nothing and then, after a t, gone again, idly and tracelessly vanished to nothing.

he whole, confesses a local political mana- 'e are almost like India or China down here. the very, very rich, and then we got the very, or, but there's hardly anything in between lose to 40 per cent of our people make less 2,500 per year per household." The county he Congressional district of House Armed chairman L. Mendel Rivers, whose two solicitudes for the thirty years he has been shington—the military and the folks back have had a way of enhancing each other e decades, and one official with the Beaufort Development Commission wistfully allows, 75 per cent of our gross wages come from ly oriented sources—namely, the bases Men- ut down here. So every time there's a war, s picks up real good. After World War II, ing fell off until the Korean war, when there upswing again. Same thing now with Viet- hate to say it, but war—people gettin' killed—prosperity around here, it's as simple as that. can fuss?"

first giddiness after BASF announced its in- s was that the plant would pass a magic ver the economy of the area, but more sober ecognized that most of the sparkle would fall fortunes of real-estate brokers, insurance town merchants, without really sifting on ppreciably into the lower zones of destitu- the county. In one official state study some efore citing the kinds of high-intensity em- nt industries needed in coastal counties like rt, sophisticated chemical operations like s were not even listed. Before long, it was r less tacitly acknowledged all around that would only be the inception, the genesis of r industrial complex in the area. But to the north of Beaufort County is North Charleston, and closer to the south is Savannah, both of them with doomsday manufacturing wastelands of smudged bleary skies, slag heaps, rank winds, and vile waters. With these unnerving specters on both sides, Dr. Lautenschlager has been a bit delicate about projecting visions of Beaufort County as an industrial complex, but he recently admitted privately, "Of course, we will expect that new industries will come in, mostly in the polymers field. Plastics lend themselves to the creation of other plants, and we will encourage these along, set up an entrepreneurial young fellow and train the people for him, perhaps even finance him to a degree. We also hope to attract down here some of the bigger plastics users."

One young local politician frankly declares, "This is gonna be a disaster area if we don't turn it around. What BASF will mean ultimately is that we won't be a sleepy village any longer, with a lot of open spaces and untromped-on places. This just has to be. Change is inevitable, you know."

Perhaps, but for the matter of only months, that would have been the case.

"The county is probably one of the most abject and squalid crannies of the country."

Years ago, on a warm summer night musky with magnolia blossoms in a small Georgia city, three young boys slipped out of their respective bedroom windows and, working in a peculiar wordless savage ecstasy, systematically wrecked the ground piping in a lot that had just been razed for the first filling station to intrude into their leafy



DIANE ARBUS

Marshall Frady

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and innocent neighborhood. Some weeks later, they would be drinking Nehi oranges and passing around the air hose for their bike tires at the same station after it was finished, only half-remembering that furtive night of abrupt furious trivial unavailing sabotage, repudiation. But it has been more than a spasm of simple vandalism. There persist, whatever one's age, those small dull interior concussions of despair, exasperation, at abruptly discovering jaunty new jiffy curb markets or jumbo variety stores, glad and glittering with pennants, apparently clapped together in an eye-blink out of glass and chrome and plastic and asphalt along a roadside where the last time there had only been an empty cleanness of earth and sky. But such occasions—noticing trees and grass peeled from hillsides for freeway ramps, a dragonfly-wing iridescence from industrial excretion over rivers with Indian names, oddly drab unbright shadowless mornings with a fainting ghost of the sun—had been, in the past, totally private moments of discontent, like the brief prick of a rock in the shoe. At the most, there were sporadic flares of civic querulousness at zoning hearings.

But suddenly, it seems, all those random moments of dim elusive private discomfort have gathered into a massive popular outrage, their electricities have swiftly accumulated into a general voltage, an Issue. It has not quite found its tongue, its definition yet: the matter is still approximated as one of environment, ecology, pollution. But it is conceivable a new popular sensibility is emerging—an extraordinary moment. A new conscience and consciousness threaten to accost an old profound ethic, the dogmas and perspectives and rationales of an abruptly suspect mythology are now harried by perverse heresies from unexpected quarters: in the bright jubilant rampant advance of prosperity and convenience—ground clearings, ribbon cuttings, plant dedications, drive-in openings—a certain barbarism is now being sensed. A new and elemental Crime is being perceived.

Mailer proposed long ago that the prophetic disease of the age is cancer: that the cancer principle characterizes the times: robust, ravenous, unabating growth for growth's sake, a mortal process disguised as vitality and energy, health—Shakespeare's tragic trick: "Fair is foul, and foul is fair." At a meeting recently of the Beaufort County Retirees' Association, one man finally arose and began in a voice like the slow crackling of paper, his fingertips faintly fluttering on the back of his chair. "Well, I'm from up North—places where they brought in a lot of industry. I've been hearing all my life, since I was a young man, I guess—you get industry in here, get industry in here, and life's gonna be smoother. Everything's gonna improve, life's gonna be brighter. Well, I've never seen it yet. All my life, I waited for it to happen, but I never saw it. Things didn't get smoother, they just changed. Oh, there was a lot more money, but it seemed things just got messier at the same time. So I got tired of waiting, and I moved down here. Now they're saying bring this big industry in here too, everything's gonna be brighter—what I want to know is, when's s posed to happen?"

What has now appeared on Hilton Hea is kind of spontaneous conglomerate p resistance, the makeshift hasty collaboratio f parate interests that is one curiosity of the o cal passion. Not long ago, the man appoi e be manager of the plant, Dr. Herbert En cluded a conference with a young attorney i o in the resistance by cautioning him, "Now, d want to ever see this in print—but we are billion-dollar organization. We can flush all f down the drain. We can wipe you out." B still finds improbably ranged against him, p s an offensive of lawsuits and petitions and n strations, an eclectic assortment of housewiv fessional men, retirees of both opulent and o circumstances, black fishermen, tense lank a rumpled young circuit-riders from the A Society and Friends of the Earth, and certa nabobs, including Charles Fraser, the brisk bic young developer of Sea Pines, and Fre an older and somewhat more weathered squ owns much of the island, and who, with h Royal Plantation, has been gamely and d battling to keep pace with Fraser.

A gangling, somewhat gawky figure wit tufts of graying hair like an osprey's feather has remained fairly plain and homespun in and conversation (he is given to that imm feint, disavowal of his slow sly kind, "I'm ole country boy") since he arrived as the first developer, coming over on a barge w family twenty years ago to set up a timber tion. "I finally got a bridge built," he drone then Charlie Fraser came over it." He stil certain feudal sense of proprietorship ab island and its affairs. When one Negro stor erected a sign along the main road whic regarded as a bit large and conspicuous. simply approached him one afternoon and inquired, "Abe, how much is that sign goi me? . . ." The construction of a motel r along the beach seemed to be threatening a palm toward which Hack had taken a fa he had the tree dug up, transported out to h Royal Inn, and replanted there with an ela arrangement of wires and ropes, but chat the Inn with someone recently, he suddenly and then murmured, "Look at my tree. I thi dyin'." He still lives in the antique house interior of the island where he originally with his family, a white wooden edifice with moth fireplaces and long polished halls and iron cooking-range in the kitchen. In his ge living room one evening recently, he dism from a ladder where he had been hanging ne tains (he had forgotten to open the vents in t place several nights before after starting a ing fire for a party) and sat to talk with a visitors regarding the advent of BASF six m from his island, gulping occasionally from a k

illed with Sprite and vodka. "That plant's not ' in," he peacefully allowed, with an almost ke simplicity in his voice. "Nothin' like this appen to *me*—I just know that. I survived ieria when I was five years old, so I can sho e this thing."

gentle evening recently, a large number of ers gathered at Fraser's Hilton Head Inn their supper tables, a freshly showered and l assembly in citrus-colored liquid golfing ers and blazers and canvas shoes, sitting in folding chairs in a chamber of powder blue with potted plants where they were to be ssed by a young Audubon Society activist l Joe Browder ("He's their number-one scrap- a local gentryman advertised happily) and a egislator from Columbia named Alex Sanders. nple cheerful bearish thirty-one-year-old at- with somewhat shaggy hair and a relish for oll aspects of life, Sanders is a probably pre- e occurrence in South Carolina of the phe- non of the New Politics, and has come to be led a bit askance, as a faintly dangerous aber-, by most of his colleagues in the House: he luced a resolution (and passed it) which pro- that at no time would the total membership legislative committees studying agriculture state exceed the number of farmers in the offering this after briefly contemplating an- measure which would have stipulated that at ne would the membership of any state subver- control board exceed the total number of sub- es, including Communists, in the state. One old night last February in Columbia, at a gathering of state political brokers swishing ers of bourbon before a quietly rustling fire- Sanders was dismissed as "too inclined to n these—uh—*quixotic* kind of causes, and just e too *amused* by the serious business of poli- In the context of the evening, it was an en- ng dismissal. He is, actually, a refreshing ion in the state's politics. Sitting in the audi- at Hilton Head Inn before he spoke, he mut- after a glance around, "Lot of pretty people onight, ain't there?" A moment later, behind ctern, he announced, "I wish I could tell you e come to save you from this noxious threat ar well-bein' and peace of mind. But the candor e hour requires me to tell you I am not con- d with you assembled here tonight—" A rather ite hush settled over the floor. "—I have looked id your beautiful homes and unpolluted golf es. It's possible to replace those—but it's not ble to replace this beautiful Port Royal Sound he fragile life-balance of these estuaries." At there was a relaxing release of luxurious ap- ng applause. "The reason I bring you this ige," Sanders continued, "is not to insult you. ust that this issue won't be decided on pre- ng these homes and golf courses, but on a national scale . . . and in the course of this you are likely to come into contact with those id your normal personal relationships."

d they did, right after Sanders. Browder—a slight modest figure with a somewhat finch-like face and fine-spun sandy hair, wearing horn-rim glasses and a pinstriped ginger-colored suit with scuffed suede boots—had just landed on the island vibrant from a rally in Miami addressed by Abbie Hoffman, and he informed the gathering, "I heard some industrial-type people talking on the plane coming up here who said they hoped the response to this BASF thing wasn't one of bailing out Hilton Head Island. I really get the feeling there isn't anyone in Washington terribly interested in bailing out the people here." He talked to them in a casual free-form easy monologue that was the style of SNCC organizers during the old days in Alabama and Mississippi, his manner wry and half-abashed and anti-rhetorical, bemused, his voice small and almost toneless. Whimsical frequencies were in the air at this occasion; Browder imparted to his audience the emotionally mixed piece of news that, when the construction of an airport in the Everglades was frustrated in Florida, "the fellow who had been the baron of the state, the czar of the state until a few years ago, was told to go to hell. . . ."

"What has now ap[illegible]ed on Hilton Head is . . . a makeshift hasty collaboration of disparate interests."

Indeed, a number of those directing the front against BASF are not accustomed to having been particularly on the sunny side of any recent national issue, and they seem not quite able to trust the fact that, at least in terms of the national press and the liberal community—the conventional conscience of the country—they are uncannily on the side of righteousness for a change, and so they are proceeding with a certain awkwardness, a high



GEORGE GARDNER

Marshall Frady

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nervousness, with somewhat the same instinctive furtiveness and conspiratorial mentality of their long wilderness guerrilla warfare against the general massive marches of history since, for some of them, Roosevelt. The head of one citizens' association, a pastured industrialist, warned his colleagues about a visiting newsman from a national magazine, "We haven't checked that fella out yet," and when a young painter on the island began trying to assemble demonstrations at the plant site, it was suggested by a few residents that such a dramatic extravagance might be "undignified." Other parties have been engaged in some of the more Byzantine of the old procedures—private and elemental persuasions in certain strategic places—and one young conservation activist, who cultivates hopes of the BASF fight evolving eventually into participatory-democracy politics in the county, emerged from one session with this faction and hissed, "I feel like I ought to take a bath." But the resistance promised to survive such uneasy associations. Demonstrations were continuing through March at the plant site and the BASF suite of offices on the island—motley ecumenical processions of Junior League matrons and black fishermen, long-maned college students and retired colonels in long-billed mesh fishing caps and khaki trousers. While a recent march was breaking up, one young mother with a sign was asked if she had ever done anything like this before, and she chirped, "Why, Lord, *no*!"

Actually, the black fishermen, who after five years of struggle have finally begun operating successfully as a cooperative, are caught in special complications. As Tom Barnwell, one of the co-op officials, explains it, "How the hell am I gonna be able to get out there picketing against BASF without also picketing against the welfare system and the political system and all the other pollution like that in this county?" Whatever, they regard themselves as menaced by the plant more critically and immediately than is anyone else. "More meetin's I 'tended, listenin' to those plant people talk," remarks the co-op's president, David Jones, a looming mild soft-spoken man, "the less comfortable I felt. He kept tellin' us we didn't have nuthin' to worry about, but that was just a man talkin'—you know what I mean? A man can say anything. Anyway, even if we get BASF to fight pollution, we got to go through this same mess with every one of these other plants when they come in?" The co-op finally sued for a moratorium on the plant's construction until extensive laboratory tests could confirm it posed no danger, but BASF—whiffing intimations of disaster should it be temporarily stalled—has been particularly implacable and brittle on this point. "A moratorium is completely out of the question," maintains Lautenschlager. "If we postpone our plant, the whole thing loses momentum—see?" Commenting on this matter another time, he snapped, "We reject it. And everybody else rejects it. . . . The Governor has said it is un-American and unjustified, and there is no legal possibility for it as far as I know. I say it is unnecessary and unjustified."

The fact is, the confrontation at Hilton H and, for that matter, the whole nationa frontation over ecology—is still taking shap kind of uncertain moral twilight. John Gad a young black who directs Penn Center out Beaufort, which functions in part as a job- ment agency for the black community, and coldly eyes the issue, "BASF isn't going to that much to my people around here, I know There'll be a little bit for a little while, an even less after that. They aren't really going much more than just touch the problem. I industry they'll bring in after them, whic transform the whole economy of this area. the choice we've got to make—are we going dustrialize, or do we stay this quiet little pe area. It can't be both ways. I'm not fooled either. These waters are going to be pollut doubt about that—rivers here around Beaufo *already* off-limits just with the regular sewag the people living here, and it doesn't take tha pollution to place oyster beds off-limits. Of c they're saying now, if BASF doesn't come in, open up other jobs without pollution. Well, our girls we sent out the other day on a w job was offered twenty-two cents an hour plus p if that's the kind of thing they're talking forget it. No, when it comes to a choice b the people I know who have to make it here o stamps, who're still living like they've been for the past hundred years, or whether we're keep all these pure waterways and beautiful m and wildlife, all this wonderful scenery—I go with the people. If I got to put the oyster b against people—the oyster beds have got to

That is a rather cheerless set of alternativ kind of desperate and understandably im vision which, it has been suggested, could the subtle treachery of merely exchanging ghetto for an urban one which, to the degre things can be measured, is probably more de As a number of those who mistrust the eco issue point out, what's happening to trees dred miles away does not have a great deal vancy for people pent in a ghetto who've nev in a forest. But it is more than a matter of a ics. What is being recognized is that simple ness—an adjacency of open and trackless s is actually a human value, and the absence visits a vague abasement, brutalization human spirit. Whatever, developers on Head—however belated and accidentally i their interest (actually, Sea Pines has in t ventured some educational projects in the i interior)—have begun plotting programs c ted to more black enterprises like the co Gadsen concedes, "I do sympathize with the that problem. They labored through the m believable difficulties over there to get tha started. You can't know how important it to them—just those some one hundred jobs more to the black people of this county th thousands of jobs with the tourist indus waitresses or bellmen or ground-keepers."

ew black leaders on the island regard the of the plant with a special foreboding. With Carolina a society whose politics have always precipitously susceptible to the influence of siness estate, the enormous presence of a firm ASF has sobering implications. Barnwell, who utive secretary of the co-op, says flatly, with ry crackle in his eyes, "We've just begun to p a little bit in the politics of this county and te, but this deal—the power you talkin' about vill put us right back into slavery."

the clamor has caused considerable dismay nong the county's Establishment; as one of esmen philosophizes, "We just want all this fuss to die down. We'd be all right, if it for all this damn fuss. It's just damn stubss, that's what it is." The executive director county development commission, Eddie a man of slightly dusty and crumpled apce with an expression of drowsy amiability, s, "Old ladies come into my office cryin', I —chins quiverin'—and commence to tell me, Boyer, I'm gonna take up a collection in vn and erect a statue to you as the man who Beaufort County.' I been here for thirty and have tried my best never to make an to get along with everybody—wasn't any n this county I didn't feel I couldn't go into welcome. But now, people don't like me. I the hospital three times over this thing." e face of this unaccountable popular amll the conventional rationales, the convenexuberances are being lustily and diligently l. "Land has got to be used for the greatest f the people," insists one Beaufort business er. "Over there on Hilton Head, these nat and so on, they worried about roostin' or their birds. Well, hell, we can't leave this to wilderness just because of their birds." ector of the local Office of Economic Oppor a white fortyish chipper erstwhile Baptist er with a sun-kissed face tanned like a dye l a small cherry bulb of a nose, attired in a black-and-white-check sport coat, drove a visitor along on a road on the outskirts of t with hamburger drive-ins and trailer parks lboards and power lines under tatterings of 'Wadn't anything out here before, and now a nice new li'l shoppin' center along here, wn up real nice out here. I don't understand hollerin' about BASF. Why, I've seen esti t'll mean probably one thousand more autos in the county alone. . . . I've said from my a million times, Beaufort is the virgin terri tween Miami and New York." One Beaufort burbles, "They talk about alterin' the *look* lace, the environment. If you want to know h, lot of plant grounds you see now are actu ttier than country-club grounds."

notion is being offered, as one local business ut it, "If man is smart enough to mess it up, art enough to clean it up." This particular perspective is heard most often when the melancholy case of the Tenneco plant is mentioned—a similar facility established some years ago along a tidal creek on nearby Dafuskie Island with the most hearty and ruddy and unequivocal assurances that there would be no contamination. Not quite two years later, a landowner with property along the creek noted that the marsh grass was withering away, and when he called in two scientists to investigate, it was discovered that vast concentrations of acid had been flushed into the waters there, corroding oyster shells and exterminating all mussels in the stream. The state, after a time, finally dealt some minimal wrist-rapping to Tenneco, which then went about tidying up its operation.

Somehow, the breezy assurances that are being produced to answer the alarm tend to be not enormously reassuring. "Tenneco?" asserts the OEO director. "They say that area over there at Tenneco is ruined? That ain't ruined—there's green grass growin' up to twenty-five yards of where they say the ruin is." One state legislator from the county, who has been maintaining that industrialization will not violate the nature of area ("You can swim in water that you can't farm oysters from, you know"), was asked if there were any other spot in the county that occurred to him where such a novel cohabitation had been managed—if such a compatability, in fact, would not be a first for the world. After a pause, he allowed, "Yes, I suppose so. No, I don't guess it's ever been brought off before. But —well, that's the challenge of this whole thing, see?" BASF officials have cited their scrupulous compliance with the anti-pollution standards in New Jersey, which has not spectacularly comforted the refugees from New Jersey in the area, nor others who have simply made the drive from the Newark airport into New York, one of the most obscene landscapes on the face of the earth. (At the same time, BASF has declared natural de-industrialized zones will be left along both the riverfront of its property and the road front; but when a local political apologist promised a civic meeting recently, "I'm sure that what goes on two or three miles back there from the highway will be virtually unknown and unobservable," it only deepened the frowns, momentarily narrowed the squints of those in the audience.)

At a recent hearing before a legislative committee in Columbia, local proponents of the plant—with the awkwardness of old mentalities still stoutly impervious to deep shifts in the popular mood—unwittingly added extra savor to all the misgivings. The president of the county's chamber of commerce, a lank and weathered man who stood rigidly straight with his hands shoved deep in his pockets, clipped, "We're missin' the whole picture—other companies, other industries will be involved in this. You fiddlin' with an opportunity that may be gone forevermore. . . . As far as this pollution is concerned, I don't think it's a problem—" At this, there was a tide of laughter from the galleries which spilled even over the floor. Undaunted, with only a short dangling uncertain hesitation, he went on, "We've gotten assurances from the Governor on

"All the clamor has caused considerable dismay among the county's establishment."

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THE VIEW FROM HILTON HEAD

down there won't be any pollution—" Again, the chamber was splashed with laughter, and the fellow plunged on back to his seat, followed presently by a somewhat more dapper, nattily groomed, resolutely casual and grinning chap who introduced himself as the next mayor of Beaufort and, "in an attempt to calm the waters a little bit," proceeded to smilingly dismiss the issue of pollution as a matter of any real grimness: "Why, some of the best bass fishin' you'll find down there is right at the mouth of the Savannah River, which is the most polluted river in the state. . . ."

For that matter, virtually the whole political structure of South Carolina—from the impending mayor of Beaufort all the way up to the Governor, Robert McNair, a much beleaguered man these days on several fronts—is committed to the plant and the immutable doctrine of "industrial solicitation." Senator Hollings, one figure of some heft who might have been expected to intervene at least on behalf of a construction moratorium, is not only cramped by the posture of his party's hierarchy, but somewhat more seriously compromised by the fact that "industrial solicitation" was never a more feverish obsession than during his own term as Governor. At an informal convocation of assorted political technicians in Columbia recently, he advanced the rather improbable speculation that all the dismay over BASF, the signatures of protest from all over the state, even the national notice the incident was attracting, had all been engineered by Charles Fraser.

At a meeting not long ago of retirees in the Beaufort area, held in a country club with mint-green cement-block walls, one young local legislator rummaged forth all the customary enthusiasms while, here and there, elderly ladies savagely scribbled questions on the back of paper place mats with ballpoint pens, couples glanced at each other and shook their heads—they had already begun to take him on with impatient incredulous snortings and brief high hums. "The concern over pollution now," he forged on, "it's certainly the sensible thing, and certainly now the *popular* thing, and the thing that's in the headlines. . . . But we have laws to protect us on this, and have had them on the books since the nineteen-fifties." When he was finished, a tall bony crew-cut man lunged to his feet and fairly blared, "Yes, and just a few years ago we had the same assurances on the Tenneco dye plant. They said they absolutely would *not* pollute the area. It was crammed down our throats, and they built their multi-million-dollar dye plant. So what happened? What I want to know is, why is BASF being brought in here the same way?" The young legislator wanly proposed, "Well, you can't say absolutely-positively nothing's gonna happen. I mean, you can't get out here and drive to Columbia and say absolutely-positively nothing's gonna happen. . . ."

While BASF, with all the fanfare, has actually attained, even before the plant has been physically assembled, a state of high righteousness probably unprecedented in anti-pollution projecti... Lautenschlager himself has acknowledge... can't guarantee against accidental spillage f... plant. We can't guarantee against accidental... from tankers, because we are not in co... them." That is the anxiety of a number of ... ful people in Beaufort County and over t... including Representative Sanders—whethe... cident can actually be afforded. Speaking ... ago to a House committee after introduci... calling for a moratorium on the plant's cons... Sanders intoned, "Gentlemen, there are fo... aries in South Carolina—bodies of water u... constituted on this planet, with a sensitive ... of life there crucial in the biological chai... istence. Two of those estuaries have alrea... destroyed now by pollution. Port Royal S... one of the two left. No one knows without ... at hand what the results of the location of th... will be—but those who would ignore history ... demned to repeat it. It is a matter of histor... that when the process of industrializatio... volves itself upon the underdeveloped peopl... earth, those people lacking the sophisticatio... ban societies can be depended on to be... enamored of the shiny machines and the gi... silver it promises as to ignore sophistica... cepts of an undisturbed ecology. The South... ropean peasant with a newly acquired aut... will stand in the street and fondle his machi... goats defecate in his house. And make no ... about it, as compared to the highly indus... society of Western Germany—the father ... BASF—the coast of South Carolina with its ... and great expanse of virgin land is viewed h... as nothing more than another emerging ... whose people are for exploitation and—m... portant—for sale. But gentlemen, you and ... South Carolina is different. We are not S... Europe—" (Despite that, the word was sp... the plant's advocates back in Beaufort that ... had testified their county was populated by ... who stroked their cars while livestock leisur... dled their front parlors.) "—we have ste... demonstrated that our birthright is not for ... a mess of pottage. . . ."

The fact is, with all the unanticipated h... tentiveness to the affair, some members of B... County's local legislative delegation have ... themselves caught in certain rather specif... tions of intimacy with the plant—quiet a... ments which, in the past, have been more c... matter of course in the discreet customar... between the state's political and business in... and which in almost any less feudal contex... be politically mortal. A member of the state... W. Brantley Harvey Jr., a lean spare pale ... attorney with a taut jaw and cottony ashe... with a quality of sober earnestness about h... it turns out, been acting as counsel for BASF ... ing the way legally for its arrival in his ... which will amount to something like $25,000 ... first year of his service. "I expect to represe... in those matters in the future," he admit...

them the usual rate." (He also has as clients th Carolina Gas and Electric Company and o Chemicals Inc.)

her member of the House, Representative Graves, a reedy man with thinning hair who oles up in his motel on Hilton Head, twice l an option he enjoyed on one third of the y adjacent to the plant site, and then, after made its decision to locate there, exercised on. Actually, the pattern of symbiotic under- gs already struck on the island approaches oesque—a new resort development, Palmetto a project largely cultivated by the island's chapter, and another of Harvey's clients, has iietly but studiously congenial to the plant's s: Graves' son, it happens, is president of cees there. Actually, after the co-op filed its enjoin BASF from proceeding with con- n, Graves had the lurching artlessness to an- he would introduce a resolution in Columbia ce a moratorium against the fishermen, for- them from working closer than a mile from Co-op members, he explained were "lost in fog—if there is to be a moratorium enforced BASF under any circumstances, then I ist that the same moratorium be enforced ently on all shellfish grounds, rivers, and and to crab pots and trawling for crab or ." It was a move which seemed to embarrass verybody except Graves.

long after BASF declared it would locate in rt County, there was a deer hunt on the prop- e, the party including Dr. Ende, who would lant's manager, and the district's state Sen- mes M. Waddell, whose occupation in addi- legislation is selling insurance. Before they one frosty morning, Waddell, already a bit and effusive despite the fresh hour, turned e, draped his arms around his neck, and d, "Herbie, I love yuh! I just love yuh!"

r the Germans themselves, they seem, more nything else, profoundly befuddled by the r combustion of opposition. They had pro- in all innocence on the natural assumption e old mystique still prevailed, the old com- ns were still viable; all the proprieties and ics had been attended to. "I was led to be- eryone had accepted the idea," said Dr. Lau- ager recently. "It is always good to be wel- all over, but I don't understand this. It is tely under control. I mean, everyone we to seemed to accept the idea." According to the firm's public-relations figures, a hulking blond apple-cheeked Berliner named Die- logala, it is all simply a question of "Facts! ybody would just keep to the facts, there be no trouble. Facts. But all this emotion— d! What can you do!"

have installed themselves in a corner suite es in a newly erected one-story building near nd's main shopping area; a recent visitor there Dietrich, his colleague—an older, darker and hat quieter man in a gray tweed suit named acobson—and their secretary, the three of them rather awesomely alone in large rooms scantily furnished with only a few desks and chairs, the expansive walls around them blank and still smelling wetly of plaster: looking a trifle alien and stranded and possibly surrounded, they maintained a certain hectic doughtiness. "Why is all this trouble, hunh?" demanded Dietrich pleasantly. "Do you think maybe it is we are foreigners? A little bit of that, hunh?" (Actually, BASF is one of the remnants of I. G. Farben, which was dismantled by the Allies after World War II, but officials now hastily point out, "Every one of those businesses that came from Farben is now larger than Farben was—every one of them.") Dietrich rumbled, while Jacobson smiled thinly and politely from behind a desk. "In Germany, we welcome foreign investment with open arms. So why should there be all this here? We maybe finally take this up between Bonn and Washington, hunh? The American companies there, the bases—they will have to go back home. Hunh?" It was as if a Teutonic bunker psychology were already beginning to set in. "We *will* build our plant," Dietrich boomed. "It doesn't matter."

Later that afternoon, they drove out with the visitor to the plant site, confessing, "Maybe you could show us where it is. We haven't seen it ourselves, actually." (Earlier, when Dietrich had driven over to the island from Beaufort, he had been stopped for speeding by a highway patrolman, and as he reported with considerable gusto and relish afterward, "I showed him my license—what is this, *Berlin, Germany?* With—what? Badi—Badische—what? I told him, perhaps you can work for BASF, hunh? I left him very friendly, but I was something quite new for him, I am sure.") As the car pulled off the highway down a dirt aisle beneath languid spectral taperings of moss, Dietrich breathed, "Fantastic! Unbelievable! Jacobson, I believe I like our property we have bought." When the car reached a cable strung across the road, Dietrich heaved out and began struggling to wrench up a post to which it was fastened, and Jacobson, watching him, still with his quiet flat little smile on his face, mused, "He is from Berlin. He is very enthusiastic, no?" The road ended at the far shimmering sprawl of the Colleton River, at a bluff of dead gaunt trees from which there drooped rags of moss, under a cold sky uneasy with the low steady vast flight of sunless clouds, a solitary hawk hanging in tau weightless suspension overhead. After standing at the edge of the bluff in the sharp wind for a few minutes, during which the apple-stain in his cheeks paled away, Dietrich—shuddering, his hands deep in his pockets—abruptly blurted, "Well, gentlemen, it all looks wonderful. Excuse me. I believe I will go back to the car now—" and strode off. Returning to the highway, Jacobson slewed the car with small deft turns of the wheel through low bogs in the road left by a recent rain, and Dietrich lunged forward from the back seat to announce, "Jacobson, the way you are handling that wheel—I think you must have driven a tank, no?" Jacobson, with only a barely perceptible tension in his jaw, replied quietly, "No. Oh, no. I merely did a lot of walking," and Dietrich

"What is being recognized is that simple emptiness is actually a human value."

chortled, "Ah, I think maybe you drove a tank, too." Jacobson finally murmured, "Well, I did ride one once," and Dietrich boomed, "Yes, they called those Panzers, did they not? Panzers, yes?" Jacobson, his head only slightly thrown back, his mouth open, uttered a light soft laugh, more like coughing, and kept his eyes on the road. His knuckles merely whitened briefly on the rim of the wheel.

The truth is, as his company now undertakes to steer its plant through the unexpected bogs of recent and still brooding rains ahead of them, knuckles are whitening on wheels all the way up to New York, their American headquarters. They have decided to jump up initial construction, and by March there could already be heard a distant clank and whining of bulldozers deep in the pines of their property. And in a recent state promotional supplement in newspapers over the country, there was a full-page announcement by BASF that:

> *. . . BASF Corporation is coming to Beaufort County, South Carolina . . .*
>
> *We . . . look forward to South Carolina becoming the major plastics center of the Southeast. We look forward to increased job opportunities for everyone. We anticipate success in showing the world, with the help of our neighbors, that man and nature can live in productive harmony. . . .*
>
> *We salute the Palmetto State for its past 300 years, and eagerly look forward to the next 300.*

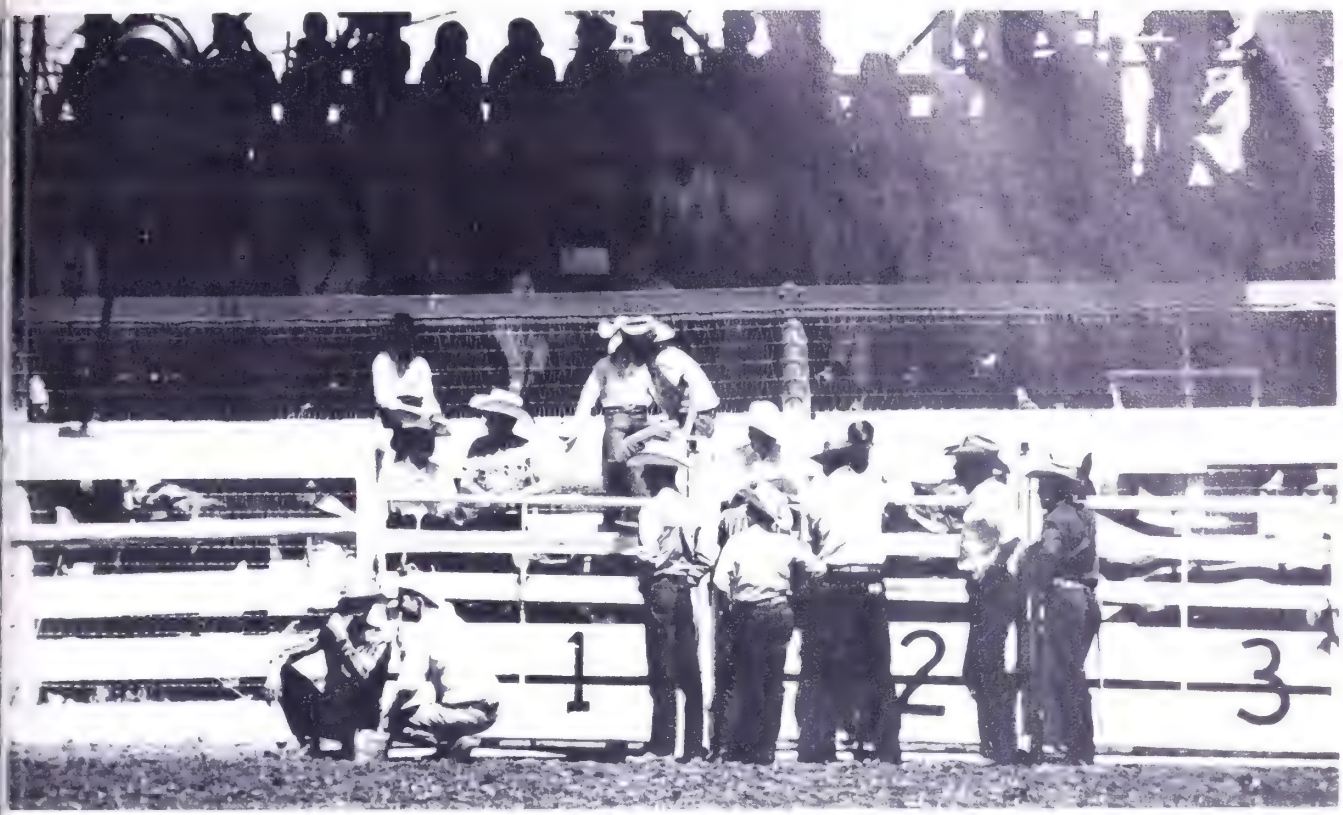
But the crisis in Beaufort County has encountered what is a central complication in the issue over the nation: unlike the Negro Awakening in the South, or even Vietnam, which was personalized by Johnson and Rusk, the issue of pollution seems to lack a dramatic and palpable demonology, the element of recognizable personal villainy. The effects, the mutilations and outrages are plain enough, but trying to confront those responsible for it, answerable for it—corporations, county zoning boards, bureaucracies, with all their glib pieties and postures of agreement—is somewhat like trying to engage a vaguely malign fog. They lack the simple passionate palpability of a Bull Connor or George Wallace or Lyndon Johnson. The question is whether the issue—in its theatrical dynamics, which are essential to any popular issue in this time can survive this diffusion of responsibility, of the identity of the guilty. If so, then it may also mean, by extension, a general perception eventually past *all* glib pieties, all nimble dissembling, all medicine-man rhetoric—that syntactic game which is the refuge of an entire galaxy of interests in our society, including not only officialdom and corporate apologists and the Pentagon but Madison Avenue, those there who recommend titanic excitements over such cretinous trivia as toothpaste ("Daddy! The dentist said I had no cavities!"), underarm sprays, laundry soaps, soda-pops ("You've got a lot to live! And this one's got a lot to give!")—all those who can only survive in a nihilistic void between word and reality. The danger is that they would draw us all into that void. By fanciful extension, perhaps the pollution, the devastation of the lan[d] secretly and ultimately involved. A wry i[n] service it would be if the passion over eco[l]. which honesty is elementally concerned—l[et] fuse again language and meaning.

Of course, it would be a tragic dive[r]sion ecology deflected the national will and [at]ten from its racial desperation—and, increasing[ly] are those who dread that it is such a dis[tinct] that at the least it will result in a kind of cr[i]national view of needs ahead, each issue m[ust] the other. But, as has been hinted at Hilt[on] in the effort against pollution parties are [be]ing together who have never been elbow to el[bow] fore: a peculiar, erratic, and still falteri[ng] munion is gathering between equally asse[rted] terests that have seemed up to now im[pla]cably alienated from each other—a conglomerate [of] clumsy constituency of radical activists an[d] lishment princes, students, and the aged[,] whom now will at least have a new unders[tan]ding of each other's impulses, despairs, visi[ons], guages, since they have, on the issue of [pu]blic worked with them on common terms, in a [sense] urgency. (One Hilton Head resort dweller [in] middle years phoned Browder and ventured "[Do] listen, are there any more outside agitato[rs] there that you suppose you could bring up [to] help us with this thing?") On the whole, t[his] is likely to have a modestly radicalizing e[ffect]. a California state Senator pointed out s[ome]time ago. "You can't have people getting co[ncer]ned about Lake Erie without them starting to a[sk] soon who killed it. How the hell did it h[appen]? Who let them do it, and why?" Indeed, in[side] the issue are certain final questions about [the] tire system, our habits of managing ourselv[es], certain implicit prospects of an unprec[e]dented regulation of matters impinging importantl[y on] public condition: there is the possibility [that] conduct of large business, even if left in [pri]vate hands, will thoroughly, even in its mos[t in]timate transactions, and particularly in its int[er]course with all echelons of government, have to b[e] public scrutiny. Also in this experience we [are] countering a number of ghosts from our c[ol]lective in particular, we are likely to sense the po[wer] glandular greed and rapacity that were act[ive] play in the romance of the frontier, the pion[eer] expansion into the West, and this in tur[n] introduce a new realism and maturity into [Ame]ricans' still essentially adolescent understan[ding] themselves and their past.

Whatever, it would not be the least of thi[s] gifts if, in the possibly brief Noah's Ark [of] all the disparate elements in our nation w[ould] to survive this peril, certain illusions and su[per]and assumptions about each other will ha[ve] modified, if not vanished. And, supposi[ng] Americans on the whole are still incorrigibl[y] of good will, in that familiarity and fellowsh[ip] lie the inception of the new community o[f] and compassion that is necessary for the ti[me] izing of this land.

y by Larry McMurtry

IE HOLE IN THE BUCKET



ny Shanks drew the last bull of the evening—a ge white-eyed brindle bull. As soon as it ed out of the chute the crowd began to cheer. y, by the last bull of the evening, the crowd have become blasé, bored with danger, and of cheering. But Sonny Shanks was the king sport—the World's Champion Cowboy—and n they cheered eagerly, even before they saw de. The brindle bull humped straight ahead, ing strings of slobber left and right and kick- s hind legs high every second jump. He didn't or whirl, and Shanks rode him so confidently o the crowd it seemed almost as if the ride aking place in slow motion. Pete had placed lf far back, by one of his barrels. He knew rindle bull as well as Shanks did, and he worried. When the buzzer sounded he moved rd. Shanks stayed with the bull two more and then left him. He went off his feet when but was up in a second. The bull whirled toward him, dipping a horn, but at that mo- Pete yelled and came into his line of vision. g his arms. Confused, the bull turned toward paused, made a short grunting dash at him, when Pete sprinted aside, paused again, his up and a string of clear slobber hanging from). The crowd, knowing that the show was over, up and began to leave the stands.

Pete stood still a few seconds, letting the bull look at him. He was a good-tempered bull, as rodeo stock went, a massive animal with the horns of a Brahma and a hide that showed every breed from Angus to Jersey. When he had studied Pete, he dipped his horn at him once more, snorted, and trotted heavily off toward the stockpens, the cowbell roped beneath his belly jangling at every step. As the bull passed, the rope came loose and Pete walked over and picked it up.

Shanks had not gone to the chutes, but stood near the center of the arena, probing in his mouth with one finger.

"Bite your tongue?" Pete asked in passing.

Shanks shook his head. "Feels like I jarred a fillin' out," he said.

"Well, you done fair," Pete said, handing him the bell-rope, "You can afford a new filling."

Shanks curly black hair fell over his forehead. He gave Pete a cool grin. "It beats clownin'," he said. "Reckon that rookie'll live?"

Pete walked on toward the chutes, and didn't answer.

He felt low enough about the rookie, and an argument with Sonny would not improve his mood. The rookie, a kid from Duncan, Oklahoma, had got a hand hung in his rope, and the bull had been a twister, almost impossible to get close to. When

This story is taken from Larry McMurtry's new novel, Moving On, *to be published by Simon and Schuster in May. He is the author of* The Last Picture Show, *now being made into a movie, and of other books.*

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Larry McMurtry

THE HOLE N THE BUCKET

the kid had finally come free he compounded his mistake by moving at the wrong time, as Pete was trying to take the bull away. He had been kicked hard, and was in the hospital with some broken ribs and a smashed collarbone. Compared to what might have happened, the injuries were minor, but knowledge of what might have happened was never any help to Pete. He took every such accident to bed with him, and had for years.

He found Boots sitting on the steps of the trailer-house, waiting for him. She had seen the accident and knew exactly what mood he would be in, and was chewing her nails.

"That's where I like to find you," he said. Boots stood up and hugged him silently, and then went to the rear of the trailer and talked to Hercules, the tiny donkey, while Pete went inside to clean up. A small dachshund named Jumbo had been sleeping under the trailer steps. He was jealous of the donkey and came over and nosed her ankle possessively.

"I wish nobody ever got hurt," she said, stroking the donkey's silky nostrils.

"How'd you do?" Pete called.

"Sixth." Boots said. She was a barrel-racer. "That's not so bad—not at the Santa Rosa."

Pete came out of the trailer and stood on the steps, looking down at her. He had washed his face and found a clean gray workshirt. He unbuttoned his britches to tuck his shirttail in, then turned his cuffs back almost to his elbows. He whistled when he was sad, and he was whistling.

"Let's go honky-tonk," he said. Boots had her back to him. All he could see was her white, bleached-blond hair.

"Maybe sometime I'll win a first," she said. Barrel-racing was her passion. Pete stepped down and embraced her and they kissed. Boots was eager and vigorous, yearning as she did every time they touched to prove with her young mouth, or her young self, that she was old enough to be his and his alone and his forever. Pete was almost twice her age. Her mouth moved on his, fresh and uncertain, trying to kiss the kiss that would make him sure of her.

"You gonna drive or am I gonna drive?" he asked, when they stopped kissing.

"Me," she said.

They got into her Thunderbird and cut at once into the stream of traffic that was feeding out of the grounds. No sooner were they on the highway than Boots passed three cars. "Don't worry about it so," she said. "The bull might have killed him if you hadn't been there."

"Sugar, hush," Pete said. "One thing you have got to learn is that you can't cheer me up by trying to cheer me up. Try not to plow into no trucks, if you don't mind. I'd like to survive to drink the matter off."

But no cautions reached Boots when the wheel was in her hand. She drove like the road was hers. When she got into a clear stretch, ahead of the traffic, she put the Thunderbird up to ninety, her white hair whipping about her face. Pete watched the fence posts and the culverts and the road signs flash by, out of the darkness a second, i darkness in another second. He almost neve without pulling his trailer, and high speed him unless something else was worrying much that he was indifferent to speed. But fa ing made Boots feel bold—at the wheel she ha lute trust in herself. When the barrel-raci over she had changed from boots to sand she wiggled her toes a little and kept the fo down.

"Hope there ain't no livestock wandering o loose tonight," Pete said wryly. "If you wa a cow there wouldn't be a hamburger left o us *or* her."

"I want to get there ahead of the crowd," said. "Maybe if you get smashed enough even dance with me. It's not your fault if ride bulls. Think of all the people you've *ke* getting hurt."

Her nose was round and a little too sh when she tried to cheer somebody up she trie Pete reached a hand across the gap betw seats and began to rub her neck. Her swirli tickled his fingers. He rubbed high up, beh ears.

"See, we're early," she said.

The honky-tonk was called The-Hole-Bucket, and was located just across the l wet county. Twenty or thirty cars and a few were parked in front when they got there. I long one-story frame building, set by the h in a clearing in the brush, with a flashin sign to slow people down. In spite of Boots the rodeo crowd was already there, but the a booth in the back and ordered beer. The booths, a few tables, a sawdusty dance floo bright squat jukebox. The barmaids wore and satin shirts.

Pete went over and fed a dollar into the j and, in time, fed another, and, in time, anoth Boots tapped her fingers on the beer bott matched him beer for beer, though she woul rather have danced. But Pete only danced w was drunk, and that took time.

Long before Pete felt the beer Boots was it, and talking loudly. She felt light-head light-bodied and wanted all sorts of thing moment to moment: to dance, to have mo to kiss Pete and have him kiss her. The ro gray-blue with cigarette smoke and the neo jukebox: it was loud with shuffling feet and and curses, some happy, some angry. Pete d beneath his melancholy into a state of cal and then losing himself for a moment in Boots' hopeful beery kisses, now watching th fling dancers or the barmaids with their t beer bottles.

"There's old Sonny," Boots said. "The ba guess he's a bastard. You hate him, don't yo

"We ain't chums," Pete said.

"I don't like him either," Boots declared "Even if you won't tell me why you hate hi

ubt he's in love with us, either." Pete said.

ow you had a fight on the bridge." Boots
verybody knows that. It's the one thing I
It was the one thing that everyone in rodeo
nat Pete and Sonny had had a fistfight on the
bove the Rio Grande, in El Paso. It had been
ears since the fight. No one in rodeo had
but no one in rodeo was without an opinion
w it had started and who won.

kissed her lightly. "Tell you one secret about
said. "Old Sonny gave me a present that
nly thing he ever gave me. What it was was
movie."

s could not have been more impressed. She
kissing to think about it.

eal one?" she asked. "I didn't know you
ay them. What did you do with it?"

ew it into the Rio Grande," Pete said. "That
ut when the fight started."

s could not get over it. None of the legends
d grown up around the fight included a
ovie. "What did people do in it?" she asked
a little of this and a little of that."

woman Shanks was dancing with was a tall
, fairly drunk. They were an easy couple
w because the woman was wearing a white
nd almost all of the other women there wore
clothes. Shanks was dancing very western.
ts of bending and swooping; occasionally
the woman so far over backward that she
l and clasped his neck, but he always
t her up easily. When the number ended he
Boots and Pete and led the woman over to
oth.

children are up late," he said, grinning at
"A young thing like you needs lots of sleep.

not so young," Boots said, annoyed.

down, since you're here," Pete said. Shanks
ling but the woman pulled on his arm.

s go on," she said. "We can take some beer
I want to get out of here before Monroe
n."

s on Monroe," Shanks said, still smiling at
"I've survived a bronc and a bull tonight.
worry about Monroe?"

me that's worrying," the woman said. "I
live with him, don't I?" She kept glancing
toward the door.

y shrugged. "Looks like I got to choose be-
ompany an' adultery," he said. "See you
d girls tomorrow."

woman hurried toward the door and Shanks
d, picking his way lightly between the
d tables. At one table he stopped and lifted
oy's hat, tried it on, and returned it to its
s head. The cowboy didn't even notice. He
unkenly trying to explain to his wife that
n't drunk.

hell you aren't," his wife said, crying. Her
ts propped on one hand and tears ran down
n. "You're drunk as a bastard and all our
ght out there in the car asleep."

Shanks tilted the man's hat at a slightly jauntier angle than it had been, and followed his date out the door.

"I thought his rich girlfriend lived around here," Boots said. "Eleanor Guthrie. What's he doing fiddling around with people's wives?"

"You got me," Pete said.

She put her head against his neck, and he held her and before long she was asleep. When she slept she looked even younger than she was, sixteen rather than nineteen, and watching her sleep made Pete feel the more guilty about her, but also the more strongly drawn to her. He could not let her go, not after having taken her. He cradled her against his chest, motioned to the waitress, and listened to the jukebox through two more slow beers. When he finished and tried to ease Boots out of the booth she came half awake and with him guiding her stumbled out to the car. The wind had come up, with thunder behind it in the west. Some rain was on its way, close enough that Pete could smell it on the wind. In the dry country it smelled good.

After he tolded Boots into the Thunderbird he discovered that she had the keys in her pocket and he had an awkward time fishing them out of her tight Levi's. Boots thought he was wanting to make love and giggled a little and kept squeezing his hand against her in acquiescence, though she was limp and sleepy.

He got the keys finally and started back toward the town of Vernon. He had driven only two or three miles when he saw Shanks' hearse, dark inside, and parked well out on the level shoulder.

For years Shanks had driven Cadillac hearses they were an essential part of his legend. The hearses were white and he always had three sets of bull's horns painted in gold on each one: a set on each door and one on the top, so people in airplanes would know it was his, he said. On occasions when he had to fly to make a rodeo he would hire a needy rookie to drive the hearse to him.

"That's one place Monroe won't never think to look," Pete said to himself. As he passed the hearse he honked as loud as he could. Boots did not even stir. She slept with her head thrown back against the seat, her mouth open, her small light bosom barely stirring the satiny rodeo shirt as she breathed. Pete glanced at her now and then, and settled it with himself definitely, no backing out, that the next day he would wake her early and ask her how soon she wanted to be married. Beyond Electra, on the straight highway leading to Vernon, he ran into the heavy, early summer rain, and he held his arm out the window until his hand and arm were wet. All tension had left him and he felt a little too tired. He wiped his face with his wet hand, to clear his head. There wasn't much traffic on the road but he had gone to sleep at the wheel a number of times in his life, and was taking no chances. He took his time on the slick pavement and in twenty minutes swished into Vernon and put his sleeping sweetheart safely to bed.

Richard Rhodes

HEAVEN ON EARTH...

. . . is an IBM computer system in Missouri that brings people 700,000 prayers a year, on request.

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. Psalm 133:1

The Unity School of Practical Christianity, in Lee's Summit, Missouri, is a profoundly American institution. It was founded on prayer, and still lives by it. The School's Department of Silent Unity shipped out more than 700,000 prayers to the world last year, all of them in answer to personal requests. More than 6,000 letters, telegrams, and telephone calls reach the Silent Unity building each day. A second-story window in the building glows perpetually; inside is a telephone room where workers answer calls around the clock. Long before suicide centers, poison-control centers, and Dial-a-Priest, Unity waited patiently for your call, and waits at this moment.

"There were three connecting rooms," writes Dr. Marcus Bach in *The Unity Way of Life*, a Prentice-Hall book, "but the one I recalled this night was the one with the perpetually burning light, the votive light of prayer. There was a large round table in the center of that room, divided into arcs and equipped with telephones, and there were workers answering the calls in quiet tones, and I thought I heard them give thanks to those who called that every need is already fulfilled." That is Unity's sort of prayer, positive and affirmative and a little wacky, and it has its reward.

Prayer requests account for half of Unity's income: testimonials returned to Unity by those who believe themselves helped usually contain a gift of money, a "love offering" in Unity's term. The other half of Unity's income comes from subscriptions to its several periodicals, which are more or less self-supporting. *Daily Word*, a monthly calendar of scriptural meditations, is the best known.

"Silent Unity," says an officer of the [illegible] "generates a great number of free-will offe[rings]. Support for what I call our 'outreach' pro[gram] comes this way. These buildings were built th[rough] The property was acquired that way." But [the] does not disclose financial figures. "It's n[ot] they're secret," the officer says. "We just ca[n't] what good it would do." The Internal Re[venue] Service, he points out, reapproved their tax-[exempt] status some years back. The size of Unity's o[pera]tions and the number of its employees sugg[est] come of several millions a year.

"The prayer work is the thing that made Un[ity]," according to James Dillet Freeman of Unity's [staff]. man is a handsome man of middle heig[ht] middle age. Iced with silver-gray hair, dre[ssed] suede and corduroy, he looks the America[n] he believes himself to be. Like many pub[lic] turers, he speaks English when discussing the [world] American when discussing the flesh. He beli[eves] the Unity movement, and has given it his l[ife]. is its historian, its permanent poet-in-residen[ce], a teacher at its School.

"Prayer attracted the people," he explains. "[Pray]ing is still a big item. The thing about this [place] and this is true—is that it's always attracted [people] who very much believed in what they were d[oing]. the people in charge are people who themsel[ves] utterly convinced that they're serving—tha[t] prayers are effective. Unity maintains a co[n]t round-the-clock prayer watch. They used to [pass] picture of Jesus Christ from desk to desk. [If] picture came on your desk then you went i[nto] prayer room and prayed until somebody els[e] in. There's no cynicism here."

"We have two things to give people," Fr[eeman] continues. "One is a feeling of faith—we are [less]



you. You're not alone. Two, you're *loved*—
nebody thinking of you, caring for you.
in you and your welfare. Most human
ed these—pretty strongly. If we did noth-
han this, we'd do enough. These are the
ngs we've got to give people. Probably
people contact us every year. Most of it is
nouth. Somebody is in trouble and some-
them about us."

maintains its perpetual prayer watch in a
own the hall from the telephone room.
drop prayer requests into baskets at the
he chapel, where they absorb prayers for
or so before being removed. "I think they
e about sixty days now," Freeman says.
a powerful dose of a sovereign remedy.
o, Unity printed a healing prayer on a red
ge in its monthly magazine: overzealous
physically applied what they called the
" to their afflictions. Unity chided them
ractice, but gently, for who knows the ways
Prayer, tapping the free energies of the
may well work as a metaphysical unguent.
and cosmic Ben-Gay.

reaches out with many limbs. The School
orkers for Unity's churches (called "cen-
void any whiff of denomination) and pub-
e organization's many books, periodicals,
ets in its own printing plant. Silent Unity
prayer and healing requests. Silent 70,
om Luke 10:1 (*After these things the Lord*
d other seventy also, and sent them two
before his face into every city and place,
he himself would come), supplies free
agazines, tracts, and books to the prisons
ica. The Braille department makes Unity
s available to the blind. The Department of
Unity spreads the Good Word across the
nd lately, according to Unity spokesmen,
g great inroads in England, where church
ce is down to 3 per cent of the population.

past shadows the present, at Unity as
ughout the Midwest. The traditional Euro-
ms of Christian worship—the cathedral and
t, the solid stone church and the solid stone
never were available in quantity on the
, and it could not have sat still for them if
e. Midwestern settlers wanted Higher Guid-
ot finding it in traditional religion, which
uctantly moved west, they devised their own.
jected religion into business and invented
mber of Commerce, into politics and in-
Honest Government, into personal behavior
ented the Dale Carnegie Course. They didn't
ely give up their Christianity, but they ex-
it, as William James did, to perform. The
the century was high tide for this new-time
. It stirred more sentiment than passion.
Monroe Sheldon's *In His Steps*, written out
ka, Kansas, began its climb to all-time best-
m in 1897, proposing that each of us lit-
follow Jesus' example, and many tried,
including the founders of Unity, to the best of their understanding. When *In His Steps* came to town by lecture and lantern slide, grown women wept. New Thought steamed out of Boston and New York and Chicago on the 20th Century Limited: Mary Baker Eddy's pinched, Bostonian Christian Science began building its mock-Episcopal fortresses; healers roamed the countryside with magical incantations and bottomless pocketbooks, and the Midwest turned on.

A businessman and his wife founded Unity. Charles Fillmore was a real-estate salesman who dabbled in gold mining, popular science, and comparative religion at a time when all three were rich in undiscovered lodes. Fillmore might never have left real estate if his ingenious and attractive wife Myrtle hadn't got interested in faith healing. In her letters, published after Unity was well under way, she would gently insist that she had started the movement. She had, but her husband made it work.

Charles Fillmore was born in a log cabin on an Indian reservation in Minnesota in 1854. A Sioux medicine man carried him off for the day when he was only two years old. "Where they had taken him and what they had done with him, Charles could not remember," James Freeman writes in his history of Unity, "but he always had a feeling that they had used him in some mystical ceremony." When Charles was seven, his trader father moved to another cabin ten miles away, and after that the boy and his younger brother Norton divided their time between the cabins of their parents. They harvested wild rice, Indian-style; they wandered among the lodges, witnessing who knows what oddities of living; they got little schooling.

Norton ran away to the West at a tender age and never returned. Charles dislocated his hip one day in a skating accident. The leg failed to set properly, and developed a bone infection. "I was bled, leeched, cupped, lanced, seasoned, blistered, and roweled," Fillmore later told Freeman. "Six running sores were artificially produced on my leg to draw out the diseased condition that was presumed to be within. Physicians of different schools were employed, and the last one always wondered how I ever pulled through alive under the treatment of the 'quack' that preceded him; and as I look back at it now it's a miracle to me how I ever got away from them all with the little bundle of bones and sinews that I found in my possession after they had finished their experiments."

The leg withered and grew no more. All his life, "Papa Charley," as Unity workers called Charles Fillmore, would pray the leg longer, though there is little evidence that it responded.

When he was old enough to leave home, Fillmore went to work as a printer's devil in St. Cloud, Minnesota. He worked in a grocery store and a bank. He befriended the son of an Army officer, and the boy's college-educated mother—a rarity in those days—plied her son's bright friend with books—Shakespeare, Tennyson, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier. Much later, Charles would name one of his sons Waldo Rickert, another Lowell, in honor of his

This is the third of Richard Rhodes' articles on [illegible] to appear in Harper's *this year. He [illegible] City, is a Yale graduate, and served in the Air Force Reserve.*

Richard Rhodes

HEAVEN ON EARTH

beloved Transcendentalists, and there is much of New England mysticism in Unity, oddly blended, as it oddly blends, with Christianity.

In St. Cloud, Fillmore read about the West and found it challenging. He traveled to Denison, Texas, a town reputed to be as rough as they came in those days, but it was at a literary society meeting in Denison that Charles met the redheaded schoolteacher, Myrtle Page. She had attended Oberlin College. She believed she had inherited tuberculosis. She had unusual religious ideas. When she returned to Clinton, Missouri, to teach school, Charles courted her with letters and books.

He lost his job in Denison and went north to Colorado, where he started to deal in real estate. He plucked Myrtle out of Missouri after marrying her there in 1881. In Pueblo, Colorado, Fillmore & Company, Realtors, temporarily prospered. "Charles's partner at that time was Charles Small, brother-in-law of Nona Brooks, who later founded Divine Science," remarks Freeman. The forces were gathering that early.

In 1884, the Fillmore family, now increased by two sons, moved to Kansas City, Missouri, then in the midst of a building boom. Charles Fillmore laid out a real-estate subdivision named Gladstone Heights which still stands. It includes Myrtle Avenue, named for his wife, and Norton Avenue, named for his wandering brother. Charles packed the family one summer and went prospecting for silver in Colorado. He found a vein, but it quickly petered out. Back in Kansas City, the real-estate boom collapsed; simultaneously, Myrtle's tuberculosis flared up. "Her son Lowell," says Freeman, "recalls that the medicine cabinet was always full to overflowing with pills and nostrums with which she was continually dosing herself and all the other members of the family."

Ever restless, the Fillmores attended lectures. One they turned out for was delivered by a student of a woman who had worked with Mary Baker Eddy. The lecturer's main assertion buoyed Myrtle Fillmore's hope. She was in the right place at the right time. "I am a child of God," the lecturer announced, "and therefore I do not inherit sickness." Myrtle, believer in pills and nostrums, discovered a new faith: that statement founded Unity.

"It flashed upon me," she wrote later, "that I might talk to the life in every part of my body and have it do just what I wanted. I began to teach my body and got marvelous results." "In just two years," writes Freeman, "Myrtle Fillmore was no longer an invalid. Through her prayers she was made absolutely whole."

Take that statement for what you will. Myrtle lived a long and healthy life.

People heard of Myrtle's miraculous healing and came to her for counsel. Charles was less easily convinced. "Although I was a chronic invalid and seldom free from pain," he wrote later, "the doctrine did not at first appeal to me." Two years later, finding the doctrine more appealing, Fillmore published the first issue of a little magazine called *Modern Thought*, "Devoted to the Spiritualization of Humanity from an Independent Standpoint." In the interim, his income had declined and a third child had been born.

Modern Thought received a small number of offerings and became *Christian Science Thought* for more specific name. Papa Charley wrangled by with Mary Baker Eddy about his use of the generic term. Mrs. Eddy wanted to keep "Christian Science" for her exclusive use. Fillmore thought otherwise: "People of limited spiritual development," he wrote in his magazine, "are sticklers for names and creeds, and are thus worshipers of dead . . . They quarrel over names, names, names, and unmeaning names, that never were anything in themselves and do not even represent that which they allege to represent." But he gave in to Mrs. Eddy at last and lamely rechristened his magazine *Thought*.

Quarrel over names who may, the Fillmore movement still lacked one—lacked what we might now call brand identity. Charles generated the right name out of a prayer meeting one night, when he and Myrtle and a circle of students had "gone into the silence," as they called meditation. Freeman captures the excitement:

> *"That's it!" he cried out. "*Unity!*" he told the others. "Unity! that's the name for our work, the name we've been looking for."*
>
> *Later he told friends the name came right out of the ether, just as the voice of Jesus was heard by Paul in the heavens. "No one else heard it, but it was as clear to me as though somebody had spoken to me."*

Fillmore's revelation was fortuitous, even though it led to a persistent confusion of the Unity movement with Unitarianism, with which it was never associated and which it scarcely resembles. But Unity—the merging of all religions, of all versions of Truth, of science and faith, of theory and practice, of healing and help—it is a label that sticks.

Unity's religious virtues, or lack of them, the gods of seasons and creeds must decide. Viewed secularly, Unity resembles the many family businesses which flourished in the Midwest from the late nineteenth century until after World War II, when most of them merged with large national corporations and lost their identity. The structure of a family business is the structure one would expect a Midwestern businessman to give to a religious movement: it was the only mode of organization he knew. "This is not a business but a ministry," Charles Fillmore insisted, but he kept regular office hours, opened a vegetarian cafeteria in downtown Kansas City, and concerned himself mightily with the question of material prosperity, a question to which forward-thinking Christians of the time gave much. At the very beginning of the movement, Charles and Myrtle wrote out a "Dedication and Covenant with God which reads like a contractual agreement. It was uncovered among some old papers in the library in 1942:

, Charles Fillmore and Myrtle Fillmore,
nd and wife, hereby dedicate ourselves,
ime, our money, all we have and all we
t to have, to the Spirit of Truth, and
gh it to the Society of Silent Unity.
being understood and also agreed that the
Spirit of Truth shall render unto us an
alent for this dedication in peace of mind,
h of body, wisdom, understanding, love,
nd an abundant supply of all things neces-
to meet every want without our making any
ese things the object of our existence.
the presence of the Conscious Mind of
t Jesus, this 7th day of December A.D.
[signed] Charles Fillmore
Myrtle Fillmore

's archives today celebrate the School's
o successively larger quarters during the
ades of the twentieth century with the same
nd somewhat dusty nostalgia to be found in
led trophy rooms of Midwestern corpora-
he moves culminated in the piecemeal pur-
f a 1,400-acre tract of land outside Lee's
, Missouri, which the Fillmores had the fore-
incorporate as a village, and so completely
ol. Unity Village's mayor today is Charles
e, grandson of the founder and the Unity
s chief executive officer.

girded with business ability was the Mid-
t's peculiar institution in the early years of
tury. Young and usually dirt-poor entre-
s did not merely found businesses in those
hey marched into prosperity with God and
ple on their side. New Hampshire Baptist
Conwell bounced around the country to
his rousing lecture *Acres of Diamonds* more
thousand times between 1877 and 1925,
nded Temple University on the proceeds:

ay that you ought to get rich, and it is your
to get rich.
ny of my brethren say to me, "Do you, a
tian minister, spend your time going up
down the country advising young people
t rich, to get money?"
s, of course I do.
ey say, "Isn't that awful! Why don't you
h the gospel instead of preaching about
making money?"
cause to make money honestly is to preach
ospel. *That is the reason. The men who get*
may be the most honest men you find in the
unity. . . . Money is power, and you should
asonably ambitious to have it. You should
use you can do more good with it than you
without it.

Alger got the message, and so did Jay Gats-
so did Henry Ford. It still informs the
an dream, and perhaps it is true. If faith can
body, then surely it can fill the pocket. And
e but faith has a poor boy to go on?
the striving for prosperity usually came a
for gentility, a didactic commitment to raising the level of public taste. Walt Disney, battered son of a ne'er-do-well Missouri farmer, preserved nostalgia, clean living, and country *kitsch* on film and won the accolades of the nation's urban intellectuals and the worship of its middle class. Joyce Hall, son of an itinerant Nebraska preacher and founder of Hallmark Cards, who never graduated from high school, won honorary doctorates from three Midwestern universities for printing polite expressions of regard on decorated paper and thereby expressing the social emotions of millions of Americans: today half of all personal mail moved in the United States consists of greeting cards. The common ingredients of Disney's and Hall's products—slickness and corn, politeness and geniality—are ingredients of Unity's products as well. Disney Productions and Hallmark Cards are extraordinary successes, Unity only a modest success, but the name of the game is still the same: packaging. And not Disney, not Hall, and certainly not the Fillmores unto the third generation, were ever cynical about the products they manufactured.

Prayer as product: it was Charles Fillmore's most brilliant invention. Prayer requires no raw materials. It can be sent in measured quantities by ordinary mail, across a telephone circuit, through a wire. It can be transmitted like radio waves across the invisible ether, without generating equipment. Unity considers it priceless, and does not charge for its production. Those who receive it also consider it priceless, but usually put a price on its effects and remit promptly. Its models need not be changed more than once every fifty years or so, to reflect changes in the language. It does not wear out, needs no special handling, never goes out of style. It is, depending on how it is formulated, a medicine, a service, an investment. And it is tax-deductible.

As Disney did with character and Hallmark does with sentiment, Unity has done with prayer: categorized all the many varieties so that they may be called up on demand to answer the occasions of human emotion and human need. For years, Unity answered most written prayer requests with form letters supplying standard words of assurance and standard prayers for each correspondent's problem. With the advent of computer technology, Unity is now able to personalize those form letters. An IBM 360 computer system buzzes in its air-conditioned hive on the first floor of the Silent Unity building, and helps Unity pray at six hundred lines a minute.

"The bread-and-butter operation for our computer," says young Charles Fillmore, "is subscription fulfillment, which seems to be a natural use of our computer. The computer also helps us answer our correspondence. Formerly we answered much of it with form letters, but now we can write personalized letters—actually serve the correspondent better with prayer requests than before. We're not answering prayers with computers. We still have people. The computer doesn't read the letters—'Garbage in, garbage out,' as the saying goes. Formerly it was just 'Dear Friend.' Now we can address 'Dear Bob,' 'Dear Mary.' It's working real well. It's giving better service."

"Prayer requires no raw materials. It can be sent in measured quantities by ordinary mail, across a telephone circuit, through a wire."

The computer may not read the letter, but an organization which believes that thoughts can fly might soberly consider the power for good stored in the Unity 360's electromagnetic interior. If Christianity had ever adopted the prayer wheel, American ingenuity would certainly, at this late date, have harnessed it to the dentist's turbine, and believers everywhere would be flipping messages heavenward at a round 300,000 revolutions per minute. Unity, a "here-and-now religion," as Freeman describes it, approaches that accomplishment. No doubt its computer serves.

Unity's formula for Practical Christianity resolves most of traditional Christianity's paradoxes, and makes believing easy. Unity is not a separate denomination but a nonsectarian institution, a "school" of faith. It proclaims no special beliefs, but only what it calls "Truth," which seems to include the irreducible essences of several major religions. "We feel that we don't have a truth that can't be found in any of the great religions if you dig deeply enough," says J. Sig Paulson, director of World Unity and resident minister at Unity Village, a rangy, athletic man who used to be in the wholesale lumber business in Seattle. "Our idea is to take the message to the individual. We don't care if he goes to church or not as long as he applies it to his daily life. We have no creed or doctrine that anyone has to subscribe to."

Which would seem to leave Unity with no outlines at all, but that is not the case. In its many books and pamphlets, Unity defines itself as an organization which believes in man as God, evolving toward his destiny of immortality and perfection. "We don't believe that man is originally a depraved, sinful creature," continues Paulson. "The only reason he's capable of sin is the fact that he's a god. A dog couldn't sin, just by being a dog, or a cow by being a cow. But a god could sin or fall short, just because of the potential that he has. We feel that man has never discovered his potential just as he's never discovered the potential of the universe in which he lives. Atomic energy is a fairly recent discovery but it's been here for a long time. Why, there's enough atomic energy in my little finger to light up Kansas City for years, if we only knew how to harness it. Man has to expand his consciousness. The real expansion comes from within."

Freeman is more succinct: "Unity says that evil is unreal- like cold, like dark. The only reality is the good."

The writings of Charles and Myrtle Fillmore do not lend themselves to debate. "I told the life in my liver that it was not torpid or inert, but full of vigor and energy," Myrtle wrote of her first healing experience. "I told the life in my stomach that it was not weak or inefficient, but energetic, strong, and intelligent. I told the life in my abdomen that it was no longer infested with ignorant thoughts of disease put there by myself and my doctors, but that it was all athrill with the sweet, pure, wholesome energy of God. . . . I went to all the life centers in my body and spoke words of Truth to them—[illegible] of strength and power. . . . And neither did I [illegible] to tell them that they were free, unlimited [illegible] I told them that they were no longer in bondage [illegible] the carnal mind; that they were not corruptible flesh, but centers of life and energy omnipresent [illegible]

Charles was not content merely to heal his [illegible] perhaps because he found himself unable to [illegible] though he did discard his stacked shoe and minimized his limp as the years went on. "I spent several hours every day in this process [of talking to parts of his body] and I found that I was releasing [illegible] tronic forces sealed up in the nerves. This I [illegible] done for nearly fifty years until now I have [illegible] may be termed an electric body that is gradually replacing the physical. It is even more than electric and when certain spiritual emotions are impressed to it it fairly glows and blends with an omnipresent etheric atmosphere that is highly charged with life energy. My physical organism is being transformed cell by cell, and the ultimate will be an entirely new body having all the perfections of youth in addition to ethereal life." Charles decided he would attempt not to die, and he lived to be ninety-four. He died in his old body, so far as the records show.

Unity's continuing popularity does not depend on Myrtle's vigorous liver or Charles's etheric transformations, but their writings reveal how unique—more experimental—is that the right word?—are their ideas than are those of the Unity movement as an institution. Unity's blandness is nearly unique among religious movements. One must look to purveyors of emollients such as Norman Vincent Peale to find any parallels, and he acknowledged his debt to Unity several years ago in a celebrated public pilgrimage to Lee's Summit.

The ingredients of Unity's publications combine to create a successful mass product, with affirmative prayers the strings that tie up the package. Here from a recent issue of *Daily Word*: "I RELAX AND ENTER INTO AND ENJOY EVERY MOMENT OF THE DAY. I THINK THOUGHTS OF PLENTY, AND I AM PROSPEROUS. MY VISION IS CLEAR AND UNCLOUDED, MY MIND OPEN TO NEW IDEAS." Like horoscopes, Unity's writers offer a series of abstractions into which many people can read their personal problems. Astrologists learned to construct these bubbles of allusion long ago, but astrology's reference system is largely outside Christianity, and thus lacks the stamp of authenticity which is Unity's seal of approval. With Unity, whatever your faith, the right faces will match, and you also may enter in.

Unity's healing messages offer special consolation to victims of psychosomatic affliction—[illegible] while the ill pray among the parts of their body they also have the pleasure of thinking about those parts at delicious length—"carnal mind" out. This from *Divine Remedies*, a Unity book:

Since constipation and mental tensity in some form are so closely connected, the remedy is: Let go. Imagine yourself in a condition of perfect relaxation. Perfect relaxation can be produced by thinking and speaking rela[illegible]

ghts and words. Say to your bowels: You open and let go, as I open and let go that h I hold in my consciousness.

dliness is next to godliness at Unity Village, and in fact. The printing plant, proudly out to visitors, is the cleanest in Christen- ll mail is subjected to a series of ritual gs as it is processed. Workers bless the in- mail, bless each individual letter as it is bless the love offerings as they are gathered . and bless the responses Unity mails out. are blessed the moment Unity answers the as if they needed disinfection; workers are by the management several times a day, as faith might otherwise flag; and the prob- sinners who contact Unity receive heavy f blessings in the perpetual prayer room, l gamma radiation that should crisp them ncer cells.

Charles Fillmore's body still moved with a d the atomic energy in Sig Paulson's little as not yet illuminated the Midwest for even econd. The ritual cleansing goes on, as it an organization which denies the corporeal nently, for the corporeal still writhes despite als, still smells as ripe and suffers as much— people have occasion, in the welter of mail, v. If Unity, on one level, is a helpful and ul tract society and night-care center, on it must be considered a dismal failure, an ent in tapping the energy of the universe ed. But in all fairness, so must Christianity.

ically, Unity Village baroquely displays its nders' preoccupations. Most of the buildings 1,400-acre tract were designed by Waldo Fillmore, called Rick, son of the founders most sublimated of the Fillmores. Rick to be an artist. He left Unity for a time, at the Chicago Art Institute and in Europe, rned to Kansas City to become an interior or before going home to Unity Village and its physical elaboration his life work.

s was a decorative architecture, an archi- of stage sets hiding practical functions. He ented, he tinkered, he tried out new ma- nd disguised old ones. What was once farm- came, at his hands, an ornate park, laid out anner of nineteenth-century English estates eds and barns disguised as peasant cottages, aint bridges and wandering paths, a hodge- f Cotswold outbuildings and Italian Renais- alls. The balustrades that line Unity's walks om a distance, like old stone, but in fact they olded of stained concrete with pits and made by mixing clay into the wet concrete shing it out when the concrete set. Walls of ndstone are really concrete dyed to match. fountains spray all summer, serving as ion and as cooling units for the air-condi- system. The School's massive tower, square k and 200 feet high, disguises a 55,000-gallon water tank. In the tower, the most masculine of Unity's appurtenances, Rick had his studio until his death in 1965.

Visiting Unity Village today, more than a decade after Rick built his last building, one sees signs of decay. The concrete shales off the sidewalks; the back of the administration building, which Rick never finished, sports a stained dry wall; the toast is stale in Unity's once-popular vegetarian cafeteria. "We serve regular food in the cafeteria now," says young Charles with a hint of impatience. "The vegeterian business gave us a kooky image—though you can still get a completely vegetarian meal there if you want one." The Arches, a picturesque home where Charles and Myrtle Fillmore lived, is occupied by a family of Unity workers. Myrtle refused to allow a kitchen installed in the Arches when Rick built it, despite her husband's pleadings; Papa Charley's mother, come down from her log cabin and living in a house across the road, did the family cooking. Presumably the Arches has a kitchen now.

Yet Unity Village is pleasant to walk in, with apple orchards and a golf course, a private lake, a swimming pool that looks like a Roman bath, lodges and cottages and a wealth of trees. A successful Sunday afternoon in Kansas City used to include a drive to the country to buy a jar of Unity honey and a jug of Unity cider, the only cider available near town that wasn't pasteurized. Honey is still for sale at the information center in the base of the tower, and cider in season at a stand across the road.

Charles Fillmore, Rick's son, grandson of the founder, executive vice president and chief executive officer, a man in his forties, occupies an office directly inside Unity's elaborately carved front door. A mounted copy of *Daily Word* glows on his desk; a golf trophy tees off on the bookcase behind him. Like his father Rick, Charles is a stocky, heavily built man with the broad face and twanging speech of a Missouri farmer, and with a farmer's surprising mixture of hesitancy and self-confidence. And toughness, when he talked to me of Unity's competition and changing programs.

"The Reverend Oral Roberts came up here with his staff and studied our *Daily Word*, and six months later God told Oral Roberts to publish a devotional magazine and it's just like *Daily Word* except that the Bible verse appears at the bottom of each page instead of at the top. Well, we don't mind.

"My grandfather was a very practical idealist," young Charles continues. "He always wanted to test things out and see that they worked. He was a human being and he certainly wasn't infallible and didn't claim to be. He wasn't one to go off into the wilderness and spend his life in prayer and meditation. The movement doesn't either, although some of us thought there were signs we were leaning that way. We recently cut the hedge out here, for example, which was pretty symbolic for a lot of us. It was pretty high at one time.

"My grandfather Charles Fillmore was ahead of the particular metaphysical thought of his time. However, we've been caught up with, and this is good. He wanted to open up religious thought and

"Unity's blandness is nearly unique among religious movements."

let some ventilation in—'blow some minds'! But his followers, despite his wishes, as dedicated followers are wont to do, wanted to deify him—if Charles Fillmore didn't write it or say it then let's not bother with it. It had a certain crystallizing effect on the movement. As Eric Butterworth puts it, if we in Unity just settle for Charles Fillmore's legacy, we will have failed him. He believed in truth being progressively revealed. We came to a point where we were pretty self-satisfied. Our membership got older, grew more slowly. It was slow but steady, but not in proportion to the growth made during Charles Fillmore's ministry. Our field ministry leveled off in the mid-Fifties. We found that more and more of our time was being spent here trying to be a service organization for a growing number of Unity churches and we asked ourselves one day if this was really our purpose. We say we're a nondenominational organization. Charles Fillmore wouldn't even hold his classes on Sunday in the early days so that he wouldn't compete with organized churches. This School was set up not to convert anybody but to try to disseminate a helpful spiritual viewpoint to people in need.

"So we put it to our churches. We said, 'Well, listen, we're trying to be a cutting edge here in the forefront of metaphysical thought, trying to go beyond what our heritage is from our founders. We're trying to reach out to find new and better ways to get in harmony with this universe we live in.' So they formed their own organization, the Association of Unity Churches.

"We're glad to have them, of course, and glad to help, but we're trying to get back to our real purposes. I believe that we have stubbed our toe when we have tried to organize groups of students ourselves. You know what can happen with church organizations—power struggles, that sort of thing."

Unity's growth slowed during the very years when the largest number of Americans moved to the city. Growth has picked up under the practical hand of young Charles, a graduate of the University of Missouri's School of Journalism. Having all but severed Unity's ties with its Centers, he has recentralized the School's power and authority, but he has not acquired a serious professional staff to move the School on. The evidence of Disney Productions and Hallmark Cards is that the founder's faith must be replaced by the professional's skill. Except for a few Unity staff members who are slowly acquiring D.Ed. degrees at local universities, and one attending a theological seminary in Chicago, the Unity staff appears stagnant. And perhaps, with its continuing commitment to the personal belief of each worker in Truth, Unity cannot adapt itself to a world where packaging is at least as important as revelation. Young Charles Fillmore, it seems, will nevertheless make the attempt.

We all learned to be nice, years ago, as nice as Charles and Myrtle Fillmore hoped we would be, out of that niceness the United States is now emerging to confront the ugly problems which gentility disguised. Unity has never confronted its [illegible] tradictions; symbolically enough, its bea[con] shines not from its tower, where the ligh[t] but from a low and feminine building she[lt]hind the tower, a building that appropriate[ly] Silent Unity. Today the tower peels wi[th] and Rick Fillmore's studio is shut up. The [in]tion center in the base sells honey and tra[ps].

But the tower is empty now, and [you] emerge at its open observation floor on[ly] day it seems to occupy a rarefied and spir[itual] of its own. You can barely see the Unity [or] Practical Christianity far below, pastel th[rough] mist. The scene recalls DeMille versions [of] fog pumping out of dry-ice machines, [with] lofty, he-man actors wearing gossamer w[ings]; this foggy tower is far more real than the[se] below, because you do not approach th[em] around the tower's edge, amid the leftov[er] of Christmas lights, without understandin[g] tance that you could fall. The fog itself is [less] stantial than the gentle words that drift [out] from Unity: it is water vapor, and they [are] physics, less than motes of sunlight, whi[ch] imply black night.

Unity's affirmative faith, its belief in [the] teriority, requires of its students a terrib[le] of self, for if it is not oneself inside there[is] and sinning, if to give up sin one must [give] oneself and find merely God lurking in th[e] of one's liver and the passageways of one['s] then one sacrifices the very thing Christ[ian] promised, almost alone among the world's [old] the persistence of individual identity: the [gift] of personal existence now and through[out] Unity students pay a price for their faith[ful] identity. Perhaps they do not consider [the] too high.

Charles Fillmore, successfully coaxing [roses] to bloom and affirmations to ring: Myrtle [was] gentle with people and generous with l[ove] made heavens on earth. They were reward[ed] portion: their followers recognized their [gift] and, happiness being the rare commodity [it] generously to be near it in spirit and in [fact] was a sideshow of sorts, the progress thr[ough] of Charles and Myrtle Fillmore, the snow[y] handsome man, the snowy-haired, lovely [wife] sideshow where the maimed crowded in [to] perfect, for despite their physical afflict[ions] Fillmores deserved their places above th[em]. Myrtle was a saint. Charles a crazy ge[nius] they got on in life by doing exactly what [was] them, within their intellectual and spiritu[al] tions, to do. That era of Unity's develo[pment] over: the lights have been taken down; [now] Unity is left with itself. So far it has foun[d] purpose that can match, in glamour or in [bold]ness, the old. Better to have an electronic [church] a pedestrian soul, and today, amid its [video] tapes and its cult of normalcy, Unity [is] pedestrian. One can only hope that the [gift] schizophrenia may be inherited somewh[ere] the line. The world has need of such wacki



The long armor of the Defense Establishment

n does a nation grow concerned about its military
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e World War II that the people and government
e so heatedly discussed our behemoth Defense
blishment.

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AMERICAN NOTES

Lyndon and Walter, telling it like it is

It is hard to think of anyone who cares about him, the country, or about the office, or even about the party, taking any pleasure from these television interviews, the Johnson City Historical Society view of the way it was. Perhaps the Republican National Committee, lovers of the low profile: above all it was not low profile. The first one had not been so bad, almost amusing, a tidying up of history. Russell Baker and Arthur Hoppe, our humorists, one on the East Coast, one on the West, had simultaneously written imaginary interviews with Napoleon at Elba based on it (there was no defeat in Russia, Napoleon said in the Baker interview, just a miscalculation by the French weather bureau). But the second Johnson interview was different, deeply disturbing, not so much the words, which were misleading, but the sum impact of the interview, which was not. We were reminded again that the White House had become a fortress, that irrationality had been institutionalized, that it had been bad enough in those days, and might easily have been worse. We could once again see with our own eyes what the White House correspondents had been afraid to tell us. We were carried back to a time we did not want to revisit.

He was giving us the treatment, us and Walter Cronkite, poor disbelieving Walter Cronkite, looking at times as though he were interviewing the First Martian. Johnson was taking us into that room, convincing us, he was going to turn us around, and turn history around a little, too. (I have had the treatment before, as a young reporter for the *Nashville Tennessean*, covering his Vice-Presidential race: it was a friendly paper, one with close New Deal ties to him and his Texas friends. *Where's that boy from Silliman Evans' paper*, he bellowed and I was brought forth from the back of the plane. My flesh pressed, my ego warmed, he turned and introduced me to all those famous people: *This boy is the best reporter in Tennessee.* I did not doubt his sincerity. Years later, when Vietnam came between him and destiny, he would summon reporters headed to that country and tell them how to cover it, and how not to, and cite me as an example of how not to. I was a traitor, had betrayed my country; when that happened I sometimes wanted to send him a note, to remind him that I was the boy from Silliman Evans' paper.)

The treatment was his stock technique, learned as a young Congressman working for Franklin Roosevelt and Sam Rayburn, convincing people, turning them around. But this was different, like being in an isolated glass press box and watching Johnson give the treatment to someone else: we were so cool and he was so hot: one was struck not by the force and the conviction of it, but finally by the injudiciousness of it. He simply was not what one wanted a President to be, the frightening portrait of a man who had only fifteen months earlier been the most powerful man in the world, trying to set history right and producing in the end videotapes which will be extraordinary historical documents for the historians in thirty and forty years, who, having heard of the treatment, will see it for themselves. In action. In color.

History even more than destiny (destiny was an adjunct of history, not the other way around) had always hovered over him, taunted him, his place in history. That the textbooks would do him right, that all over the United States the little schoolchildren would come and learn about Lyndon B. Johnson, the 36th President of the United States, ascending to the Presidency in a moment of great tragedy, succeeding a slain and beloved President as a suspicious nation filled with regional prejudice watched. The nation waited, pessimistically, filled with doubt that a Southerner, a Texan, could re[unite] a divided nation and could lead in[to] a time of justice and equality. But Ly[ndon] Johnson as President had tr[ans]cended over their regional prejudice: [he] had shown himself a man of all th[e] people, had done more for the poor [and] the oppressed than any man in this [century] and was beloved in the hear[ts] of countrymen. The schoolchildr[en] would learn this, though eventually th[eir] image in that lesson was to be replaced [by] history's other Lyndon Johnson, [the] man alone in the dark night, steadfast, wavering, upholding Freedom's ba[ll], while critics, nervous and w[eak] hearts, nipped at his heels; gain[ing] for himself finally a place not only in t[he] hearts of his own people, but in the [hearts] of little brown people everywhe[re]. Yes, Lyndon Johnson and the record [were] always dealing, but he was dealing [with] us, and dealing of course for [us].

The schoolchildren would get [to] know and if need be, Lyndon Johnson [would] help them a little on those essays [in] his years. But history is a shy mistress. Who knows that when the historians all get together for their consensus vote in the year 2000, will [they] say that the Rostow Guarantees were [right]? History responds, one suspects, [only] relatively to The Treatment; it has its rhythms and they cannot be guided by one man, indeed even by men [hastily] classified on the spot. Who is to say that Dienbienphu would not have the same meaning as Munich? "He [will] us with a freight train." When [Whittaker] Chambers wrote to William Buckley [I] do not know about Chambers and Buckley but I think it hit Lyndon Johnson with one. History got [to] turned around on the Cold War, his very involvement in Vietnam [helped] change it. He got caught in [the] currents and no amount of [new] documents and interviews from the ranch will change that. He is like the rest of us: he could not control destiny, but unlike us he has not accommodated to the fact, there is [an] almost desperate desire to prove he was not driven out of office, [that]

Mr. Halberstam won a Pulitzer Prize in 1964 for his reporting from Vietnam to the New York Times. *Now a contributing editor of* Harper's, *he is the author of* The Unfinished Odyssey of Robert Kennedy *and other books.*

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John Thompson

BOOKS

Mr. Moses's public works

Public Works: A Dangerous Trade, by Robert Moses. McGraw-Hill. $14.50.

Tragic" is not quite the word, and certainly not "comic," for this big heavy monument to himself piled up by Robert Moses. His book, *Public Works: A Dangerous Trade*, evades tragedy, because although the hero would seem to have taken quite a public spill, preceded in the classic manner by much pride, his monument displays him undisturbed right there on top of more tons of concrete-and-steel *hubris* than anyone else of his time would acknowledge, quite as if nothing at all had happened.

He stands thus portrayed on the cover of the book, just as he stands in its nearly one thousand pages, posed masterfully (if in rather baggy pants) with a rolled blueprint like a scepter or fasces under one arm, fist on hip, one foot on a raw red girder. He glares down. Does the reader suppose that the glare is for him, where he sprawls or kneels in the dust, and that the foot would be, in all reality, on the reader's neck? Perhaps. Many of us these days, knowing only the recent disasters of Robert Moses, might suppose that we are automatically of the party of those who have earned his scorn: bird watchers and pigeon feeders, shrewish nitpickers, choleric clubmen, mud throwers, hippies, crackpot overnight experts, aesthetes, bigots, obscure symbolists, forever-wild fanatics, armchair uplifters, Hoving's amateurs, backseat drivers, smart alecks, soft critics, pious wowsers.

And furthermore, if the story of Moses's more than fifty years in public works were to be a tragedy, it would have to purge us of pity and terror: but in its unrelieved pride it does not purge its hero or us, any more than the huge works themselves have taken away the pity and terror of living in our city, our country. The works may rouse these dread emotions, yes, as we contemplate them today—here, though, Aristotle's metaphor begins to boggle, and, thinking of that purgation, we are likely to forget his old Athenian formula for the health of the citizenry, and see before us instead large visions of our famous pollution problems. Catharsis endangers the environment! Pardon these slips of my mind, but they show, I believe, something of how strangely all these endeavors of our society, so eminently represented by Robert Moses, have suffered a reversal that we have only begun to be aware of.

Nor is the book comic. There are funny moments in the story, to be sure, farcical moments even, but in the end these fifty years of work are not funny at all.

Robert Moses has indeed, as his book jacket claims, "transformed the face of this country as perhaps no other public servant has ever done." It is fitting that the foreword to the book, by Raymond Moley, begins with the mighty and ominous phrase, "From the pyramids of Egypt . . . ." and goes on to other wonders of the world which can be measured in the same heroic scale as those erected by Robert Moses. Moses has done the work all right. The stones of the pyramids could have been lost a thousand times as rock-ballast in any one of his projects. But something of the grandiose futility of Cheops shadows these works now. Their builder is out of fashion. His bulldozers and his cement mixers are dreaded today, we think they have wrecked "the inner city" and "the environment," and we want no more of them, we think.

The word for the book and for the endeavors it describes must be more complex than just some high version of good news or bad news. "The paradoxical nature of reality or the contrast between an ideal and actual condition," these terms of irony, as my dictionary gives them, "of intentions and acts which contain their opposite within them," these are the terms that seem to be required today for what has been done. "Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!" The ironist Ozymandias, of all great builders, comes more clearly and invidiously to our minds as a valid template what our public servants have done for us.

The colossal works of Moses are not yet wrecked. Even some of the more ambitious but uninteresting constructions of the 1964-65 World's Fair still loom as vast and trunkless ossuaries on the site in Flushing Meadow, but they are already ruins only in appearance. Physically they remain intact. Moses's stuff does not fall apart; this is not the irony of his effects. They do lone and level sands surround and mock his works. We surround them, they surround us, the brick and bleak acres of housing projects, the malls, ramps, overpasses, underpasses, bridges, causeways, expressways, parkways, highways, stadia, tunnels, dams — and parks! — which Moses seemed so desperately to need, and which now we contemplate with something like despair. Oh, of course we will all do much better now, as we understand, and we will all curse Robert Moses for uprooting our trees and paving the sacred grove.

He was born eighty-one years ago in New Haven. He was graduated from Yale in 1909, received a B.A. from Oxford with honors in jurisprudence in 1911, and an M.A. in 1913. A year later he received his Ph.D. in political science at Columbia.

He went to work in New York City under Mayor John Purroy Mitchel, became the Bureau of Municipal Research, and then in 1918 became secretary of a commission appointed by Governor Alfred E. Smith to reorganize the chaotic agencies of the state government. Apparently for Smith, he rapidly learned how to move from the study of politics and government into the fine art of politics itself.

Mr. Thompson is the author of The Founding of English Metre *and* The Talking Girl and Other Poems. *Born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, he teaches English at the State University of New York at Stony Brook.*

charting of agencies into the
of agencies. Among the mat-
New York State Association
reorganizing commission was
ad to consider were parks. By
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State Council of Parks was
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nan was in business. Soon
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uch parts of our country as we
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ised the acreage ten times over.
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iocratic regimes, he found state
federal money, local money,
oney, private money, and he
ut of patronage.

nemies in those days were not
as the ones he acquired later.
at estate owners of Long Island
im tooth and nail as he tried to
land for the Northern State
and for parks on the Island.
ve years of constant litigation
perate political maneuvers, one
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were finally signed, "Where can
nillionaire go?"

Beach of course was Moses's
park achievement. To get some
e for the "unwashed rabble" of
, he had to fight the towns, the
ps, the counties, regional-plans
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ggers, the real-estate speculators,
atters and the residents, the
of private shooting preserves,
eminent Planner imported from
l to attack the scheme. In large
as well as small, in law suits and
ims and survey trespasses and
sues, he bulled it through; and
's recounting especially his more
and minor successes: "... The
sought to serve the captain of
lge with papers ordering him to
Somehow the process server
on a plank and fell into the
nd the papers were lost."

summary is harsh, and surely
re at least two or three other
sides to the story. "We began Jones Beach in the face of bitter, unreasoning, vindictive, personal opposition and threats of removal from office. We fought equinoctial storms, local Ku Kluxers, baymen and cottagers who hugged their isolation, led by a dentist who believed in bridges only from molar to molar and the antiquarians to whom change of any kind is anathema." Poor antiquarians! Poor baymen and cottagers! So we have the beach, its vast parking lots, its ramps and its campanile, its concrete hot-dog parlors with their chains and railings, its rules and regulations. . . . No, it is not the unspoiled empty shore, miles long, of our dreams, where we can walk all day between dunes and surf with only gulls and sandpipers for company. If it were, we probably could not manage to get there, and if we did we would be trespassers.

Moses held then, for decades, the five top park jobs in New York State, and all the allied jobs that permitted him to build the Parkways systems.

Al Smith had also asked Moses, back in those early days, to look into the conflicting plans for the Holland Tunnel. Moses decided that the scheme developed under General Goethals, hero of the Panama Canal, was no good, and Smith accepted his alternate proposal. Thus he got into the tunnel and bridge business. Next, La Guardia appointed him to straighten out the mess the Triborough Bridge project had fallen into under a Hearst lawyer who was more concerned with Hearst's real estate in the area than with construction. "We are going to build a bridge instead of patronage," announced the Little Flower. "We are going to build a bridge of s-t-e-e-l instead of s-t-e-a-l."

At the same time, Moses, as head of the Park Department, revived and completed ancient plans to cover the New York Central tracks that followed along the Hudson up Manhattan's West Side. Thus we got Riverside Park, the West Side Highway, and the Henry Hudson Bridge. He built the Cross Bay Bridge to Rockaway, the Marine Parkway Bridge, the Bronx-Whitestone, the Queens Midtown Tunnel. He lost out on a bridge from the Battery to Brooklyn but built the tunnel, built the Throgs Neck Bridge, the Verrazano-Narrows; and that was the last one. The account of the Triborough Authority closes with his proposals for two more crossings of Long Island Sound, the first from



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Bayville to Rye, needed right now, he says, to help keep cars out of New York City and its immediate suburbs; and then, needed in ten years, a huge bridge from Port Jefferson across to Connecticut. These projects languish now in the care of Dr. William J. Ronan of Rockefeller's Metropolitan Transportation Authority.

Meanwhile, Moses had been running for Governor, investigating crooked bankers, and wearing his many other hard hats. In the WPA days, Moses built many things, among them the lovely square behind the Arsenal, and the hideous torture cells for captive animals surrounding it. He had fine opportunities for clashing with Hugh Johnson and Harold Ickes, and he suffered from the lifelong disfavor of Franklin Roosevelt. He was City Construction Coordinator, sole member of the New York City Parking Authority, member of the City Planning Commission, Chairman of the Mayor's Emergency Committee on Housing; he held many other important posts, permanent or temporary. He was Executive Officer of the 1939 World's Fair, that happy carnival. As head of the State Power Authority, he fought long and hard against "brazen efforts" of private utilities to seize the St. Lawrence power complex. He led the planning for the United Nations site.

But by the end of the 1950s, things seemed to be going wrong. He was busy with World's Fair schemes and with Lincoln Center. His plan for the Lower Manhattan Expressway ran into serious trouble with backseat drivers and smart alecks. In 1960, he resigned as City Park Commissioner to become President of the Fair. In 1963, Nelson Rockefeller kicked him out of the job that had been his first and dearest love, the State Park System.

By this time, city housing and slum clearance had ground to a halt. In his various capacities, Moses had tried to raise money, public and private, for housing. He aided in the building of Stuyvesant Town, Peter Cooper Village, and the huge union cooperatives. Under Title I, there were some scandals, sponsors were challenged, there was federal red tape; projects for Mid-Harlem and Riverside-Amsterdam fell through. Housing was built, but far too little. Failures in relocation of tenants were attacked. Urban Renewal became known as Negro Removal. Twenty years after the end of the war, housing was worse than ever in New York City.

In fact, the city was in a mes
worse than that Moses descril
existing in 1946, when the a
were stymied, parking and traffi
impossible, trains were falling
the waterfront was both inacc
and polluted beyond possibil
human use, there was no place
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For twenty-five years Moses wo
hard as any man could have wo
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But worse than this, and very str
how different from 1946 was o
tude. We did not call for more
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the Coliseum, Lincoln Center—

No doubt there are those who,
or think they know, how Mo
lured, sidetracked, or sandbagge
the World's Fair of 1964-65. It
cruel and stupid thing to do to hi
I suppose the Rockefellers did it
would have known how not to
what they were doing, deep in th
penetrable Baptist fog of global
"Take a billion, Bob, and don't
we'll call you." When Public
were needed as never before, he
the billion out in Flushing Meado
vast stage set.

The Fair was a grotesque par
his lifework. At the same time,
a fantastic tribute to his powers
suasion, and a parody of them, t
he should have been allowed to
with this madly profligate wa
money and labor and material.
as though, somehow, he knew
not going to be allowed to do an
useful ever again, and so he
throw this last monstrous potla
show them all.

He was involved then, having
the money, not with the kinds of
lems he had bulled his way throu
fore, knocking politicians' hea
gether, moving tons of earth an
and stone and water. The quali
his mind that hadn't shown
or hadn't mattered, were now
counted. The theme was to be
Achievements on a Shrinking Gl
an Expanding Universe." To d
strate this he called on Walt Disn
Guy Lombardo.

. . . There was the animated
my of Abraham Lincoln. Ther
Franco's Spanish pavilion. The V
sent Michelangelo's *Pieta* and Po
VI. Edward Durell Stone desig
Billy Graham pavilion beside
stood a hundred-foot steel



in four thousand gold ano-
cs and crowned with a gold
and Billy Graham's name in

manfully quotes the detractors
te: "Our U.S. Steel armillary
ıe Unisphere, was derided by
ics. They even said our won-
ıntains and magnificent night-
were corny." A professor of
ıre summed it up: "His fair is
ıe kind of world we are build-
er the U.S. right now. . . . The
ıothing but the concentrated
f motel, gas station, shopping
d suburb." But what else could
ful servant build for such a
we are?

air was a debacle. Attendance
exhibitors fiddled and failed.
publishers" gave the avant-
ree rein to knock it. . . . For the
. Moses's personal financial ar-
ıts were criticized. The bankers
ossed him. They resigned en
om his finance committee and
holding the bag. The bag was
he Fair closed in 1965.

6, John Lindsay became may-
thing had changed. A bad new
was born. . . . "Haroun-al-Ra-
ars of the slums, extravagant
and announcements, invita-
lisorder and lawlessness in the
satisfying youth, contrived, ex-
ary, uncontrollable events and
igs as distinguished from
progress. . . . Nostrums, snake
fancy containers . . . shallow,
ish idealism, pretentious no-
. fancy lingo. . . ." There was no
Robert Moses in Fun City.

, the book itself, *Public Works*,
is a compilation in scrapbook
papers and remarks, clippings
lamations, not a written narra-
s totally and frankly self-serv-
ous and unforgiving in its at-
dissenters whether living or
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ve got where we are today. You
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en if he had to do it himself.
mself had to build the Robert
iagara Power Plant, the Robert
ower Dam, the Robert Moses
rk on Fire Island, and the Rob-
es State Park on the St. Law-

We didn't know it then, but Robert Moses's retirement really did come at the end of an epoch. We stopped building. We began to shut things down. We decided to end our undeclared war against Vietnam, which did end, all but the killing. We got rid of the brothers Bundy and the brothers Rostow, and Dean Rusk, and McNamara, all the bright men who had persuaded Lyndon Johnson to have 40,000 Americans and God knows how many hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese killed, for the sake of their bright ideas. The killing goes on, of course; to stop it would be to do something, and the men we chose, fearing as we do those bright and energetic men who do things, these new men are not doers. So the murderous wheels still turn, churning in place, but nobody pretends to know why or what for.

We don't seem to want to run around all over the world the way we did. The Peace Corps went sour. Somebody went to the moon for some reason but nobody really wants to go back. We elected a man we knew the world wouldn't like, and here at home, we don't have to try to like him either, as he lets things run down.

We have decided not to be Romans, after all.

The enormous postwar migrations into our cities, induced we knew not how or why, with consequences we dare not discuss or try to remedy, smothered Robert Moses's hardwon acres of blockhouses as if they had never existed. Housing is worse than ever and nobody even proposes to do anything about it. Apparently in this great withdrawal of all our energies, our plan for housing now is to get rid of the poor by letting their part of the city simply fall down around their ears. What doesn't fall of itself will be pushed down by Edward Logue, our mini-Moses. Then, I suppose, the poor can wander off somewhere else, as they wandered here, but with their new national dole to accompany them. They can perhaps be joined in the desert by the droves of our new unemployed, who will have been put out of work, in our national economic plan, in order to persuade the rich to accept, eventually, slightly smaller fees for being rich.

Nobody knows what happens to a great juggernaut that is grinding to a halt, any more than anyone knew what would happen when the juggernaut started rolling, a generation ago, over land and sea, and some people thought they were steering it. □



Marion Magid, Richard Schickel, Ed Yoder

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Fiction

City Life, by Donald Barthelme. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95.

Donald Barthelme has an unpleasant way of leaving the reviewer speechless, for it is impossible to define his work by the conventionally easy comparisons and contrasts. His writing consists, I suppose, of dreams, experiences in surrealism. This new collection of what for want of a better term must be called stories contains, among other items, an explorer's account of an expedition to an imagined land: a fairy tale about climbing a magic, urban mountain by means of a pair of plumber's helpers: a plaint about the difficulty of being the Phantom of the Opera's only friend: a story written in one sentence, another written in one hundred carefully numbered ones: two that take the form of question-and-answer interviews between nameless, faceless people: a dandy about a painter who gets a new image when a dog falls on him.

They represent, to be sure, experiments in form. But that makes them sound too bloodless. They have, to be sure, the air of traditional avant-gardism about them. But that makes them sound dull and juiceless. Two things distinguish them from, let us say, Robbe-Grillet's New Novel. One factor is self-satirizing humor, a real down-and-dirty joy in his own subversiveness. The other is literacy. Mr. Barthelme juxtaposes times and places, conscious and unconscious materials, in a way familiar in modern painting. But he also mixes in snatches of English and American slang, bits and pieces of expression taken over from literary traditions as dissimilar as the nineteenth-century Russian novel, early existential philosophers, and the travel books of the last century's determined gentleman and lady explorers. His surfaces are rather jolly, as a whole, but he manages, in some magical way, to set up the most disturbing anxieties and excitements in the reader's mind.

Mr. Barthelme has accepted, with great good cheer, the current cant that art may no longer be possible and has then gone cheerfully about the business of making it anyway, almost, it would seem, for the hell of it. He is inimitable, except in the best possible way—as an example to the spirit. He may be, in the media-age, the last young man to be freaked out by words instead of moving images and one cannot help sharing his joy in the discovery that such verbal tripping is still possible, still fun, still rewarding in a very special way.—R.S.

Nonfiction

From Those Wonderful Folks Who Gave You Pearl Harbor, by Jerry Della Femina. Edited by Charles Sopkin. Simon and Schuster, $6.50.

Mr. Della Femina is the youthful head of one of those go-go ad agencies —a "hot shop" according to the jacket —that are all the rage these days. The idea is that by staying small and unbureaucratized these joints keep the juices of their "creative people" flowing more freely than they possibly can in the older, Establishment agencies. Despite the scarcity of his years, Mr. Della Femina has a rich fund of anecdotes about the pressures and lunacies of his profession and he is especially amusing about the disasters that are endemic to the ad game—pitches that fail, accounts that are lost, the way rumors and the need to defend territorial imperatives foul things up. He believes, not unreasonably, that ads should speak to us in informal, informative terms and he has a passionate hatred for products that "fight headaches four [unspecified] ways." He is, in short, a superficially likable chap, and as one skips merrily through his cheerful, chatty little volume, it is sometimes hard to remember that he is, after all, talking about advertising and that it is, no matter how you slice it, an enormous con. There is something sad and stupid about all this energy being expended to sell vaginal sprays and wristwatches made out of silver dollars (to name two items that have preoccupied Mr. Della Femina in his career).

One admires his lack of cant about his subject and also his contempt for the "statesmen" of advertising. Still, stuffed shirts like Rosser Reeves and Marion Harper were, at least, recognizably the enemy. But a charact[illegible] mod suit affecting a human style, [illegible] difficult to keep your eye on, to [illegible] And one is honor-bound to dislik[illegible] people lest, finally, the whol[illegible] planet go up in a cloud of Fer[illegible] Any man capable of proposing [illegible] that serves as the title of his bo[illegible] slogan for a group of Japane[illegible] tronics products is potentially t[illegible] able a citizen to waste his time [illegible] us junk. At one point he comme[illegible] advertising is more fun than a[illegible] else you can do with your clo[illegible] Look up, Della Femina, there [illegible] of fun things to do that are bot[illegible] and possible to undertake wit[illegible] moving your Meledandri jack[illegible]

Yanoama, by Helena Valero. [illegible] to Ettore Biocca. Dutton, $7.95

The author, a white Venezuelan [illegible] an of rural origin, was kidnaped [illegible] the age of eleven by members of [illegible] the remote and virtually inaccessible Stone Age Indian tribes of the [illegible] Amazon, and lived with them for [illegible] years until her escape. She narrates [illegible] experiences with the grave and [illegible] simplicity of a child, which in no [illegible] detracts from her remarkable powers of observation. The result is, [illegible] with, a document of great [illegible] value: a report at first hand, and [illegible] participant rather than an observer, [illegible] every aspect of a little-known culture [illegible] ranging from its routine [illegible] arrangements to such arcane [illegible] pological matters as puberty [illegible] shamanism, burial rituals, preparation [illegible] of drugs and poisons, and so forth [illegible] yond that, it is a fascinating, [illegible] brutal and engaging by turns—[illegible] ticular human society surviving [illegible] once in a while even prevailing [illegible] conditions of the most extreme [illegible] The Yanoama are an almost [illegible] sively warlike group of tribes, and [illegible] of the narrative is a record of [illegible] and its aftermath: exhaustion [illegible] and flight; but in their moments [illegible] respite from the numbing round [illegible] sacre and counter-massacre, they [illegible] be gay, funny, hospitable, [illegible] ironic, and—as in the towering [illegible] of the penitence and death of [illegible] rior-hero, Fusiwe—noble. The [illegible]

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anthropologist Ettore Biocca, to whom the author told her story, has done a wonderfully skilled and sensitive job of questioning, transcription, and editing. The photographs, too, are remarkably evocative. —M.M.

On Violence, by Hannah Arendt. Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.75.

Miss Arendt has long since established her genius at polishing old political coinage to a new luster. Her book on the Eichmann trial, for instance, deepened our perception and horror of genocide by showing the "banality of evil," the very humdrumness of the bureaucratic executioner, bemused by his gadgets. In this little book she buffs two terms tarnished with much circulation today—power and violence. Miss Arendt is no admirer of current neo-romantic cults of violence. She even doubts that revolution is good for your love life, at least after the barricades have come down—or for society: "The practice of violence . . . changes the world, but the most probable change is to a more violent world."

In brief summary, Miss Arendt's intricate dialectics may smack of word-play, and indeed she sometimes uses common words in uncommon ways so that, however rigorously defined, they tend to smudge the argument. Yet *On Violence*, after a slow start, rises to brilliant lucidity; it summons us from our banal political rhetoric back to the rigor of first principles.

Her central argument here is that since violence depends on "implements" (*i.e.* weapons), and modern technology has immeasurably coarsened those implements, we can no longer predict the outcome of violence. Yet we have found no substitute for it either. And Miss Arendt, more than most political philosophers of the antirevolutionary school, appreciates the disillusionment that pits rebels against authority, a disillusionment springing from technological "progress" and from the unresponsiveness of bureaucracy, the administrative arm of technological society, whose "rule by Nobody" breeds frustration. When power (or as some would say, established authority) fails to respond, does it forfeit legitimacy? Is violence, when employed by those in power or by their assailants, ever justified? How is power affected by its own use of violence? These dilemmas are as old as Plato, as new as Vietnam or Daley's Chicago. Miss Arendt analyzes them with style, vast learning, and cogency. —E. Y.

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Harold C. Schonberg

MUSIC

Making a choice

After ten years of reviewing the new recordings in these columns, Discus has asked to go on part-time duty. Beginning this month, Harold C. Schonberg will write here several times a year—on music and whatever else he wishes to discuss. Mr. Schonberg is senior music critic of the New York Times *and author of* The Great Conductors *and other books.*

Everybody these days talks about the death of the concert, and nobody talks louder about it than the avant-garde composer whose music is not played. To him the concert is an anachronism, a romantic vestige of the old days, the vermiform appendix attached to the guts of music.

So Max Pollikoff decided to do something about it and did, last March 1 at New York's 92nd Street YM-YWHA. He presented a "gallery" of new music, and he believes that no such event had ever taken place before.

The idea was to have five simultaneous concerts, at which people could walk in and out at will. Each participating group of musicians would repeat its performance five times, giving everybody a chance to hear any or all individual pieces in their entirety.

"Why be cramped? Why should we be prisoners in a concert hall? We must open things up!" said Pollikoff, who habitually talks in exclamation points and rhetorical questions. Pollikoff, who founded the Music in Our Time series at the YMHA in 1956, is a violinist and a pupil of Leopold Auer. Auer was the teacher who trained Heifetz, Elman, Zimbalist, and half the romantic violinists of the twentieth century. By rights, Pollikoff should have grown up to be an exponent of the Bruch G minor Concerto and the Kreisler encore pieces. He even owns one of the status symbols of the romantic violinists—an old Italian instrument. "It's a Guadagnini!" he said, flourishing it. "The *Venus* Guadagnini!" But Pollikoff was always pulled to contemporary music. He remembers the time he learned one of the Ives sonatas and played it for Auer. "The old man almost died!"

Through his years at the YMHA, Pollikoff has been presenting new music, and in the process has introduced many pieces by young composers. By now, many of them automatically show him their latest work, and they gather around for his concerts. He had been brooding about the lack of real response to so many concerts in recent years, and he came up with his gallery concept. The YMHA was glad to go along.

"The idea," said Pollikoff, on the evening of his extravaganza, "is that I have looked for variety. Art galleries have variety, right? I have brought together five different kinds of music tonight. Each work lasts about fifteen minutes. We all start at the same time, and we finish at the same time. After each set, there will be an intermission of five minutes, so that everybody can go to the event he chooses."

He spent the hour before the Gallery of Music rehearsing his own contribution, a work for violin, dancer, and tape recording, by Russell Peck. About ten minutes before concert time he trotted to the various rooms to check with his associates, and then he addressed part of the audience in an anteroom. Pollikoff is a short, stocky man with a big head and lots of grizzled gray hair, and he likes talking to people. He told them of the ground plan of the concert. "Now don't you all go into the Kaufmann Auditorium," he said. "Drift around! Spread out!" The audience dispersed, drifted, and spread. "Synchronize your watches!" said Pollikoff to the musicians, looking like General Patton on his way to Paris. "We start at 8:35. Promptly!"

At 8:35 he started his performance, in Buttenwieser Hall, on the second floor of the YMHA. Exactly 27 were in the audience. Next door, in Buttenwieser Lounge, an abstract audio-video electronic film by Larry Austin, named *Transmission One*, got under way before an audience of 23. Downstairs, in the Kaufmann Art Gallery, four musicians headed by Dick Hyman started an improvisation called *Inside an Hour Glass*. Here there were 18 people. In the Warburg Lounge, Noel DaCosta's *In the Circle*, an "interpolation" on a Haitian folk song scored for guitars and percussion, was pla an audience of 54. The bigges halls, the Kaufmann Concer which seats over one thousand, to Richard Moryl's *Choralis*, choruses and a small ensemb choruses were standing in th torium itself, on the floor on eit of the stage. There were abo musicians, all told. In the audie 32 listeners.

As the evening went on, mor turned up. The box office a sale of 369 tickets and did n unhappy about it. Dutifully t ence went from one event to an was a predominantly young, audience, and its behavior was No matter what they were liste whether it was the light, jazzy, cial DaCosta arrangement of tian tune, or the high-camp dis à la Berio, Penderecki, and S sen, of the Moryl *Choralis*, or plified, ear-splitting, jazz-se Hyman improvisation—no mat they were listening to, it wa dead-pan, serious expression. culture. Culture is to be taken s At one of the *Choralis* run-t there were about sixty in the Moryl ends his piece with th bellowing, note for note, Hand *lelujah* Chorus against a wild of dissonance. One or two prof in the audience grinned. Everyl sat stolidly, showing neither dislike, neither appreciation approval. Nor, anywhere in lery," did people drift in sampling. For the most p plunked themselves down, liste quietly moved on to the next

At least one of the compo disturbed. "They should get dance," grumbled DaCosta. D a Negro, a handsome young m thirties born in Lagos, Ni Jamaican parents. He was lool elegant, with a dark suit, a white-striped shirt, and a ceris tie. A graduate of the Colum versity music department,

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studied in Italy on a Fulbright with Luigi Dallapiccola, the Italian dodecaphonist. But DaCosta, like so many of the young composers of the 1970s, is not going to be writing twelve-tone music.

"I've come out of the serial abstract stuff," he said. "Styles change so fast these days. . . . In this piece of mine, I've taken a children's tune from Haiti and made a notated piece of it, also giving each guitarist a chance to improvise. I guess it's my blood coming through. But why aren't these people responding?" He started conducting his piece for the new arrivals. Everybody sat, listening to the Latin-American rhythms without moving a muscle. Nobody seemed to be having any *fun*.

Yet none of the music was particularly difficult to understand, and there was only one out-and-out bore, the Austin film. This was one of those things in colored abstract design, inspired largely by out-of-sync patterns on a television screen. It had a conventional electronic score of the white-noise, static, whoooosh, burrrr, putt-putt-putt variety: the kind of stuff that has been heard ever since the first all-electronic public concert in New York about ten years ago. This for eighteen minutes: only eighteen minutes, but the film seemed longer than a recitation of the complete works of Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Two of the scores in the gallery concert were examples of the current trend toward a sort of collage in which music of the past is superimposed on music of the present. Everybody these days seems to be doing it: it's the height of contemporary musical fashion, and in some circles is considered the wittiest thing since Duchamp—was it Duchamp?—painted the moustache on the face of the Mona Lisa.

Thus the Moryl *Choralis*, with its use of the *Hallelujah* Chorus. Russell Peck went about it differently in his *Time Being* (the title of this work supplies a clue). Pollikoff had a violin solo of a standard kind of post-serial writing—the usual disjunct lines, the usual intervals of the minor ninth, the usual dissonant double stops. But he was playing against another violin on prerecorded tape, and on the tape, occupying a prominent place, was the *Chicken Reel*, with all of its turn-of-the-century nostalgia. (You know the *Chicken Reel*, even if you do not recognize the piece by name. It's as well-known a tune as *The Missouri Waltz* in G, President Nixon's big concert number, [illegible] *Stars and Stripes Forever*.) Pr[illegible] Peck intended this juxtaposit[illegible] commentary on old *vs.* new, [illegible] simultaneous planes of exper[illegible] should have raised a few ch[illegible] didn't. Perhaps the audience [illegible] fused, or intimidated, by the [illegible] of a dancer silhouetted agai[illegible] light. That made *Time Being* [illegible] ably. High Art instead of [illegible] ment.

Toward the end of the eve[illegible] synchronization planned [illegible] koff began to break up. Hyr[illegible] provisational group especially [illegible] ried away, and went far over th[illegible] fifteen minutes. He and his [illegible] were still playing when Poll[illegible] other composers, the par[illegible] musicians, and about fifty m[illegible] the audience met in the Hall o[illegible] outside the Kaufmann Conce[illegible] discuss the evening and its imp[illegible] Pollikoff made small talk unt[illegible] finished. He said that as far [illegible] concerned, his playing got be[illegible] went along. His fourth perfo[illegible] the Peck piece was "very str[illegible] fifth and last was "introspec[illegible] asked Moryl how the *Choralis* [illegible] ceeded. "How do I know?" [illegible] Moryl. "I'm too tired. Five [illegible] ances!"

Finally, around 10:30. Hy[illegible] his men emerged. Pollikoff cl[illegible] hands for attention. "Well," [illegible] "we got through tonight." He [illegible] the composers. "How did it g[illegible]?"

DaCosta was the only one [illegible] critique. "It's still too much l[illegible] cert. There's still too much of t[illegible] attitude. We need more actua[illegible] participation."

"How about the playing[illegible] Pollikoff. "Did it get better [illegible] along? I've been listening t[illegible] provisation"—nodding at Hyr[illegible] it sounded great. Great! I d[illegible] you running over. I'm not co[illegible] I know how it is when you g[illegible] up! So you ran over a little. W[illegible] ful!"

"As a matter of fact," Hy[illegible] "the fifth time was not the be[illegible] the best one on the fourth."

There were murmurs of y[illegible] fabulous.

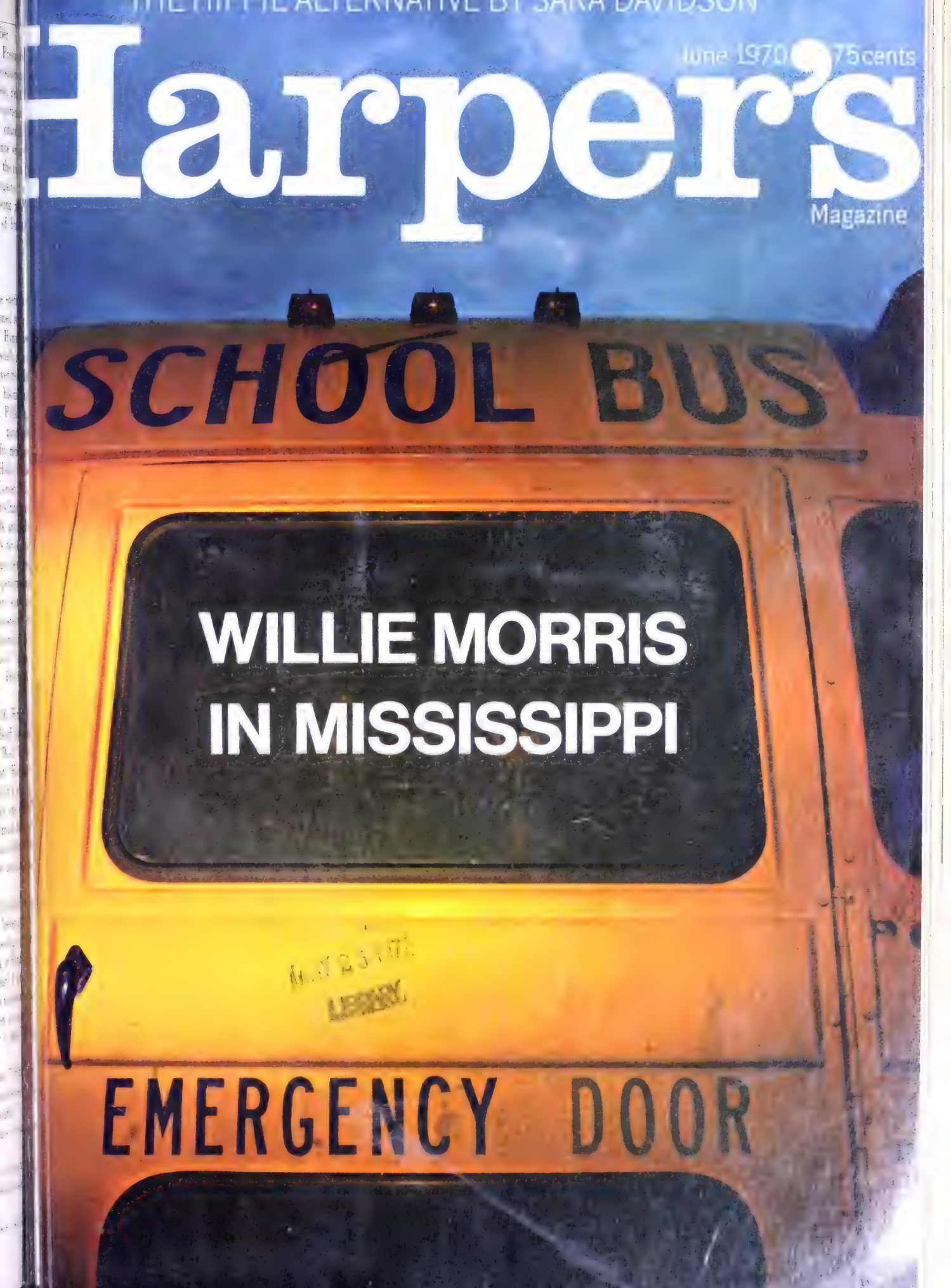
"Are you going to do any [illegible] lery concerts?" somebody a[illegible] koff.

"We'll see, we'll see," sai[illegible] comparable Max.

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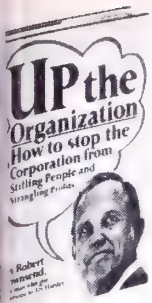
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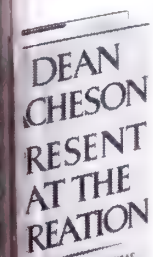
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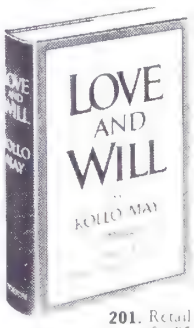
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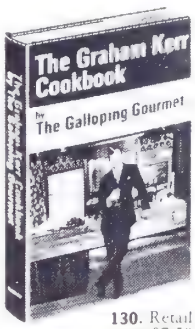
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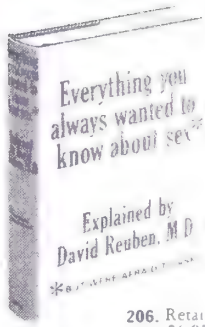
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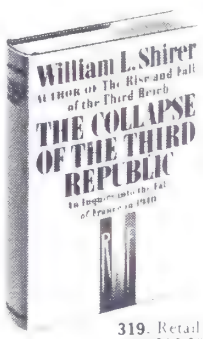
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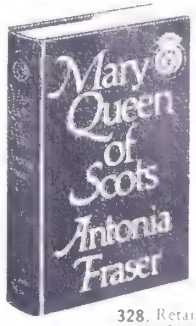
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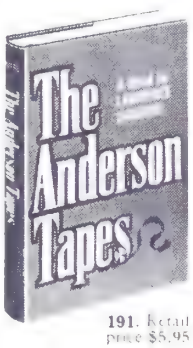


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1968	13,650	14,592	25,000
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Harper's Magazine

FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 240 NO. 1441 JUNE 1970

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ABOUT THIS ISSUE



Sara Davidson

Harper's Magazine is 120 years old this month, the first issue having been published in June 1850, a neat, small-print volume with an airy cover engraved with cherubs scattering flowers and blowing bubbles. Appropriately to the mood and problems of the 1970s, *Harper's* leads off this month with "Yazoo . . . notes on survival" (page 43) by Willie Morris, the eighth editor in chief of this magazine. Mr. Morris, who took on the job in 1967 at the age of thirty-two, grew up in Yazoo City, was editor in chief of the student daily at the University of Texas, a Rhodes Scholar, and editor of *The Texas Observer*. His book, *North Toward Home*, won the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship and other awards.

"One of the great things about being a writer," Sara Davidson says, "is that it lets you be your fantasies while you're out working on a story. Then you sit down at the typewriter and write the story and it's over with, done."

"Open Land: Getting Back to the Communal Garden"—see page 91—is Miss Davidson's fourth *Harper's* article, following her saga of life among the Rhinoceros, "Rock Style": a profile of Jacqueline Susann, "The Writing Machine": and "Bernadette Devlin: An Irish Revolutionary in America." "I get very involved in these stories. Getting close to the subjects and to the substance of it all has a strong impact on me. When I traveled with the Rhinoceros, for example, I began to believe that maybe I should have been a rock singer or a lead guitarist. With Bernadette Devlin, I felt like a revolutionary. But visiting the communes on the West Coast was the most involving of all. Everything got to me, the movement itself, the outdoor living, the attempt to create an alternate life-style, the people.

"Working on this story, I realized very quickly what a true bourgeois I am. I was constantly closing down shacks that never needed their doors be closed. I was always quoting weather reports in the jargon of late night weather specialists, as though you didn't have to stick your head out the open door and look up at the sky to see what was going to happen tomorrow. But, living on the communes, I discovered that I could build a fire to cook my own food and take care of myself without modern conveniences handy.

Miss Davidson is a California[n] and wife of Jonathan Schwartz, [radio] and disc jockey on WNEW-FM [in New] York. She went through the Los [Angeles] public-school system, then on to Berkeley, in quieter times. There she was assistant managing editor of the *Californian*. At nineteen, she took off in order to work for Mondadori, one of Italy's major publishers. The [firm], which is famous for its paternal relationships with its employees, packed a group of them off to visit the company plant in Verona one day, and [the trip] became a turning point for the young expatriate. Between the lunch, the romance of the city, the wine, and [finally] a climax, the tour of the plant, with its own sensory associations—the printing press and ink and the smell of fresh page of prose. Miss Davidson made the decision on the spot to become a writer. "That," she says, "was what I had always wanted to do. I guess I was lucky enough to realize it instantly."

Coming up soon in *Harper's:* John Kenneth Galbraith on the future of the Democratic party: Edward Hoagland on a Vermont country carnival: a short excerpt from Dan Jacobson's new novel *The Rape of Tamar:* Richard Schickel on a curious movie festival that took place recently at Yale: and other



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The facts beyond these shores a to a rather different story. Latin A ica, three times larger than the has only 300 million inhabitants. the *least* densely populated area world, and yet half its people are ing. The problem down there i overpopulation but undercultivat land and lopsided distribution of v

Holland and Belgium, on the hand, have among the densest p tions in the world. Their 20 m people are well off—no physical po and no U. S.-type social and c despair. Mainland China, slightly than the United States, has 700 m citizens who, our policy-makers ments to the contrary, are being well as socially integrated. . . .

There are not too many pe America. What we have is milli Americans without shared object common values, who have lost t feeling that everything out th somehow going Right. And things going right, after all. American aren't just big; they're dirty a attractive, run-down and ill-p They are hunks of real estate. . bars but no cafés, fenced-off lob few parks, shiny new Chryslers ting or nonexistent public tra drab suburban houses but no yards or arcades or streets for $100-a-day hospitals but no so medicine, air-conditioned conc the rich but smog and Muzak rest of us. Who ever could feel "belongs" to *that*? The proble population but *what is being do* population. . . .

Many of course find it painf mit that here, in 1970, the soci and its values are wrong and productive. Very easy, then, to well, things are still okay, but just weren't all those people . . .!

Overpopulation fogs up t problems of this world with its tative sophistry. It seeks the re social ills in something accid bit like those theories which Oedipus complexes for student strations: Maoist books, Russi tars, and even American TV is happening in Vietnam; or Indian peasants (but not rich landowners) for there being t hungry Indian peasants. Popul plosion, in a word, serves the *st* and it would be better if th hooted notion were—until the problems have been solved—ten scrapped.

G
Cambrid

Some people want to be with it.

Some want to be ahead of it.





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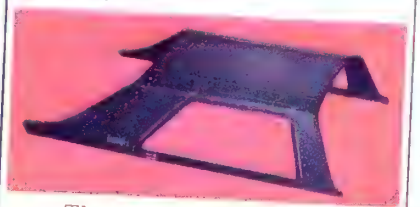
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One statement in John Fischer's icle bothers me: that ecology is succding civil rights and Vietnam as the vement. . . .

know that here on campus the chief logy organization has ties with the ite House and argues that the govment's aid is invaluable. The radical we have any) students opposed to war refuse to get involved in the ogy issue. They see it as a diverary tactic by the government.

he tragedy in these stances is that so h more could be done if the movets were one. It is much easier to get an upset over the fact that his fate lake is polluted and he cannot h any fish than over boys getting dered in Vietnam. Maybe when peosee their politicians' response to plaints about pollution, they will ze that the government is unresponto the people, [and] they will be nore sympathetic to the vocal cries nst racism and the war. . . .

SETH LANGSON
Hobart College
Geneva, New York

ter reading John Fischer's excelessay on the Survival State, I ed through the remainder of the zine. I was amazed to find I had ands on a publication that could: Promote the No Growth Principle plied to roads, cars, and planes, arry ads portraying the pleasures vel, new cars, and airplane rides. Print a column which states that owth of electric power taxes the nment, and run an ad that sugthat electrical power must grow. all a politician with a big family ocrite, and permit a cigarette adement to occupy the page adjacent antipollution essay.

purpose is not to detract from the tance of the column in any way, suggest a sequel to the Law that s in it. The First Law of Promulis: "What's good for the goose d for the gander."

DAVID MERREFIELD
Tallahassee, Florida

ISCHER REPLIES:

Mr. Bell and Mr. Langson have ed my view of ecology more narhan I intended. The term ecology to the study of man in relation otal environment: social as well ical, and involves problems such egated housing and welfare as lakes. War is certainly the worst forms of pollution. As for Mr.



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When I look back at some of my old records, I'm constantly reminded of the changes that have come about in medicine just during the past twenty-five years. Some of the diseases I treated and prayed over in the '40's are found mostly in medical history books now.

Thanks to drug research and development, we've made substantial gains in the control of cardiovascular disease, diabetes, malaria, mental illness, strep and staph infections, meningitis and a long list of ailments. It seems like only yesterday when a diagnosis of pneumonia was almost the kiss of death. Now, with modern medical techniques and drug therapy, we can offer some real help.

My records on polio, influenza and measles show an unbelievable trend for the better. New vaccines have reduced the toll of these age-old threats dramatically. And I see patients in pain from crippling arthritis helped with new medicinals unknown just a few years ago.

I hear questions about the three billion or so dollars spent by the drug industry in research during the past ten years . . . working on new and better drug products. It does seem like quite a bit of money to spend, and I realize some of it goes into dead ends. That's the problem with research, any research . . . you often don't know where you're going until you get there. I want all the tools I can get to help my patients. I want more drugs and more effective drugs. If they mean less pain, longer lives and more productive careers for those I treat . . . well, that's what really counts.

Another point of view . . . Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

Merrefield, I wish he'd gone one t
further and suggested a way to fee
goose without taking any advert

PUBLISHER'S NOTE:

Mr. Merrefield's charge of hypo
in regard to advertising raises a nu
of complicated questions. Br
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because we have had complaints
purchasers of the item advertise
because the ad itself is ugly. W
reluctant however to exercise this p
simply because we disagree wit
advertiser's purpose. We have a d
protect our readers from misrepre
tion, but we don't think we shou
to protect them from the exercise
speech.

Meany-commaed Corry pe

I would like to comment on
Many-sided Mr. Meany" [March]
was written by John Corry wh
writer now for *Harper's Magazin*
writes quite a bit in the present
which is all right, or at least n
but is beside the point that John
wrote this piece about George M
which starts with the longest se
ever printed in *Harper's* which
right because it made the earth
and told us later on when we g
the piece that George Meany had
with Richard Nixon who is the Pre
and that George Meany smokes
yes, and came from the Bronx, ye
has done some good, yes, which
ferent from the CIA which has pr
killed some people here and ther
and that is probably bad, very ba
has very little to do with the fa
George Meany is on record som
as saying something and John
who is on record in *Harper's*
say where Meany is on record w
not good or maybe bad. No?

RICHARD M.
Washingto

Dr Pepper's teenage

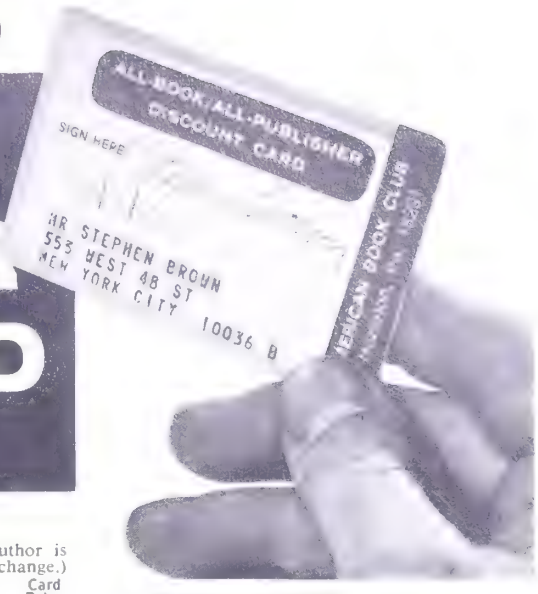
Permit me, though a foreigner
ing through your country . . . t
ment on Kathrin Perutz' article. [
age America," March]

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toms and their way of life. She

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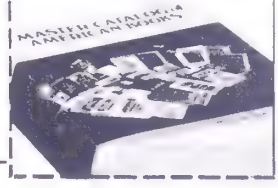
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Yorker?) may find them naïve and their ideas unsophisticated. What I find distressing is that she attacks not that but the very humanity of these people. Everything about them is grounds for ideologically tinged accusations—even their taste in clothes, even their bad skin (do all of Miss Perutz's friends have only good skin?). I suspect that Miss Perutz thinks she is doing social criticism. Yet I cannot imagine a liberal European magazine written for intellectuals publishing an article on the common people, no matter how rustic, whose main message is how devoid of humanity these people are. . . . The tone in describing the common people reminds one of Central European aristocrats of Austro-Hungarian vintage. . . .

I have met in my travels the kinds of people Miss Perutz describes. I have found them hospitable and kind, and also knowledgeable in some things I was ignorant of and naïve of many things that I know. But then I have also been meeting the "sophisticated" in New York and around universities and cannot say that they are not naïve about some very important things, such as the world outside America. That is only normal. What is not normal for an intellectual is to have one's mind made up. And for a "liberal" or a "left progressive" to play a pseudo-aristocratic game vis-à-vis the common people, in which even one's clothes are used as proof of ideological superiority. I am beginning, on this voyage, to understand a little why Nixon won, why the liberal intellectuals do not reach the people and as a result seem to despise them, why in fact your liberal Left is definitely *not* the counterpart to Western European socialists but represent a truly alienated, self-indulgent, petulant, complaining-to-each-other pseudo-aristocracy being bypassed by the evolution of American society. . . .

JAN K. MORTIERS
Clayton, Missouri

I read Kathrin Perutz' article with interest since I participated in a Miss Teenage America Pageant also. There was, however, very little resemblance in the pageant she covered and the one I attended. . . . Miss Perutz omitted the "why" answer for chaperones escorting girls from one area of the hotel to the other or to the convention center. It was for their general safety *and* should have protected them from reporters who *quote* and *mis*quote. They were, however, allowed to go to the powder room unchaperoned and could even lock themselves in the cubicle without special permission. . . .

The chaperones were unique. Some were Mothers of candidates, others [illegible] Directors of local city-wide pageants and some were in radio, TV, or the Fashion Industry. I didn't meet *one* [illegible] was a *sponsor's wife*. A few were uptight and overly competitive, one or [illegible] wanted badly to be crowned Miss Teenage America. . . . Not all, but most were capable and came through with flying colors, lack of sleep and Excedrin. . . .

Loving God and Country and parents, respecting the flag and "the spangled Banner," having good manners, a sense of responsibility, [illegible] fashion sense and direction, virginity too—doesn't mean that a young person is insensitive to Vietnam, politics, morality, starvation, and a raft of [illegible] world problems. It means that they have *self-discipline*, *knowledge*, and *self-confidence* he or she may be better equipped to face future problems minus pills and alcoholic abuse. . . . If only more [illegible] teenagers could be exposed to Charles Meeker, Jr., and Miss Judy Hough[illegible] their brilliance, wit, charm, positive direction, and ability, coupled with sensitivity, love, and kindness—if only. . .

LYNDA [illegible]
Chaperone, Miss Teenage [illegible]
Seattle, Wash[illegible]

KATHRIN PERUTZ REPLIES:

Mr. Mortiers makes an interesting point, but his intellectual bias leads him to romanticize. I was not writing about "common people" in the sense that Marx means. I was writing about conformists and their dupes. Though I readily discount my Austro-Hungarian ancestry, my critique was not directed to a class, but to hypocrisy. The Moratorium kids were of the same class as the Teen Queen candidates. The candidates, as I attempted to bring out at the end of my piece, showed potential for examining their beliefs and diverging from the values in which they'd been raised. But most of them were intellectually and ideologically suppressed, in contrast to the Moratorium kids, who had been forced to break away from traditions they had been taught and from people they loved. Those involved in running the pageant spoke unctuously of giving opportunity to youth, while running a million-dollar enterprise based entirely on the exploitation of young girls for profit. The girls, still unsure of themselves as people, encouraged by their heroines, never questioned the hypocritically stated purpose of the pageant.

After you've admired his Picassos, ask to see his Marie Brizards.



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Standard equipment, too, is every engineering advance that gives this car its "international muscle". Each of the four wheels has its own independent suspension, its own power disc brake. A newly designed engine gives you as much as 25 miles to the gallon; lets you cruise at 90 mph all day. The entire body is built of .9mm sheet steel—heavier, safer, longer-lasting than you've had before. It comes with Michelin radial tires. And four-speed synchromesh transmission. This is the car that's built to take any road, anywhere in the world.

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John Fischer

THE EASY CHAIR

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We don't have any. As a matter of fact, we have no dormitories. Our founder and president, Henry J. Curmudgeon, can't see why an educational institution should be distracted by running a hotel business on the side. Consequently our students live anywhere they like—motels, boarding houses, brothels, or communes. How they behave there is a matter that concerns only them, their landlords, their parents, and the local police.

SPORTS

For the same reason, we have no sports program. Why should a college mess around with show biz when Joe Namath can do it better? Any undergraduate who feels in need of exercise can apply to the maintenance department for a broom, or can go to Jocko Sullivan's Gymnasium and Pugilistic Parlor, conveniently located near our downtown campus. Obsessive exhibitionists are free to hire their own basketball court or football field.

SIT-INS

All students are welcome to sit in any classroom as long as they like, for the standard lecture fee of one dollar an hour, payable at the door. Any attempt to sit in the administration building will be treated as criminal trespass by our town sheriff, Knucks McGrory (6'3", 280 lbs.). Undergraduates, in fact, have no occasion to enter the administration building, or even to go near it except on the first day of each term, when enrollment fees are payable at the drive-in cashier's window. No checks accepted. It is pointless to try to intimidate President Curmudgeon. He does not engage in confrontations: they bore him.

GOVERNANCE

The college is governed by President Curmudgeon, period. He hires and fires the faculty, fixes salaries, sets the curriculum, and makes final decisions on the admission and expulsion of students. As in all colleges, the president is held responsible—by the public, alumni, professors, and undergraduates—for everything that happens. Obviously he cannot discharge this responsibility without commensurate authority.

He may from time to time consult members of the faculty on administrative matters, but feels no obligation to take their views seriously. Early in his career President Curmudgeon learned that the typical professor can't administer his way out of a paper bag. As he observed in his now-famous paper on collegiate governance:

"The true scholar is inherently incapable of running anything. By temperament, he loathes the very concept of authority: hence he is always opposed to the administration, but is even more opposed to the idea of exercising authority himself. When confronted with the necessity of making a decision, he habitually falls into a spasm of self-doubt, takes refuge in a faculty committee which argues for three months, and then resolves to defer action until further information becomes available. He can never learn Rule No. 1 of management: 'A good executive is one who always acts promptly and is sometimes right.'

"Consequently our faculty is limited to its proper functions: teaching and research, in that order. Managerial decisions are handled by the responsible executive, *i.e.* me. Students participate in governance the same way tha[t] tomers participate in the governa[nce] Macy's. If they don't like the [...] offered, they can go to Gimbel's."

POT, LSD, AND LIQUOR

What a student ingests on hi[s] time and in his own quarters is h[is] affair. But if he snores in class, [...] laboratory equipment, gets bust[ed] the police on campus, freaks out [in] halls, or otherwise disturbs his te[n] and fellow students, he gets shipp[ed] on the next plane.

TENURE

None. Each faculty member si[gns] undated resignation the day he is [...] and henceforth serves at the plea[sure] the president.

In the early days of the college [...] widely believed that this somewh[at] orthodox arrangement might m[ake] difficult to attract first-class prof[es] This proved untrue. In the [...] market which has long preva[iled] academia, a talented man needs [no] protection because he can alwa[ys] his pick of a dozen chairs: tenure [...] fore, merely shelters the incompe[tent]

Nevertheless, to make sure tha[t] the best men available, Curm[udgeon] has from the beginning paid s[alaries] twice as high as the normal sc[ale] addition it offers certain unique [...] benefits. Professors never have t[o] their time in committee meetings [or] deliberations of an Academic [Senate] They also are freed from the dem[and] obligation of cranking out sc[holarly] "scholarly works" in order to [...] strate their "productivity." On t[he] trary, they are discouraged fro[m]

Mr. Fischer was editor in chief of [...] *1953-67, and is now a contributin[g] A collection of his Easy Chair [...] and other articles was published [...] with the title* The Stupidity Probl[em] Other Harassments.

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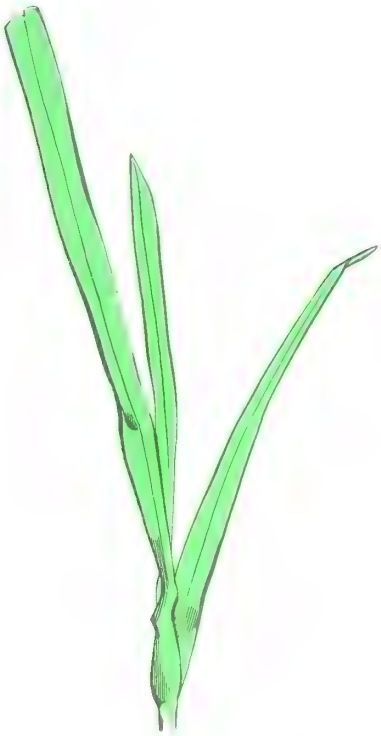
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to say.

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members in America who earn or than football coaches.

On the other hand, any professor who cannot attract enough paying customers to cover his own salary, plus a share of the overhead, is encouraged to take up some other calling.

Since students are incapable of judging academic quality—how can they tell whether old Dr. Chips is really giving them the latest dope in his field?—our teachers feared that the cash-flow system might reward the merely entertaining lecturers at the expense of the profound and demanding scholar. To avoid this, all classrooms are monitored with television cameras, connected by closed circuit to our Inspector General's office. There the inspectors, each a recognized authority in his discipline, periodically evaluate each professor's classroom performance, to make sure that he comes up to scratch both in substance and in pedagogical technique. Thus our teachers are the first in academic history to be held strictly accountable for the quality of their output, just like professionals in other fields. Yet at the same time we observe the time-honored convention that no administrator or academic superior may ever enter a classroom without an invitation from the teacher.

ADMISSION POLICY

Elitist. No student is admitted until he demonstrates his ability to write a page of coherent, correctly spelled English prose, and to do basic arithmetic. This rule automatically eliminates better 75 per cent of all high-school graduates. Moreover, this college is designed only for those undergraduates who already know what they want to do with their lives, and want our help in preparing themselves for it. Youngsters who prefer to put in four years of intellectual finger-painting while they "find themselves" can go elsewhere: we offer no courses in social psychology, literature appreciation, oriental philosophy or art history.

Curmudgeon, furthermore, does not accommodate draft dodgers or students who merely want the prestige of the diploma. Since we are not accredited, our undergraduates are not shielded from the draft—and we award no diplomas. Instead a student may, if he wishes, ask his professors for a Certificate of Competence in his chosen field—engineering, ecology, journalism, farming, or whatever. He may request a certificate whenever he thinks he is ready for it, and can persuade his

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ers to sign it; in some cases this may require two years of work, in others seven, depending on the student's ability and the difficulty of the subject. A Certificate of Competence, we have found, is of considerable interest to future employers, but it confers no social prestige.

EXAMINATIONS AND GRADES

If a student feels that an examination will help him measure his progress in any given subject, he may ask his teacher to give him one at any time. Similarly, if a teacher is in doubt about a student's progress, he may call for a written or oral examination. Otherwise no exams are required.

Neither are grades. If an undergraduate is goofing off, his teachers soon know it; and when any three of them decide that he is wasting their time, and his own, he is expelled forthwith. This seldom happens. Since our regular fees plus the pay-at-the-classroom-door system make Curmudgeon an expensive institution, which offers nothing but a chance for education, it usually attracts only those youngsters who are eager and able to do the work.

FINANCIAL AID

Available on request to all students, on a lifetime reimbursable basis.

We cheerfully advance whatever money an undergraduate may need to cover his fees, living expenses, and door tolls. In return, he promises to pay us one per cent of his annual income for the rest of his life, beginning one year after graduation. He also signs a form authorizing the Internal Revenue Service to collect this money on behalf of the college, by the simple method of adding one per cent to his yearly income tax.

This arrangement has proved highly satisfactory both to students and to the college. Any bright youngster, no matter how poor, can get an education without financial strain. Moreover, the one per cent reimbursement is the best investment he can ever make, since a practical, profession-oriented training of the kind we offer normally multiplies his lifetime earning capacity by at least ten.

For the college, this system produces a dependable—and steadily rising—flow of revenue. The president is thus relieved of the humiliating and onerous chore of constantly begging for money, a duty which consumes up to 50 per cent of the time of most college presidents. He can therefore devote his full attention to running the place, to the obvious benefit of both students and faculty.

The Curmudgeon One Per Cent Plan also has a Robin Hood side effect. Those of our graduates who become millionaires—a gratifying percentage—automatically pay high for the training which was so markedly responsible for their success. Hence they subsidize other graduates who never make much money, or who deliberately choose the less lucrative professions, such as poetry or politics, and therefore can never repay the full cost of their education.

FACULTY

Curmudgeon is proud of the fact that it employs a smaller percentage of Doctors of Philosophy than any other college in the country.

This does not mean that we do not value advanced degrees, in their proper place. A teacher of ecology, for example, not only needs a Ph.D. in biology, but also some postgraduate study in several other disciplines, including economics, climatology, and urban studies. A doctorate also can be a useful tool in teaching the physical sciences and certain other subjects, such as economics and history.

In many fields, however, it not only is unnecessary; it may be a positive handicap. Witness those hapless wretches who earn Ph.D.s in English Literature. Their ordeal, coupled with years of exposure to the *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, frequently cripples their prose style for life, so that they are unfitted for anything except teaching another generation of Lit. students and writing criticism for nonpaying journals. Curmudgeon has no place for these self-maimed scholars. We do, of course, encourage our students to read and enjoy literature, but not in class; it is properly a leisure-time activity, like listening to music, making amateur films, and chasing girls.

Our only English courses are designed for undergraduates who hope to become professional writers. They are taught by men who have made their living in the trade for at least ten years; none ever had time to get a Ph.D. because they were too busy writing novels, biographies, and magazine articles.

Most of our other departments also are staffed with Old Pros. Political science is taught by retired mayors, governors, and senators; public administration by high-ranking civil servants; business administration by seasoned executives who once managed their own firms with indisputable success.

We also feel free to ignore the t
tional departmental boundaries, w
often are as anachronistic as fe
baronies—and as stoutly defende
the faculty who man them. We are
in the process, for instance, of r
ing our political-science and econo
courses into a single Departme
Political Economy, on the grounds
economics is what politics is all a
"Who gets what, how, and from wh

The new department also will in
all courses on city and regional
ning. This subject has fallen int
repute on most campuses because i
ditionally has been an adjunct o
School of Art and Architecture
graduates were trained to draw
maps and sketch monumental buil
projects, which almost invariably
to nothing because they had no re
to a city's economic and political
ties. Thus the filing cabinets of bu
racy from coast to coast are fille
plans that never had a chance, for
by everybody except the heartb
aesthetes who drafted them.

The few plans that actually hav
carried through with some succes
conceived and put into operati
men of a different breed. The
money men, with their hands on a
which controls the flow of public
Often they are budget officers,
desks next door to the mayor or
nor whom they serve. Sometime
are bureaucrats who direct the
carrying federal money to local co
nities—as in the case of the Appal
Regional Commission, which pr
has produced more effective pla
than any other agency in Americ
the heart of any plan lies in cap
vestment: in the decisions whi
priorities, and also release mo
build a highway here, a housing
there, a sewage-treatment plant
where else. Basically, such decisi
both political and economic, a
men who make them will not lo
vive unless they are skilled in p
economy. They should, of cou
advised by architects—and by
gists, engineers, and a lot of
specialists—but they themselves a
cialists only in the public busine
the Acropolis we have to thank P
a politician. Who now rememb
names of the architects he hired?

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shall regard the experiment as
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Edwin M. Yoder, Jr.

WASHINGTON NOTES

Eckhardt of Texas

WHEN REPRESENTATIVE Bob Eckhardt of the eighth district of Texas entered the U. S. House of Representatives in early 1967, he encountered a lot of problems—the cards are always stacked against the new boys, especially if they are already fifty-three years old and stand little chance of achieving seniority. But the worst problem was that his natural political allies in the House could not believe Eckhardt was a liberal.

In the first place, he speaks in the soft drawl of East Texas, and even after his real political sympathies had been suspected he would still horrify a correct Yankee liberal by going over to the Senate side to testify on a bill and bandying genial colloquialisms with people like Senator Sam Ervin, Jr. of North Carolina, laughing and saying things like, "But *Senatah*, isn't that like sending the possum to chase the *dawg*?" Usually there is a gold watch chain strung across the waistcoated paunch of his three-piece suit: and above the unvarying bow tie the vaguely Claghornish hair tends to tumble down to eye level. The truth is, Bob Eckhardt *looks* like a Southern tory, and when you first meet him you expect him to think like an Allen Drury caricature of a Southern Congressman.

In the second place, Eckhardt *isn't* a liberal. He is actually an almost quaint example of the genuine federalist who flourished in the early days of the Republic but began to become extinct during the stresses of the 1830s. He really believes in the balanced system of state and federal power that Madison & Company put together, but he differs from most Southerners of that apparent persuasion in that he is usually for the underdog rather than the top-dog. In a twelve-year legislative career (which included several terms in the Texas Assembly before his election to Congress) Bob Eckhardt has worked for industrial safety legislation, civil rights, arms control, conservation, consumer protection, and other generally un-Texan causes.

Still, it was quite a while after he took his seat in Congress for metropolitan Harris County (Houston), in a seat he had in fact helped design as a member of the Texas House, before the suspicious Congressional liberals began to notice him. "The hardest group to crack," surprisingly, "was the Democratic Study Group," a loose confederation of House liberals who supply each other with study papers and voting positions in an effort to dent the well-fortified House committee establishment.

Some of this suspicion was allayed, last June, when the U. S. Supreme Court delivered its decision in *Powell v. McCormack*, with Chief Justice Warren delivering the last of his great libertarian opinions and holding that the House had illegally deprived the Harlem Congressman of his seat. In reaching that verdict, the Court quoted at length from an elegant discussion of the parliamentary issue written by Bob Eckhardt in the University of Texas law review. Typically, Eckhardt regards Powell as a rogue but believes that even a rogue has his rights under the Constitution. Powell never bothered to thank Eckhardt for his pains, but that hardly matters to Eckhardt.

His advocacy of Powell's unpopular cause is only one in a series of improbable positions in which Bob Eckhardt has found himself. When the omnibus crime-control bill came to the House floor in the summer of 1968 on a tide of "law-and-order" sentiment, he joined a small group of liberals in opposing its riot-control section, believing it to be a departure from the Bill of Rights and—as important to a real federalist—an unprecedented and uncalled-for expansion of federal criminal law.

The same considerations, basically, governed a recent decision that put him among the tories. He opposed—persistently—the Constitutional amendment, passed overwhelmingly by the House last September, providing for the direct popular election of Presidents.

"I think you're being cou slicked," he told the New Yo Californians, and other urban gressmen who voted for the amend noting that the five largest states, taining a third of the people, c only six committee chairmanshi Congress—15 per cent. Under the toral college, he argued, the Pres is a "superlegislator" whose "in tive quality" the country needs voted in a minority of seventy.

As his progressive colleagues i House began to perceive that Eck is a man of rare independence, began to admit him to those almos spiratorial little cells of the like-m that operate beneath the huge, unw surface of the House. Eckhardt is in several informal bands, in ad to the large and rather inchoate D cratic Study Group, which he my ously designates as the "True B ers," the "Hard Core," and anot ultra-confidential that no strang admitted—the "Group."

When I visited Eckhardt in 1711 of the Longworth Building week last September, I found barred from any spying on the which was then mapping legis strategy on defense procurement that time the procurement bill, had been debated by the Sena three months, seemed likely to pa House in a few days, and it did.) manage to visit the Hard Core, a what less serious group of Hous vists who gather weekly over D rolls and coffee to intrigue again inertia of the committee establish

ON THAT particular morning, hardt had ridden his bicy the way from his house on N St Georgetown to Capitol Hill, his taking him past the little red town where John Kennedy once lived, reflecting pool and the Lincol morial. During those morning b rides, Eckhardt ponders the comin on the Hill and sometimes writes he is an amateur versifier an toonist—about House colleagues

Edwin M. Yoder, Jr. has been associate editor of the Greensboro Daily News since 1965. A native North Carolinian, he graduated from the University at Chapel Hill and from Oxford, where he was a Rhodes Scholar.

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A sedan, a coupe, a station wagon. And even a little panel truck.



You'll see.

CHEVROLET

years ago, pedaling the same 35-minute route, he got to thinking about Representative H. R. Gross, the Iowa Republican watchdog whom he admires at a safe ideological distance, and wrote:

It's good enough for Mr. Bow
To just preserve the status quo.
And Dr. Hall will gladly tell 'em
His status quo is antebellum.
"What bellum, then?" cries Mr. Gross.
"The Civil War is much too close.
I'd fain retreat with right good speed
To England prior to Runnymede."

"Mr. Gross," Eckhardt says, "sees the world as not having changed much from the days when it was ruled by the British Navy. Mr. Gross, you know, is the one who combs the *Congressional Record* to find out how much tax money's being spent for those limousines he sees parked below the Capitol steps."

Mr. Gross, comfortably established by virtue of the seniority system, is the kind of Congressman Eckhardt isn't—and couldn't be—both because of his orthodox power in the House and because of his outlook. But it isn't as if the House were a strange place to Eckhardt, even if its usual entrees to power are shut to him. His maternal uncle, a Republican named Harry Wurzbach, was there under Harding and Coolidge, and as a boy Eckhardt once campaigned with him. "Some fool fired a pistol at him during a speech, and another time they tried to count him out but he demanded a recount and claimed his seat after the House had already convened." Another uncle on his father's side, a Bryan Democrat, sat during the Teddy Roosevelt era. His father's cousin, a "Southern bloc conservative," was in the House in New Deal days. Eckhardt's constituency in northeast Harris County provides a further variation on the family legacy. It is a labor-minority district, which reelected Eckhardt last year with a 70 per cent majority, even though there was considerable Wallace sentiment among the oilworkers and steelworkers. His thumping majority was all the more remarkable in that Bob Eckhardt has never disguised the fact that he isn't a segregationist. (In a Houston television debate thirteen years ago, he dismissed the then-fashionable revival of "interposition" as "digging up John Wilkes Booth and trying to run him for President.")

When Bob Eckhardt pedaled his bike up Constitution Avenue on the September day we were to breakfast with his friends of the Hard Core, a more or less routine week in the House was in prospect—no large dramas or dilemmas but a good window on the House as an institution at this stage in its history. Most of the week's newspaper headlines generated on Capitol Hill would, as usual, dwell on the Senate. Senator Charles Goodell would pass a milestone in his countermarch toward reelection by introducing his resolution to extricate the U. S. from Vietnam. Judge Clement Haynsworth, Jr., President Nixon's nominee for the Fortas seat on the Supreme Court, would explain his stock portfolio to the Senate Judiciary Committee.

On the House side, there would be little business on the floor worth remembering, although Bob Eckhardt would speak briefly for a bill to revive railway passenger service, recalling a trip through the Rockies in a decrepit Pullman car when he and the ancient porter sought to raise the temperature above freezing. (In some ways, the House floor is nearly as removed from a Congressman's hour-by-hour concern as the Senate, which by custom is never called anything but "the other place." Every few hours the bells would ring and the lights flash on the clock above Sam Houston's portrait behind Eckhardt's oval desk, and the Congressman would scurry over for a quorum call or a vote. To a stranger looking down from the well-invigilated galleries—you may not rest your elbows on the railings or take notes—the House chamber, in its dim reds and browns, suggests a railway depot of the last century where some berserk station master is droning about legislation rather than train schedules.)

The Longworth Building, where Eckhardt parks his bike every day for a quick elevator ride to the seventh floor, is one of three House office buildings. Its offices are arranged four-square about a courtyard planted with three forlorn rows of shrubs, and looking down from a fourth-floor window you half expect to see a queue of prisoners taking the air.

On this morning, the Hard Core were meeting in the offices of Representative Dave Obey of Wisconsin, a newcomer whose office walls are decorated with peace emblems and anti-DDT posters, and whose credentials no doubt permitted him quicker entree into the inner cells of House liberalism than Eckhardt's. In fact, Eckhardt is the only Southerner in the Hard Core. Others—Representative Ed Koch of New York, Abner Mikva of Illinois, Patsy Mink of Hawaii, Brock Adams of Washington—have some seniority behind them, not enough to be part of the comm establishment that runs the H Gathering in Obey's office, the re joke about the District of Col crime bill, a civil libertarian's d from the Justice Department. complains that post offices in his d are dumping his news letters an what the others do about that pr Patsy Mink, just back from H takes a good bit of ribbing abo new district, now mainly agricu "Boy, am I going conservative, says.

THE HARD CORE is representa gathered as I listened to the c sion, of a certain group of yo seniority-shy members who hold members in some affection but that the committee chairmen a powerful and too independent. Th blame largely on the "leadersh word spoken in Eckhardt's circle a certain bemused disdain. S McCormack, the ancient presidi cer of the House who is fami Americans as the old gentleman w gaping mouth who sits behind the dent during joint sessions, is ag be wrapped up in "the goody gam is preoccupied, they complain housekeeping matters like the c versial extension of the Capito Front, improving the food ser the various dining rooms, and ing House employees. (If Mr. mack is somewhat remote from fighting on national issues, he p at the slightest sign of disorder content in the household. Wh fairly prominent Midwest De joined several others in speaking the treatment of the dining ro ployees, he was startled by the er's response. "After the spee telephoned to say that he's with followed it up with a meeting an phone calls. You know why? I were an employees' demonstrati the one who'd be embarrassed. jority Leader Carl Albert, McCo deputy, is suspected of secret thies. But as the heir-apparent speakership he must play con When Bob Eckhardt took me Albert's office, I found the M Leader a friendly, diminutive m twinkling eyes and a soft voi bristled only when I asked him t cliches about the House for i that it has become a less res chamber than the Senate.



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On the Wednesday before I met with the Hard Core in Obey's office, the insurgents had won a small victory in the caucus—a resolution "adopting" the 1968 Democratic platform as the basis for legislative initiative in the 91st Congress. "You can't understand the caucus problem," Eckhardt explained, "unless you understand that it's the only House forum where people who think as I do—the activists, the impatient younger members—have a potential majority." The powerful committee chairmen despise the caucus. "Do you know the difference between a caucus and a cactus?" one asked. "In a cactus, the pricks are all on the outside." Knowing as they do that the insurgents want to use the caucus to bring pressure on them, the committee chairmen yearn for the old days when Speaker Sam Rayburn controlled it, fearing that it would develop into a scene of family quarrels among Democrats, especially over civil rights.

I learned still more about the recent history of the caucus, a few days later, when Eckhardt sent me to track down Representative Morris Udall of Arizona. To talk with Udall, who used to be a star athlete, you have to stay in motion. First he would lean against the marble pillars in the hallway outside the members' entrance to the House chamber (suggestive, in its tawdry ornateness, of a Byzantine seraglio). Then something would happen. Udall would dart into the chamber, where a debate was in progress over an amendment to the Wilderness Act, and after a bit he would return and we would move out on the porch overlooking the West Front. On the run, I discovered why Udall stood as a test candidate for the speakership in January 1969 against Speaker McCormack, a somewhat quixotic enterprise in which he had Eckhardt's support. Udall would say nothing to disparage the leadership, but he pointed out that his "Dear Democratic Colleague" letter of December 26, 1968, was a matter of record, having appeared in the *New York Times*. It was, in effect, Udall's platform, and it spoke for Eckhardt and others in declaring that the House "can and should be a source of innovative programs" and that "too often House Democrats have failed to extend to our newer and more marginal members the kinds of recognition . . . that would give them deserved strength in their constituencies."

Udall cupped his hands, forming a sort of canyon. "In theory," he said, "when the elections come, the House is supposed to have a heavy turnover"—he swept one hand over the other, indicating a major washout—"but it takes a real flood—a 1964—to do that, and in most years only the marginal few at the bottom of the gully, eighty or so, are exposed and washed away." It still rankles with House activists that the leadership did so little to protect the so-called "Goldwater liberals" elected in the 1964 landslide from the inevitable washing away in 1966.

In the speakership race, Udall pleaded for "constructive, rational, and responsible airing of differences in caucuses." He got a meager fifty-eight votes on the secret ballot, indicating to at least one of his staff members that "there are either a lot of secret sympathizers with the seniority system or a lot of liars." But combined with other pressures, the Udall challenge brought more alterations, one of them an upgrading of the caucus. It now meets monthly, not sporadically as under Rayburn, and it debates issues rather than merely ratifying the decrees of the elders.

The change is important to Eckhardt, for with most of the Hard Core types he believes that the Democrats' loss of the White House last year drastically changed their role. "Under Kennedy and Johnson," Eckhardt says, "the leadership was a conduit of Presidential leadership and we had a sense of motion. Nixon exerts little or no pressure, and with White House pressure off, the committee chairmen are more lackadaisical and independent."

Eckhardt was excited by what happened in the mid-September caucus, the week before I visited his office. Representative Jonathan Bingham and others, with Eckhardt playing a last-minute parliamentary role, managed to pass a resolution directing the committees to seek legislative goals in the 1968 platform. The coup displeased the elders, some of whom tried to divert the attack from the Democratic committee moguls to the White House. ("You can hear the old bulls roaring when one of us gets up in the caucus," said one of the Hard Core.)

IT WAS THE VISIT of Mr. Ezra Schacht of Houston one morning that introduced me to the full range of a Congressman's labors in ombudsmanship, labors Eckhardt takes very seriously. Mr. Schacht, dressed in a natty brown suit with blue pinstripes and a matching striped tie, had just delivered certain legal papers to the Supreme C... in behalf of his son, who is tryin... appeal a prison sentence for ant... activity. Danny Schacht, a young ... trical engineer working at his fat... plant, had acted in an antidraft skit... side the Houston draft induction ... ter two years before. Several n... later, as Eckhardt summarized h... story, FBI agents arrested D... Schacht and charged him with vi... ing a law prohibiting the unautho... wearing of a military uniform. In ... 1969, the sentence was upheld, ... though young Schacht's lawyers ar... that the antidraft theatrics were ... tected by the First Amendment, a... as by a law permitting an actor to ... tray a soldier "if the portrayal doe... tend to discredit the armed forces."

This "exception to an exception," ... he calls it, intrigues Eckhardt. Wit... aides Julius Glickman and Chris E... both lawyers, he discusses the C... tutional issue. If the Supreme ... accepts Schacht's appeal, he decid... may submit an *amicus curiae* ... arguing that the whole proceeding... unconstitutional if the theatrical ... an Army uniform must be confi... skits reflecting credit on the ... forces.

The Schacht case is one of hun... that come to a Congressman's att... every year, making his office a s... ganglion where the nerve fibe... governmental relations meet. The... every day are heavy, and have be... three years, with military prob... mainly over the draft.

I asked Eckhardt for other exa... of the ombudsman's role. From th... he brought out several worn ... folders concerning George Vin... Houston odd-jobs man who join... Army in 1935—thirty-five years ... and still seeks back pay for fal... prisonment. Recently, Eckhardt ... to the Secretary of the Army wa... perhaps the hundredth letter in thr... calling Vincin's "the most sh... bureaucratic abuse that has ever ... to my attention." Falsely accu... sodomy while in the guardhouse ... Brown, Texas, in 1938, Vincin ... five years at Leavenworth, even ... his key accusers admitted lyin... thirty-year effort to clear his na... collect back pay is incomplete: h... pardon signed by President Jo... who took a personal interest in th... but still lacks the back pay; and ... the Army supports private leg... Eckhardt has introduced to gra...

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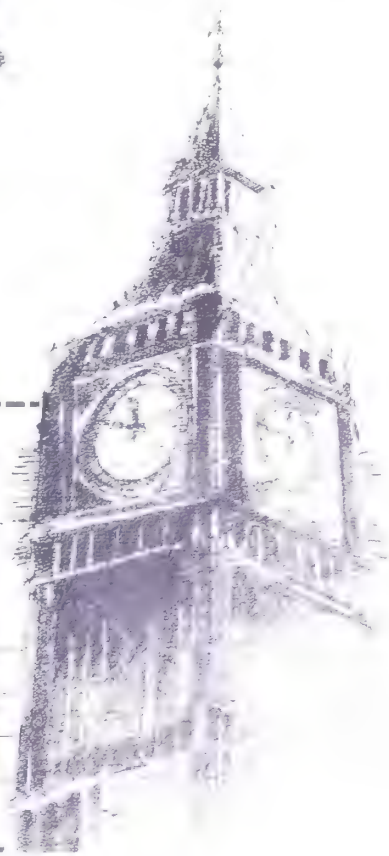
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cin his back pay, it will probably fail. Vincin, Administrative Assistant Chris Little told me, once flew from Houston to Washington to check on his case. "When I sent him down to the Army liaison office he took one look at the uniforms and fled on the next plane."

Kristina Truitt, Eckhardt's tall caseworker, handles the ombudsmanship operation, which ranges from cases as grim as Vincin's to those as comic, and as far beyond Eckhardt's miracle-working power, as that of the mother who recently wrote to complain that the Air Force band would not accept her son as a French horn player. "I can certainly understand your keen disappointment that your son was not accepted," Eckhardt wrote in a letter of skillful Haim Ginott-like consolation. "After doing his very best to perfect his skill in the French horn, he must have been crestfallen that he was not chosen."

Some pleas for help run to the bizarre. An Army enlisted man who has been in and out of military dispensaries in the Far East wrote to ask Eckhardt's advice on a drug to restore his sexual powers to normal. As we talked about bureaucratic mix-ups one morning, a Houston lawyer telephoned to ask the Congressman's help in speeding home the body of an oil-rig operator who'd died of a heart seizure in Libya.

"His wife," Kristina Truitt explained, "asked for an autopsy, which seems to have thrown the Libyan government into an uproar. She's waived the request, but they don't embalm the dead in Libya." At the State Department, Kristina found an office wholly concerned with American deaths abroad, which for a $10 cable fee will make inquiries. (Somewhere in the labyrinth of the diplomatic establishment, we speculated, there must be a deputy assistant secretary of state for death.)

Every Congressman is to one degree or another a guardian of the Danny Schoenes and the Vincins and others who run afoul of the law or bureaucracies, but I had the feeling that Eckhardt's office takes its ombudsmanship almost as seriously as the legislative process itself. From the wall near Eckhardt's desk stares down Eckhardt's formidably bearded great-great-grandfather, Robert Koeberle, who came to Texas from Germany in the 1830s, seeking he said "unbounded personal, religious, and political liberty" and expecting to find "in Texas, above all countries, the blessed land of my most fervent hopes."

AFTER LUNCH THAT DAY came the lobbyists, two gentlemen who wanted to discuss Representative John Dingell's bill pending before the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, of which Eckhardt is a member, to curtail FCC licensing of pay television.

As the staff removes the dishes and glasses, Eckhardt explains that on an average week like this one he may see perhaps a dozen lobbyists of one kind: representatives of railway unions who are quarreling among themselves over a bill to adjust the retirement fund; the pay-television people; the Quakers, who want to enlist Congressional help for the October 15 Moratorium.

"When I came to Congress," he recalls, as we wait for the pay-TV people, "my first reaction was, 'There's far less lobbying here than in the Texas legislature.' But it's only subtler—less obtrusive, more professional. You have to make yourself available for it. But it wasn't that way in Austin. When the Texas House would adjourn for lunch and the big doors would swing open, dozens of lobbyists would swarm outside, waiting to snare you for lunch if you'd go. I believe a man could go to Austin and live off the land for the whole session. You had to hide from them. I remember I was eating one night with my family at a place in Austin. I asked for the check and found it'd been paid. I looked across the room and there was a prominent lobbyist, just smiling and nodding. He didn't even come to the table. 'Is he a friend of yours, Daddy?' one of my little girls asked.

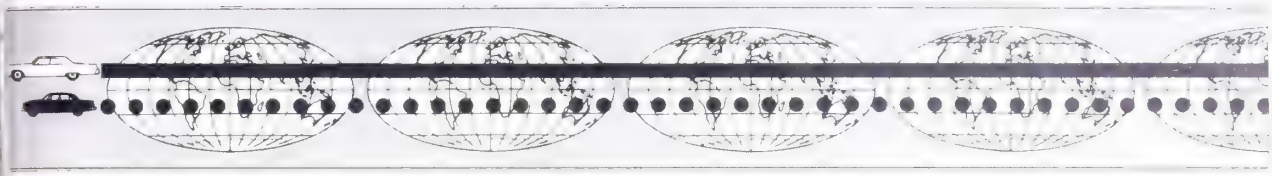
"The first time I ran for the Texas legislature—it was 1940. I was just out of law school and I got what I call my mandate from the people to practice law privately—old man Edmonds Travis, a lobbyist for several Standard Oil subsidiaries, told me, 'Bob, what you do is you attack all the venal interests except one, and that's where you git your money. You attacked them all.' As a rule, Capitol Hill lobbyists make themselves scarce, usually hole up at the Hotel Congressional. The key point of contact is usually between a highly specialized lobbyist and the specialized staff people of a standing committee. Intimate friendships spring up there—it's the rivet point. Friendships that outlast terms. They probably have a greater influence on legislation, especially if it's technical."

Mr. Pieter van Beek, who has come to talk with Eckhardt about pay-television, turns out to be a vice president of Zenith Radio Corporation, which makes the signal-scramblers for pay [illegible]. An erect, Chicago Dutchman with [illegible] ing eyes, a clipped moustache, a [illegible] manner of precise speaking to go [illegible] it, he looks as if, transposed to the [illegible] of the Battle of Britain, he had just stepped from the cockpit of a Spitfire. In fact, Mr. van Beek is a bit battle-shocked from the pay-television [illegible] and he launches into a resigned [illegible] rather doleful history of the effort [illegible] pay-TV to gain licensing by the FCC. Anticipating the point, Eckhardt breaks in: "You really want me to do nothing, right?" Nothing, that is, about the Dingell bill. As a member of the Commerce Committee, Eckhardt knows the legislation, which the local broadcasters are pushing to forestall a potential competitor. Dingell himself, as Eckhardt explained later, wants to reserve a number of the dwindling VHF frequencies for noncommercial uses, but his interests and those of the commercial broadcasters mesh. A glance at Eckhardt's mail on the subject, which was plentiful, indicated that the broadcasters were waging a fairly strenuous campaign on the Dingell bill. "We want to put our story across to your constituents," the letters say, in effect, "and please drop in on a live interview next time you are in the area, but be sure you vote right on the Dingell bill." Eckhardt concluded his interview with Mr. van Beek by saying that he is "disposed" to vote against the bill, a way Congressmen have of saving hope without airtight commitment.

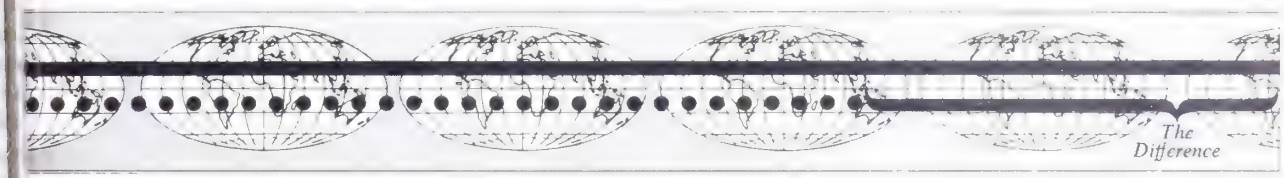
ECKHARDT IS A do-it-yourselfer when it comes to bill drafting, which is unusual in a chamber where it is admitted that too much legislation is either written or rewritten under the influence of specialized lobbyists. In recent months, the House of Representatives has suddenly developed for the first time the practice of cosponsoring legislation, too, which means that there is a constant flood of bills being filed for every Congressman's signature, whether he knows what's in the bill or not.

Eckhardt has a philosophy of writing legislation. "For instance," he said, "Lyndon Johnson's Great Society legislation suffered in some cases from the fact that he is what I call a legislative entrepreneur—result-oriented—and not a craftsman. Too little of that legislation was governed by a firm view of what a bill is supposed to accomplish and how.

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"Look, for example, at the contrast between the Economic Opportunity Act and, say, the Wagner Act, which was modeled on a functioning New York law. Congressional acts, like the common law, ought to move carefully from precedent to precedent.

"But I'm the first to admit that it isn't easy to be a good legislative craftsman—not with twenty thousand or so bills coming into the House every year. That's why the committees up here are so important. To survive them, a bill must gain the attention of a committee and surviving a committee means passing muster with men who've spent a lot of time mastering the details of taxation, say, or trade regulation, or judicial procedure."

("One thing you ought to say about the House," I was told by one of Eckhardt's colleagues as we marched through the cavernous corridor that joins the office buildings to the House chamber, "is that a man's committee work is his life here, if he's serious. The real legislative craftsmen are in this house. Time is so short that when someone is allowed to speak he usually has something to say—not like the Senate, where you might hear almost any Senator talking in a half-assed way about almost any subject. You won't often hear it over here. Too little time.")

TOO LITTLE TIME: too many members. During a week of prowling through the U. S. House of Representatives and talking with Bob Eckhardt about his job, these are the constant refrains. Because of them, the House is a pyramid resting on its apex, where legislation is usually marked pass or fail at a narrow, closely confined level. During the week I visited in Room 1741, the Commerce Committee was meeting almost every morning to complete the drafting of a complicated piece of airport legislation, and although the sessions were closed, its final action and vote would almost certainly determine the bill's fate on the House floor. "Back in Texas," Eckhardt told me, "a committee report might be overthrown or not nobody thought very much about it. Here, almost never." In the House conveyor belt for legislation, subcommittee chairmen defer to each other, committees to subcommittees, chairmen to subcommittee chairmen, and the House as a whole with very few exceptions to its committees. Often bills come to the floor under so-called "closed rules," with amendments barred. Democratic in theory, the legislative process is e in practice.

Bob Eckhardt, who brought ar pert knowledge of federal labor la the House, concentrates in the fiel doesn't confine himself to it. I sat i one afternoon as he and his a Glickman and Little, chewed over hardt's "consumer-class-action" b piece of legislation reflecting his sion for the fine points of federa combined with his interest in sumer protection.

"Today," he told me, "it costs th erage consumer of, say, a defective of breakfast cereal so much in lega that it would be silly to sue the pany that made it. But if a numb similarly defrauded customers pool their resources and bring a under the more liberal federal action rules, maybe some redress w be forthcoming.

"The victimized consumer oug be able to get to court and collect he's victimized by fraud, but a piece of legislation will enable h do so as elegantly as possible—wi cluttering the law. You ought to be to do it without writing a whole federal law of deceit." (Eckh federalist fastidiousness drips every word.)

"But isn't the problem really th courts would construe the law too rowly, rather than too broadly?" Chris Little.

"Maybe," Eckhardt concedes, "we define deceit too broadly th wouldn't pass anyway. It'd be l Nixon program—all good intentio no action."

By 6:30 P.M. the House has u adjourned and most of the staff left. Eckhardt, Little, and Glickma the day by deciding that Glickma continue to consult with Senator ings' office, which is also interest the class-action legislation for sumers, seeking to pool their eff a definition of fraud large enou incorporate state laws but n enough to oblige Eckhardt's fed qualms. A version of the bill was duced in May 1969, and if Ec and his cosponsors are lucky eith Commerce or the Judiciary Com or both will arrange hearings f bill. Only then, months after th discussions and possibly jostle several competing bills, would it the full light of legislative conf most Americans see it and unde it. But in the House, that would end, not the beginning.

ERFORMING ARTS

filter and the flood

WILL I EVER BECOME accustomed to New York? Will I, to begin with, *see* very much of it? Not, so it ap- s, in my own automobile, what with difficulties of retrieving it from the ge, the hazards of maneuvering it een the demolition and reconstruc- projects of which my neighborhood is largely to consist, and the impos- ity of parking it. In fact, we take encumbrance out now only for *its* , not ours, as one walks one's dog. ill, it was time, by the calendar, to e up for air, dangerous as that can n New York. And where else but Park, grimy and litter-blown though is? And though the vernal influence noticeable as yet only in the pro- nuousness of the pigeons, the avidity ie start-and-stop squirrels, and the ness of the graffiti: FREE THE PAN- S . . . MAO FOR MAYOR. But people out: a young man with Dundreary urns; two elderly ladies talking t how glad they were not to be g anymore; a distinguished-look- old-worldly gentleman, full of airs, ender, perhaps, to a Balkan throne, erhaps just bonkers; a college-age with bulging briefcase—dynamite- er? bomb-hoaxer?: the apprehen- normally reserved for the poten- urse-snatcher and incipient stran- were concentrated this spring on ndergraduate anarch from Barnard yn Mawr who, it was feared, might up the cinema or the bank. But ases were less in evidence than istors (the need to keep in touch disasters actual and imminent?) hese at least drowned out the bick- of the sparrows in the not-so-con- ted bird "sanctuary" and the eling of automobile horns beyond. or amorous consummations—the is a major facility—it must have too cold still, otherwise the erotic lus of an open space such as the would have proved irresistible rding to new studies on the effects ercrowding). But it was cold for oo, and extra prudence was re- d then because of the gravediggers' . In fact, that night I had Spring . 103 degrees to be exact.

e accustoming process, to return to seems to be a matter of the length and intensity of conditioning in the city's natural incivility, irascibility, hostility. But conditioning takes time. It can take several days before one realizes that one's taxi driver has responded to a "good morning" or a "thank you" with a murderous look and dead silence because he suspects that these obscurantist archaisms are forms of affront. But not *all* New Yorkers are like that. As recently as one night last week the screams of a woman in the street aroused the curiosity of the neighbors opposite to the extent of poking their heads out of their windows (though not, of course, to any actual attempt to intercept the crime). Needless to say, I am beginning to be concerned about the degree of indifference I will have acquired myself by the time the next such incident occurs, and the one after that.

THE MOST BRILLIANT MUSIC criticism in the *New York Times* so far this year appeared in the financial section (2/1/70), perhaps as a warning to musically minded stockbrokers hoping to change professions. "*Were Great Composers Paupers?*" Mr. Schonberg asked, and he went on to examine twenty-three cases from Bach all the way down to and including your columnist, who is described—incorrectly, I regret to say—as "undoubtedly a millionaire." And the worst of it is that undoubtedly I *would* have been if the U. S. and U. S. S. R. had signed the Berne Copyright Convention. In that event my *Firebird* royalties alone, augmented by damages from the automobile companies now plagiarizing the title, would have made up the seven-figure sum—instead of the three figures and some loose change the music actually earns for me here. Since I do not enjoy the advantages that would be mine if Mr. Schonberg's assumptions were true, however, it hardly seems fair to expose me to the disadvantages, above all the moral taint attaching to plutocrats, and the renewed attentions of tax collectors, donation seekers, would-be borrowers. It sounds like poor-mouthing, but my medical expenses alone are so high that the budget border (between the red and the black) has had to be watched of late about like the Dewline, in fact so closely that one consideration weighing in our decision to move to a hotel was the saving on Kleenex.

By way of accounting for your columnist's millions, Mr. Schonberg explains that "Stravinsky puts a high price on his services." (A disapproving nuance in this?) Well, yes, I do, and did all my life, the highest I knew how, a price I alone could pay. But in Mr. Schonberg's sense (cash-register), my price was never high enough. It would be interesting, for comparison, to know how much Herr Stockhausen banks after each of *his* appearances as composer (guru, referee). What is his "take," for example, for each performance of the six lines of verbal instruction that compose his latest occupation for symphony orchestra? (Greatly as I admire economy of means, incidentally, this tendency could put us all out of business, a *dernier cri* in more than the usual sense.) And, the royalties for unwritten music apparently being the same as they are for written music, how much does he split with the orchestra players after each rebroadcast of the tape? (Isn't it contradictory, by the way, to record what was not intended to sound the same way twice?) I do not know the answers, of course, but today's sound-track entertainers certainly seem to be in a stronger financial position than the note-writers of my day, partly because the number of stunts of this sort that can be brought off in a year is limited only by the capacity of audiences to be bamboozled (*i.e.*, *un*limited).

Perhaps I was lucky *not* to have made that million. Would a composing Croesus have felt the (interior) need to write an *Agon* at seventy-five and a *Requiem Canticles* at eighty-five?—have felt it, that is, as urgently as *I* did?

Two new productions of works by Igor Stravinsky were staged in New York this spring—The Rake's Progress *opened the new Juilliard Theater, and* Renard *was played by the Experimental Theater Club of La Mama. Other recent performances of his compositions were the New York City Opera's* Oedipus Rex *and many pieces in the repertory of the New York City Ballet.*



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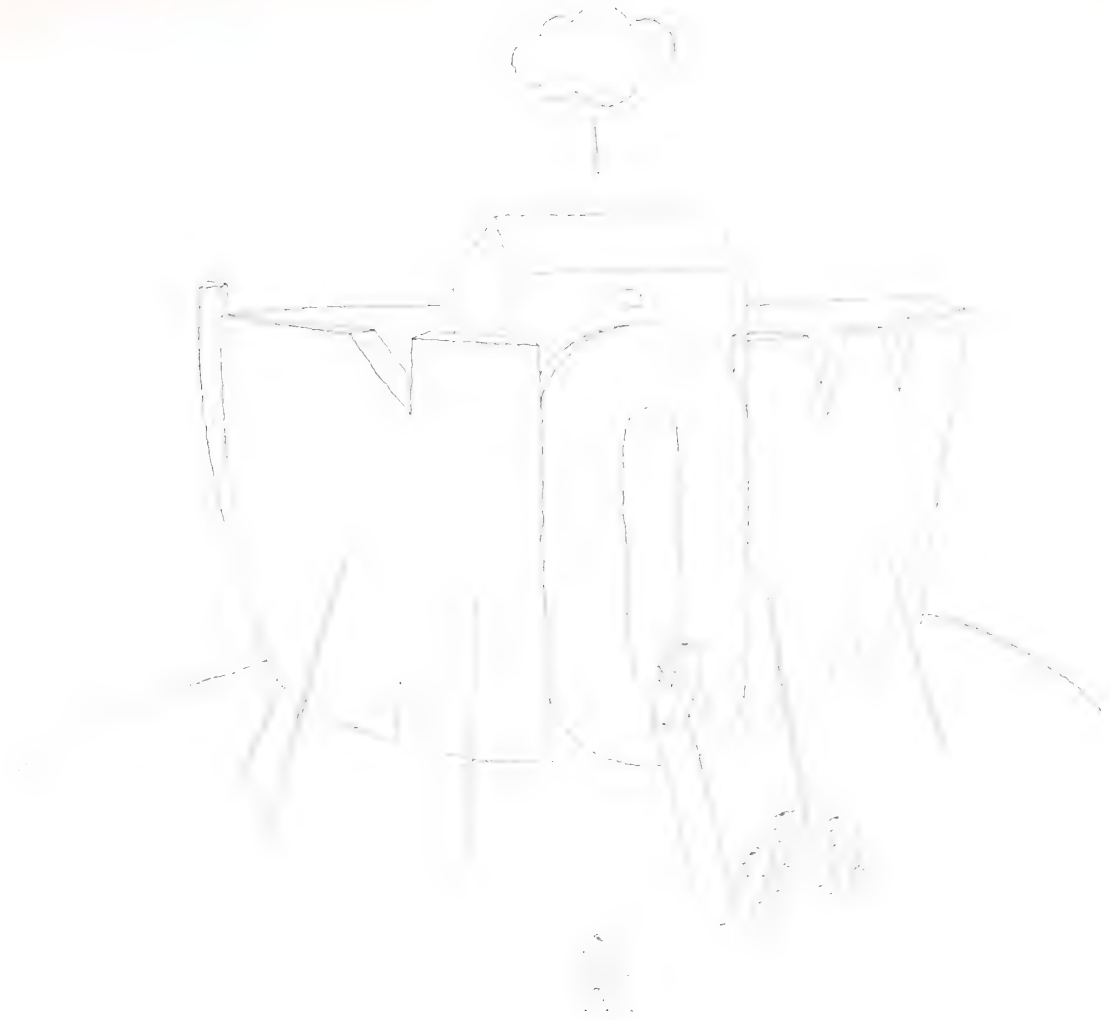
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A RECORDING OF THE *Canticles* finally been released, by the v but nearly four years after it was m for which reason, standards of live formances having long since overta it, I am inclined to say better never this late. Yet it is by no means worst performance on the album. distinction belongs to *Abraham Isaac*, the recording of which deserv special niche in oblivion. The over bing of the vocal part—which, to b with, ruled out the possibility of port and hence of music—is hardly approximately synchronized; thus a copated passage between the voice the bassoon comes out not as si notes in succession but both part gether, in two-part harmony. This tilation offends me, of course, and fends me all the more when I thir the publicized ephemera on w money *is* spent; for the inadequac the recording is entirely due to inadequacy of the money. But let this keep you from buying the re Stay away from it for the same re that you no longer buy certain fornia grapes: namely that the wo deserve better.

PUBLICITY OFTEN SEEMS to be a all that is left of the arts. (And only of the arts; even the solar ec was overproduced.) Hence the spect *also* almost the only one left, o prisoners of publicity relentl driven to ever more desperate dev as the condemned, in the Fifth C are blown eternally by the unce winds. Recently one of music's s damned (in this sense) was actual duced to "cleaning up" the score *Cavalleria Rusticana*, obvious as it have been even to him that the acc lated dirt of bygone "interpreters' also the protective makeup that had the ghastly piece going this long.

The relics associated with these fortunates—the bits of paper and s from the packaging, so to speak—ar voutly trafficked in, nevertheless, sometimes even deposited in Iron M tain-type reliquaries (the openin which, after the holocaust, may he lighten some of the more terrible ch against us simply by attesting t utter triviality). Meanwhile the ol are becoming more personal. W once it was the death mask of the or the bronze cast of the pianist's h replicas of much less pertinent pa the body are now in demand. Fee example. Once in Sydney, Austra



w. Before it's never.

sea of data needed to run a
n business is at high tide.
information on which decisions
e based is threatening to engulf
ciders.
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myself stood foolishly in a pool of plaster of Paris while the mayor read a citation and photographers recorded the *bêtise*. (Where is that footprint now, I wonder? In a podiatrist's waiting room? Next to some extinct monster's tracks in a museum?) But that was years ago. The preferred mold of today's musicians (Pop), according to "Chicago Plaster Casters," is of a more flexible part of the anatomy, except that in view of the susceptibility to distension one fails to see how the impression can be considered "definitive." (Sidewalk inlay for a future, more permissive Grauman's Chinese Theater?)

I HAVE BEEN READING the new volume of Aldous Huxley's letters, with much interest in the years when I was closest to him myself. But in some respects the author of the letters seems to me different from my memory of the man. Humor, for example, and of several kinds, comprised a larger element of his makeup than the letters convey; but this side of him may simply have been foreign to his concept of the epistolary character and content. The letters also show him as more academic-minded than I had supposed; but then, too, my supposition must have been formed by his own reprobations of the academic establishment for its failure to grant scientific standing, if not respectability, to ESP, LSD, and the rest. Another difference is the puritan streak, so pronounced in the letters, whereas in relation to the man himself the word is somehow off target. Aldous tended to translate or reduce all moral categories to "intelligent" or "unintelligent" behavior. Of course he conceded the existence of other levels. But not being tempted or bothered by them himself, since he was always so Absolutely Sensible and always so Perfectly Sane (in fact he lacked that certain *in*sanity ingredient of the artist), he would regard addiction to alcohol, for instance, not as a vice but as a lapse of the intellect.

One of the letters to his son, a sermonette on purposelessness and lack of organization—the failure to keep a card-index, the desultory reading of magazine articles, etc.—is especially revealing in these regards. The letter is a masterpiece in its way, except that in the instructiveness, the somewhat stuffy, Chesterfieldian moral tone, the remoteness of the expression of the paternal feeling, its way is somewhat closer to the eighteenth century than to our own. It is also, of course, kind, wise, just, and—by its own lights—understanding. But of the *filial* feeling, of the position of the son who must have felt even more unworthy because of it than the son of such a man would naturally feel anyway, it shows no understanding whatever. And this is another reason why, in spite of a subject matter that is almost always far ahead of its time, the author himself—his Style in the largest sense—seems to belong to an earlier age.

Some of his defects—the credulity about "authorities," the tendency to exaggerate (*cf.* the letter to Frieda Lawrence on the decay of England in the later years of World War II)—are even more apparent in the letters than in the essays (not that some of the *letters* aren't essays, even full-blown ones). But so are the far more important and more abundant virtues. The critical remarks about Valéry, Broch, and T. E. Lawrence, for example, are more acute and more candid than anything of the kind in his other books. And people, ordinary as well as extraordinary, are in general more fully and sympathetically observed here than they are in the fiction. More shrewdly, too. Thus in 1947, when our own acquaintance was still only a very passing one, he notes that "Stravinsky has something of the elephant's memory for real or fancied slights." (The book gives 1947 as the date of our first meeting, incidentally, but it actually occurred some twenty years earlier, in London, and had been renewed in any case during our first years in California. I might add that the meagerness of the correspondence to his California friends is to be blamed on the advent of Alexander Graham Bell: Aldous actually liked to chat on the telephone.)

Speaking for myself, the letters have given me more pleasure than any of the later novels and essays. But, then, I find I am more interested in the growth of the writer's ideas than in his conclusions about them—which may be another way of saying that I am less interested in the ideas in the first place than in the man.

THE FILTER AND THE FLOOD does not refer to pollution, as you feared, but to the recent, much publicized debate in Paris in whose aftermath the terms have become as popular as "The Hedgehog and the Fox," with which in fact they share a certain analogous sense. In short, a handy new generality, slicing the world into a slightly different kind of two, though already marked for the scrapheap of withered catchwords as new emphases and alignments dull the point of the distinction or resol "schism" into two aspects of a reality. As with all such parlor and Godlike games of division, is in naming the prototypes. Thus linaire is *the* proponent of the Fl Flaubert (and any practitione single and traditional *métier*) is Filter. It follows, too, that the imperative of the filterer is preci language; or, in other words, th guage *is* the filter in the flood.

Flood philosophy can be pu more briefly since it is the do party at present, the party of media, mixed media, new me search for new experience—a party that seeks to destroy all fr not merely between music and poetry and prose, art and non-a between *life* and art. Flood criti the Filter is obvious: that in the state of affairs the well-made son no longer be quite enough—to wh filterer's reply is that since hard one can do anything well enough domain anymore, who can pres amalgamate them all?

Flood philosophy suffered a recently from which it may ne cover, a television "special" *Switched-On Symphony*. Based doubly disingenuous premise tha phony" and "Rock" (a) can be, a should be, integrated, it demon the exact opposite. Perhaps the t in some remote way, shed so light on each other; but essentia are unrelated, and it is pernic pretend otherwise. Certainly th be *played* side by side, but this a to no more than a variety show in practice always seems to res lot of condescension and the w both worlds; or of several, exc while *Switched-On Symphony* tised a dozen flavors of ice cr served and deserved only rasp No one denies the decline of "cl music, in its creation, its me function, and—clearly the po *Switched-On Symphony*—its sal that is hardly a reason to dilute if it seems to be the reason of t entrepreneur who, having no *m* his own, would like you to beli time to throw them all in (*i.e.*, gether. *P.S.*: The one suc *Switched-On Symphony* was Mehta's screen test as Zarathus should be contracted at once by ever airline (Icarus?) uses th *2001* tune for its commercial.

With which I must stop, for w me.



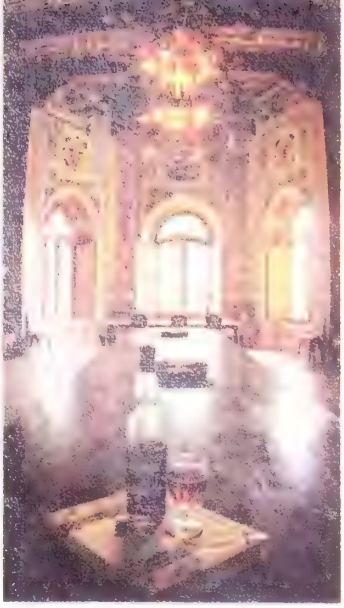


never tasted Italy's
ariety of wines.
Ricasoli just
't make enough to
America till now.
ny generations of
Ricasoli's
ors have been
ing the noblest
ino, Soave,
cella, Bianco
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y Baron.
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velled American.
tell you there's a
e to fine Italian
an just Chianti.
e name Ricasoli is
distinguished



But Baron Ricasoli
doesn't think his wines
are just for Barons.
He is so glad there is
enough for everyone
now. He wants everyone
to learn the incredible
delicacy of his dry, white
Soave. Recognize the
crisp, fragrant difference
of his white Bianco.
Study the bright, ripe
individuality of his red
Bardolino. Know the
exact moment to enjoy
his fuller, red Valpolicella.
Find the wines you like,
then eat what you like
with them.
Of course, Barons had a
lot of time to meditate on



a regular Baron and tear
up the rule book, too.
"Isn't red Bardolino
perfect with fish?"
"Ah yes, friend, we
drink it that way with
Lake Garda trout, where
the Bardolino comes
from. And try our white
Bianco or Soave with
meat for a change."
All it takes to be a real
wine expert is tasting.
Isn't that a delightful way
to get an education?
Start tonight. For the first
[illegible]
Baron Ricasoli's Soave,
Bianco, Valpolicella and
Bardolino. You'll learn
from the first sip why the
Italians didn't want to
part with it.

the subtle differences
between these exquisite
wines. That's why nobody
could tell Barons what
to eat with them. They
knew. Soon you'll act like



IMPORTED BY GENERAL WIN

.L NOW THE ITALIANS DRANK ALL OF .RON RICASOLI'S WINES THEMSELVES.

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From bumper to bumper, it's just 2½ inches longer than a Volkswagen. Yet its turning circle is 3 feet less than VW's. Which makes the Gremlin about the easiest car in the world to park and handle.

For a car this size, the Gremlin does surprisingly well on expressways. It is 10 inches wider, 7 inches lower and 765 pounds heavier than a VW, which means a smoother more stable ride. And its 128 hp engine goes from 0 to 60 in 15.3 seconds.

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$1,959[1]
4-passenger

$1,879[1]
2-passenger

American Motors

1. Manufacturers Suggested Retail Prices, state and local taxes, if any, destination charges, custom exterior trim, rally stripes, roof rack, white walls, and other optional equipment

Willie Morris

YAZOO

...notes on survival

Two huge American minorities have so far largely eluded the great assimilation. They are, ironically, the oldest and (barring the redskins only) the most indigenously American minorities of all. Both of them were established here before the Pilgrims hit Plymouth Rock. They are the oldest and the most durable of the "hyphenates" — the Southern-Americans and their ancient contemporaries, the Negro-Americans....It is, in fact, impossible to imagine one without the other and quite futile to try.

—C. Vann Woodward

I

THE LAST TIME I HAD BEEN THERE I had gone to see my grandmother, whom I call Mamie. She is ninety-five years the youngest of sixteen children and the only one of them alive. My mother, who lives alone with her now, tele- ied me in New York to say that Mamie had just had a te and I should come right away; it might be my last time e her.

er great-great-uncle had been the first territorial governor ississippi, before it was admitted to the Union, and her le had settled the state when it was still called the "South- " Another uncle had been the United States senator igh the 1840s, had given the dedication address at the ington Monument, and defeated his blood enemy Jef- n Davis for governor in 1851; all over the South before nal break he defended "the good old union, the fruit of age counsels of our immortal ancestors." Her father had a Confederate major and a newspaper editor; an ob- and unidentified Federal captain, under direct orders Sherman, had deposited his printing presses in a well his troops marched through his little town, Raymond, e way to Jackson, which was considerably larger game. as born not long after the Federal soldiers pulled out of ssippi. In the old family burial plot, the only recogniz- grave now is her eldest brother's; she must be one of the ving people with a sibling who was born in 1851.

Time weaves its small eccentric ironies on us, its children. Are we really much removed from then? A great-uncle of William Styron, my Southern friend now living in the East, was the state treasurer when my great-uncle was governor. My great-grandfather was a leader of the Mississippi legislative committee that impeached the Republican Reconstructionist governor, a proper New Englander named Adelbert Ames, the great-grandfather of my friend George Plimpton.

Now Mamie lies in the back room of the house where I grew up in Yazoo. She is completely blind and almost completely deaf. Some of the time she is with us here in the present, as lucid and full of good humors as she was when I was a boy and loved her more deeply than I loved anyone else; but mostly she inhabits an old woman's whirling misty shadows and premonitions, mistaking me for her brother Samuel Dawson Harper, who has been dead sixty years, talking with the spirits of her vanished sisters when they were children in Raymond, asking my grandfather Percy if he wants his chicken fried or broiled for supper in the tiny brick house across from the Jitney Jungle on North Jefferson Street in Jackson. Sometimes she thinks my son David is me.

I have brought David with me on this trip. I want him to have the chance to remember her. He is a New York City boy. He is ten years old, and he has been riding the subways alone for three years, loving the noise and speed of those subterranean phenomena which for his father are only dark and brutal monstrosities. Occasionally he makes fun of my Southern accent, though he asks me more and more as he gets older about where his people came from. For a present three years ago he typed away secretly for two days on my typewriter and later came out with a framed copy of the Gettysburg Address, done with his own fine Yankee hand. It had its share of typos, and it began, "Dear Daddy—The Gettysburg: Four score and seeven year ago . . ." and concluded, "The Ent— Love, David." I took him to Gettysburg after that, showing him Cemetery Ridge, Big Round Top and Little Round Top, the Wheat Field, Seminary Ridge, and the rounded green valley where on the afternoon of July 3, 1863, the idea that we were to become, after all, a mass multiracial

democracy may have been decided, among American boys tearing each other to death with canister, bayonets, rifle butts, and big old stones. He wanted a present for himself, and when I took him into a store close to where Longstreet had set up his artillery, he decided, among all the modern artifacts of what happened there, on a gray infantry hat. While I was paying the clerk, $1.75 plus three cents Pennsylvania sales tax, I noticed he was pondering the gray hat, finally putting it back in place and taking a blue one instead, which he calmly put on his head. When we got in the car, I said nothing for a few minutes. The road we were driving traced the line of Lee's great retreat, and the sun's late summer glow caught the monuments and the cannon in the splendid battlefield tableau that fills every Southern boy's heart with a wonderful dread and excitement. Finally I said, "Why did you pick the blue hat instead of the gray one?" He replied, "Because I don't want to be nobody's slave."

We had driven now the 48 miles from Jackson in a rented car, across the hills in autumn with their dead kudzu, and we reached the town after dark. I had timed it deliberately, because we were leaving again the next morning, and for several quite good reasons I did not want anyone to know I was home. My mother was there, and Mamie sat up in the bed and reached out to embrace us. I had forgotten my own fears as a child of sick old people, fears of their smells, of their tenacity and irascible durability, and the boy went away for a while, to look at the various mementos in my old room, the trinkets and souvenirs of my small town pubescence. Viola was there too—the Negro woman almost as old as my grandmother, frail and very gray now but still quite healthy; who had worked for the family for more than a generation, had slept and lived in the house during its times of crisis, who had come to know us in our several disasters of the flesh, and who now sat in a chair several hours every day next to the bed. She was a sturdy physical presence in this place of decay, and even though three others of us were here in the room with her, Mamie would extend her hand every so often, stretch out her entire gnarled and skinny old arm, and cry, "*Viola! Viola! Where's Viola?*" "I'm right here, honey," Viola would say, taking her hand and stroking it, carrying on a steady torrential half-monologue all the while. This scene, my mother said to me, took place all day long. A few days later, at a fine sophisticated dinner party given by friends on the Upper East Side, I described what I had seen. A well-known New York writer said, "That's the most racist description I've ever heard." And the writer's wife added, "It's a racist description of a corrupt and racist society."

II

MY GRANDMOTHER SURVIVED THE STROKE, and this time, in January and later in March, I went back to Yazoo for somewhat different reasons. The United States Supreme Court had ordered thirty school districts in Mississippi* to completely integrate their schools immediately—a harbinger, sixteen years after the *Brown* decision, for the rest of the South and, presumably, the nation. Compliance with the latest Supreme Court decision, or even a substantial degree of compliance, meant, as any Southerner would tell you, the beginnings of a true revolution, revolution of a kind that had so much as touched the South, not to mention other Americans. Yazoo, sitting incongruously on the edge of the delta, half white and half black, was one of the thirty dist

I did not want to go back. I conjured many elaborate sons, a dozen dramatic interior motives, for avoiding i least five times I promised myself, firmly and irrevocably, I would not go. My office friends will testify to these cu emotional gyrations, these jolting peregrinations of a glorious heart, which tormented me relentlessly during a wintry Manhattan fortnight. *I did not want to go.* I had ten a book a couple of years before, *North Toward H* which was about myself and about the people I had g up among in Yazoo, and except for the one brief secret turnal visit, I had not been back since. My book, as things always do in our country, had deeply disturbe town. Many people there thought I had damaged and demned it. One person wrote me that I had besmirche memory of my father. Another wrote a letter published o front page of the *Yazoo Herald* that I had embarrasse church, my school, and my friends. My mother received threatening calls. I got pointed warnings about what happen if I ever came back. Since Yazoo did not have a store, the publishers had placed a substantial number of in the P&S Pharmacy on Main Street, which had sold o short order. My old friend Bubba Barrier, my best friend we were three years old, who now helps run his father bie's plantation, telephoned me long distance in New Bubba said, "I just want you to know one thing. This of yours is the biggest thing to hit town since the Civil W You couldn't walk twenty feet, Bubba said, without he an earnest conversation about it. People were standing i to get it at the library. "I think half the people in town of like it," Bubba said, "and may be a little proud of it other half of the town is extremely agitated." Bubba we to say he had the impression that the half which was s tated consisted mainly of the people who were not in the

After a while, I believe, this reaction, which amazed, b and for a time deeply disturbed me, though I of all p should have appreciated its origins, softened consider This too is a very American phenomenon. For a numb people there—Bubba, and my old English teacher, an editor of the paper, and the librarian, and especially the old boys with whom I grew up, some now scattered all the South (Henjie Henick, Muttonhead Shepherd, Ralp kinson, Big Boy Wilkinson, Peewee Baskin, Honest Ed U Van Jon Ward, Robert Pugh, Billy Rhodes, Moose M head, *good ole Mississippi boys*)—realized, I believe, th book had been written as an act of love; sensed, per Faulkner's understanding that one loves a place not ju cause of but despite.

Yet all this was not my only excuse. The most te burden of the writer, the common burden that makes w a fraternity in blood despite their seasonal expressio malice, jealousy, antagonism, suspicion, rage, venom, fidy, competition over the size of publishers' advances common burden is the burden of memory. It is an aw weight, and if one isn't careful it can sometimes driv quite mad. It comes during moments when one is half a or after a reverie in the middle of the day, or in the waking hours: a remembrance of everything in the most detail from one's past, together with a fine sense of the nu of old happenings and the most painful reconsideration

*Under *Alexander v. Holmes*, October 28, 1969, the existence of any all-black school in a school district is proof that the old dual system was still in effect. The "all deliberate speed" of the 1954 *Brown* decision was no longer permissible.

akes, cruelties, embarrassments, and sufferings, and all embroidered and buttressed by one of the oldest of urges, urge to dramatize to yourself about yourself, which is the ining of at least part of the urge to create. Since my town e place which shaped me, for better or worse, into the ure I now am, since it nurtured me and gave me much natever sensibility I now possess, since it is a small Deep nern place where the land and the old remembered places changed very little, where the generations come and go e context of these common and remembered places and st the same drawn-out seasons, where mortality itself and maddens one's consciousness in the missing faces, the children who have grown up toward middle age and e middle-aged adults who dominated your boyhood and ow terribly, painfully old—I knew, as I had known for time, that going back for me, even more than exposing lf in some new notoriety, would bring the most intense onal pain. The change and attrition of the flesh ("Why, I almost didn't *recognize* you") are, for me at least, too much to bear with grace, much less with the finesse of the dilettante.

Given all these circumstances, one should not be surprised to hear that a premonition had been working its way up my frontal lobe; at first it was a mere grain of sand, but eventually it grew to enormous proportions. This premonition was that I would meet there, on my home ground, a violent death, perhaps even a death accompanied by mutilation and unfathomable horror. My premonition had an animal force to it, unlike all the other premonitions in my life. *Some bastard is going to kill me in Yazoo.* Although I may not be one's paradigm of heroic courage, I am not easily frightened, having indeed sometimes courted danger and, as a somewhat harried editor working in the state of Texas, found myself often in situations full of potential violence, danger, and mayhem. I know a great deal more about violence, say, than the perfervid nihilists and pop-art guerrilla fighters of the New Left, on Manhattan Island and elsewhere, who are all for it as the prevailing fashion—con-



HANS WILD

frontation tactics, some call it—and who have yet to dwell for any considerable time in certain places in America where if you talk violence with any consistency, you are sure to get it in whatever form you want it to come at you. Yet, there was no avoiding that I had this on my mind, and it provided another among the several highly valid excuses to remain right here on safe, sane Manhattan Island. I finally went home because the urge to be there during Yazoo's most critical moment was too elemental to resist, and because I would have been ashamed of myself if I had not.

III

ONE CAN ONLY IMAGINE what slavery was like in the delta land around Yazoo City—the black alluvial soil, once the very floor under the sea, which had to be fought through all the seasons and elements, reclaimed from the swamps in unbearable summer heat and against the overflowing snake-infested rivers and creeks in the spring: ". . . this land which man has deswamped and denuded and derivered in two generations. . . ." It was a land that was not easy to defeat, and no one has chronicled this better than Faulkner, who lived eighty miles up the road from here but knew very well this dreadful curse on the land itself, the price it exacted in the sweat and suffering of men, especially in the wild black chattel whose descendants, here in Yazoo and other delta towns six generations later, would soon be going en masse into the schools built by white men for their white children, and under the dictates of a supreme federal authority hundreds of miles away. "That's the one trouble with this country," Faulkner says in *As I Lay Dying*. "Everything, weather, all, hangs on too long. Like our rivers, our land: opaque, slow, violent; shaping and creating the life of man in its implacable and brooding image."

The very name *Yazoo* has been an effective conversation-piece among Northern journalists who had visited here frequently of late: Yazoo means "death" or "waters of the dead," and the occasional SNCC worker who came here and then left quickly in the early 1960s when the Movement was in full flower, who called Yazoo County one of the "toughest" in all of Mississippi, knew about the word too. The Yankee is invariably surprised when he comes to my home town to find it is not the raw little hill town that the name may deserve—not a Canton, say, or a Philadelphia in Neshoba County—but a substantial town with many broad old streets and beautiful homes peopled by an extremely large number of college-educated whites for this section of the country. The trees and the vegetation are lush and green most of the year; in springtime there is no more beautiful place in America. The smell of the spring is staggering, enveloping the senses, making them reel in pleasurable delight. One writer friend of mine from New York, emerging from a car here one April night years ago, said, "What's that I smell—a chocolate factory?" The population of the town is now just over 14,000, slightly more than 50 per cent Negro, and in a county of about 34,000, there are fewer than 2,000 industrial jobs. In national elections it is a deeply conservative place. It voted for Goldwater in '64, and for Wallace in '68, and its conservatism is of a piece with the conservatism of the delta as a whole. There is a story that made the rounds during the days of the Movement about the Negro sharecropper, named Ben McGee, who died at the age of seventy-five, ascended to heaven, and was immediately escorted into the presence of the Lord.

"Ben McGee," the Lord said, embracing him in an LBJ hug, "I'm proud of you. We've kept our eyes on you. Richard Goodwin had been helping us keep tabs on you. You've fought the cause of human brotherhood and Christianity so well down in the Mississippi delta that we intend to send you back."

"O Lord," Ben McGee said. "I'm not going back. You've never been. You don't know what it's like down there."

"If necessary, Ben," the Lord said, "I'm going to have to put that in the form of an order."

"If you send me back down to the delta, Lord," Ben asked, "will you go with me?"

"I'll go as far as Memphis," the Lord replied.

AS LATE AS 1948, IN YAZOO COUNTY, there were more than eighty schools for Negroes. This was the year that Mississippi began underwriting a few tentative efforts to equalize the schools for Negroes at least reasonably passable, since leaders after the Dixiecrat split began to fear the possibility of some kind of federal encroachment. Most of these existed odd schools in Yazoo County, as one can only guess, were one-room shacks on plantations and in the hills, with one teacher for all the grades and with little more than a nine transient student population because of the cotton picking the fall and the chopping in the spring. There were no school buses for Negroes, no indoor plumbing, and no central heating. In 1966, twelve years after the *Brown* decision, HEW cut off federal funds from the Yazoo City schools for their failure to comply with federal guidelines on token "freedom of choice" integration. The first black children came in white schools in 1967, and by September of last year, before the 1969 Court order went out, there were fewer than a hundred Negroes in white schools out of a total school enrollment in the town of more than 3,500. Even this small black enrollment did not take place without the usual agonies of soul and dark rages against the federal power.

Fifteen years ago, in 1955, in the summer before my senior year at the University of Texas, I came home shortly after the national NAACP had circulated a petition in Yazoo City advocating integration of the schools. The local Citizens Council was set up then to deal with this problem, and I went to the organizational meeting in the school auditorium. The Council went to work to coerce fifty-three of the Negroes who signed the petition to withdraw their names, and the methods used were not very pretty and did little for the dignity and honor of the town. "Give an inch and they take a mile," was the clarion. White employers immediately fired the signers of the petition who worked for them. Those petitioners who rented houses were evicted by their landlords. White grocers refused to sell food to any of them. Negro grocers who had signed the petition no longer got any groceries from the white wholesale stores. After several weeks all the names had been withdrawn, and a number of Negroes who had been there all their lives were forced into leaving town altogether. Later that year I was invited to give a speech at the luncheon meeting of the Rotary Club, freshly graduated and on my way to school in England with a Texas diploma, and I told the Rotarians that I didn't necessarily agree personally with what I was about to suggest, but they could at least take a lesson from the white conservatives and surrender some part of what they cherished—namely complete racial segregation—for the sake of preserving the broad essentials of the society they wanted to

They should integrate their schools right away, I said, not just tokenly either; educate the whole white community to the necessity and the decency of this; become a model for the entire state of Mississippi and, indeed, a symbol for the nation. Otherwise they would have a revolution in Yazoo someday and it most decidedly would not be of their own making; perhaps it was their responsibility to prepare the people of Yazoo in civilized and humane ways for the inevitable. Afterwards two or three of the leaders came up to me trembling in rage, saying they didn't know what I was talking about and that I was advocating heresy if not bloodshed.

What had happened there in the fifteen years since the Citizens Council forced the fifty-three Negroes to take their names off a petition was similar to what happened throughout the state. There were a few weak glimmers of a new awareness, the stirring of the blacks under the example of Martin Luther King, the faith among them in the ideal of a truly just and integrated society, the gradual halting movement of the whole federal authority through the courts, through Kennedy and Johnson and voting-rights laws toward some dramatic thrust. But by and large among the whites the failure of leadership, symbolized in the Meredith fiasco at Ole Miss in 1962 and the violence of the '64 summer, was so profound as to border on the tragic. Intelligent white Mississippians became so embroiled in sophistical legalisms that the real human issue missed them by altogether. Everywhere there were, as Pat Watters has written, "the possessive old men who held an iron grip on churches, culture centers, and other establishments in which racism was not too apparently a factor in policies." In reaction, and principally in desperation, black leaders in Mississippi and in Yazoo were turning at last to a semblance of black-power rhetoric: they were becoming tougher and more sophisticated in their techniques. In early '64 there was not a single Negro child in an integrated school in Mississippi. One hundred Negro children entered the first grade of white schools in Jackson in September of that year. Throughout much of the period from 1954 to now the whites in Yazoo, as in so many areas of the deep South, excluded the Negroes from any remotely significant access to power and abused their own white moderates. "As ye sow," a black leader in town would say to me, "so shall ye reap."

In 1970 in Yazoo, I would find, the demoralized NAACP of 1955 had given way to a strong and active membership of several hundred, with a leadership that was not ashamed of its associations with the organization considered Uncle-Tom by the North. The Yazoo chapter had organized an effective economic boycott of white stores that was now several months old and had forced several businesses to close. I would see among blacks a new commitment to Mississippi *as a place*, expressions of a love and loyalty to Mississippi as a society worth working for, as a frontier for redeeming some lost quality in the American soul. "I came back to a place where I belong," one of the blacks in Yazoo who had returned from Chicago would tell me. "If I'm gonna fight for what I believe in, I want to fight it at home." Fifteen years is either a long time or a short time in the troublesome activities of the human race; it depends on who you are and where you have been. The night before I flew home, back in January, Fannie Lou Hamer was on NBC television, speaking to a large group of Negro children about to go into the white school in a town just north of Yazoo. "You not just *frightened*, you scared to death, ain't you? *You scared* to *death*. But you jus' remember, they ain't gonna be savin' *you*. You gonna be savin' *them*."

IV

THE TOWN HAS CHANGED REMARKABLY LITTLE in twenty years, and as I drive these streets which are a map on my consciousness, I see the familiar places—the hills and trees and houses—in a strange, dreamlike quality, as if what I am seeing here is not truly real, but faintly blurred images caught in my imagination from a more pristine time. I see people walking on the sidewalks on Main Street or Broadway or Grand Avenue who should have been dead long ago, unexpected wisps from the past, but their names come back instantly, and with the names the recognition of old encounters, conversations, fragments of experience from a quarter of a century ago. In the cemetery, the most beautiful place in town for me when I was a boy, and in some ways the most sensible, I walk among the new gravestones against the strands of a delta sunset to see who has died since the last time I was here, knowing that if I do not find them here I will probably see them drinking coffee at Danrie's, or in front of the Bon-Ton or the Delta National Bank or Anderson's Drug Store. My father's grave is under a mimosa tree high up on the hill—"Henry Rae Morris, P.F.C., Tennessee, World War One, 1899-1958"—and the mimosa has dug its roots under the gravestone, tilting it at an angle and digging up the earth around it.

Main Street on this cold and wistfully mournful January day is all but deserted, the result, people tell me, of the Negroes' boycott. Tommy Norman's Drug Store, across from the Taylor and Roberts Feed and Seed Store and Radio Station WAZF, is boarded up and dead; a generation ago, on Saturdays, great crowds of Negroes would have been in front of Tommy's, and inside, along a long wooden counter, whites and blacks, segregated on each side, would have drunk their beer or Nehi strawberry, face-to-face and juxtaposed. On Saturday nights, when we were in high school, we would have taken our girls to the midnight show at either the Palace or the Dixie, finding out in advance which one our friends had chosen so we could all go together. The Palace is now a burnt-out hull, and the Dixie, at Broadway and Main, has vanished from the face of the earth; most of the boys and girls who ate popcorn and held hands and hoped the show would finish so they could go park and rub up together on Brickyard Hill, have long since departed for other places. Only the Yazoo Theater, over on Washington Street, remains; it is showing an Elvis Presley picture, *Change of Habit*. Several cars parked in front, next to the building which quarters the Chamber of Commerce, have bumper-stickers which say, "*Yazoo's Alive and Doing Well*."

The lumberyard and paint store on Canal, across from the Confederate monument, still displays the big sign, "*Visit our Color Bar*." Behind it, in the colored section, a white postman has put his mailbag on the ground near a house and is playing cards with three Negroes. Further down Main I see a tall, thin man wearing glasses shuffling along in front of the furniture store. I know the walk, and from fifty yards away, out of the instinct of old recognition, I see it is my old companion Henjie Henick, who runs the tire store. "People here are complaining about what you wrote," he once said in a letter to me. "I tell them, everything he says happened, and it happened just like he said it did." I haven't seen Henjie in fifteen years, but I do not stop now to say hello. At the Yazoo Motel earlier that day, the lady behind the counter had said, when I checked in, "I haven't seen you since you were this big," extended an arm, waving it downward about ten inches from

he floor. "I wouldn't have recognized you. Why, you're a grown man!" with a look of exasperation and despair.

I drove by my old high school, where the next morning the white students would be joined and outnumbered by the Negro high-school students coming in a group from their school. It was as pleasant and settled at the end of the broad avenue as it was eighteen years ago; the inscription on the entrance said, "Education—Knowledge" over the statue of Plato holding a book, and the plaque bearing the Ten Commandments was there as usual. Here, in front of this entrance, we once waited for the bell to ring, sitting in small groups on the grass on warm spring mornings, enjoying the pleasant, driftless Southern life, talking parties and baseball and school spirit, and giving hardly a mind to our black contemporaries who went to "Yazoo High Number Two" on the other side of town; giving little thought to the "separate-but-equal" *modus vivendi* under which, in the early 1950s, the sovereign state of Mississippi was providing us with an education. We were sheltered, I suppose, from much of the humanity around us, privileged white benefactors of our honored and acknowledged Mississippi way of life, and we grew to love the town and the school as our departing came nearer. The school ground is empty on this day, and I have three friends I am showing the town to—two New Yorkers and an editor from Alabama—and they remark on the loveliness of my old schoolhouse. I would like to show them the good old boys lazing there in the yard, and the soft-skinned, double-named belles who shared those days: Daisye Love and Werdna Dee and Libby Terrell and Nettie Taylor and Barbara Nell and Ina Rae, and all the others who should be sitting here, precisely where I left them in May of 1952. I have taken my friends all over town, showing them the old houses surrounded by magnolias and elms and locust, and also the lean-tos and shacks with stilts on the dirt roads of the colored section. The Alabama editor complains that I have not shown him the jailhouse, but the dark has set in, and he says, knowing the South as well as I, "It's a good ole town."

I had a wife, a Texas girl, who hated this place, hated the town and its people with a terrible and disparaging contempt. She believed it elementally evil. She hated everything about Mississippi, and once she wrote a graduate-school treatise calling William Faulkner a second-rater. I believe her contempt sprang largely from the fear which often works on outsiders when they come here, fear among other things of its extraordinary apposition of violence and gentleness. For her, Mississippi was a symbol of all that was wrong with all of us, so that even what it inspired in the way of literary sensibility was, to any sound and secure academic mind, also an aberration. On the night Martin Luther King was killed in Memphis, as forlorn and grief-laden a night as I have ever lived, she slapped me across the face and said, "*You Southern boys have a lot to be guilty about.*"

There are those who say New York City is a provincial enclave, and that it is unrepresentative of the rest of the nation. I have lived on Manhattan Island seven years now, and for the first two or three in the Big Cave, in the dreadful hardening of one's senses for survival in the cultural capital, I shared in many of these fears. But gradually I grew to feel that New York, far from being an estuary of our national life, is if anything more *representative* than not, more American than otherwise, precisely because it brings together the whole range and spectrum, manifestation and extreme of the American temperament, of the American races, of all our ways of living and our ways of speaking. New York has become to me the crux and apogee of our contemporary experience, and yet the longer I live in it, the more Southern I seem to become, the more obsessed with the old warring impulses of one's sensibility to be both Southern and American. Growing up in a small isolated town of the Deep South a generation ago, I became aware of the life of that place as a cross section and a microcosm of my time and region, and much that was typical of human life was there for me to judge and to comprehend. What I missed a generation ago were the great exertions of the national presence, the manifestations of the relentless movement toward homogeneity and nationalization—the farthest nerve ending of Americans as a civilization—toward some kind of accommodation, however fragile and illusory this would see among our races and peoples and our separate collective pasts. This generation of children, white and black, in Yazoo will not, I sense, be so isolated as mine, for they will be confronted quite early with the things it took me years to learn or that I have not learned at all.

V

THE FIFTH CIRCUIT COURT OF APPEALS, which of all federal appellate courts has been the most active in implementing the racial decisions of the United States Supreme Court, gave the Yazoo schools, after a series of delays, until January 7, 1970, to comply with the law of the land. The law of the land now meant, as it pertained to Yazoo and the three Mississippi districts, complete school integration. The guidelines established by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare would be followed in Yazoo City: the white high school would be the high school for the entire town, with the Negro students coming over en masse from their high school. The Negro high school would become the junior high school for the town; the white junior-high students would move as a bloc to that building. Four other schools, including the previously all-black elementary school, would be integrated according to a racial pairing by grades. If every white student in town remained in the public schools, the high school under the HEW plan would be 12 per cent black, the junior high roughly 50 per cent black, and the various grade schools somewhere between 55 and 70 per cent black.

Since the October Supreme Court mandate, the white community in Yazoo had been undergoing an agony of survival. The Nixon Administration, with which that community sympathized, had tried to slow the pace of integration, but its deliberate conservatism had not prevented the Court from acting on its own. Many intelligent, well-meaning whites were baffled and perplexed. "We see on television that the Negro militants say integration doesn't matter anymore," one of them said to me. "We hear the Administration doesn't believe in it either. Does it or doesn't it matter? We're acting on the assumption down here that it does. We're trying to believe in it. Are we right or wrong?" Because there would be, under any circumstances, an exodus of white students to the private school which was already in operation in the white Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist churches, a predominantly black public school system was inevitable. The important question, as the January 7 deadline approached, was just how many white children would remain in the public schools, and with what consequences. Yazoo was getting no inspiration from the President of the United States himself, and what it desperately needed at this juncture was some kind of effective inspiration. The town was alive with rumors and speculat

umber of whites openly predicted violence, and the great
ority expected the public schools to collapse under the
r presence. The private school was openly courting the
ffected whites. A prominent lawyer prophesied that not
gle white child would turn up in any of the previously
ack schools on the crucial day. Criticism of the Supreme
t was as intense and pointed as ever; it was as if that
than had had a bad night and woke up the next morning
said before breakfast, "We're going to do something
about Mississippi." Yet this time there was a difference.
the most diehard white saw an inevitability now, and
d that after sixteen years of legal delays, the blacks were
d going to go into the white schools whether their chil-
stayed with those schools or not. The full weight of our
y, forged in bloodshed and laws and expressions of
, was about to fall on Yazoo, and the people knew it.

eader of the local VFW wrote the *Yazoo Herald* late in
nber, in reference to Negro leadership, the boycott, and
tegration of the schools: "To the many fine, colored peo-
can only say this: you are a part of our community, you
helped to raise our children, worked in our homes, but
ave deserted us. You have left us to follow the outsiders
ame here. They take your hard-earned money, tell you
to go, what to do, with whom to talk. And when you can
o more, they will leave you here. . . . May I suggest that
eturn to the churches you left, and kneel down and ask
ood Lord's help. Then ask your troublemakers to go
here else, to let you live as you know you must." A
woman told me, "If I had a child, I'd go out and collect
bottles if necessary to send him to private school."
er woman, describing the "sassy niggers" who used foul
ge and were unable to write a simple sentence, pre-
that they would destroy the whole town and then cele-
ts destruction. My mother, who teaches music in our
on Grand Avenue, had promised to drive every day at
ime to the junior high school, which is in the colored
but, as such things go in small Southern towns, a block
er house, to pick up two little white girls for their lessons
wouldn't have to walk the few hundred yards through
rritory. Just before the opening day, the Negro teachers
ould remain in the previously all-black junior high
organized a reception for the white parents who would
ling their children to that school. One white mother
ed to one of her friends, who was sending her children
ate school, "Why, everything was so clean, it smelt
nd they had electric typewriters and everything." And
nd replied, "Well, what do you expect? All the niggers
the building the day before, sprayin' and scrubbin'
ery sweet-smellin' thing they could get their hands on."
r white mother who went to the same reception came
d said a Negro teacher had introduced herself to her.
do you teach?" the white mother asked, and she said
ro teacher replied, "*I teaches English.*"

VI

ELSEWHERE, ALL OVER TOWN, there were suggestions
t something new was coming to the surface here, some-
ver quite articulated with any degree of force or with
age of numbers in many Deep Southern towns, some
summoning from deepest wellsprings. There were
n town who fully intended to keep their children in
ic schools, and who not only would say so openly, but
who after a time would even go further and defend the very notion itself of integrated education as a positive encouragement to their children's learning. At first this spirit was imperceptible, but gradually, under the influence of some of Yazoo's white leaders and with the emergence of others of like mind, it became a movement with noticeable strength behind it. The economic health of the town, its attractiveness to outside industry, was the most consistent argument of the pro-public-school whites, but buttressing this, in the most unexpected places, were feelings infinitely more subtle and disingenuous. There was the white Baptist preacher who said he could not live with himself if he did not keep his child in the public school; the white businessman who said he thought his son should be educated with as many different kinds of children as possible to prepare himself for "real life"; the white mother who said the two races must learn to live with each other or all of Mississippi would never amount to much of anything; the white Catholic nun who wrote to the paper that if white and black children—especially between the ages of kindergarten and junior high—"are not brought together in some way in this country, this state, this city, America will inevitably face deeper problems"; the white father who said he would not send his children to private school because the private school was based less on education than on "pure ole hate"; the white teacher who quoted Tocqueville and said the diversity of American experience demanded the need for integrated schooling; the white lawyer who said the South could show the North a thing or two about whites and blacks getting along together. For their part the black leaders were encouraging the Negro students to make friends if possible, to make the best of a difficult situation if necessary.*

Setting the tone for the white moderates was the *Yazoo Herald*, the weekly newspaper. When I was growing up I started writing sports for the *Herald* when I was twelve, using a strange argot that must have been incomprehensible to the occasional dirt farmer who might have followed my white-hot dispatches from the playing fields of Eden, Satartia, Flora, and Bentonia. The *Herald's* editorial tone had changed considerably since those halcyon Dixiecrat days. Beginning with the October Supreme Court decision, the *Herald* took a firm position behind the public schools, and became one of several forces of rationality in the community. "Yazoo City has been fortunate in many crises," one of its editorials said last fall, "because we seem to have a reservoir of enlightened readers (both black and white) willing to persevere through adversity and do what's right. We urge you all, our readers, to rise to the challenge of the transition being required of us. Certainly there will be perplexities and problems of human misunderstanding, but also opportunities and inspirations to all children of this community and their future."

The editors of the student newspaper in the white high school, *The Yazooan*, followed this example. In October they editorialized: "Without a public school system a democratic society cannot exist. If a society limits the basic principle of equal opportunity by limiting the education which is available, it has become oligarchical and not democratic in nature. We of the *Yazooan* staff believe that Mississippi must give

*"The confusion was not all on the white side. Some black parents expressed their concern too. There were to be uprootings of black children as well as white children, and this meant new transportation problems, disruption of school organizations, separation of classmates, and entry into a strange new world for a great many blacks."—W. F. Minor, *New South* (Winter 1970).

total support to the public school system as the best possible means of education for everyone." In December, three weeks before the deadline, the white students wrote:

> *YHS faces massive integration for the first time next semester. We feel that all students who have begun school this year in the public schools should continue in them next semester because they will be receiving the best education available. The quality of education may even increase with the addition of students and teachers and the new influx of ideas. At the very least, whatever temporary inconveniences are created by overcrowdedness can be alleviated by the advantages of a better education in an accredited school for black students and the opportunity for white students to learn to handle racial problems more successfully than they have been handled in the past. Certainly we cannot even begin to attack the problems that surround us by running away from them, or ignoring them.*

On the whole it was pragmatic economics, however, which was playing the leading role. Owen Cooper, the most powerful man in town as president of the Mississippi Chemical Corporation and one of the state's leading Baptists, was a quiet and effective influence. "Owen was almost alone among white establishment figures in Mississippi. He woke up one day a few years ago and all of a sudden realized blacks and whites have to live together," an editor from a delta town said to me. "He wants Yazoo to survive. With him it's a combination of good religion and good business." In the weeks leading to the school deadline there was never any formal organization of the white moderates. Rather they were operating under what one leader called a "loose confederation" with several key members of the Chamber of Commerce stressing the expense involved in sending a child to private school and the impossibility of establishing decent private facilities overnight.

On the night of November 24, "one of the largest crowds ever to gather in Yazoo City," as the *Herald* described it, and certainly the first integrated audience to meet "indoors," crowded into the high school auditorium—some one thousand whites and two hundred Negroes—to uphold the public schools. Twenty-five white leaders spoke, including the state senator, the state representative, all the school officials, businessmen, lawyers, coaches, and parents. The white Methodist preacher sought "divine help in removing hatreds, prejudices, and jealousies," and the white Baptist preacher prayed that people "won't abandon the legacy of the past, but instead provide for our children and our children's children." All this was considerably removed from the Citizens Council meeting I sat in on fifteen years before, when massive school integration had the support of fifty-three Negro names on a petition.

This mass meeting might have been the most dramatic espousal of integrated public schools in the history of Mississippi, and perhaps of the Deep South. Yet all through December, and into the first week of January, many advocates of the segregationist private schools scoffed at the notion that any substantial number of white children would tolerate wholesale mingling with blacks, and even among the white moderates there was a guarded pessimism. His honor, the mayor of Yazoo, expected violence. A white teacher told me the night before, "We're holding our breath and crossing our fingers, and those who know how to pray are praying pretty hard." That night I asked my grandmother Mamie, sitting hunched up on the edge of her bed, what she thought about the chi[l]dren going to school together, "Oh son, I don't know," she [s]aid. "I just don't know. But I think they'll get along fine, if peo[p]le just let 'em alone."

VII

JANUARY SEVENTH DAWNED CLEAR and bitterly cold, a[n] that rarely comes to Mississippi. It was 16 degre[es] South Main Street, the trees along the older avenues [l]ooked seared and deathly, and the water in the potholes of the [s]treets in the Negro sections was frozen solid. All over Yazoo [t]here was a cold eerie calm.

The "nationals" were out in force, for Yazoo is on[ly] miles from the Jackson airport, and with its fifty-fifty po[pu]lation and its origins both in the hills and the delta, thi[s] where the stories would go out from that day, telling the [n]ation and many parts of the world how the first major test of [m]assive school integration in America in a district with a [n]egro majority would work in a "typical Mississippi town." T[he] *New York Times* was there, and the *Washington Post*, t[he] networks, the wire services, the *Boston Globe*, *Time* [a]nd *Detroit News*, and the *Chicago Sun-Times*.

At my old high school, whites and blacks waited o[n] grounds or walked inside in separate groups: two police c[ars] were parked nearby. I drove into the Negro section of [t]own to the old black high school, which today was to becom[e] town's junior high; across the street was a previously [b]lack grade school, about to become grades four and five for [w]hites and blacks. (Three years or so ago I gave a talk to the [b]lack high school, to a sea of black faces, and gave five autograph[ed] copies of Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* to the school li[bra]ry. A white lady who was there came up to me later and [a]sked, "Who were you talkin' to? The little niggers didn't [u]nderstand you," and in weariness I said I guessed I was t[alk]ing to one person, and that was myself.) Cars were parked [in] directions, some with Confederate flags on their windo[ws] bumpers, and parents of both races were bringing thei[r c]hildren into the school buildings. Roy Reed of the *Times*, a [Ne]gro photographer, and I stood outside the front entrance [of] junior high; we were soon to be joined by the *Boston* [G]lobe. I went inside, to try to get a seat at the first meeting [of] new student body of the amalgamated Yazoo Junior H[igh].

"*Winkie!*" a booming voice shouted in my direction [u]sing the nickname I have not been called since the sixth [gr]ade. "You're not allowed in there." I was escorted out by [a] I did not recognize, rejoining the nationals at the front [of] In a few moments a Yazoo cop with the fleshy dimensions [of] any of the L.A. Rams' front four, who would make [Rod] Steiger in *In the Heat of the Night* seem benign and nun[-li]ke by comparison, came up to our group and shouted, "*You fr[om] press?*" Without waiting for anyone's answer he said, "[Ev]ery minute somebody tells you move, you *move!*"

"No one's asked us to move yet, officer," Reed of the [Ne]gro who traverses the South forever, as a man seeking [un]holy visions, a wandering nomad of the Arab tribe o[f] berger, said, with some dignity.

"Move if anybody says move," the cop repeated, then [m]oved away. I remembered him from the Greyhound statio[n] teen years before, when I was putting a friend on th[e] night bus stopping briefly here between Memphis an[d] Orleans. He got on the bus with a flashlight and went [up] down the aisle, and when he came out, I asked him if

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was any trouble. "No," he had said, "I was lookin' to see if any niggers were sittin' up front."

By now the school assembly had begun, and everything was completely, oppressively quiet. It was much the same all over town. At one of the grade schools later, black and white children were playing together in the school yard. One group, dancing in a circle for ring-around-the-roses, were all white, but in the circle next to them white and Negro children held hands and kicked their feet. Over in the high school, where a meeting of the student body was taking place, the situation was slightly more dramatic. In a new twist, all the black students sat together in the front seats of the auditorium, and all the whites sat together in the back. When the student-body president of the black high school was introduced, the Negroes applauded loudly and gave the black-power gesture, the raised fist. When the white president was introduced, he received a sturdy round of support from the back seats. The white principal spoke sternly about discipline. When the black principal (now the *assistant* principal) stood to quote from the Scriptures about the necessity of education, there were the sudden makings of an incident; he has a physical deformity, and a number of the white students laughed out loud.

By the middle of the day, however, it was quite apparent that Yazoo City had indeed integrated its schools calmly and deliberately, and that some 80 per cent of all the white children had chosen to stay.* Only two white teachers in the town had resigned. With the attrition to the private school, there was a black majority in every school, beginning with about 60 per cent in the high school and increasing toward the lower grades.

The nationals filed their stories, and within the next two days the town was praised on front pages, by the newsweeklies and all the television networks. A Justice Department lawyer in Jackson said that Yazoo City had shown more strength in its schools than any other district in Mississippi, and pointed in contrast to the town of Canton just thirty miles away, where the white leaders and merchants had literally succeeded in destroying their public schools. The *Herald's* editorials were captioned, "We Should Be Proud," and "Yazooans Show Character," and an outpouring of letters was published from all over the country. A typical one, from R. D. Cheatham, former star wingback on the Yazoo Indians of my era, now living in Las Vegas, said, "I have never been so proud of my home town than when I saw [the editor and the school superintendent] express a dynamic understanding of the changes taking place and Yazoo City's positive reaction to them. The coming months will not be easy, but I want you to know that I applaud your initial efforts. . . ." Another outside correspondent wrote, "We have been listening to the Yazoo City story on TV. We wish to commend you for your efforts. May Yazoo City lead the South out of its dreadful impasse." A white lady said to my mother, "When I read all the good things about integration here, it scares me. When I read anything critical, it makes me mad."

In the following days an uneasy calm would settle on the town, an emotional labor survived but scarcely overcome. "All's Well in Yazoo City, But What About Tomorrow?" the conservative *Memphis Commercial Appeal* wrote as its headline to a highly pessimistic analysis reporting that some white leaders "would rather judgment could be withheld. They do not appreciate the conclusions, however laudatory, reache[d] in the fleeting moments of deadline by the correspondents f[rom] Detroit, Washington, St. Louis, New York, and even Co[pen]hagen." The Memphis paper's pessimism may have b[een] deliberate, but not entirely ill-founded. On the day after sch[ool] integration, officials from the Justice Department in Jack[son] were in Yazoo to find out why its school officials had es[sen]tially retained the same classroom structure as before, w[hich] largely meant segregated classrooms in integrated buildi[ngs]. There would be seeds of future trouble here, leading late[r to] another NAACP suit.

But the predictions of the white conservatives had [not] materialized. Yazoo City came into a new era with rem[ark]ably strong and resilient leadership from both races, [and] while a number of other Mississippi schools, the first th[at] in the national test, were being abandoned altogether to[the] blacks, the people of Yazoo would look ahead with consi[der]able realism. "We've got to hold the whites," a young law[yer] said. "This semester is critical. If we can hold them now-[we] can hold them from now on. And by God, I think we're g[oing] to do it." They saw few grand historical designs in what [they] had accomplished; they were more than willing to live [with] their experiment one day at a time. There had been, after[all] a straightforward simplicity, a stark logic, in this ac[ce]compliance. Had the warnings of the white racists over [the] generations been so dire?

The white high school had purchased an expensive mach[ine] some time before, to spray the dressing rooms in the g[y]nasium and other places against athlete's-foot germs and [the] like. "I saw them put that big ol' spray machine in the b[ed] of a pickup truck to take over to the colored school so [they] could spray it down before the white children started to sc[hool] there," a white man told me. "When I saw them take that sp[ray] machine to the colored school, that was the day I knew [in]tegration was finally comin' after all the talk that it would [be] finally comin' after all."*

VIII

AT THE START OF THE SCHOOL YEAR in September, [the] Manchester Academy, the all-white private school w[hich] holds its classes in churches and pays them a nominal [fee] had an enrollment of 335 students through the first [six] grades. After the public schools were integrated, Manche[ster] added the three highest grades and increased its enrollm[ent] over a month's period to about 800. Tuition is expensive [in] this area: $500 a year for the first child, $400 for the sec[ond] and with a campaign on now to build a new school, [it] costs will be even more burdensome.† A wealthy lumber[man] donated the land for the building, which they hope to h[ave] ready by September, but to raise the necessary $600,000 [they] are assessing pledges of one-tenth of the 1969 gross fa[mily] income of each family that has children enrolled in the sch[ool] with eight years to pay. There is no promise that proper [aca]demic accreditation will follow. Many whites are further [con]cerned that the building program, the tuition, and the pub[lic] school taxes will place too severe a strain on the town's

*The total enrollment in the city dropped by 480. 2,077 blacks and 1,362 whites began the new semester together.

*Also, the black grade school had used a cowbell rather tha[n] electrical bell system. This too was remedied before the advent o[f] whites.

†Since 1964, parents in Mississippi could get a state grant of [$]per child for private schooling, but that of course has been r[uled] unconstitutional.

ic structure, and they argue that Yazoo, which is by no
ns a wealthy place, can only bear so much. But it is at least
· that the presence of the private schools, in Yazoo and all
Mississippi, served as a safety valve against violent re-
nce when serious integration finally came.

few days after the public schools integrated, the private
ol held one of a series of receptions for their new students
parents at the Calvary Baptist Church on Jackson Ave-
About forty people were there, and they milled around
e hutch-like rooms of the church annex. They were mod-
ly well-dressed, and clean and scrubbed, and all of them,
is week that the public schools were courting amalgama-
and the degeneration of the race, seemed to be smiling
cheerful. It was a going-to-church smile, the mood you
n a Manhattan polling place on election day—an air of
being performed, of eye-to-eye accord, of a rather pleas-
inctuousness. A female chemistry and physics teacher,
had been a substitute teacher in the public schools, ex-
ed how she must somehow arrive at a compromise cur-
ım for students coming to Manchester Academy from
or four different public schools with as many different
ooks. She might not be able to provide a physics course,
omplained, because she wouldn't have enough students.
here was an optimistic tone to her talk, and she pointed
ıat the Presbyterians had built themselves a new annex
itly as a facility to accommodate private-school students
t proved necessary, as indeed it had.

mother, exceedingly tall and thin, with a line of lipstick
ar that one had never seen such a well-delineated mouth.
l about her two boys. One of them is very bookish. "He
:eeps readin'; he puts his nose in a book and he doesn't
·ight or left." Because of this unusual concentration, she
he wouldn't see a Negro anyway, so with one more semes-
go before he graduates, she left him in Yazoo High
ol. "The other boy, though, just can't take it, he just
stand niggers, so I'm sendin' him to private school. It's
ı be so rough. I can't pay for it. My mama and aunt are
' for it. I guess it's somethin' we'll just have to accept."
ıer mother joined the group and complained similarly
the costs of enrolling her two sons. "Johnny had the
to take his textbooks with him from the public school,"
ıid, "but that fool Billy didn't."

the conversation in the room grew more lively and
ıble, there was much talk about "nigger odors . . . the
hey smell and all." A thin, weathered old woman, with
y too fragile to support her basso voice, was one of the
hite teachers to resign from a public school out in the
y. She said, "It almost killed me when the nigger teachers
They took over the teachers' lounge and the washrooms
sed the commodes and everything. I never saw such
n' on."

big old boys who were there stood off by themselves in
er, chewing gum and looking trapped and unhappy. If
ıve seen big growing boys in a social group of females
nded by vociferous mothers in a place they do not want
you can imagine the crass liberties they felt were being
with their burgeoning but untested masculinity. Would
anchester Academy have a football team someday? If
uld the Yazoo High Indians, black and white Indians
eign to play against these big, glum-looking boys? And
hat embarrassing consequences?

ıd always expected that the churches, in some form,
ınove into education down here before it was over, and
there was a faintly religious aspect to Yazoo's private school in its organizational phase. From our rudimentary reading of the history of the race we all know of the old tradition of summoning the church against the civil authority, of the church as a source of countervailing power and protection against all the alien, evil exercises in the secular. In Mississippi, where, with notable individual exceptions, the church has remained institutionally a bulwark against racial integration, against the distinctly secular threat of what the descendants of the Yazoo slaves of six generations ago might do to one's middle-class Christianity, one senses this may be happening after all. Going to school now in the basements and annexes of the Protestant churches, the private-school children of Yazoo have isolated themselves in churchly sanctuaries, far removed from the difficult historic events through which their town is living. "*I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.*" But if the Lord had chosen to come farther than Memphis, as the tenant farmer Ben McGee requested, it is worth asking, would he have gone public or private?

IX

THE DECELLS

Herman DeCell is the state senator from Yazoo, Sharkey, and Issaquena Counties. In 1967 he was elected by about 350 votes out of 12,000, and he concedes that his active stand on behalf of the public schools and his generally moderate position on race may hurt him when he comes up again in '71. He is a graduate of the Harvard Law School, a pleasant and thoughtful man in his forties full of life's vicissitudes as an intellectual in the tough arena, but also aware of the need for good enjoyment and civil talk. He has deliberated a great deal about politics and social change and, like his wife, is passionately devoted to making Yazoo a better place. His wife Harriet is a handsome blonde who teaches in the high school, where their daughter Alice is editor of the school paper and a leader among the liberal white students. It is rumored around town that Alice has read *Soul on Ice*.

There is a dinner party at their house the night before the integration deadline. I am straight down from New York, and the Mississippi accents all around are exceptionally warm and reassuring to one who has spent a winter in the chill East. Mississippi accents of both races are probably the most soft and tender of all the American ways of speaking, and if one does not watch it they will mesmerize you and lull the brain, so that you will listen very closely without paying attention. The DeCells are the only people in town who subscribe to the *New York Times*. "I thought the library subscribes," someone remarks, and Harriet replies, "Well, we give the library our copy."

A couple of the nationals are there, and it is a pleasant evening, with good food and sophisticated conversation. The lines of civilization are very thin indeed, but here in this house, at the edge of the delta, these people who are involved deeply in politics and in the realities of their town have made for themselves a place of civility and grace. We speak at some length about this town which we know best, about people out of the past whom we all remember, about the intrigues and passions and foibles of fifteen years ago.

The senator, who is apprehensive that an established dual school system, public and private, black and white, might become the reality here, believes there are several good reasons

why Yazoo has been acting more reasonably than other delta towns. Owen Cooper's chemical plant with its six hundred employees, the enlightened local industry, is one reason. There has not been as much civil-rights friction here in the past as in other places. An active white group drove out the Klan some years ago. And the weekly newspaper has been consistently responsible. "If it weren't for Bubba Mott [the editor]," Herman says, "we might have the National Guard at every desk tomorrow."

The high school up to now has had about 15 per cent Negro enrollment under freedom-of-choice. Harriet describes one white teacher of somewhat conservative views "who goes on for hours about how nice her bright Negro children are and how raunchy her bad white children are." From her experience, teaching in the Negro school and the tokenly integrated white school, she believes that if all the white and black students had to be divided into three groups by testing and grades, the top group would be almost entirely white with a few exceptions, the bottom would be black with a few exceptions, but in the vast middle group there would be a strong overlap amounting to about half and half. I ask her what she has felt most strongly about what has been happening here:

"I have a consciousness that small things fit together into big puzzles, and that one is responsible for one's actions and had better be ready to accept it. You get tired of getting up every day and wondering if you're being challenged by your environment. You can live in a small town and be sorry for yourself that the world passes you by—and suddenly you realize that the world isn't passing you by at all—that it's all here. We've got a lot of friends in big cities, and they seem to be beating their heads against the wall all the time. That's not so true here. One individual can affect a small town. At least you can decide what you believe and stand for it. I can remember a lot of failure. It's not too bad to try and fail. When I don't try, it bothers me deeply."

NORMAN MOTT

Bubba Mott, the editor of the *Herald*, is, like Herman DeCell, from one of the older families, as they say here. It has not, I know, been easy for him. If they give a Pulitzer Prize for an editor who speaks from deep inside himself, from travail and a personal recommitment, then he deserves it. I remember him from my own boyhood: he is a rare man, rare especially for Mississippi, who has grown into middle age, suddenly and without one's expecting it, into a complicated human being, and a tough editor in the finest tradition of small-town American journalism. His great-great-grandmother was the first white child born in Yazoo County, and the paper has belonged to his family since 1914. The reaction to his editorials on school integration, he says, "has been more favorable than unfavorable." He is a graduate of Ole Miss, and had been a fairly strong conservative in the past. The big change in his feelings came during the Meredith episode at Ole Miss in 1962. He thought Ross Barnett and John Satterfield and the others were "really leading us" when they said the 1954 decision could be circumvented on legal grounds. "This was when I became aware that legal segregation had no basis. People would say, 'The Lord made 'em black, we didn't.' I went around the coffee shops talking with people about this. I didn't know until after the Meredith case. This is what gets me. I didn't know we were whistling up the wind. *I didn't know.* If Yazoo City can be the example I think it can be—and I'm not alone in this—to have a town in the best interests of *all* the citizens, if this can be made to work anywhere in [illegible] ica, it will be made here." Then he adds, with a self-m[illegible] twist of the head: "*But I'm not sure.*"

HAROLD KELLEY

"Hardwood" Kelley, as we used to call him when h[illegible] our basketball coach eighteen years ago, is superinten[illegible] the city school system now. He was fresh out of Ole M[illegible] a basketball star then, just a kid and not too much olde[illegible] we, though we didn't know it. He was an immense fa[illegible] among-us, especially when he would say, just before we [illegible] out onto the court in our red, white, and black jerseys [illegible] game against Belzoni or Satartia or Indianola or C[illegible] "*Boys, hang loose as a goose!*" and for the flair with [illegible] he would make fools of us with his dribbles and hook [illegible] in practice to remind us who was boss. "Coaches" ar[illegible] important to adolescent boys, for they are examples and [illegible] digms, they siphon off the terrible adolescent fears, the [illegible] vide a sport and organize an alternative to the dark [illegible] sexuality of the boy. It is not an ignoble calling.

One night many years ago in the Delta Valley Conf[illegible] finals against Cleveland from Bolivar County, before a [illegible] crowd of 1,000 in the Yazoo gymnasium, we found ou[illegible] matched with a six-nine center named Brown, who ha[illegible] aged 30 points a game. "Hardwood" Kelley devised a f[illegible] defense that kept the unlikely giant, Brown, bottled up [illegible] the defensive skills of Big Boy Wilkinson, Muttonhead [illegible] herd, and Bubba Barrier, but left a bull-legged football [illegible] named Slick McCool, who seldom could hit the back[illegible] wide open most of the game. McCool made 25 points [illegible] lost. Even as a grown man, late at night sometimes in M[illegible] tan, I am obsessed by Slick McCool, wide open and hitt[illegible] tawdry jump shots.

Coach Kelley and I were sitting in his big sunny o[illegible] Calhoun Avenue several days after the schools had inte[illegible] He had dark circles under his eyes, and though he has cl[illegible] remarkably little from the boy he was nineteen years [illegible] was plainly a totally exhausted man. In Mississippi an[illegible] other small towns in America, coaches, if they are sm[illegible] come principals, and then superintendents. I knew he wa[illegible] racist, but I wondered how he might have adapted. He [illegible] me the figures on the 80 per cent showing of the whit[illegible] stayed in the schools. "This is a complete social revol[illegible] he said. "We're losin' and pickin' up. Some of the ki[illegible] didn't come the first day are moving in. Some are movi[illegible] I was surprised to have as many stay as did. That [illegible] result of some hard work. I think we surprised the n[illegible] press. They didn't think we'd comply."

He and the other school officials had gone to New [illegible] to argue before the Fifth Circuit on the October S[illegible] Court decision. "I was sitting there when Judge Bell [illegible] his speech. The judge said, 'You're down here to hear [illegible] you what you've got to do. I ask you to listen, and as [illegible] tions, but there won't be any arguments.' It was that [illegible] got completely weak wonderin' how I was going to do [illegible] we came home and organized our staff and got down t[illegible]

On the question of segregated classrooms the old [illegible] would not be pressed. "This has been based on educ[illegible] reasons, and we've told the Justice Department t[illegible] September, at the first of a school year, this sort o[illegible] wouldn't have been a problem. We've changed a whole [illegible] system in less than a month. I think we did a good job. [illegible] and white. Under our present setup I think we can m[illegible]

hool system people will like—if the courts will leave us
ie."

he buzzer rang, and Hardwood Kelley picked up the tele-
ne. The conversation concerned how traffic should be
cted around the schools, and he gave some orders and
g up. "That's typical," he said. "One wrong word and
've had it. That's how delicate it is. With the situation as
l as it is, one false move would blow it sky high. I know
done all I could to keep it together. Now it's time to go
hool and get down to business. You know what I mean,
ie."

IER O'LEARY

ather Malcolm O'Leary calls himself a "black Irishman."
s rector of the Negro Catholic Church, St. Francis, and
ntil quite recently he had been the effective leader of the
's blacks, but now he has been squeezed out of that posi-
some of the more militant blacks have begun to call him
hite man."

e is a big light-skinned Negro, full of self-laughter, and
is a soft gentleness to him, a conscious tenderness; you
after talking with him that he lacks the spite and tough-
to be a leader here, that he knows this, and that he is a
ly intelligent man who wants to do best by everybody.
only thirty-nine, and he is not wearing the priest's collar
k with me. He is a native of an adjoining county where
ather was a carpenter, and a graduate of several priests'
ges and of Catholic University in Washington. He came
azoo briefly in 1963 doing some civil-rights work, and
eturned permanently in 1967. We were sitting in the
ation room of his rectory, a spacious room almost bare
rniture, with a picture of Jesus on the wall, Jesus in one
s most benign poses, and in the late afternoon we were
e half-dark, with the beginnings of a full delta moon out
indow.

talked about his first trip here seven years ago. "That's
I first met Russell [Ardis Russell, the police chief]. The
iterally followed me around for six weeks. They stopped
own in front of Hugh Pickett's house, you know, Hugh
tt's house? I had a brand-new driver's license but hadn't
l it yet. Russell looked at the license and asked me some-
. I answered, 'Yes.' He said, 'Say yessir to me, nigger.'
id he'd beat my head in and chase me out of town. He
everything about me, where I came from and every-
The sisters here at the church were worried I'd be hurt.
s long as they didn't hit me, I'd be all right. If they hit
ey'd probably have a little fight."

en he came back in '67, he saw the town was changing.
Chief Russell had kicked a seventeen-year-old black
nd Father O'Leary heard about it and filed a suit. "One
ter I was in City Hall and Russell called out to me. He
l me and said, 'What's this about you takin' that nigger
file a suit? You nothin' but a damned agitator.' I said,
ot an agitator, I'm a Catholic priest.' 'Well, you're still
ned agitator,' he said. Some of the other cops were in
xt room and when they heard all this they laughed real
I think this broke the ice."

years ago Father O'Leary, acting independently but
rted by the NAACP, started trying to get the white stores
n to hire blacks. Symbolically, the first business to do
the Black and White Dry Goods Store on Main Street.
e others were adamant, and most of them still are. He
essed demands before the mayor for two Negro police-
men, two firemen, and two clerks in the city government. The mayor said, "That's a threat. I'll do it in time." Later, when the town complied with these demands, the demands were increased to twenty-five. The Negro community organized their economic boycott after a series of mass meetings with O'Leary as the leader. One of the methods for enforcing the boycott, he said, had been public spankings of those blacks who defied it. "Then Charles Evers persuaded Rudy Shields and George Collins to take over from me because they thought I was being too lenient.

"Yazoo is not like some of these other towns," he said. "Beneath the surface I don't think relations are so bad. The bad part's all been *on* the surface.

"I tell the white man not to worry over the integration in the schools. The white girl won't be abused unless she throws herself at the blacks; then they'll stand in line. My real fear is that the involvement of white boys and black girls will get worse, because they'll start younger. I fear the abuse of black girls by white boys."

RUDY SHIELDS

The NAACP headquarters is not the most impressive house in town, but it may be, in terms of a general pulling power, the most influential (even under Nixon, an Administration in which Strom Thurmond's borrowed eggheads write the pronouncements on civil rights, and White House memos leaked to the press make an ungodly mess of the issue while trying to clarify it—an Administration which does not care at all, indeed is likely bored by all the complications of race in America, but still has Strom's debts to pay). It is a shabby frame structure on West Powell Street in the Negro section, undistinguished from any of the other houses on the block, with sharply inclined stairs leading onto a small unpainted porch. Inside is a small front room littered with paper coffee cups. A semi-automatic carbine stands in the corner, and there is a picture of Martin Luther King over the gas heater in the fireplace. A sign on the wall says, "Don't talk politics in here unless you are a registered voter." A big-screen television set is tuned to CBS News, which is covering at this moment the integration of the schools in Hattiesburg, 150 miles south of here. A large group of whites are chanting, "*Hell no, we won't go.*"

George Collins, a farmer who grew up near here, is the president of the local NAACP; he is a warily apprehensive man in tinted glasses. "We been over the barrel for two hundred years," he says to me. "Now we've got the man where we need him and we can't take no promises. Black people are not gonna be pushed around anymore." He says this with a strong Mississippi Negro accent, looking over at me with sharp, fleeting glances, obviously not too happy I am here. He does not know who I am, and I don't think he would care if he did.

It is apparent from the start, however, that the effective leader of the Yazoo blacks, because of the way people defer to him casually, is the very black, self-assured, well-built, and outwardly mean-tempered, but not as mean as he may think he is, young man who has been sitting next to Collins and who darts into a side room every time the telephone rings. His name is Rudy Shields. He has been carrying on a series of interrupted conversations with the NAACP Legal Defense Fund lawyers in Jackson. This is the afternoon the schools integrated, and the word is out that the classrooms had remained segregated throughout the school system. "The way they sold it to the whites was that they wouldn't be in the same

classes," Shields says, "If a court order comes through now, I expect a mass white walkout."

Rudy Shields is thirty-nine years old, a native of Columbus, Ohio, an experienced civil-rights activist in Chicago, a protégé of Charles Evers ("All I've learned I've learned from Evers"), and a veteran of five years of organizational work in Mississippi. He has organized, he says, thirty economic boycotts all over the state, and has also been active in voter registration. About 40 per cent of the blacks in the county, he says, have been registered. He was called in from Belzoni to take over the direction of the boycott here from Father O'Leary. Among the whites here, he is the anathema. On the race issue, it is peculiarly Southern to have a devil, a personification of all the disruption: remove him from the scene, and everything will be all right. "I saw Shields walk into a restaurant," a white man had said to me, "and I'll tell *you*, he's not the kind of person I'd want in *my* home." His name comes up in most conversations with white leaders; he is very much on their mind. An NAACP lawyer told me, "Rudy Shields is one of the few black radicals left who still believes in integration."

He would be handsome, in almost a straightforward way, but something is missing. There is a physical expression to his face, something developed, I think, which destroys conventional good looks. He slurs over his words, he deliberately speaks in the Mississippi Negro talk, his lips are slightly misshapen. I was introduced to him after having been told he was *the militant* here, and he had said, "We know who you are." He is the tough black leader, but he plainly wanted to talk with me, the white boy from Yazoo: he is full of a kind of wary curiosity, and I am sure he speaks more toughly than he feels.

"We urge our people in really strong language to enforce the boycott," he says. "People phone here to get permission even if they have to go to a doctor. They make sure they don't make a mistake. I've seen greater black unity here than anyplace in the country with the exception of Port Gibson. In Mississippi I've learned this, working with Charles Evers. First you have to get the fear out of them—their fear of the policemen more than anything else. Second, people tend to rally around a man, not an organization. They'll follow him if they think he's got guts.

"Yazoo has great potential. It's the first community in the state to stand up for public schools to this extent. A lot of whites have put their prestige on the line here. I think these young whites here, say under the age of twenty-five, are going to try to make this work. It's been good to see the changes in the community, though I've seen the white power structure say they'd *never* have a black policeman, or a black fireman. This was before the boycott. I've seen whites show more respect to blacks in individual ways than before the boycott.

"This state will solve its racial problems quicker than any state. Economic boycotts and voter registration are more effective here. In the North with the big corporations you don't know *who* to attack. I do think the Black Panthers in Chicago are the most effective way to deal with the situation there. But the Southern white man is more *honest* than in the North. At least you know where he stands. I used to be anti-white. I didn't trust the Northern white workers who came down here. They were like carpetbaggers. But the young kids now, all over the country, are proving their commitment. Racism in the North is more complex and subtle than it is here."

The gas heater hissed away in the fireplace and Shields left to take another call. There was a sound of footstops on the porch, and a voice shouted, "We the *cops*, and this here's a *raid*!" Then the door opened and several Negroes came in, going to various parts of the house, or stretching out in the overstuffed chairs. An older man came in and asked for Shields. When Shields returns the man explained he has a suit in the Modernized Cleaners, but that he has been to St. Louis and didn't know the Modernized Cleaners was being boycotted.

"All right, go ahead and get your suit," Shields said, "but don't take it there again."

"No, I won't," the visitor replied, then offered to renew his NAACP membership card. Shields told him where to pay.

"So, it's all right to get that suit, ain't it?" the man insisted.

"Yessir."

A few weeks before, when the town hired two black policemen after pressure from the boycott, Shields was in front of City Hall and confronted one of the hireling cops. A reporter overheard the exchange.

"Well," Shields said, eyeing him up and down, "I see you got your own uniform."

"It fits," the black cop said. "It's fine."

"That badge, it looks small. How come they don't give you a big badge?"

"A good man don't need a big badge," the rookie said.

"... and this little ole pistol. That big enough to do the job?"

"Try me," the cop said.

JOHN OAKES

A thin old man with a wrinkled face, a long and mournful look, came into the room from the back of the house. John Oakes was born and raised here, graduated from Fisk, then studied economics at the University of Chicago in the 1930's. Once he dropped by my office in New York to talk about New York City, and he submitted an article refuting Professor Galbraith on economics. He is setting up a shoe factory in town, capitalized by blacks and whites, with a $135,000 loan secured from white banks. It is his life's dream, and it will employ about 150 Negroes.

Oakes joined the conversation. "Sure school integration will work here," he said. "Of course, it's irrelevant. You put an investment on all those heads and they all end up in Chicago anyway."

He started talking to Shields about the one million blacks on relief in New York. "Blacks have to create their own wealth," he said, standing to full height, gesturing with his hands. "That's the key to it, Mr. Shields. That's it. That's the whole story." Then he swiftly changed the subject. He said, with reference to nothing, that the *Yazoo Herald* had started running "Mr." and "Mrs." in front of Negro names. It even ran a picture of a black man in a Jackson hospital who later died. "Yeah, that's one less Tom," Shields said. Oakes ignored him, at least momentarily, for this seemed heady stuff. Then they discussed systems *vs.* individuals in various societies and the use of force to achieve certain ends. "Of course," Shields said, "we don't use force in making sure everybody keeps the boycott."

"He's got his tongue in his cheek," Oakes said, roaring with a most astounding belly laugh. "It's so far in his cheek he's about to swallow it."


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Dr. Harry Weintraub, Principal, drops in on Miss Simmons' class during a Distar™ reading session. Distar arithmetic and language programs also are used in the school.



The sounds these children are making will help them read six months sooner.

Can you teach kindergarten children—including the disadvantaged—how to read? A new teaching system published by Science Research Associates, an IBM subsidiary, shows the way. This story is another example of how IBM, its people or products often play a part in tackling today's problems.



A kindergarten class in Brooklyn, N.Y. Schools in 45 states already use the Distar™ Systems, published by SRA, a subsidiary of IBM.

ith Simmons teaches kindergarten at P.S. 321 K, in ooklyn, New York. Dr. Harry Weintraub is the Prin- al. Between them, they've taught and observed all ds of youngsters—bright, slow, and the educationally advantaged.

"Usually, we don't teach formal reading to children ore the first grade," says Dr. Weintraub. "But last r we experimented with a new system called Distar t starts them off in kindergarten.

"This system provides teachers with a technique igned to reward even the slowest child with a sense uccess. You have no idea how important this is for n youngsters."

The Distar System evolved from five years of re- ch by Siegfried Engelmann and colleagues at the versity of Illinois. The program includes material for hers, workbooks and take-home sheets for children.

Miss Simmons explains some of the classwork. "We teach the *sounds* letters of the alphabet represent. If a child finds it hard to grasp, we don't point out his troubles. We merely reprogram the lessons a little to give his problem special attention without anyone becoming aware of it.

"When the children learn these sounds, we teach them how to put several of them together. All of a sudden, they're reading words. And do they feel great!

"Our District Superintendent, Dr. Anthony Ferrerio, introduced Distar to two schools in our district last year after hearing how successful it was in schools around the country.

"I'm very enthusiastic about it. I know my kids will be reading *stories* before they get to the first grade. And that's really something."

IBM

What you should know about this summer's power crisis

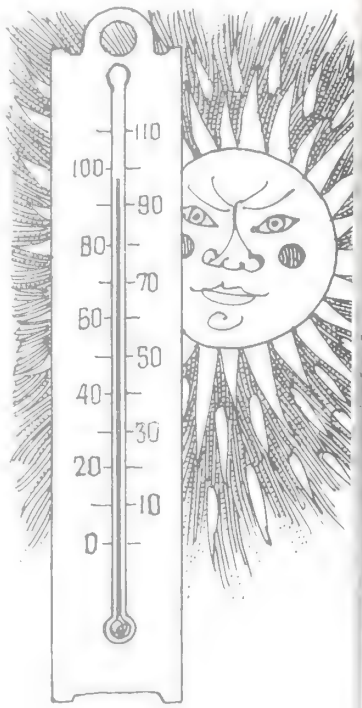
This summer, our nation will face its most critical power shortage since World War II.

Average reserves available nationwide to meet hot weather's demand peaks will be four per cent below the "desirable" level. Any unexpected development, such as a prolonged heat wave, could be catastrophic.

Why is our country in this bind?

The chairman of the Federal Power Commission, John N. Nassikas, has pointed out that one of the most important reasons is that "...increase in demand has outstripped the original forecast upon which utilities planned their system." Other national power experts agree. Until recently, predictions were that power needs would double about every ten years. Now, indications are that this demand may double every 6½ to 7½ years. That means reserves are getting lower and lower.

Industry efforts to catch up are complicated by other factors. Fuel supplies, particularly coal, are short; skilled labor is scarce; equipment delivery dates are delayed; component fabrication is too often faulty; transmission facilities are not adequate. Add to this questions of how to increase power supply without increasing environmental pollution.



While it's useful to know how the present situation came about, our immediate problem is moving ahead with corrective measures.

Consumer-owned rural electric systems...serving less than a tenth of the nation's total population scattered over seven tenths of the country...came into being during the great power crisis of the 1930's – when most of rural America had no electric light and power.

Today, all America faces a power crisis. While large urban centers are facing the worst shortages, the implications of this crisis are national in scope. We of the nation's rural electric systems – systems largely dependent on commercial suppliers for power – are actively seeking to bring about solutions we believe to be workable.

To meet the shortage of power in particular areas, we have long pressed – and will continue to press – for better regional and national planning...regional and national pooling of power resources – a nationwide grid to take advantage of different load-peaking times in different parts of the country. Such a grid would speed one area's surplus to fill another's deficiency.

To meet the shortage of power capacity we have long pressed – and will continue to press – for expanded and additional generation and transmission facilities. Rural electric systems own only 1½ per cent of the nation's total capability. This must be beefed up to help the electric industry as a whole meet our country's needs for power...in keeping with the need for healthy, livable environment.

To bridge the gulf of misunderstanding between the concerned public on one hand and the concerned electric industry on the other, we have urged – and will continue to urge – that environmentalists and conservationists be included in a blue-ribbon planning group of state and Federal regulators, along with representatives of all segments of the power industry. Our national government...our country...needs the guidance that such a group could provide.

We are in a very tight power situation, which could get much worse. We of the country's rural electric systems are determined to do everything we can to avert this crisis. Mobilizing our national will to solve the problems is the first order of business.

AMERICA'S RURAL ELECTRIC SYSTEMS

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I had left my own car two blocks up the gravel road from e NAACP office, in front of Father O'Leary's rectory. The oon was now high over the delta, the lights flickered gently r as far as I could see, and as I walked along the road I ticed a car, parked fifty yards away at a small intersection. ie car slowly pulled away from the side road and turned into e one I was walking on. As it approached me, its lights still t, I could see that four men were in it, two on the front seat, o in the back, and when they got within twenty-five yards me, they turned on their lights and slowed down even more. ie of the men opened the back door and slammed it again. *This is it*, I said to myself: my premonition had been right along. In a few seconds they would open the door and stick t a .12-gauge shotgun. I was seized with a dreadful, bone-lling fear. I felt dizzy, my head curiously light and giddy. d I fought the urge to bolt and run: I would die face for-rd on my home ground with some shred of Southern nity.

The car was now even with me. Then it continued down the id after its own business.

I was feeling, at this point, relieved and damned silly when. out fifty yards from my car, a pack of ten or twelve hound gs emerged from around the chinaberry tree at the side of legro house and headed in my direction. They were clearly der the spell of the January delta moon, walking on their s, spinning around on themselves, sniffing mutual asses, pping at each other behind the ears, howling and barking the while at nothing in particular—a great whirling b of animal flesh going in circles and tangents. I nembered from my boyhood how Negro dogs acted in roup, like national reporters traveling in a pack after the ie story: they are full of fire and willing to act against white man on a moment's notice. One of the dogs tted me, and did not hesitate to inform the others. They sed for a moment, giving me a chance to race for the car: n they were hot on my trail, unleashing an ungodly Negro-wail, the sound of shrill and distant echoes merging. As ached the car, opened the door, and jumped inside, several ne hound dogs jumped up on the doors. One tried to climb he hood but fell off in a heap. I pulled the car away and the old Yazoo dogs to their nocturnal moon-spangled grinations, presumably the only violent resisters my kee premonition would have to deal with, at least on this

TER BRIDGFORTH

e is the courtly conservative lawyer, a gentleman Tory n to quoting literature on almost any subject, and as the rney for the public schools in the County system he has his brushes with the young lawyers from the United States rtment of Justice. Bridgforth is widely read in the hern manner of, say, a generation or so ago, a man who, he a delta planter, could write a book much like William ander Percy's *Lanterns on the Levee*, which was a great hern testament in the 1940s. He used to give speeches at assemblies in high school, inspiring us to read books. h was good advice for intrepid young philistines, and suspects, after talking with him here, that he is consider-more conservative than his words suggest, for he uses ls with a sweetness and a civility that may take the rub is innermost thoughts. We were having lunch at his house beautiful wooded hill out on the Benton Road. There is oky stillness in the air here, and far away down the hill the sound of dogs barking and the echo of an axe on wood.

He showed me a paragraph from a legal brief he had once filed:

> *School-board members are unpaid public servants. For almost fifteen years, members of Southern school boards have borne the abuse, both of idealists who assail them from secure ivory towers wreathed in moral righteousness on the one hand, and disadvantaged, bewildered, but often patriotic citizens on the other hand, who are driven against their will and against what they often consider their "rights." Historically, the conflict is like those which have raged through the years between rival religious sects. There is a ghostly parallel between some events of the day and those related by Sir Walter Scott in Wandering Willie's Tale, from* Redgauntlet. *Sir Walter has Willie say: "He was knighted at London court, wi' the King's ain sword; and being a red-hot prelatist, he came down here, rempauging like a lion, with commissions of lieutenancy (and of lunacy, for what I ken), to put down a' the Whigs and Covenanters in the county. Wild wark they made of it; for the Whigs were as dour as the Cavaliers were fierce, and it was which should first tire the other."*

"These people in the Republican Administration," he says over lunch, "have really tried to give us a break, more than our cousin Lyndon did, but they'd been subjected to pressures and they're running scared." A twenty-nine-year-old Justice Department lawyer in Jackson had said to him the other day, "We're completing the Reconstruction of the South." But the Justice lawyers under Nixon are better to deal with than the LBJ ones, he says. "At least they cut their hair." Bridgforth spoke of the need for more and better vocational training in the schools, of grouping by ability. He spoke bitterly, with a soft, resigned contempt, of the federal government, of Secretary Finch's recent attacks on the Southern private schools. Yet he had come through it all to acknowledge the inevitability of the growing federal power.

In a sudden expression of change which was characteristic of many of the white conservatives I would see, and which I doubt would have happened under the circumstances a few years back, Bridgforth then said, "Five years from now we'll have a better, more effective school system than we have today. The parallel is that there will be more and better private schools. These probably won't be Citizens Councils schools either. If they're wise they'll do what the private schools of the East do, represent all ethnic and class groups. And if we don't fall out in the meantime, I believe in ten years we'll have a better community."

JOHN SATTERFIELD

In the main reception room of the large new building perched on the last reluctant hill before the delta begins, there were eleven paintings of extremely happy darkies. The Freedom Summer of 1964 has largely passed them by. They are strumming banjos, picking cotton, eating watermelon, and sitting on front porches near the big house watching the boll weevils grow.

John Satterfield, who was president of the American Bar Association in 1961-62, has an office on one of the top floors. A CBS camera crew had just left. Satterfield has been the foremost legal advocate of segregated schools in the state, a close friend of Senators Eastland and Stennis, and it is this staunch conservatism which made him a controversial president of the ABA.

I had seen him before on a national television interview, where he came across as rather suspicious, elusive, and even rude, and I was surprised to find him the paragon of Old Southern gentility. We talked about the Civil War here, about our relatives who both came from the little town of Port Gibson, about Myres McDougal of the Yale Law School against whom Satterfield had competed years ago for a Rhodes scholarship. "Myres won the Rhodes and got to Yale, and I got to be president of the ABA." He offered me a cigar, and later invited me to lunch at Danrie's Restaurant. The conservative white South has hung on through its lawyers and politicians, and no one knows this better than Satterfield. He is thin and craggy, and if it were not for the unexpected mischief in his eye, he would look very much like the cartel men in Chaplin's *Modern Times*. When he discusses the issue at hand, it is not with the grace of our amiable social exchange, but with a stringent legalism, a cautious parsimony.

He was "surprised and shocked" by the October Supreme Court decision. "This was the first time in the history of education in the United States that the Court has declined to follow the recommendations of the federal education authorities, the state and local authorities, the Justice Department, and the attorney general of the state, and rendered a decree opposite to their recommendations.

"I'm hopeful but doubtful of the success of integration under these recent decisions. In Yazoo City all of us have done all we can to keep the situation smooth and to carry out the determinants of the Court. I don't think we'll have any violence. But we have the experience of other areas. One illustration: when Congress adopted the federal statute subsequent to the *Brown* decision applicable to the schools in the District of Columbia, President Eisenhower welcomed the opportunity of integrating the public schools, and in the best atmosphere possible in the country. As we all know, the public schools in Washington are now about 93 per cent black. I've spoken in forty-eight of the fifty states and met with lawyers in every state and observed the attitudes of the people. The attitudes in Yazoo City don't differ materially from the attitudes of people all over the United States, including the District of Columbia."

If the schools work in Yazoo, he concedes, the situation could be excellent for the entire community. "The Negro leadership among the citizens of Yazoo County is very good. I limit that to actual citizens of Yazoo County as distinguished from persons sent in by organizations from other areas. I won't mention names, but one of the most active leaders who's been used to intimidate Negro citizens here was also used in Port Gibson for the same purpose." This intimidation has taken the form of threatening phone calls, damaging businesses owned by Negroes, "public cursing of Negro and white women," and "stationing toughs on street corners."

And what if the actual classroom structure in the various schools were desegregated under a further Court order? He paused for a moment, puffed on his cigar, and gazed out the window at the flat brown terrain, at the dead cotton stalks stretching toward the horizon. He replied, sternly, "We won't have any violence here, but if such an action were taken, it would hasten the day when this school district might experience the same results as Washington, D.C."

JEPPIE BARBOUR

When the mayor of Yazoo City was a very small child, he would go to Lintonia Park with the bigger boys to watch us play our particularly jarring brand of tackle football. One afternoon a group of Negro boys our age, walking in a p[ack] across the white section, stopped by the park. We mi[xed] around in a hopping, jumping mass, talking football, showing off for each other, and sounding for all the world, with deliberately accentuated expressions, like much the same r[ite]. We organized an interracial scrimmage, and the cops c[ame] by in their patrol car and ordered us to break it up.

Now the cops work for Jeppie. He was elected mayor [two] years ago, at the age of twenty-seven, defeating Harry Ap[ple]baum, who had been mayor fourteen years. When I was [in] high school Harry Applebaum directed traffic at Jeffer[son] and Main every Saturday night, an exercise, much like [Lin]coln's walking over to the War Department building at n[ight] during the Civil War, which must have eased in some s[mall] measure the pressures of power. At a party in Yazoo t[hree] years ago, the editor of *Commentary*, my friend Norman [Pod]horetz, who had come along with me to see if the South [and] as rumor had it, exist, was conversing in a corner with a w[hite] citizen and suddenly shouted across the room at me, "G[od] damnit, Morris, you didn't tell me Yazoo City has a Je[wish] mayor!"

Jeppie Barbour comes from a family of prominent Mi[ssis]sippi lawyers and jurists, but he dropped out of law scho[ol] Ole Miss and was working in the Delta National Bank w[hen] he ran for mayor. He is a fleshy young man with a smo[oth] open, innocent face. We were having some fish for lu[nch] in the back room at Danrie's, and Jeppie complained [bit]ly about the Negro boycott. "South Main Street's dryin' up," he said, and listed the stores that had gone out of business in[cluding] one drugstore hit hardest "because it specialize[d] in chitlin' sandwiches and two-dollar pistols." The Negro l[ead]ers in charge now "are completely irresponsible. The[y're] determined to destroy the whites economically. That's to[o] unreasonable. Unfortunately they've got the support of [the] colored community now. This Rudy Shields is a professi[onal] agitator brought in to keep the pressure on. George Co[x] and Shields and these people will keep this boycott as lo[ng] they can. They're *enjoyin'* it. They've got enough of t[hese] punks runnin' around, smashin' windows, that they're sc[ared] to death. If you were black you could walk up Main Stree[t] buy anything you wanted. But if you were black and ei[ght] years old, these punks would prevent it." He describe[d] three new industries that were shortly coming into t[own]. "These are things the local whites have worked to get [for]. And still they're tryin' to wipe us out—not wipe us out, [but] get us on our knees so they can tell us what to do. I'll tell [you] when I came into office I intended to get some paving [and] some sewage improvements for the colored, but now I [don't] get too enthusiastic about it. We're gonna have to take [the] attitude that we can't give any help to anybody who supp[orts] this group that's tryin' to destroy the city." The time m[ight] have come, he said, for the whites to retaliate with firings [and] other measures. He had written a statement which he was [plan]ning to decide to release, which said, "I believe that it is [time] for white people to take whatever economic countermeas[ures] they personally consider appropriate. Specifically I su[ggest] that they consider (1) supporting local merchants, espec[ially] those hurt worst by the boycott, (2) reconsidering their h[iring] practices, and (3) withholding contributions to charitie[s] churches which are not supporting economic growth and a[ll] mony for Yazoo City."

A biracial commission had been in existence in Yazo[o] for

some time, and the mayor discussed some of his problems here also. "Maybe five years ago," he said, "you could've appointed a colored man yourself. Now you simply can't get away with it. They're goin' to have to pick their own leaders. You could've gotten on radio five years ago using these very words, 'George Collins is this nigger we've appointed,' and could've gotten away with it. I guess they're just goin' through a state of being rebellious and hard-nosed and not listenin' to white people like they used to."

The town has seventeen policemen in all, which struck me as a substantial force for a town of 14,000, and mace is standard equipment; the policemen carry it on their belts. "You get a drunk," Jeppie says; "you either get him to come with you or you have to manhandle him. You give him mace and he'll want to go anywhere with you. It keeps that nigger's head in good shape."

Discipline has likewise been a problem with "the little niggers around town. One seven-year-old stole a pistol, but the chief has his own homemade juvenile-delinquency kit. He has a belt that's bigger than a Sam Browne belt, and he calls the parents and gets them to come down and take the kid into the basement and use the belt.

"We've got the best fire department in the state. If I tried to fire those two new Negro firemen, the fire chief would quit me." But it was a different matter with the two policemen. The mayor was suspicious that they had been sleeping on the job at night, so he cruised around for several hours with a squad of white cops. "Sure enough, I caught 'em myself asleep at three in the morning, behind the colored swimmin' pool. They're drivin' taxis now or somethin'."

He has two children, second- and third-graders, in private school. "We know this school integration is inevitable," he says, "and the level-heads have prevailed. We haven't had any violence, but two days ago I wouldn't have predicted it. There were too many tensions here. I think the social life of the schools will be private now. But I don't know. These kids will surprise you sometimes." The senior prom was canceled last year, after the boycott had started in May. "I was worried about the Negroes walking by the Legion hut where the dance is supposed to be, so they had it in Shay Hines' side yard on Carter." Football, however, may be another consideration entirely. It is a folk ritual down here, rooted in the deepest pulses of the people, of the blacks as well as whites, and Jeppie thinks the town will support its integrated high-school team next fall largely because of a 190-pound halfback named Kramer. "He's the best runnin' back in the country. I think people will go, if just to see Kramer."

Jeppie and I talked a little longer about some people we knew, and I said, "Mr. Mayor, what's really going to happen here?" A look of grave and ponderous innocence crossed his broad face, and he said, summoning up something I doubt he was summoned before:

"We're gonna make the most of this. They're all here and we're all here. We're stuck. But we'll make the most of it because we've got to. It won't be any fun. We don't have many newcomers, and it's hard to leave here no matter what happens. We're not gonna have any mass exodus, black or white. They're here to stay and we're here to stay, and we don't have much other choice."

AND "DEACON" PATENOTTE

Deacon Patenotte owns Patenotte's Grocery on North Second Avenue, a small supermarket in the white section. There had been considerable talk about him among both whites and blacks, and with good reason. He is a member of the NAACP in Yazoo, and he is one of the few whites whose store has not been boycotted.

I met him at his house around the corner from the store, and we drank coffee and talked through most of a drab rainy afternoon. Children played in the yard next door, and when the fire truck came by on the street outside, its sirens on full blast, several cars and children on bicycles were following behind it to its destination, a ritual I had completely forgotten. We do not follow fire trucks in Manhattan.

He was born and raised and lived his forty-two years, he says, within two blocks of his store, graduated from the Catholic school, and for forty-two years has been a member of St. Mary's Catholic Church. "The Meredith thing up at Oxford did somethin' to me. We had a priest here then, Father Hunter, and he said, 'Deacon, what do you think about what happened at Ole Miss?' I said, 'Father, I think it's a disgrace.' Father Hunter had several little meetings with a few Catholic laymen here, about what the Catholic Church should do about the race issue. At first there were eight of us, but this dropped off to two or three. People were just scared to death then. They wouldn't even discuss the subject."

Deacon is a tall, red-faced man with pale eyes and a pot belly, who moves with a quick, catlike energy all around the little room: there is a pressure working somewhere in the gut. Later, when I returned to New York, he would write a long, thoughtful letter elaborating on our conversation, telling me how Catholicism had influenced his thinking, how he did not want to seem self-righteous, but look: here is a map the Yazoo Chamber of Commerce has published of all the public landmarks in town, and there is not a single Negro place included; and did I know the white segregated hospital does not even take Medicaid? And that when the bank published a photograph of all its employees in a Christmas ad in the *Herald*, they did not include the Negro janitor, Nathaniel April? He has agonized through all this in some deep private part of himself, and he wants to talk about it.

"I think it was Dr. King's death that caused me to become a life member," he says. "The day my check went through the bank a lady asked my wife if I'd joined the NAACP. That's how quick the news got out of the bank. I guess I'm the only white member in Mississippi—no, that ain't true. Sister Joanne down at St. Clara's belongs, and my wife, and Father Hunter down in Natchez. Sometimes I go to the black church, and the bishop of the diocese was there one Sunday afternoon givin' the mass. He came out of the pulpit and he told the blacks there, 'There's an organization in Yazoo City that will seek your civil rights by all legal means. Father Kist here, your friend, has helped organize the NAACP. You as Catholic adults have a moral right to seek your civil rights. You as Catholic parents have a moral right to seek these civil rights for your children.'

"Well, when this boycott came, people assumed I generated it, because I wasn't boycotted. People said I just did it for myself, and things sort of warmed up here. Father O'Leary walked the streets of this town for a year and a half tryin' to get people to hire blacks. He never lost faith that some way could be found to work together. But the whites kept puttin' him off and puttin' him off. They kept savin' they were thinkin' about a black policeman and various other things, but the mayor, Jeppie, said he'd never put a black fireman in because they'd have to sleep over and all. Finally, in April, Father

O'Leary said, 'Deacon, we're havin' some meetings, but we don't want you in it, we want to do this ourselves.' I think it was right then that they called in Rudy Shields.

"I guess my position will always be misinterpreted. I told them, for God's sakes if there's a boycott, boycott me too. I'm sittin' in a 90 per cent white neighborhood with 90 per cent white business." He started thinking about closing his store until the boycott was over, because he was afraid people might assume he was after his own gain. "Then I got a threatening phone call. The only thing I hate is that some people might feel they made me close. Rudy Shields even offered to give me some bodyguards if I wanted to stay open.

"I closed the store for seven weeks. I was gettin' anxious whether if I ever opened up again I could make a livin'. So I talked to the mayor and found he was doing nothin', and the merchants association wasn't either, so I decided to open up again. Then the black people, thinkin' the white people had closed me down, flocked to me like long-lost friends. I closed to get Patenotte out of the center of things. I closed because I didn't want people to think I profited by the boycott. I closed so people would say, maybe it's somethin' *else* bigger than Patenotte that caused this problem."

He estimates he lost nearly two-thirds of his white customers, but overall his business is 25 per cent better than before. "Before I had the richest people, and now most of 'em are on $50 or $60 welfare checks." Suddenly he was silent. He scratched his neck and poured another coffee. "People try, you know," he said, looking over at me. "They really try. Some whites come into my store even now. They're fightin' against themselves. Some of these whites have been gallant. I understand. Believe me, I do. Friday and Saturday nights when the blacks are here shoppin' with their welfare checks, some of the whites just feel squeezed out. I understand."

He had three young children enrolled in St. Clara's, the Catholic school. "They had three black kids goin' there. It was a rent-a-nigger situation. When school integration came, a whole group of new white children enrolled. They opened their arms to any child with $20 a month, including a lot of non-Catholics. I resented this. I pulled my kids out of St. Clara's because I wasn't gonna give any segregationist an out."

The other day Deacon ran into a black man in his store. The man started sending his children to the white school out at Benton a couple of years ago under the freedom-of-choice plan, and he told Deacon, "I had to move three times after I had freedom-of-choice."

"There's a big black man named Mr. Ingram. He told me just today, 'When I was a little boy I had to walk three miles to school, and the bus full of white children would pass by me every day and never pick me up, even when it was rainin' or freezin', and I didn't understand why. I didn't understand till I was seven. Somebody asked me the other night what I thought of the school's integratin' in Yazoo, and I said, *it's nice.*' "

Deacon said, "These youngsters ain't gonna allow that big ole bus to pass 'em by anymore."

X

IN THE TOTAL SCHOOL AGE POPULATION of Yazoo, grades one through six have a heavy black majority; grade seven is the break-even point, after which the whites gradually become the majority. But the drain to the private school, even if not as large as the private school may have expected, has result in the blacks' outnumbering the whites right up through hi school.

What of the young people? They are groping in pain a innocence toward something new, toward some blurred a previously unheeded awareness of themselves. They have su denly found themselves growing up in a human situati fraught with nuances and possibilities they did not kn existed before. The implications of this change in their liv and the implications on the community itself, have hardly come to the surface. They are the first white and black ch dren in America brought together under the courts' speci doctrine of massive integration, and they are intensely curio about each other. They fumble for words to express their n feelings. Black and white, they are children of the Sou Southern to the core, and in this regard they are differe from children in, say, New Rochelle or Los Angeles or In anapolis. Yet like all young people in America, as Ral Ellison suggests, "they have been unable to resist the movi television, jazz, football, drum-majoretting, rock, comic stri radio commercials, soap operas, book clubs, slang, and any a thousand other expressions of our pluralistic and eas available popular culture." They are as American as they Southern, but it is this common bond in the South, the rhyth and tempos, the ways of speaking and of remembering, place and the land their people knew and out of which th suffered together, that make them, young blacks and whi more alike than dissimilar; and it is this, before it is all ov that will be their salvation.

I had set up a meeting with a number of Negro stude from the eleventh and twelfth grades the first week of the semester. Several of them had gone to the white school fo semester under the token freedom-of-choice plan, but oth had just come over from the Negro high school. At first t seemed shy, reluctant to talk in the presence of a wh Mississippi adult, but after a time they warmed up to prospect.

One of the girls said, "When we first got there, when t were by themselves they tried to be sort of friendly. But i mass they were very standoffish. They didn't seem to k what to *do*. The poorer the kids, the less friendly they w When they get by themselves with you, they talk about th family, their personal lives and all. I guess they think they tell us everything and it won't get back to any whites.

"Some of the white girls try to be friendly, but I th they're a little bit scared. I sure do like the way they dr Some of 'em are real cute."

Almost without exception they said they had not made "real friends" with white students, but one girl, who was first Negro to integrate the white school two years ago, po edly disagreed: "I have—well, not the type of friends wh invite you to go ridin' around and go to parties and all t but to talk about things. The first year I came over I was sittin' there. I'd be in a classroom but I wasn't part of it. ple would talk all around me and ignore me. Now I feel m comfortable. They talk to me. I was in a physical ed class we were square-dancin'. Nobody wanted to hold hands me, but a teacher put us in a circle and we held hands. W we went in the dressing room later, one of the white girls been holdin' hands with went over to the sink and made a show of washin' her hands. It didn't dawn on me for a w what she was doing. When it did, I went over and wa *my* hands.

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This bothers certain idealists, some of whom work in the dak Research Laboratories on automatic pattern recogni-n. They are so hypnotized by the subject that the Medical Department doesn't always like the hours they insist on keeping.

While the human nervous system is hard to beat at pattern recognition, it falls prey to boredom and ambition. Machines have been taught to inspect millions of bubble pattern photographs for indications of interesting nuclear physics. Discovering poorly seated screws may be no harder. That inanimate inspectors would still be using film may surprise you. Though concocted from silver, bones, and a little chemical magic, it is still far from fully exploited for information-packing density, which correlates strongly with economy. If every alarm clock or every nozzle for a steam-driven automobile is to require a bit of film, it will have to be a rather *small* bit of film.

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"Things are better than they used to be. Now they'll walk beside you in the hall. They won't say, the way they used to, 'That nigger stinks.' In class some of the boys would open a window and say, 'I'm lettin' out some nigger air.' Every time I stand in a mixed line at the water fountain now, I can't help rememberin' my first year. I'd be standin' in line for water and they'd walk by and say, 'Don't drink that water, a nigger's been drinkin' there.'

"One day two white boys walked by me. One of them said, 'I smell a *gar*.' His friend said, 'What kind of gar, a ci-*gar*?' and the other said, 'No, a *Ni*-gar.' I couldn't help it. It was so crazy I just busted out laughin'."

Every one of them there had a story to tell, and they all started talking at once. "I think the younger black children will be able to get along with whites much easier," one of the boys said. "They don't feel inferior, not the way we did when we were children and things were different. Every day after school I see two little boys, one black and one white, headin' up Canal from the elementary school together. The black boy, is ridin' a bicycle real slow, and the white boy is walkin' by his side. I've seen 'em every day."

"Some of the kids who came over this week," a girl said, "are complainin' that the school is like a prison. This school is more strict. We don't have as much freedom as before. There's not any social life at all. A white girl said to me today, 'You niggers thought you could chase us out. The only reason I came back was to show you we're not gonna run away from you.' I remember one of the white men said at the big meetin' that supported the public schools, 'We've got to stop runnin' away from these niggers.'"

Last semester five Negro girls went into the first meeting of the Y-Teens. "There were about twenty white girls in the room. They all talked nice, just as nice and friendly as you can believe. So word got out and the next week even more black girls came to the Y-Teens. After that the white girls didn't come back. I think they joined another club."

"One thing I find funny about the white students—they're always sayin' to me, 'Sirrinthia, what is *soul*, how do I get soul, Sirrinthia? What is soul music?' Or they say, 'How do you get your hair to stand *natural?* Did you do it overnight?' And they'll ask you to show them how to dance." Another of the students suggested that the whites aren't very good dancers. "They try, though. They really want to. That's about the best way you can become friendly with them, when they ask how to dance, or what the top hits are, that sort of thing. Last semester they had their own radio program, and they'd always play black records, never any hillbilly. A boy in our class knows all the black hits. Sometimes I think they go home and memorize the lyrics and come back and sing to us. They say, 'We like the black hits, how come you don't like the white hits?'"

And another girl said: "When I was small I said I'd never live in Mississippi. Now I feel different. I want to come back, to help out a little bit." This drew a number of assents. One of the boys remarked that he had read about school integration in Little Rock. "We never had to go through all that."

XI

I WAS INVITED TO GIVE A TALK one morning to one of the brightest classes in the high school, a class of twenty whites and two blacks. From the first semester only one out of twenty-three in the class had dropped out in favor of the private school. My talk was brief, and I turned the conversati the school itself. When one of the Negro boys volunt "You can't have education if everybody opposes each ot several of his white classmates assented: "*That's right. T right.*"

A white boy said, "It's gonna get more accepted as goes by. The first reaction is the worst one. Nowadays w have two schools in one building. It's like havin' two st bodies." "If the parents would leave us alone, we'd mak it another said. "They're much more upset than we are. gonna have to live with Negro people the rest of our To tell you the truth, I kind of enjoy it. You certainly le lot about human relations. The parents are the worried

Another boy, sitting right in the middle of the class obviously searching hard for words, for the beginnin perception. "They're some white kids who think colored ple aren't as good as whites," he said, "I know one whi who went to the private school who thinks this, and you . . . you know . . ." blurting out a conclusion, "he's not as as Negroes. He's not as good as colored people!" "*That truth*," someone shouted from the back.

There was one varsity basketball player in the room, pale white boy who had been silent through the whole The white team and the black team were just then havi outs under the new integrated arrangement to choose a v he said. "We clown around a lot together," he said. "It spirited and loose. We talk and congratulate each other. be closer together now as a team than we were last sem

Later that day I met with a group of white student le including two members of the student council and the of the paper. Alice DeCell, the editor and the daughter senator, was the leader of the group. She has organize group, and I sense she is rather proud of her friends, th has given considerable thought to her own reactions, a she has discovered at the age of seventeen that to be a paper editor, no matter where, is to possess a strong r sibility indeed. She has performed this responsibility because time and again over the past year she has writte torials and stories touching deeply upon the consider here that matter.

"A lot of the white students are indifferent, a lot are only a minority are positively for it," Alice said. One left just that day to go to the private school in Silve He said, "The niggers simply bother me. It just gets nerves to see 'em around." But one of the students, wh himself a liberal on race, added, "The students have l to respect each other's opinions. That's the key to it righ

"Five years ago the people who were against integra the rednecks—were in power both in the school and tow it's a little unfashionable to say you're against it. The generation gap here, just like everywhere else. People s the adult leaders who're makin' this work here, but I think it's the students who've done it. I don't think th generation here realizes how much the white people ne colored people." As a testimonial to the generation ga eral of the white students reported that the mayor has the restricted age from seventeen to eighteen for certain ies, and actually tried to stop the projector in the movie during *Rosemary's Baby*.

They have disparaging words for the private scho its academic standards. The vast majority of the st there, they say, are girls. "The private school is a p phase now. In five years they'll come back. A lot of the

dents that stayed with our school didn't want to go to the vate school, and they argued, and finally their parents just tired of arguin'.

'The colored choir is very good. The white choir is terrible. ople just aren't interested. So the white kids were kind cuttin' up in choir the other day. The colored people e surprised, because they're serious about their choir. en the choirs came together the second day to see how sounded together, I found that when the whites don't sing re marvelous." They are full of complaints that all the ekly student-body assemblies, all the clubs, and the school ial functions have been abolished by the authorities. They e two student-body presidents and two student councils orking in conjunction." Only athletics, the school band, choir, and a few minor activities remain. The band was ding tryouts, and one of the girls said, "The band should better. We need 'em like crazy. The colored majorettes look d, but I don't think the town will take *that*. It'll be interest- to see what happens when we elect the homecoming maids l the homecoming queen next year." The school yearbook, ich normally does not go to press until the spring, was sed out in December. "No reason was given," one of the ls said, "but everybody knew why." "Who's Who," the ool popularity contest which always is voted upon in the ing, was also held in December.

'The colored boys are exceptionally nice to me," one of girls said. "They pick up my books if I drop 'em. One boy ne up to me today and said, 'Hi.' I didn't know he was ting to me, so I didn't say anything. He said, 'Have they l you not even to talk to us?' I said no, I just didn't know were talkin' to me, and he said, 'That's what they all say.' "

'Personally I'm more afraid of the girls than the boys," white boy said. "The girls will say anything to you. e boys are a little scared, I think. But the boys seem to e going out of their way to be nice to you. I don't know if 'y're waitin' in ambush or really tryin' to be nice to you. netimes on the blackboards they write 'Malcolm X' and their notebooks and their tennis shoes they write that ol' ican word, *Shalom*. In our first assembly, one of the col- d boys said to a whole row of blacks, 'Be sweet and behave urselves,' and then in a low whisper he said '*just so long you act like niggers*.' They speak two languages. When y're talkin' to us, we can understand them. But when they among themselves, it's slurred and fast and everything. what really amazes me is the number of colored kids 're so white. Some of 'em have pale skin and blue eyes. netimes it's pretty hard to tell." I am not sure he quite knew reason why, however. Another of the girls said, "Some he Negro girls are real neat. They wear maxis and boots. ne of them really know how to dress. That Father O'Leary, talks more like a white person than I do." And a boy added. ou don't expect a colored man to talk better than a white n. It's like expectin' to hear a dog talk, it surprises you so ch to hear a colored person talk so good."

There is a book, Laurence Wylie's *Village in the Vaucluse*, ch is a study of a provincial French town. The teen-agers re are like teen-agers everywhere, and the writer describes detail how they grow up and settle down and become the t-lipped, hard-bitten, suspicious, long-enduring adults they destined to be. This is the fall from grace, and it happens rywhere, but one leaves these children of Yazoo, its blacks its whites, hoping for some exception. There may be no eption forthcoming, but perhaps in the testing of their innocence together they will find, at the least, the possibility of a postponement.

It was now late in the afternoon, and as I drove down College Street near Firehouse Number Two, where my father used to sit with the firemen in his shirtsleeves listening to Gordon McLendon's re-creations of major league baseball games, I noticed the lights were on in the high-school gymnasium: the basketball team, the team from the two schools, had finished its tryouts. I parked the car and walked inside, to look at the basketball court where I had played a hundred games, where Slick McCool roamed free and unacknowledged in the Delta Valley finals of 1952, where Bubba Barrier surprised us all that year by making eight points against West Tallahatchie, where I once sank a 20-foot jump shot as the buzzer sounded to beat Satartia. The scene of those vanished heroics seemed now quite deserted, and I stuck my head in the door. That basketball court was an echo in the heart, of all the odors of analgesic and toughskin, and all the dreadful excitement, and the memories of all the boys who had toiled for glory here with me. "*Two, four, six, eight, who do we appreciate. Y-a-a-a-ZOO!*" The coach was giving a lecture to the new Yazoo High basketball team about keeping in shape, and that new team, sitting around him in a circle on the floor, consisted by my own count of seven white boys and eight blacks.

I had the 9:23 to catch from Jackson, and I went by my house to say goodbye. "Don't be a traitor to your town," my mother said. "Don't hurt it. These are your people. You can't turn your back on us.

"It's cold now, but in another three months, just wait and see, it'll be green, remember how it was?"

XII

I CAME BACK TWO MONTHS LATER, when the wildflowers and bushes, the vines and trees, were just beginning to show the wild disordered promise of the great Mississippi springtime. I had kept in touch by telephone: there had been one bomb scare, and a fistfight between a black girl and a white boy, but these had been the only serious incidents, and in general discipline was even less of a problem than before. After a few troubles (a teacher in study hall lost his temper at a Negro student, and all the blacks raised a commotion and gave the power clench), the white student president, Kenny Graeber, and the black president, Cobie Collins, gave speeches to the student body urging good manners. Ken and Cobie got identical letters from President Nixon praising them for encouraging "educational excellence." The NAACP had filed a contempt motion before the Fifth Circuit to completely integrate the classrooms, but it was apparent that such an order would not be made before the end of the semester. "The students have suffered a little from all this abnormal tension," one of the teachers told me, "but I think most of it's gone away." Everyone was a little tired, she said. "You can't wave a wand and create a new social environment. It takes a lot of hard routine work. There's no spirit of inspiration, which the school badly needs." But Bubba Mott would editorialize in the *Herald* in March, under the title "Future Looking Good": "We perceive a distinct wave of optimism prevailing in this community. We believe the majority are aware Yazoo has weathered the worst of some adverse situations, which proved not as calamitous as one thought. Also there is a feeling that not only the worst is over, but that we are in an even better position to capitalize on the opportunities ahead."

More important, the white enrollment figures had remained reasonably firm. The public schools had lost seven hundred whites to the private schools since September. Harold "Hardwood" Kelley was still optimistic, and believed the white students who could not afford to keep paying the private tuition would gradually return to the public schools.

Mel Leventhal, the twenty-seven-year-old chief school lawyer for the NAACP Legal Defense Fund in Jackson, would argue that the classroom segregation within the integrated school buildings, in Yazoo and others of the thirty districts, "is just as debasing as before." It was he who filed the motion for contempt. We were sitting in a beer-drinking place called the Mayflower on Capitol Street in Jackson, and he spoke in a soft Southern accent, even though he is from Brooklyn and a graduate of NYU Law School; he is married to a black from Issaquena County, and he expresses a deep love for Mississippi and believes it someday could become a "great state." He speaks to many black groups, he says, about how important it is for white and black children to grow up together down here, and they always shout *Amen*. "I dare you to find more than ten black militant leaders in this state who don't believe in integration." But he adds, "In Yazoo City, and some of these other places, the real test will come when blacks and whites sit together in the same classrooms."

Rudy Shields would strike a pessimistic posture. He was carrying a .38 up West Powell Street to the NAACP house when I cruised by in a car to meet him, and inside he put the pistol on his desk and complained about the segregation of classes and the demotion of all the black principals and assistants. "The black principals have only one function, and that's to discipline the black students. Black kids have to look up to *some* men in the schools, not just yes-men. It's becoming apparent the whites don't want integration, and I'm not sure the blacks do now." Charles Evers and the other leaders would disagree with him, he says. "We tell our kids to try and get along and make friends but they haven't." In the last two months, however, he has seen a bright spot: "A few of the white and black students in high school are gettin' together and socializin'."

Ken Graeber, the white student-body president, star quarterback, forward, and shortstop who has been offered a golf scholarship to Ole Miss, came over from his house next door. He was a little boy the last summer I spent in town, and I took him around to watch baseball, and gave him dimes to ride the horses in front of the A&P. He is now six-two like all his brothers, and we talked about his father, Johnny, who would sit with me on the porch in that dusty summer of 1956 and shout greetings at all the people riding by on Grand Avenue.

When the two high schools merged, the basketball team had to reschedule the rest of the season, and they couldn't get any games at such short notice. They had to wait until the Big Eight tournament started, where they played four games. "I get along fine with the athletes," Ken says. "If we could've played twelve games or so after integration, it would've had a good effect. We've always considered the athletes to be the leaders. We figured if we could show 'em it would work as a team, it would be a big help all over. I had to prove to the black kid that I was good enough to play with him, and he had to prove he was good enough to play with me.

"All of us were a little nervous at first. It wasn't dissension so much. Every now and then we'd get mad at each other, you know, when one of us was open and somebody didn't pass." In practice they had a Negro guard, a kind of Pistol Pete Maravich on the team who threw behind his back and under his legs. "Once I passed a real good one to him behind my back and he came up and gave me the soul-slap.

"I think basketball helped the town. People from other towns would come see us in the tournament because they heard about us and about these two big blacks we've got who could dunk the ball. Before the game the crowds would yell when we were practicin', '*Dunk it, dunk it!*' "

For football next year, Ken says, there will be about nine blacks out of thirty or so, with "two real good tackles." This time they will play a full Big Eight Schedule, before the usual overflowing Friday night crowds.

XIII

THE SCHOOL PAPER HAD RECENTLY taken a random poll of black students, which had been censored by the paper's sponsor. Here is a sampling of what the blacks wrote:

People are finally realizing togetherness and acting to that effect.

It will only work if Black and White would work without malice toward none.

It won't be fair at first classes are desegregated. It might as well be two schools again. I had hoped it would be different.

The atmosphere at YHS is dull and strained. The students are under strain as to whether to be friendly with the opposite race, which they want so badly to do, or to be hostile and aloft.

It will work if the people at the school would communicate more, and if they let that thing called prejudice be in the past. Because they can't all do much about it no way. I'm not speaking inteam of color people but with some of the white act as if it will hurt them to talk or even speak to the other young men or younger lady.

It will work just as soon as we realize, meaning both black and white students, that we were put here to love and live with one another, we will find that it wasn't as bad as we thought it was.

In the black students' classes you can count the no. of whites present in one or two counts, while in other classes the black students can be counted on one hand. I think the classes need to be desegregated on a ratio of 50 to 50. After this is accomplished the situation will be a success.

May YHS be in peace!

An editorial by one of the white students, Bruce Da[illegible] was also not allowed to run in the *Yazooan*. It said:

Mississippians have witnessed the passing of an era. In a society traditionally closed to integration the crisis of desegregation has been met with reservations by many and passed in a frenzy of uncertainty. What Mississippi and Yazoo High School face now is an extended period of controlled progress.

The era of segregation has ended though not without noise, struggle and a new era has opened with new channels of racial communication and harmony.

The recent Federal Court order to desegregate 30 school districts in the state was the climax of many years of pre-

e to insure equal administration of federal and local pro-
ıms without regard to race. The court order set off a
ıement and very typical reaction on the part of most
ssissippians. Children were tossed into overnight institu-
ns for the well-to-do citizenry of the state. They were
own about excitedly as the white pieces in the game of
ess in which the blacks had the advantage of national
gs and queens. After a slough of overreactions came the
al move. The white, playing the defensive, came back to
prise even itself with a change that thousands upon thou-
ds of traditional white segregationists and resentful
cks will have to make in order for it to become a func-
ning reality.

We have been deluged with publicity from the instant
side evaluators. But we will not understand the full
nificance of what has taken place until we try to explain
o our children. . . .

In years to come Yazooans will increasingly appreciate
efforts of this generation, It will take patience, compas-
n, and empathy from all students at YHS to re-create the
d school spirit that formerly existed in each of the sepa-
e schools.

We can do this by being courteous, by consciously trying
understand other viewpoints, by expecting cooperation
her than expecting resentment. It is a daily chore. Weeks
careful building of confidence can be dissipated in a rash
ment of irritation.

We have a good start. Our basketball team worked to-
her. Our chorus sounds great. Our student councils are
nmunicating well with each other.

We think we can do it.

is time—the last—I talked with a larger group of the white
nts. They said there had been "fifty million rumors"
; around town about white girls being molested, about
and violence, and none of them were true. They were
dissatisfied with the way most of the extracurricular
ties had been abolished. The most interesting area over
ast several weeks, they reported, had been sports. During
g football practice "a lot of black fathers came out and
ed what was going on just like the white fathers do,"
quite a few white and black parents turned out for the
g football game.

he basketball players got to be great friends," one of the
said. "They just loved each other. One night after a dance
VFW, a bunch of us were foolin' around in front of
N Go, where the white kids always get together, and the
and black players went in together with their arms
d each other like old friends. Then they all drove out
country club, where there was another party. Every-
said, 'I can't believe what I'm seein'.' "

ey have become fascinated with the social life of the
students, who have big parties with bands on weekends
heir various sororities and fraternities: the Tabs, the
, Tab Sisters. One of the boys said he was with a white
l named Harley, who is somewhat conservative, and he
sed that they go to the Silver Slipper. "Harley said,
's a cool idea,' so we drove over there and were about
in. 'Wait a second,' Harley said, 'I don't see any white
e.' There was a colored boy standing out front, and
y asked if a colored friend of ours named Bozo was in
ipper. The boy said yes and went and got Bozo. So Bozo
out and we talked, but that Harley never would go
."

ew days before, the white and black student teachers had
eting to talk about reorganizing student government.
"One black girl said, 'We gotta have a *social*.' They really do want to get the two student bodies together. They want to start intramurals together and have a big social in the gym where everyone can get to know each other better."

One of the girls described an encounter with a black student named Clara. "Clara came up to me and said, 'Where you been. I haven't seen you in a week or two.'

" 'I've been right here in school,' I said.

" 'I don't know,' Clara said. 'I thought you gone to the private school and left me.'

" 'Oh, no. I haven't gone anywhere.'

" 'Well,' Clara said, 'you had me a little worried.' "

XIV

ALL THROUGH THE DEEP SOUTH the towns which have been most successful in complying with the stepped-up integration orders have been those where careful plans were made in advance and where reliable information won out over rumors. The lesson in Yazoo City and a number of other communities which largely stayed with their schools was that the majority of white Southerners preferred to integrate rather than see the public school system destroyed, and that economic considerations played a substantial part.* The organized efforts of these white leaders in Mississippi, Georgia, South Carolina, and Louisiana were often crucial in preventing the wholesale abandonment of the public schools during January and February. This was especially so in Mississippi, where the public schools in towns with ineffective and reactionary leadership were completely "resegregated" when most of the white students moved out to the segregated academies. But even in Mississippi as a whole, after one month of complete integration, the total public school enrollment in all the thirty districts was down by only 15,500, or about 12 per cent, and in district after district in even the rural, economically backward areas, poor whites and blacks were going to school together. In Lawrence County's Monticello High, for instance, the reports read: tenth grade, 69 whites, 72 blacks; eleventh grade, 79 whites, 65 blacks; twelfth grade, 63 whites, 70 blacks. Silver Creek Elementary: fifth grade, 14 whites, 27 blacks; sixth grade, 13 whites, 24 blacks; seventh grade, 15 whites, 24 blacks. In a previously all-black junior high school in Jackson, now 45 per cent white, the PTA had reorganized and is half-and-half, and the white student president said, "To listen to some politicians talk, you'd believe it was chaos. There has been a minimum of any kind of friction. I think everything will work out fine. I believe in these kids." It was a remarkable performance, and even the most hard-nosed and all-suffering reporters in Jackson were, by early April, deeply impressed. "It's like after a 300-year common law marriage," one said, "we're finally goin' to church to formalize the arrangement."

In Yazoo the segregationist-academy people would argue with a considerable degree of optimism that if and when they complete their expensive new building, and if the classrooms are completely integrated next fall, a continued drain away from the public schools will be inevitable, except among those who genuinely want their children to go to school with Negroes, under whatever circumstances, and among the very poor. Yet, as one Yazoo white suggests, there are really two

*The March 1970 issue of *South Today*, published by the Southern Regional Council, has the most reliable region-wide survey I have seen, and I am drawing on a number of their findings. See also W. F. Minor's "Mississippi Schools in Crisis," *New South*, Winter 1970 issue.

distinct groups supporting the new private schools. One is the hard-core racists, whose absence from the public schools may in some ways be a blessing; two, those who sincerely want quality private education. "And that is a built-in friction that's going to eat away at their innards," because you cannot have quality education buttressed by racism and an evangelical belief in exclusion.

No reasonable person in Mississippi believes that segregated public schools will ever come back, but among sophisticated black leaders deeply committed to integration the concern is now with *control* in the public schools. With few exceptions, wholly white school boards are still in charge, and it is they who can set standards which amount to policy: segregated classes, as has been demonstrated, and various testing methods for teachers and students. The idealistic spirit which prevails in some quarters in Yazoo among whites and blacks is the national spirit of six or seven years ago. Black separatism is no more in vogue here than recolonization to the Gold Coast, and despite their legendary deprivations, ninety-nine Mississippi blacks in a hundred would spurn the rhetoric of their own militants who would have them believe that integration is now passé, after all we have been through, and that one of the brighter hopes is the apocalypse in blood. To the ideal of some working form of racial accommodation, they would, as Mel Leventhal told me, still say *Amen*.

The last night I was in Mississippi I had dinner with my friend Hodding Carter III, the editor of the fine and courageous paper in Greenville, and one of the founders of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic party. We were in the old Southern Tearoom in Vicksburg, being served catfish by Negro mammies dressed for the role, only a few hundred yards from the great battlefield where 20,000 American boys —average age twenty—died in Vicksburg's gullies and ravines and swamps 107 years ago. We had refused the "Yazoo Razoo," the "Mississippi Grasshopper," and the "Rebel on the Rocks" and had settled down with some serious Yankee martinis. Hodding and I are almost precisely the same age, but he came back and I went away, so we approach our common place like two radiants in the same prism, but with the same impetuosity, and the same maniacal blend of fidelity, rage, affection, and despair. I had a plane out the next day, and so I was loosening up with no effort at all, for now as always I felt, on the eve of departure, the lifting of some terrible burden, almost physical in its intensity. I had not been murdered had not been shot at, had not even been treated rudely or narrowly, as I should have had the good sense to know all along; my Manhattan premonition was in truth the old endemic heart's fear of too deep an involvement in this place I came out of, where by the simple pristine intensity of emotion, the people in it have always been somewhat more than human to me, and hence confront me nostril-to-nostril with my own humanity.

"*It's insane*," Hodding was saying, having previously lied to me that he had an uncle and a grandfather to fall here at Vicksburg, carrying tattered flags punctured with several dozen mini-balls and riddled with New Jersey canister. "*Mississippi!* The one very damned place where Yankees and everybody else say this can't work, and it's become the battlefront. It's part of the screwy system in this nation that the one state least equipped, financially and emotionally, to deal with all the implications of it is finally havin' to do it first.

"People like Satterfield could have helped us, maybe could have saved us with their impeccable white Mississippi credentials. They could have helped move things in a civilizi
but they took their refuge in the thickets of the law. One
for sure, there won't be any flight to white suburbi
here. Where do you go? Hollandale? It's 80 per cent
Itta Bena? It's more. I've got cousins up in Scarsdale
very happy."

Why, then, did it finally get here first? Now he gest
a little, raising his voice, and the Negro mammies lo
our way, and for all I know even some of the rott
ghosts of our people in the big cemetery up the river
"Through *stupidity*! *Sheer stupidity*. Sheer *unyieldi*
servatism! That's why. All the state had to do was talk
and try to accommodate, and be a typical hypocritical
can state. But there's no halfway measures in *this* pla
flourished his knife at the catfish. "Hell, it just migh
here someday. Wouldn't *that* surprise 'em?"

Now the oracles sitting in the Georgetown preci
Washington would have us rest in peace. Stewart Alsop
in *Newsweek* that "integration is a failure . . . it has
impossible to hide from view any longer the fact that
integration, although it has certainly been 'an exp
noble in purpose,' had tragically failed about every
The crafty and cynical policy of the Nixon Admini
gives further endorsement to what the disillusioned
liberals and the Northern black separatists have give
benediction, not to so much as suggest all the racists
where. It takes a Southerner to know the extent to wh
South has always been the toy and the pawn, in gre
in righteousness, of all the rest of America: the palli
the national guilt, the playing field for all the nation's
tions of idealism and idealism's retrenchments. The Y
Southern retainers have always been the worst of a bre
now the new absenteeism is the federal government's
from our most difficult hopes for ourselves. Against
petty word-mongering of the Agnews, the capitulatio
Alsops, the deviousness of the Mitchells, the moral ne
of the Nixons, I will place a child's typed version
Gettyburg" and the dying old grandmother's slow,
blessing on the children in their burdens.

I believe that what happens in a small Mississipp
with less of a population than three or four apartme
plexes on the West Side of Manhattan Island, will be o
ing importance to America. It is people trying: loving,
enduring cruelties and perpetrating them, all caught,
bated, and dramatized by our brighter and darker in
Its best instincts only barely carried the day, and still
before anything really gets started (for we are mature
in our failures by now to know how thin is the skein
civilization), but nonetheless these instincts responded
that serve us all. How many other little towns in
would have done nearly so well? Southerners of bot
share a rootedness that even in moments of anger a
we have been unable to repudiate or ignore, for the
all of what it is—is in the blood of us all. As with
Compson speaking in his pent-up frenzy to his skept
nadian roommate at Harvard, we love it and we hate it,
cannot turn our backs upon it. One of the burdens of
ple of all the Yazoos who share this place and this
ment in a common history—a history of anguish and
and inhumanity, but also of courage and warmth a
nobility—is to warn their fellow Americans of the ter
that bitterness and retreat can take: for this will g
nation some feel of itself, and help it to endure.

rion K. Sanders

DDICTS AND ZEALOTS

e chaotic war against drug abuse



INETEEN-SEVENTY MAY WELL BE remembered as the year of the great drug panic, the year when iction was a permanent theme in the press and TV and when government officials and office kers made instant headlines by pledging a "mas- attack" on the problem. People old enough to all previous waves of hysteria about drugs and ilar promises of action view these pronounce- nts with cynicism verging on despair. They con- e, however, that something new has been added. image of the addict has changed. Suddenly, he een not merely as a criminal derelict. He may, urns out, be a young child who not only knows v to tie a tourniquet around his arm and stick a dle in his vein but also sells drugs to his school- tes.

ast December young Walter Vandermeer died a heroin overdose two weeks after his twelfth thday. Since then New York newspapers have olished a daily body count of OD fatalities, a ase which no longer needs explanation. Al- ugh the vast majority of the victims—young and —are slum dwellers, affluent America is also resented on these grisly lists.

With mounting evidence that this plague can no ger be quarantined in the ghettos, there is less about "getting the addict off the streets" and re about what can be done to salvage him. One ult is that the treatment of addicts has become growth industry with proponents of various ories fiercely vying for public funds to support ir enterprises. This competition, it should be l, is not motivated by greed. Treating addicts eart-and-back-breaking and generally unprofit- e work. It is a task for zealots.

Over the past several months I have taken a first- nd look at what some of them are doing in New rk, heroin capital of the U. S. A. where half of nation's addicts are believed to live. Appro- ately, this city has been the chief proving ground and battle ground for rival theories about the cause and cure of addiction.

Paralleling the vogue for "sensitivity training" and other forms of group psychotherapy is the current enthusiasm for programs which apply similar strategy to addiction. Known as "therapeutic communities," these are modeled after Synanon, which was launched in Santa Monica, California, twelve years ago. Its founder, Chuck Dederich, an ex-alcoholic, propounded the theory that the addict can change his faulty behavior patterns only by voluntarily joining a sternly disciplined but loving pseudo-family. There he must be guided by ex-addicts who have unique insight into his weaknesses and evasions and provide living proof that his habit can be overcome. This is accomplished through a "self-help" regime which includes plenty of physical work plus the now-familiar techniques of group dynamics which have given such words as "encounter" and "confrontation" a special meaning.

Among those attracted to Dederich's ideas were two psychiatrists, Dr. Daniel Casriel of New York and Dr. Efren Ramirez of Puerto Rico. With the blessing of city officials, Dr. Casriel obtained a grant from the National Institute of Mental Health to set up on Staten Island a privately operated Synanon-type institution to be known as Daytop Village.

Almost immediately, the project ran into a predictable difficulty—a dearth of the skilled and reliable ex-addicts needed to run it. After many months, the right man was found, David Deitch, a talented Synanon graduate. Under his leadership Daytop flourished. A play performed by Daytop residents became an off-Broadway hit in 1968 and offered persuasive evidence to hundreds of theatergoers that "The Concept" (its title) actually worked.

In 1966, Mayor John Lindsay invited Dr. Ramirez to come to New York to coordinate and expand the city's battle against narcotics. Preceded by glowing reports of his success in treating addicts

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arion K. Sanders

ADDICTS AND ZEALOTS

in his native Puerto Rico with a mix of the Synanon formula and his own brand of existential psychiatry, Dr. Ramirez found the going rough in New York. The black community which most needed help turned its back on any program headed by a Puerto Rican. The medical establishment was affronted by the claim that nonprofessional therapists could succeed where it had failed. In fact, few ex-addicts went into action, for scarcely any could meet the educational requirements of civil service. The acquisition of buildings and equipment was mired in municipal red tape. Dr. Ramirez departed after a stormy year, turning the job over to his deputy, Larry Alan Bear, who now heads the city's Addiction Services Agency.

A resourceful administrator with keen political antennae, Bear, a lawyer by profession, has forged rapidly ahead on the path Ramirez charted. The city now operates a chain of therapeutic communities known as Phoenix Houses, as well as a growing network of storefront outposts aimed at reaching young people, and has embarked on a program of prevention through schools and community organizations. With the help of a private foundation, emergency purchases can be made quickly. A new civil-service category, "addiction specialist," has been established with minimum formal educational requirements. Part of the cost of operating the Phoenix Houses is met by having residents who are on welfare contribute their welfare checks.

Bear has had to expend much of his considerable energy defending his efforts against the sniping of private-program operators who miss no opportunity to aggrandize their own projects by denigrating all others. The most strident has been the psychiatrist Dr. Judianne Densen-Gerber who opened up her own treatment center, Odyssey House, in 1967.

Like the majority of philanthropies nominally under private auspices, most "private" addiction treatment programs in New York are heavily dependent on government support. Odyssey's "Mother House," with seventy residents currently in treatment, has received $770,000 from the state since its inception. Last summer Dr. Judy, as she is known to her charges, moved some 35 adolescent heroin users into an abandoned convent previously occupied by nine nuns, and applied to the state for an additional $250,000 to operate a separate facility for adolescents there. She was turned down on the grounds that no further funds were available for private agencies in the current fiscal year and that Odyssey House was not licensed to care for children. Subsequently she was hauled into court for violating city building regulations. In a press interview she blamed her troubles on the "malevolence" of politicians.

A non-stop talker with an ample bosom and an ego to match, Dr. Judy appeared last winter at a televised legislative hearing with a puny twelve-year-old boy, Ralph de Jesus, seated on her lap. The audience was moved to tears as he told his story which included mainlining (injecting into the vein), mugging, and pushing to support his habit. The next day I visited the shelter where Ra was spending his fourth day of abstinence and fo him sitting forlornly on his bunk. "It was ki scary," he said of his television debut. Sh afterwards he left the shelter. A *New York Ti* reporter tracked him down in his South Br home and asked him whether everything he had at the hearing was true. "Some of it," Ralph e- plied.

While Dr. Judy has performed a service in so ing the alarm about a tragically neglected prob her methods are open to criticism. By preemp the limelight she has diverted public attention f much more extensive efforts, particularly the c sixteen Phoenix Houses where nearly 1,000 d dicts, ranging from young adolescents to mi aged men and women, are currently in treatn

Each house is run by a small paid staff o addicts with the help of residents nearing the of their treatment. Residents do all the wor the place, starting out as each new house is op by making a dilapidated building habitable thr a strenuous roach-and-rat extermination camp plastering, partitioning, painting, rewiring, replumbing. Cooking, cleaning, and all mainten work are also done by residents, who start ou the lowliest tasks such as KP and scrubbing to They are promoted to clerical and administr jobs as they demonstrate progress by carryin assignments responsibly, and by personality cha which are tested at encounter sessions, held times a week.

There are three cardinal rules: no chemicals violence; no threats of violence. Infractions dealt with by demotion to a lowlier work squa by what are known as "learning experiences." minor offender may incur a "haircut"—that public reprimand or temporary ostracism b group. At Phoenix House and similar centers, also see young men and women going about tasks with large cardboard signs dangling their necks hand-lettered with such phrases a am a baby," "I must stop testing the program am a liar." There are boys with shaved heads girls with their hair stuffed into stocking ("We don't shave the girls' hair, it means too to them emotionally," I was told. "They tried one girl at Daytop and she went into the bath and cut her wrists.")

PHOENIX HOUSES, like most therapeutic com ties, are coeducational except for the sle quarters on the upper floors. There is an easy c raderie among residents, and one hears over over again identical phrases about the merits program and about "responsible concern" for fellows which includes reporting their misdee "wrong attitudes" at encounters. Visitors are come at "wake-up sessions" held at eight i morning, where coffee is served to an accom ment of songs and impromptu speeches or rea from the day's newspapers. All residents mu tend, since learning to get out of bed at a

· is a basic step in moving out of the benumbed, tic life of addiction.

utsiders are not generally encouraged to attend ounters both because an alien presence might bit their spontaneity and because the tone and ent of the dialogue are likely to be jolting to one who has not undergone "sensitivity train- or its equivalent.

uch is, in truth, my own experience when I find elf seated on a hard wooden chair in a circle g with a dozen young people—black, white, and rto Rican. All wear long-sleeved blouses or uters, the uniform of the mainliner whose lle-striped and abscess-scarred arms are the nanent badge of his affliction. Leader of the up is Charlotte, a pretty blond college dropout is ready for "reentry" after eighteen months of tment. There are several other fairly advanced dents. The rest are candidates for admission to enix House. This is an "induction encounter" gned to test their readiness.

he air is thick with cigarette smoke as a verbal age is directed at a handsome sloe-eyed Negro h who persists in mumbling almost inaudibly ite exhortations to "speak up" and "contribute e input." Charlotte finally goads him into recit- a halting memoir with much prodding from the of the group.

My name is Raymond. . . . I'm twenty-two. My er died when I was six."

What do you remember about him? Did you him?"

He was big and husky. . . . He worked in a nical plant. Once when my mother wouldn't me a cap pistol he got it for me. . . . My mother arried."

How did you feel about your stepfather?"

He was mean to me. He yelled at me when I 't straighten up my room . . . stuff like that . . . I t like nobody to yell at me."

What did you do? Just sit there and listen like do here?"

Well, I stumble when I talk so I don't talk good. of my brothers got killed. He got hit in the ole with a stick. . . . My oldest brother has been id out of jail most of the time. My mother didn't t that to happen to me. . . . She died in the hos- when I was fifteen or sixteen. I was smoking ers then, staying out nights. . . . The dean caught nd threw me out of school. I was running in the t for a year . . . started shooting dope. I went to with one of my sisters. . . . I stole from her. I took rtable TV, a record player, and her watch. I ys meant to get her another watch but I never . . . When my niece got married there were a lot edding presents in the house. I stole them. My r threw me out. I moved in with my other sister. axed me in. I took her camera. And her watch. ighty-dollar watch. Not the TV . . . it was too o carry. I got picked up by the housing detec- . My sister come to court with me. . . . I got pro- on. Then I'm picked up on possession."

You keep blowing a good thing."

That's right."

"Well, you got an advantage here. Who you got to look bad before? We're all just a bunch of dope fiends. Inside we're all babies. We say to ourselves, it hurts. Who has to hurt? I can get high. How do you see yourself today?"

"I see myself as a liar, a thief, and a dope fiend."

For Raymond, this degree of candor is rated as progress. With what seems savage intensity the group now turns on Dolores, a plump, swarthy girl who has been in and out of several treatment centers—a common pattern. Her last sojourn was at Boerum Place, a recently opened city facility for children, where she was sent because she is only fifteen. She walked out after less than a week. Dolores is given to turning her head away and giggling at some private joke.

"Why you split from Boerum Place?"

"All those little kids. I didn't like it. I want to be back in Phoenix with my friends."

"You're inconsistent. You're selfish."

"What you want me to do?"

"Talk about your hang-ups."

"I don't have no hang-ups."

"You're a lying bitch. One guy split from this program because of you. There's a lifetime ban on somebody like you—a split-ee. You're like a cancer. You sound fucking poisonous."

"I think she's dealing."

"Maybe she's a spy from another program."

"She's a spoiled brat with a cute little female body."

"You liked it on Hart's Island [another treatment center] where there were two hundred boys and thirty girls?"

Dolores responds with a nostalgic giggle.

"You know what a whore is?"

"I know. But I'm not a whore. Sure, I turned tricks when my boyfriend didn't have money for dope. He got me tricks. But I'm not a whore."

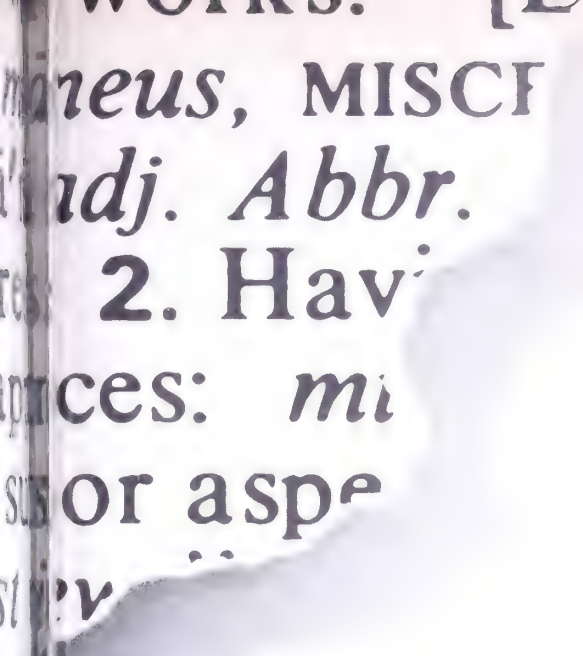
"Then why you go around balling everybody? You couldn't fuck at Boerum so you went out to shoot dope and get down with Tom. . . ."

Though their prospects of success seem dim, Raymond and Dolores will probably be admitted whenever space is available. In fact many applicants are no more promising. Few addicts spontaneously seek salvation in a place where they know they will be under close surveillance by their fellows even though the front door is unlocked. Most come because of pressure from parents, on order from the court, or because their welfare checks will be cut off unless they go into treatment. Others simply find the rigors of street life temporarily unbearable.

Since they have taken on an assignment that is inherently so risky, the therapeutic-community advocates object strenuously to being judged by the "numbers game." They prefer not to mention that more than half of those who enter drop out quite early. When they cite a "success rate" of 90 per cent or better—as do Odyssey, Phoenix, and Daytop for example—the base they are using is the handful of residents who have run the full course and who can be checked a year or more after they leave.

"Methadone is being misused in some bogus programs hastily set up to convince taxpayers that the drug problem is being dealt with."

especially a collection of w
from the neuter plural of *m*
mis·cel·la·ne·ous (mĭs′ə-lā′n
of a variety of parts or ingre
acteristics, abilities, or ap
3. Concerned with diverse su
neous objections . . . against
cellāneus, from *miscellus*,
in Appendix.*]
miscellaneous,
ied, assorted. Miscellaneous
ciently unlike on secondary
Heterogeneous applies to la
that differ in basic kind. *M*
phasizes differences to the
ance; it often expresses co
ences between person
presence of bo
doubles. Vari
cally but nc



an essay on mis·cel·la·ne·ous

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For all those odd bits that never seem to have a home, the French gave us a word: *miscellaneous.*

It is also a kind of knowledge, those pieces of trivia that don't really have a function but which, nevertheless, come in handy to the creative or witty mind.

Not everything has to fit a precise pattern. Every need needs not a want. More often than not, we shop for clothes or ideas or for books with nothing specific in mind. And if something just happens to strike our fancies, fill in an odd gap, or surprise us, we feel rewarded.

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A high proportion of their graduates remain in addiction work as staff members. The most extreme example of this trend is Synanon, which, on the theory that no ex-addict can cope with the realities of the square world, encourages its members to remain permanently hooked on Synanon, spending the rest of their days in one of several outside business enterprises operated by alumni on Synanon property and enjoying lifetime membership in a utopian society.

Some do leave, to be sure. Along with the graduates of other programs, many ex-addicts have proved themselves highly effective therapists and forceful lecturers who have a unique credibility for young audiences. They also tend to attribute almost divine powers to group dynamics, which is, in fact, by no means the sole or even the most promising therapy for drug addition.

THERE IS, INDEED, considerable evidence that the most effective treatment that could be used on a large scale is not psychiatric but medical—a technique known as methadone maintenance. It grew out of experimental work begun in the late 1950s by Dr. Vincent Dole of the Rockefeller Institute, a distinguished metabolic researcher. Seeking an entirely new approach to the drug-abuse problem, he teamed up with Dr. Marie Nyswander (now Mrs. Dole), who had spent twenty frustrating years treating addicts with the methods of classic psychiatry. After trying a variety of possible antidotes to heroin they chose methadone, a synthetic opiate developed in Germany during World War II when morphine was scarce. Small doses of methadone block the craving for heroin. The Dole-Nyswander experiments showed that if the dosage is gradually stepped up, the euphoric effects of heroin are also blocked. Though it is a narcotic, methadone, taken by mouth, causes virtually no undesirable reactions.

When he reaches the "maintenance level," the patient comes to the hospital daily to drink his dose of methadone dissolved in Tang under the watchful eye of a registered nurse. (At a later stage he comes once a week to pick up his supply.) He leaves with her a urine specimen to be checked for drug usage by means of a test developed by Dr. Dole which has become the standard method of policing all therapy programs.

A number of New York hospitals now offer methadone-maintenance therapy under the general direction of the Morris Bernstein Institute of Beth Israel Hospital, the program's main base. To be admitted, patients must be eighteen or older, with at least a two-year history of addiction and a record of arrests and failure in other types of treatment.

Statistically monitored by the Columbia University School of Public Health and Administrative Medicine since its inception, methadone maintenance has rolled up an impressive score, with a better than 80 per cent success rate. As of September 1969, 2,205 individuals had been admitted to the program. Of these, 18 per cent dropped out. The rest remained in treatment and after three years only 2 per cent had been rearrested; 96 per cent were in school or gainfully employed (as compared to only 29 per cent on admission) and had become readdicted.

Figures like these do not impress doctrinaire believers in the therapeutic communities, who consider methadone a "cop-out," simply substituting one addiction for another. Dole, Nyswander, and their followers do not deny that their patients are dependent on methadone. Addiction, they say, is a disease for which the addict needs medication just as a diabetic requires insulin and the cardiac patient digitalis. So long as he takes it on schedule by mouth and in the proper dosage, the patient can lead a normal life. On the basis of experiments with animals Dr. Dole has propounded the theory that narcotics addiction causes metabolic changes in the body which necessitate lifetime treatment. This theory (disputed by other researchers) stirs heated reactions in the anti-methadone forces who point to the considerable number of ex-addicts who have managed to remain "clean" for a good many years by other means. They also hint darkly at a vast illicit traffic in methadone, known on the street as "dollies" (Dolophine is the trade name of methadone in tablet form). Addicts are known to use dollies to cut back a habit that has grown too expensive. Though there is at present no evidence of any extensive illegal trade in methadone, it obviously should not be dispensed like aspirin and it is hazardous—as is almost any drug—if injected. Furthermore, the end of his drug craving is only the beginning of rehabilitation for the addict with needs—and is given, under well-organized programs—continuous help in finding a job and otherwise adjusting to the square world. Methadone is also misused in some bogus programs hastily set up to convince taxpayers that the drug problem is being dealt with.

The guerrilla war between New York's addiction experts took a novel turn last March. One morning at four o'clock, the *New York Post* city desk received a call from a man identifying himself as Thomas Butler of Roosevelt Hospital. He reported two deaths due to methadone: one man, he said, had hanged himself in jail after receiving a methadone injection in a hospital; the other had been found dead in his home after renewing his methadone supply. The caller was at pains to say that "methadone acts as a depressant whose use has not been carefully researched. It can often do more harm than good." He was so quoted in the story that was published after a check with the police confirmed the fact that the deaths had indeed occurred.

The next day, the *Post*'s able medical reporter, Barbara Yuncker, decided that the matter needed further investigation. Her sleuthing revealed that Roosevelt Hospital had never heard of Dr. Thomas Butler and that no such name is listed in the standard medical directory. Furthermore, the medical examiner's office, which did not perform autopsies until many hours after the story was phoned in, the *Post*, flatly said that neither death could be attributed to methadone. The small dose given intra-

sly to one man in the hope of easing his withawal agonies would have been more likely to ıse a high than a depression. The other man—ıo was being phased out of a maintenance proam at Harlem Hospital because of alcoholism—ccumbed to massive bleeding from a ruptured een apparently suffered when he fell in an alcolic convulsion. The perpetrator of this hoax has t been found.

JPON ASSUMING COMMAND of New York's addiction services, Dr. Ramirez promptly withdrew city funds from the methadone program, which found ideologically obnoxious. The project has ıce been supported entirely by the State Narcotics ldiction Control Commission. Known by those touches as NACC or the Rockefeller Program, is agency also underwrites a number of city ojects and private agencies and provides films, mphlets, and speakers to schools and other wor-d organizations including some prestigious busiss firms. In addition NACC has spent in the ighborhood of $150 million to construct and uip thirteen large institutions where currently me 4,800 addicts are kept securely under lock and y and, in theory, are rehabilitated at the same ıe. The plan was largely modeled after the habilitation Center set up with high hopes in rona, California, in 1961. Follow-up studies conted there indicate that three years after leaving e institution only 16 per cent of its former popuion are "reasonably free" of drugs.

On the basis of early returns, New York State is likely to do better. In effect these institutions scoop the bottom of the barrel, the addicts suffering m many aberrations who have repeatedly failed voluntary programs. They arrive angry, embit-ed, generally devoid of any motivation to change. "Some come back here two and three times," I s told by Stephen Chinlund, a young Episcopalian nister who a year ago took over the direction of e of the state-run facilities for women, the Manttan Rehabilitation Center. Previously he di-cted two voluntary addiction programs—Exodus d Reality House. "They don't stay in any treatnt voluntarily," he said ruefully, "so we have to to do our best for them this way."

Mr. Chinlund must be credited with trying hard. e has shaken up the staff and has taught the secur-officers, who are known as counselors, to lead oup-therapy sessions. He put the residents to work decorating the building, a former motel; the well-rnished double bedrooms and dining halls are ysically more attractive than the girls' dormiries in some Ivy League women's colleges. There e classrooms, both academic and vocational, here residents spend three or four hours a day. ıt now that there are no more walls to paint, they ve long wearisome hours with nothing to do but ep, eat, and look at TV, locked on a single cor-dor. Because all routine maintenance work is done paid staff, there is no work program and no way rewarding good behavior through promotion to more responsible tasks, as is done in the therapeutic communities. Nor is there any comparable peer pressure to enforce rules. Minor infractions are punished by depriving the culprit of a cherished privilege such as the pre-bedtime snack. Intractable individuals are sent to "detention," a euphemism for solitary confinement. The intellectual and educational level of most residents is low, as is the emotional boiling point. Many are lesbians, a frequent concomitant of drug addiction in women.

Despite the odds against them, some souls are saved. I talked, for instance, with one wispy black woman who had returned of her own volition for a second stay. "I just wasn't ready the last time," she said, showing me a photo of her twenty-year-old son with whom she hopes to live. "Now I think I can make it. I've learned to type and I've got a good job waiting for me."

Immediately afterward I am buttonholed by a hard-eyed platinum blonde. She bats her half-inch fake eyelashes as she recites her grievances against counselors who play favorites, against the boredom of her life here and the meanness of the judge who sentenced her just because her boyfriend was found stabbed to death three days after she had left him. "I could get parole now," she says, "but I don't want no aftercare. I'll do my time here and then I want to just disappear and lead my own life."

"A few politicians urge us to adopt the British system, under which all criminal sanctions are abolished and doctors prescribe freely to all addicts the drugs they need."

AS WITH OTHER COMMODITIES, the traffic in narcotics is a matter of supply and demand. In Harlem, there is a buyers' market in heroin. Prices are at an all-time low and the quality is said to be better (*i.e.*, less adulterated) than ever before—a fact which may account for the mounting death rate from overdoses. The rise in youthful addiction may well be the result of a sales campaign deliberately aimed at the teen-age and juvenile market: innovative packaging—the $1 and $2 bag—has been designed for this trade. (The $5 bag is the adult size.) Because of overstocked inventories, heroin—long sold strictly for cash—may be bought on credit. When an addict says, "The man's about to ice me," he means that he is so heavily in debt to his dealer that he fears for his life. And in all probability if he does not pay up he will be stabbed or pushed off a roof.

In a six square-block section of central Harlem, a militant tenants' organization, after conducting a door-to-door census last year, has concluded that 80 per cent of the population is addicted and that on every block there are at least twelve "shooting galleries" where addicts congregate for their daily fix.

The leader of the tenants' group is Mrs. Beraneece Sims, a soft-spoken gray-haired black woman whose gentle manner cloaks a seething rage and an iron will. A few months ago she set up her own addiction program, calling it "The Community Thing." Sitting in her shabby office—a store on Lenox Avenue acquired simply by "occupying" it—one gets a perspective on the narcotics problem quite different from the view downtown.

Marion K. Sanders

ADDICTS AND ZEALOTS

Mrs. Sims sees the "hard-core addict" not as a single stereotype but as two distinct breeds. The older ones, whom she calls the "Bible Belt type" have usually had some stabilizing family ties which gave them the rudiments of a value system. Although they are professional thieves, forgers, shoplifters, passers of bad checks, they seldom resort to violence and they do not operate in their own community. "They would rather be sick in the street than do that," she says. Because they hustle downtown, they are not perceived in Harlem as dangerously antisocial characters. Their loot, which finds eager customers at bargain prices, is regarded as a kind of tithe on white society and there is even a certain admiration for the skill with which they practice their specialties. Some, for instance, have perfected the art of walking out of department stores in broad daylight carrying off two portable TV sets. Others are "cattle rustlers" who steal meat to order for housewives, charging them half the market price. (The real experts swap labels in the store so that the purchaser winds up paying half the price of a porterhouse for the chuck steak she gets.)

These older addicts, along with all other ghetto residents, view with horror the new, younger breed —the mugger or the purse snatcher who has not even the skills of the professional thief but is simply a ruthless predator preying on his own people. "These adolescents came along when our community fabric had fallen apart," Mrs. Sims says. "What can you expect when you don't have to walk half a block for a fix, when dealing in drugs is the easiest money in Harlem?"

The Community Thing has acquired squatter's rights to a row of venerable buildings which were scheduled for demolition, and is using them for its own therapy program. On one door is a sign, "Come into my house, child." Here are lodged some twenty addicted youngsters ranging in age from seven to fourteen.

"We don't believe in encounters, confrontation—all that," she says. "Not for our children anyway. They have been damaged too much. They need to find out who they are, to develop some pride and purpose, they need *habilitation* not rehabilitation. We take them off drugs, cold turkey. Then we try to find out what their *thing* is and get them busy at it."

For some, the thing is "growing something." This spring a steep slope in a nearby park glowed with tulips and daffodils planted on land terraced and cultivated by some of the children who are being taught by a volunteer landscape gardener.

Any addict who makes a "soul decision" to change may join The Community Thing, even though the decision may be merely to cut back his habit. All are encouraged to go to work or to school and to get involved in community-action programs. Some become scouts for the drug program, roaming the streets, housing projects, tenements, and playgrounds in search of "copping" youngsters.

"We also use addicts who are not going to change themselves but who want to help us anyhow," Mrs. Sims explains calmly. "We need them most for our Special Child Detail Squad. They are the ones w help us find the pawned children."

"*Pawned children?*"

"When an addicted mother owes her dealer m than she can ever pay, she might become a push Or she might go to work in a factory where t package heroin. If she is really desperate she m pawn her child to the dealer. She hopes she'll able to redeem it someday, but she never does. If an infant the dealer may sell it to a childless cou The eight-, nine-, and ten-year-olds become push and sometimes the boys work as homosexual pro tutes, the little girls as prostitutes for 'specialty acts.' Only an addict can find these children for An ex-addict is respected but he's not trusted the one who's still using."

Except for a mini-grant of a few thousand dol from the state, The Community Thing has been s ported entirely by contributions, mostly from H lem people. "Our addicted brothers and sis understand, as we all do, that we've got to save children or we're finished as a race, *finished*," Ms. Sims says. "Some of the older addicts give us 15 cent of their take every week. That's mighty ge ous you know—they have that much less left f fix. The numbers people help us too."

THE IDEAL WAY TO SOLVE the drug problem w be to cut off the supply. But as Americans s learned during Prohibition, a multimillion-d business operated by organized criminals, who rupt public officials ranging from the cop on beat to the highest levels of government, preser formidable law-enforcement problem. It is solved by the sporadic seizure of smuggled shipments or periodic arrests of dealers and pus

"A big collar makes a big noise," said a Ha clergyman. "But these fellows are just straw bo We want to know who's the big plantation boss si back with his mint julep, raking in the milli

On rare occasions one of these overlords is se and a temporary panic in the street follows. " member a time like that back in 1965," an ex-a told me. "The story was that the cops had coll a big gumbah of Frank Costello's and made a with him. They agreed to let him go home sa Italy if he would get the heroin out of Ha Forty-eight hours later, 116th Street was full o dicts puking in the gutter, lighting bonfires, th ing their money around. You literally couldn't fix. Of course, this only lasted a week or so."

The federal Narcotics Bureau has recently transferred from the Treasury to the Justice De ment, which, with the help of local crime co sions, has sent an unusual number of Mafia b to jail in New York and New Jersey. Howeve drug traffic is no longer a Mafia monopoly; lancers from Latin America have moved in dominate the cocaine-smuggling industry w trail begins in the coca bushes of Peru and B and moves into the United States via Miami.

Most heroin originates in the poppy fields of key, where part of the crop, grown chiefly for

on into medicinal morphine, is sold at much er prices to the bootleg market. It is refined into in in Marseilles. There the American importer pay $5,000 to $15,000 for a kilo, which, when will bring in $250,000 at retail after passing igh a chain of jobbers and dealers each of n skims off a profit. The earthquakes which re- y struck the Turkish poppy fields may some- shrink the supply. Pressure could also be ed on France, Turkey, and other exporters to ff the traffic at the overseas source.

eanwhile vigilante groups in some drug-in- d communities are waging their own wars ıst dealers and pushers. Others clamor for er mandatory jail sentences for drug offenders, te abundant evidence that this has never been fective weapon against crime. A few politicians us to adopt the British system, under which riminal sanctions are abolished and doctors ribe freely to all addicts the drugs they need. proposal was widely touted in the 1950s by al critics of the punitive philosophy of Harry ıslinger, longtime chief of the Bureau of Nar- s.

en at that time it was apparent that what t work in Britain, with a minute addicted pop- ın, was irrelevant to the monstrous American em. Most of Britain's addicts then were well- people who were introduced to morphine g a painful illness. Within the past few years rug problem in England has escalated as a new l of addicts have proved adroit at hoodwinking al doctors into supplying them and then selling ırplus. Many British experts concede that their n is in disarray. For the tragic fact is that, h a few addicts may be able to function despite habit (one per cent of American doctors are o be addicted), heroin turns most people into dled, stuporous, totally disorganized and un- ıctive members of society.

EN IF THE HEROIN SUPPLY could be totally dried p, addicts would find something else to shoot heir veins. This is the view of most experts in eld, particularly those who have made it their ın to work with adolescents—many from pros- s homes—who sniff glue, gulp pills, and inject taneously (skin-pop) or into their veins aline) barbiturates, amphetamines, and almost ing else they can lay their hands on.

ney would shoot Carbona or peanut butter once e really strung out on drugs," says Brendan Sexton who founded and directs Encounter, a are therapy center for young addicts in New After conquering a drug problem of his own ears ago, Sexton, now in his mid-twenties, d his project by recruiting in the psychedelic shops and on the streets of Greenwich Vil- Encounter's fame has since spread to campuses igh schools across the country, and the project, d in an old loft building, is filled to capacity early morning to late evening. It serves as a ıf clubhouse for its clientele, who are prodded into returning to school or finding jobs while they continue treatment.

Sexton has found the Phoenix-Daytop techniques extremely effective in dealing with young people from the age of thirteen or so on up. "Encounters aren't a cure for addiction," he said. "The problems these kids have aren't drugs. They are really messed up, and so are most of their parents. Encounters are a way of learning to cope with your real problems."

To illustrate the point he handed me a copy of Encounter's house organ, published strictly for intramural distribution. It contains a good deal of rather childish poetry as well as autobiographical sketches of several young, middle-class drug abusers. After promising to omit identifying details, I was given permission to quote from them. Here are two sample excerpts:

I grew up in suburbia. My family was middle-class but it felt like poverty row. They bought all the things they couldn't afford like cars and TVs and houses by skimping on things like food, clothing, and education. Like any dumb kid growing up in the Fifties I left the woods surrounding my house alone. I grew up in front of a 9-inch TV set. "My Little Margie" was my role model.... My parents got divorced when I was a junior in high school and I spent a lonely senior year with my mother complaining about how bad my father was for leaving her for a younger woman. When I visited my father occasionally, I learned how badly she had treated him.... *I stayed in college for two years but I got tired of working my way through and never having any money to spend. I went to New York and worked for a while as a bank teller and a sales clerk. I spent a lonely year trying to fit in with the single-swinger bar set. I got so desperate to find a boyfriend that I gave up my apartment so I would have to find someone to live with. I did. He was an ex-medical student anxious to introduce me to the world of drugs. Within six months I was shooting amphetamine with him every day and taking any other drug I could get my hands on. It went downhill rapidly with violent arguments, hassles for drugs, pipe dreams about getting off them, and finally suicide attempts....Bellevue...other hospitals... jail. When I got out on parole I heard about Encounter. Slowly, I'm learning how to live....*

From the beginning of my school career I was a rebel loner. I read a lot—fifteen to twenty books a month. I decided I was smarter than everyone else but I was miserable....When I got to college I kept trying to learn more about people and emotions. This plus loneliness led to dope. I had read about it and wanted to try it, so I got a job in a hospital and stole drugs.... One summer I had a job in New York. That was when I got turned on to amphetamine. I shot on and off for ten months...sometimes every two hours....When I went back to college I knew I had to stop because it fucked me up so much but every once in a while the urge got too strong....I started taking smack [heroin] and barbiturates. I had a bad accident while fucked up on barbs so that was out....I realized smack

"Because addicts hustle downtown, they are not perceived in Harlem as dangerously antisocial characters."

was the next thing I'd get into and I was scared. I knew I'd find out that it was maybe more destructive than the others. That was when some people from Encounter came to our campus....

Because he is young, un-square, and speaks with the authority of firsthand experience of the hip scene, the pressure of peer groups, the excitement of a "high," and the miseries that follow, Sexton is unusually effective as a therapist and as an ambassador of good sense to school and college audiences. He is the anonymous star of a documentary film, *The Seekers*, which is generally regarded as one of the better visual tools available for use in drug-prevention programs aimed at adolescents.

KIDS HAVE HEARD ALL ABOUT bad LSD trips: they aren't scared by horror posters and pamphlets and they are really turned off by the phoniness of most of the so-called educational materials," says Robert Fox, an energetic auburn-bearded young sociologist who runs the state's drug-education program. By way of an example, he described an anti-drug film recently shown in a high-school assembly. In the first reel the young heroine comes home from school to find her mother is out. To assuage her loneliness the child smokes a cigarette. Scene two finds her seeking companionship among some pot-smoking teen-agers. And in the finale she has reached the depths of degradation—mainlining. The climax of the film is a close-up of a bloody syringe as she shoots heroin into her arm.

"Most of these kids have tried a joint themselves and they know this isn't the way it happens," Fox said. "There wasn't any discussion afterward—except in the corridors. A movie is only useful if it leads to a meaningful discussion."

He conceded that it takes a highly skilled leader to turn the discussion into something other than an interminable rap session about the hypocrisy of martini-swilling adults who refuse to legalize pot. It is a dead-end argument in which the grown-ups point to the proven fact that most hard-drug users smoked marijuana earlier in their careers. The kids, who have heard this one all too often, rejoin that millions of pot-smokers never become pot-heads or junkies. And of course they are right.

This irrelevant dialogue is not likely to end until our anti-marijuana laws are revised at least to remove criminal sanctions from possession. It might be wise also to consider the possibility of handling marijuana as we do another potentially dangerous drug—alcohol—through licensed outlets. This would at least make it possible to exercise some control over quality, which now ranges from virtually innocuous "subway pot" (said to consist of dried oak leaves plus a marijuana-like fragrance) to hashish, a potent hallucinogen also derived from the hemp plant. Presumably, marijuana advertising would be banned from TV and radio. This would set a valuable precedent which might help us rid the home screen of one prevailing and ominously seductive cause of the current "drug ambience" (another factor, of course, is the pop-rock drug-glorifying s
—the ingenious commercials which sell us dr
pep us up, calm us down, and indeed to han
of life's crises by popping a pill in our m
Children who start looking at TV at the age
are estimated to have spent eight thousand ho
front of the tiny screen by the time they enter s
Like marijuana, mood-influencing drugs a
physically addictive: that is, people who stop
them suffer no withdrawal symptoms. But th
cause psychological dependence—which as ar
arette or diet-pill addict has learned is no
matter.

Most of the experts working on the ad
problem take the hard line on marijuana (alt
all agree that the present savage penalties
use are atrocious). They are also profoundl
ried about the spreading abuse of barbiturat
amphetamines, which have been found to re
brain damage that is sometimes irreversible
intractable of all is the LSD psychosis whi
recur unpredictably months after the last ba

The treatment of very young addicts
largely unexplored territory. Dr. Marie Nysw
is currently experimenting with a few child
giving them very small doses of methadone
she hopes eventually to withdraw altogether.
not yet ready to report on this project. Little
tific attention has elsewhere been focused
increasingly pressing problem.

The present danger is that the expansion
tally needed therapy and prevention progra
be bogged down in acrimonious debate abou
ods. One of the least discussed but most e
has been religious conversion. The Black M
for example, have persuaded large numbers
followers to forsake drugs. An evangelical spi
sparked another grass-roots program in Harl
Addicts' Rehabilitation Center. Its director,
Allen, found his own salvation from drugs t
the Manhattan Christian Reformed Church.

Clearly what is now needed is an objective
ation of the different approaches which sho
promise of success. In New York, the ide
barriers between competing programs hav
it impossible to do this.

New York's loss, however, has proved Ch
gain. Last year Dr. Jerome Jaffe, a rema
open-minded psychiatrist formerly on the
Albert Einstein Medical College, fled New
addiction feuds. Financed by the state of L
he is directing in Chicago the country's firs
modality addiction program. Patients are as
according to their needs, to therapeutic co
ties, psychotherapy, methadone maintena
treatment with one of the non-addictive
antagonists such as cyclazocine. If the patien
progresses on one treatment, he is shifted
other without animus since no one has a
interest in any particular method. The pro
being monitored by the National Institute of
Health. And the results are awaited with
breathless interest. Conceivably, they mig
cause peace to break out in New York.

ory by Isaac Bashevis Singer

OMETHING IS THERE

A RULE, RABBI NECHEMIA from Bechev knew he cunning of the Evil One and how to subim. but the last few months he had been ed by something new and terrifying: wrath st the Creator. A part of the Rabbi's brain eled with the Lord of the Universe, rebely arguing; yes, You are great, eternal, aly, wise, even full of mercy. But with whom ou play hide-and-seek—with flies? What help ur greatness to the fly when it falls into the the spider that sucks out its life? Of what are all Your attributes to the mouse when t clamps it in its claws? Rewards in Para-The beasts have no use for them. You, Father aven, have the time to wait for the End of but they can't wait. When You cause a fire tl the water carrier's hut and he has to sleep is family in the poorhouse on a cold winter's that is an injustice beyond repair. The dimof Your light, free choice, redemption, may to explain You, but Feitl the water carrier to rest after a day's toil, not to toss about on of rotten straw.

Rabbi knew well that Satan was talking to He tried every means to silence him. He subd himself in the icy water of the ritual bath. and studied the Torah until his eyes closed weariness. But the devil refused to be ed. His insolence grew. He screamed from ng till night. Lately, he had begun to defile bbi's dreams. The Rabbi dreamed of Jews burned at the stake, of Yeshiva boys led to llows, of violated virgins, tortured infants. s shown the cruelties of Chmelnitzki's and s soldiers and those of the savages who cone limbs of animals before the beasts expire. ks impaled children with their spears and hem while still alive. A Haydamak with a oustache and murderous eyes ripped open a 's belly and sewed a cat inside. In his dream. bbi waved his fists toward Heaven and l, "Is all this for Your glory, Heavenly

hole court at Bechev was on the verge of e. The old Rabbi, Reb Gabriel Zaddock, Nechemia's father, had died three years He had suffered from cancer of the stomach. Nechemia's mother had developed the same in her breast. Besides the Rabbi, one er and son remained. The Rabbi's younger brother, Simcha David, became an "enlightened one" while his parents were alive. He left the court and his wife, the daughter of the Zhilkovka Rabbi, and went to Warsaw to study painting. The Rabbi's sister, Hinde Shevach, had married the son of the Neustater Rabbi, Chaim Mattos, who immediately after the marriage sank into melancholia and returned to his parents. Hinde Shevach became an abandoned wife. Since he was considered insane, Chaim Mattos was not permitted to go through divorce procedures. Rabbi Nechemia's own wife, a descendant of the Rabbi of Kotzk, had died together with her infant at childbirth. The matchmakers proposed various mates for the Rabbi, but he gave them all the same answer: "I will think it over."

Actually, no appropriate match was offered. Most of the Bechev Chasidim had deserted Reb Nechemia. In the Rabbinical courts, the same laws prevailed as among the fish in the sea: the big ones devoured the little ones. The first to leave were the rich. What could keep them in Bechev? The study house was half ruined. The roof of the ritual bath had caved in. Weeds grew everywhere. Reb Nechemia was left with a single beadle—Reb Sander. The Rabbi's house had many rooms, which were seldom cleaned, and a layer of dust covered everything. The wallpaper was peeling. Windowpanes were broken and not replaced. The entire building had settled in such a way that the floors all slanted. Baile Elke, the maid, suffered from rheumatism: her joints became knotted. Reb Nechemia's sister, Hinde Shevach, had no patience for housework. She sat on the couch all day long reading books. When the Rabbi lost a button from his coat, there was no one to sew it on.

The Rabbi was barely twenty-seven years old, but he appeared older. His tall figure was stooped. He had a yellow beard, yellow eyebrows, yellow sidelocks. He was nearly bald. He had a high forehead, blue eyes, a narrow nose, a long neck with a protruding Adam's apple. He had a consumptive pallor. In his study, Reb Nechemia, wearing a faded housecoat, a wrinkled skullcap, and shoddy slippers, paced back and forth. On the table lay a long pipe and a bag of tobacco. The Rabbi would light it, take one puff, and put it down. He would pick up a book, open it, and close it without reading. He even ate impatiently. He bit off a piece of bread and chewed it while walking. He took a sip

Isaac Bashevis Singer, who was born in Poland, the son of a rabbi, came to New York in 1935 and has gained an international reputation as a storyteller and novelist. "Something Is There" will be included in his book A Friend of Kafka and Other Stories, *to be published this summer by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Inc. It was translated from the Yiddish by the author and Rosanna Gerber.*

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Isaac Bashevis Singer

SOMETHING IS THERE

of his coffee and continued to pace. It was summer, between Pentecost and the Days of Awe, when no Chasidim go forth on pilgrimages, and during the long summer days the Rabbi had time enough to brood.

All problems blended into one—why the suffering? There was no answer to be found to this question, neither in the Pentateuch, in the books of the Prophets, in the Talmud, in the Zohar, nor in the Tree of Life. If the Lord is omnipotent, He could reveal Himself without the aid of the Evil Host. If He is not omnipotent, then He is not really God. The only solution to the riddle was that of the heretics: there is neither a judge nor a judgment. All creation is a blind accident—an inkwell fell on a sheet of paper and the ink wrote a letter by itself, each word a lie, the sentences chaos. In that case, why does he, Rabbi Nechemia, make a fool of himself? What kind of a Rabbi is he? To whom does he pray? To whom does he complain? On the other hand, how can spilled ink compose even a single line? And from where does the ink and the sheet of paper come? *Nu*, and from where does God come?

Rabbi Nechemia stood at the open window. Outside, there was a pale blue sky; around a golden yellow sun little clouds curled like the flax th used to protect the Esrog in its case. On the n branch of a desiccated tree stood a bird. A swal A sparrow? Its mother was also a bird, an too, its grandmother—generation after genera thousands of years. If Aristotle was right tha universe always existed, then the chain of ge tions had no beginning. But how could that

The Rabbi grimaced as if in pain. He forn fist. "You want to conceal Your face?" He s to God. "So be it. You conceal Your face a will conceal mine. Enough is enough." He de to put into action what he had contemplated long time.

2.

THAT FRIDAY NIGHT the Rabbi slept littl napped and awoke intermittently. Each he fell asleep, horrors seized him anew. flowed. Corpses lay strewn in the gutters. W ran through flames, with singed hair and ch breasts. Bells clanged. A stampede of beasts rams' horns, pigs' snouts, with skins of hedg and pussy udders emerged from burning fo A cry rose from the earth—a lament of men, w



nts, demons. In the confusion of his dream, abbi imagined that Simchas Torah and Purim allen on the same day. Had the calendar been ed, the Rabbi wondered, or had the Evil One dominion? At dawn an old man with a ed beard, wearing a torn robe, ranted at him hook his fists. The Rabbi tried to blow the horn to excommunicate him, but instead of st the sound was a wheeze that might have from a deflated lung.

e Rabbi trembled and his bed shook. His pil- was wet and twisted, as if it had just been g out from the washtub. The Rabbi's eyes half glued together. "Abominations," the i muttered. "Scum of the brain." For the first since he could remember, the Rabbi did not rm the ablutions. "The power of Evil? Let's hat Evil can do! The sacred can only stay " He walked over to the window. The rising lled among the clouds like a severed head. At of garbage, the community he-goat was try- chew last year's palm leaves. "You are still " the Rabbi addressed him. And he remem- the ram whose horns were caught in the t that Abraham had sacrificed instead of He always had a need of burnt offerings, the thought of God. His creatures' blood was et savor to Him.

will do it. I will do it." the Rabbi said aloud. Bechev they prayed late. On the summer Sab- there was barely a quorum, even counting w old men who were supported by the court. ight before, the Rabbi had resolved not to put fringed garment, but he did so anyway out bit. He had planned to go bareheaded, but antly he placed the skullcap on his head. One a time is enough, he decided. He sat down on air and dozed. After a while, he started and . Until yesterday the Good Spirit had at- ed to reprimand the Rabbi and to threaten ith Gehenna or a demeaning transmigration soul. But now the voice from Mount Horeb ifled. All fears had vanished. Only anger re- d. "If He does not need the Jews, the Jews need Him." The Rabbi spoke no longer di- to the Almighty but to some other deity— s to one of those mentioned in the 82nd : "God standeth in the Congregation of the : He judgeth among the Gods." Now the agreed with every kind of heresy—with those ny Him entirely and with those who believe dominions: with the idolators who serve the nd the constellations and those who uphold inity; with the Karaites, who renounced the d; with the Samaritans, who forsook Mount or Mount Gerizim. Yes, I have known the nd I intend to spite Him, the Rabbi said. natters suddenly became clear: the primeval Cain, the Generation of the Flood, the Sodo- Ishmael, Esau, Korah, and Jeroboam, the Nebat. To a silent torturer one does not and to a persecutor one does not pray.

Rabbi hoped that somehow at the last mo- miracle would occur—God would reveal Himself or some power would restrain him. But nothing happened. He opened the drawer and took out his pipe, an object forbidden to the touch on the Sabbath. He filled it with tobacco. Before striking the match, the Rabbi hesitated. He admonished himself, "Nechemia, son of Gabriel Zaddock, this is one of the thirty-nine tasks prohibited on the Sabbath! For this, one is stoned." He looked around. No wings fluttered: no voice called. He withdrew a match and lit the pipe. His brain rattled in his skull like a kernel in the nutshell. He was plummeting into the abyss.

Usually the Rabbi enjoyed smoking, but now the smoke tasted acrid. It scratched his throat. Someone might knock at the door! He poured a few drops of ablution water into the pipe—another major violation, to extinguish a fire. He had a desire for further transgression, but what? He wanted to spit on the Mezuzah but refrained. For a while, the Rabbi listened to the turmoil within him. Then he went out into the corridor and passed along to Hinde Shevach's room. He pulled at the latch and tried to open the door.

"Who is there?" Hinde Shevach called out.

"It is I."

The Rabbi heard her rustling, murmuring. Then she opened the door. She must just have awakened. She wore a house robe with arabesques, slippers, and on her shaven head a silk kerchief. Nechemia was tall, but Hinde Shevach was small. Though she was barely twenty-five years old, she looked older, with dark circles under her eyes and the grieved expression of an abandoned wife. The Rabbi rarely came to her room, never so early and on the Sabbath.

She asked, "Has something happened?"

The Rabbi's eyes filled with laughter. "The Messiah has come. The moon fell down."

"What kind of talk is that?"

"Hinde Shevach, everything is finished." the Rabbi said, astounded by his own words.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not a Rabbi anymore. There is no more court unless you want to take over and become the second Virgin of Ludmir."

Hinde Shevach's yellowish eyes measured him crookedly. "What happened?"

"I've had my fill."

"What will become of the court, of me?"

"Sell everything, divorce your schlemiel, or leave for America."

Hinde Shevach stood still. "Sit down, you frighten me."

"I'm tired of all these lies," the Rabbi said. "The whole nonsense. I'm not a rabbi and they're not Chasidim. I'm leaving for Warsaw."

"What will you do in Warsaw? Do you want to follow in Simcha David's path?"

"Yes, his path."

Hinde Shevach's pale lips trembled. She looked for a handkerchief among her clothes on a chair. She held it to her mouth. "What about me?" she asked.

"You are still young. You're not a cripple." the

Rabbi said, baffled by his own words. "The whole world is open to you."

"Open? Chaim Mattos is not allowed to divorce me."

"He's allowed, allowed."

The Rabbi wanted to say, "You can do without divorce," but he was afraid that Hinde Shevach might faint. He felt a surge of defiance, the courage and the relief of one who has rid himself of all yokes. For the first time he grasped what it meant to be a nonbeliever. He said, "The Chasidic institution is sheer mendicancy. Nobody needs me. The whole business is a swindle and a falsehood."

3.

IT ALL PASSED SMOOTHLY. Hinde Shevach locked herself in her room, apparently crying. Sander the beadle got drunk after Havdalah, the ushering out of the Sabbath, and went to sleep. The old men sat in the study house. One recited the Valedictory Prayers, another read the Beginning of Wisdom, a third cleaned his pipe with a wire, a fourth patched a sacred book. A few candles flickered. The Rabbi gave a final look at the study house. "A ruin," he murmured. He had packed his satchel himself. Since his wife's death, he had grown accustomed to fetching his own linen from the chest where the maid placed it. He took out several shirts, some underwear, and long white stockings. He didn't even pack his prayer shawl and phylacteries. What for?

The Rabbi stole away from the village. How convenient that the moon was not shining. He did not take the highway but walked along the back roads with which he had been familiar as a boy. He did not wear his velvet hat. He had found a cap and a gaberdine from the days when he was a bachelor.

Actually, the Rabbi was no longer the same man. He felt that he was possessed by a demon who thought and chattered in its own peculiar manner. Now he passed through fields and a forest. Even though it was Saturday night when the Evil Ones run rampant, the Rabbi felt bolder and stronger. He no longer feared dogs or robbers. He arrived at the station only to learn that he would have to wait for a train until dawn. He sat down on a bench, near a peasant who lay snoring. The Rabbi had recited neither the Evening Prayer nor the Shemah. I will shave off my beard, too, he decided. He was aware that his escape could not remain a secret and that his Chasidim might seek him out and find him. Briefly, he considered leaving Poland.

He fell asleep and was awakened by the ringing of a bell. The train had arrived. Earlier, he had bought a fourth-class ticket because in those carriages there is never any illumination; the passengers sit or stand in the dark. He was apprehensive of encountering citizens of Bechev, but the car was full of Gentiles. One of them struck a match, and the Rabbi saw peasants wearing four-cornered hats, brown caftans, linen trousers—most of them barefoot or with rags on their feet. There was no window in the car, only a round opening. When the sun rose, it cast a purple light on the bedraggled lot of men who were smoking cheap tobacco, [illegible] coarse bread with lard, and washing it dow[illegible] vodka. Their wives reclined on the baggag[illegible] dozed.

The Rabbi had heard about the pogro[illegible] Russia. Bumpkins such as these killed men, [illegible] women, plundered, and tortured childre[illegible] Rabbi huddled in a corner. He tried to co[illegible] nose from the stench. "God, is this Your w[illegible] he asked. "Did You attempt to give them the [illegible] on Mount Sair and Mount Paran? Is it amon[illegible] that You have dispersed Your chosen people [illegible] wheels clammered along the rails. Smoke fr[illegible] locomotive seeped through the round h[illegible] reeked of coal, oil, and some indiscernible [illegible] dering substance. "Can I become one of these[illegible] Rabbi asked himself. "If God doesn't exist, [illegible] did Jesus."

The Rabbi felt a strong urge to urinate bu[illegible] were no facilities. These passengers seemed [illegible] flea- and lice-ridden. He felt an itch bene[illegible] shirt. He began to regret having left Bechev. [illegible] prevented me from being an infidel there[illegible] asked himself. "At least I had my own be[illegible] what will I do in Warsaw? I have been imp[illegible] I forgot that a heretic too needs food and a [illegible] under his head. My few rubles will not las[illegible] Simcha David is a pauper himself." The Rab[illegible] been informed that Simcha David was st[illegible] wore tattered clothes, and in addition was st[illegible] and impractical. "Well, and what did he [illegible] There is no lack of charlatans in Warsaw."

The Rabbi's legs ached and he lowered [illegible] to the floor. He shoved the visor of his ca[illegible] on his forehead. Jews boarded the train at [illegible] stations; someone might recognize him. Sud[illegible] he heard familiar words. "Oh my God, th[illegible] which Thou gavest me is pure; Thou didst [illegible] it, Thou didst form it, Thou didst breathe [illegible] me; Thou preservest it within me; and Th[illegible] take it from me but wilt restore it unto m[illegible] after. . . ." "A lie, a brazen lie," something [illegible] Rabbi exclaimed. "All have the same spirit—[illegible] an animal. Ecclesiastes himself admitte[illegible] therefore the sages wanted to censor him. W[illegible] what is a spirit? Who formed the spirit? W[illegible] the worldly books say about that?"

The Rabbi slept and dreamed that it wa[illegible] Kippur. He stood in the Synagogue yard alo[illegible] a group of Jews who wore white robes and [illegible] shawls. Someone had locked the Synagog[illegible] why? The Rabbi lifted his eyes to the sky [illegible] stead of one moon he saw two, three, five [illegible] was that? The moons seemed to rush tow[illegible] another. They became larger and more [illegible] Lightning struck, thunder rolled, and [illegible] blazed in flames. The Jews emitted a [illegible] lament: "Woe, Evil is prevailing!"

Shaken, the Rabbi awoke. The train had [illegible] in Warsaw. He had not been in Warsaw s[illegible] father—blessed be his memory—fell ill a[illegible] there to see Doctor Frankel a few months [illegible] his demise. Father and son had then travel[illegible] special carriage. Sextons and court memb[illegible]

npanied them. A crowd of Chasidim had
d at the station. His father was led to the
e of a rich follower on Twarda Street. In his
g room Father interpreted the Torah. Now
emia walked along the platform carrying his
valise. Some of the passengers ran, others
ged their luggage. Porters shouted. A gen-
e appeared with a sword on one side, a
ver on the other, his chest covered with medals,
quare face red and fat. His tallowy eyes meas-
the Rabbi with suspicion, hatred, and with
thing that reminded the Rabbi of a predatory

e Rabbi entered the city. Trolley cars clanged
bells, droshkies converged, the coachmen
d their whips, the horses galloped over the
estones. There was a stench of pitch, refuse,
moke. "This is the world?" the Rabbi asked
lf. "Here the Messiah is supposed to come?"
arched in his breast pocket for the scrap of
bearing Simcha David's address, but it had
ied. "Are the demons playing with me al-
?" The Rabbi returned his hand to the pocket
ithdrew the paper he had been searching for.
demon was mocking him. But if there is no
how can there be an Evil Host? He stopped
serby and asked for directions to Simcha
's street.
man gave them. "What a distance!" he said.
h time the Rabbi asked how to reach Smotcha
, where Simcha David lived, he was advised
e a trolley car or a droshky, but the trolley
d too formidable and a droshky was too ex-
e. Besides, the driver might be a Gentile. The
spoke no Polish. He stopped to rest every
inutes. He hadn't eaten breakfast; still, he
know whether or not he was hungry. His
watered and he felt a dryness in his throat.
mell of freshly baked rolls, bagels, boiled
and smoked herring drifted from the court-
He passed by stores that sold leather, hard-
dry goods, and ready-made clothes. The
en vied for customers, tore at their sleeves,
g and interspersing their Polish with
h. Saleswomen called out in a singsong,
s, pears, plums, potato kugel, hot peas and
" A wagon laden with kindling tried to pass
h a narrow gate. A cart piled high with sacks
r forced its way through another gate. A
an—barefoot, wearing a caftan with one
missing and a torn cap—was being chased by
of boys. They called taunts and threw
s at him.
ther cooked a kitten," a young boy sang out
gh-pitched voice. Blond sidelocks hung down
is octagonal cap.
Rabbi proceeded to cross the street and was
run down by an express wagon drawn by
lgian horses. Women wrung their hands and
him. A man with a dirty gray beard who
a sack on his shoulders said, "You'll have
te a Thanksgiving benediction this Satur-

Thanksgiving." The Rabbi spoke to him-
self. "And what does he carry in the sack—his portion in Paradise?"

He finally reached Smotcha Street. Someone pointed out the gate number to him. At the gate a girl was selling onion rolls. He entered a courtyard where children were playing tag around a huge, freshly tarred garbage receptacle. Nearby, a dyer dipped a red skirt in a kettle filled with black dye. In an open window a girl was airing a featherbed, beating it with a stick. The first people he asked knew nothing of Simcha David. Then one woman said, "He must live in the attic."

The Rabbi was unaccustomed to so many steps. He had to stop to catch his breath. Refuse littered the stairway. Apartment doors stood ajar. A tailor was sewing on a machine. One flat contained a line of weaving looms where girls with bits of cotton in their hair deftly knotted threads. On the higher stories holes gaped in the plastered walls and the smell became stifling. Suddenly the Rabbi saw Simcha David. He had emerged from a dark corridor, capless, in a short jacket spattered with paint and clay. He had yellow hair and yellow eyebrows. He carried a bundle. The Rabbi was amazed that he recognized his brother, he looked so much like a Gentile. "Simcha David!" he called.

Simcha David stared. "A familiar face, but—"

"Take a good look."

Simcha David shrugged. "Who are you?"

"Your brother, Nechemia."

Simcha David didn't even blink. His pale blue eyes looked dull, sad, ready for all the bizarre things time might bring. Two deep wrinkles had formed at the corners of his mouth. He was no longer the prodigy of Bechev but a shabby laborer. After a while he said, "Yes, it's you. What's wrong?"

"I've chosen to follow you."

"Well, I can't stop now. I have to meet someone. They're waiting for me. I'm late already. I'll let you into my room so you can rest. We'll talk later."

"So be it."

" 'I had not thought to see thy face,' " Simcha David quoted from Genesis.

"*Nu*, I thought you had already forgotten everything," the Rabbi said. He was more embarrassed by his brother's quoting the Bible than by his coolness.

Simcha David opened the door of a room so tiny it reminded the Rabbi of a cage. The ceiling hung crookedly. Along the walls leaned canvases, frames, rolls of paper. It smelled of paint and turpentine. There was no bed, only a dilapidated couch.

Simcha David asked, "What do you want to do in Warsaw? These are hard times." He left without waiting for a reply.

Why is he in such a rush, the Rabbi wondered. He sat on the couch and looked around. Nearly all the paintings were of females—some nude, some half-nude. On a little table lay brushes and a palette. This must be the way he makes a living, the Rabbi thought. It was clear to him now that he had acted in folly. He shouldn't have come here. One can suffer pain anywhere.

The Rabbi waited for an hour, two, but Simcha David didn't return. Hunger gnawed at him. "Today is a day of fast for me—a heretic's fast," he told himself. A voice inside him teased, "You deserve what you're getting." "I don't repent," the Rabbi retorted. He was ready to wrangle with the Angel of God as he once struggled with the Lord of Evil.

The Rabbi picked up a book from the floor. It was in Yiddish. He read a story about a saint who, instead of going to the Evening Prayer, gathered kindling for a widow. What is this—morality or mockery? The Rabbi had expected to read a denial of God and the Messiah. He picked up a pamphlet whose pages were falling out, and read about colonists in Palestine. Young Jews plowed, sowed, dried swamps, planted eucalyptus trees, fought the Bedouins. One of these pioneers had perished and the writer called him a martyr. The Rabbi sat bewildered. If there's no creator, why go to the Holy Land? And what do they mean by a martyr?

The Rabbi grew tired and lay down. "Such Jewishness is not for me," he said. "I'd rather convert!" But where did one convert? Besides, to convert one had to pretend belief in the Nazarene. It seemed that the world was full of faith. If you didn't believe in one God, you must believe in another. The Cossacks sacrificed themselves for the Tzar. Those who wanted to dethrone the Tzar sacrificed themselves for the revolution. But where were the real heretics, those who believed in nothing? He had not come to Warsaw to barter one faith for another.

4.

THE RABBI WAITED FOR THREE HOURS, but Simcha David didn't come back. This is how the modern ones are, he brooded. Their promise is not a promise: they have no sense of kinship or friendship. Actually what they worship is the ego. These thoughts perturbed him—wasn't he one of them now? But how does one curb the brain from thinking? He gazed about the room. What could thieves find of value here? The naked females? He went out the door, closed it, and walked down the stairs. He took his valise with him. He was dizzy and walked unsteadily. On the street he passed a restaurant but was ashamed to enter. He didn't even know how to order a meal. Did all the patrons sit at the same table? Did men eat together with women? People might ridicule his appearance. He returned to the gate of the house where Simcha David lived and bought two rolls. But where could he eat them? He remembered the proverb, "One who eats in the street resembles a dog." He stood in the gateway and bit into the roll.

He had already committed sins that were punishable by death, but eating without washing his hands and without reciting a benediction disturbed him. He found it difficult to swallow. Well, it's a matter of habit, the Rabbi comforted himself. One must get accustomed even to being a transgressor. He ate one roll and put the other into his pocket. He walked aimlessly. On one street three funeral processions drove past him. The first hearse was followed by several men. A few droshkies ro[llowed] the second. No one accompanied the third. "[To] it doesn't make any difference to them," th[e R]abbi said to himself. " 'For the dead know not a[nyth]ing, neither have they anymore a reward,' " he [qu]oted Ecclesiastes.

He turned right and went by long, narrow [stre]et goods stores lit up inside by gas lamps alth[ough] it was midday. From wagons nearly as large a[s ho]uses men were unloading rolls of woolens, alpa[ca], cottons, and prints. A porter walked along [with] a basket on his shoulders, his back bent under [the] load. High-school boys in uniforms with [gil]t buttons and insignias on their caps toted [boo]ks strapped to their shoulders. The Rabbi stopped: if you didn't believe in God, why raise children, support wives? According to logic, a non-[beli]ever should care only for his own body and for [not]hing else.

He walked on. In the next block a bookstore displayed books in Hebrew and Yiddish: *The Letters and Their Interpreters, The Mysteries of Love, The Little Man, Masturbation, How to Prevent Consumption.* One book was titled *How the Universe Came into Being.* I'm going to buy it, the Rabbi decided. There were a few customers in the store. The bookseller, a man with gold-rimmed glasses attached to a ribbon, was talking to a man who had long hair and wore a hat with a wide brim and a cape on his shoulders. The Rabbi stopped in front of the shelves and browsed among the books.

A salesgirl approached him and asked, "What do you want—a prayer book, a benedictory?"

The Rabbi blushed. "I noticed a book in the window but I've already forgotten its name."

"Come out, show it to me," the girl said. She looked at the man with the gold-rimmed glasses, who smiled and dimples formed in her cheeks.

The Rabbi had an impulse to run away. Instead he pointed out the book.

"*Masturbation?*" the girl asked.

"No."

"*Vichna Dvosha Goes to America?*"

"No, the one in the middle."

"*How the Universe Came into Being?* Come back inside." The girl whispered to the storekeeper, who now stood behind the counter. He scratched his forehead. "It's the last copy."

"Shall I take it from the window?" the girl asked.

"But why do you need that book in particular?" the store owner said. "It's out of date. The universe didn't come into being the way the author describes. Nobody was there to tell."

The girl burst out laughing. The man in glasses asked, "Where do you come from, the provinces?"

"Yes."

"For what did you come to Warsaw? To buy merchandise for your store?"

"Yes, merchandise."

"What kind of merchandise?"

The Rabbi wanted to answer that it was none of their business but it wasn't in his nature to be rude. He said, "I want to know what the heretics are writing."

ıe girl laughed again. The merchant took off lasses. The man in the cape stared at him with ıig black eyes. "That's all you need?"
want to know."
Vell, he wants to know. Will they allow you to it? If they catch you with such a book, they'll v you out of the study house."
Jo one will know," the Rabbi replied. He re- l he was speaking like a child, not like an adult.
Vell, I guess the Enlightenment is still alive, ame as fifty years ago," the man in the cape to the owner. "This is the way they used to to Vilna and ask, 'How was the world created? does the sun shine? Which came first, the en or the egg?' " He turned to the Rabbi. "We know, my dear man, we don't know. We have e without faith and without knowledge."
o why are you Jews?" the Rabbi asked.
/e have to be Jews. An entire people cannot ne assimilated. Besides, the Gentiles don't us. There are several hundred converts in aw and the Polish press attacks them con- y. And what would conversion accomplish? ave to remain a people."
'here can I get the book?" the Rabbi asked.
'ho knows. It's out of print. Anyway, it only that the universe evolved. As to how it ed, how life was created, and all the rest, no- has an inkling."
) why are you unbelievers?"
y dear man, we have no time to engage in ssions with you. I have one copy and I don't to stir the dust," the owner said. "Come back ew weeks when we redo the window. The uni- won't turn sour in that short a time."
ease forgive me."
y dear fellow, there are no unbelievers any- " said the man in the cape. "In my time there a few, but the old ones have died and the new ation is practical. They want to improve the but don't know how to go about it. Do you t earn a living from your store?"
so," the Rabbi muttered.
) you have a wife and children?"
Rabbi didn't answer.
hat is the name of your village?"
Rabbi remained silent. He felt as timid as a boy. He said, "Thank you," and left.

5.

THE RABBI CONTINUED TO WALK the streets. Dusk is falling, and he remembered that it was or the Evening Prayer, but he was in no mood er the Almighty, to call Him a bestower of dge, a reviver of the dead, a healer of the freer of the imprisoned, or to implore Him rn His holy presence to Zion and to rebuild em.
Rabbi passed a jail. A black gate was opened man bound in chains was led in. A cripple t legs moved about on a board with wheels. l man sang a song about a sunken ship. On ow street, the Rabbi heard an uproar. Someone had been stabbed—a tall young man with blood gushing from his throat. A woman moaned, "He refused to be robbed, so they attacked with their knives. May Hell's fire consume them. God waits long but punishes well."

Why does He wait so long? the Rabbi wanted to ask. And whom does he punish? The stricken, not the strikers. Police arrived, and the siren of an ambulance wailed. Young men in torn pants, the vizors of their caps covering their eyes, rushed out from the gates, and girls with their hair disheveled, worn-out slippers on their bare feet. The Rabbi was afraid of the mob and its noise. He entered a courtyard. A girl with a shawl over her shoulders, her cheeks as red as though painted with beets, said to the Rabbi, "Come in, it's twenty groschen."

"Where shall I go?" the Rabbi asked uncomprehendingly.

"Come right downstairs."

"I'm looking for a place where I can lodge."

"I will recommend you." The girl took his arm.

The Rabbi started. For the first time since he had grown up, a strange woman was touching him. The girl led him down dark steps. They walked through a corridor so narrow that only one person could pass at a time. The girl walked ahead, dragging the Rabbi by his sleeve. A subterranean dampness hit his nostrils. What was this—a living grave, the gate to Gehenna? Someone was playing on a harmonica. A woman was ranting. A cat or a rat jumped over his feet. A door opened and the Rabbi saw a room without a window, lit by a small kerosene lamp, its chimney black with soot. Near a bare bed that had only a straw mattress stood a wash basin of pink water. The Rabbi's feet stuck to the threshold like those of an ox being led into the slaughterhouse. "What's this? Where are you taking me?"

"Don't play dumb. Let's have fun."

"I'm looking for an inn."

"Hand over the twenty groschen."

Could this be a house of ill repute? The Rabbi trembled and withdrew a handful of change from his pocket. "Take it yourself."

The girl picked up a ten-groschen coin, a six-groschen coin, and a four-groschen coin. After some hesitation she added a kopek. She pointed to the bed. The Rabbi dropped the remaining coins and ran back through the corridor. The floor was uneven and full of holes. He nearly fell. He bumped into the brick wall. "God in Heaven, save me!" His shirt was drenched. When he reached the courtyard it was already night. The place stank of garbage, gutter, and rot. Now the Rabbi deplored that he had invoked the name of God. His mouth filled with bile. A tremor ran through his spine. These are the pleasures of the world? Is this what Satan has to sell? He took out his handkerchief and wiped his face. Where do I go now? "Where to shall I flee Thy countenance?" He raised his eyes, and above the walls hovered the sky with a new moon and a few stars. He gazed bewilderedly, as if viewing it for the first time. Twenty-four hours had not even passed since he had left Bechev, but it seemed to

him that he had been wandering for weeks, months, years.

The girl from the cellar stepped out again. "Why did you run away, you silly yokel?"

"Please, forgive me," the Rabbi said and he walked out into the street. The crowd was gone. Smoke rose from chimneys. Storekeepers were locking their stores with iron bars and locks. What had happened to the young man who was stabbed, the Rabbi wondered. Had the earth swallowed him? Suddenly he realized that he was still carrying his valise. How was this possible? It seemed as though his hand clutched it with a power of its own. Perhaps this was the same power that created the world? Maybe this power was God? The Rabbi wanted to laugh and to cry. I'm not even good at sinning—a bungler in every way. Well, it's my end, my end. In that case there's only one way out, to give back the six hundred and thirty limbs and sinews. But how? Hanging? Drowning? Was the Vistula nearby? The Rabbi stopped a passerby. "Excuse me, how do you get to the Vistula?"

The man had a sooty face, like a chimney sweep. From under his bushy coal-black eyebrows he stared at the Rabbi. "For what do you need the Vistula? Do you want to fish?" his voice barked like a dog's.

"Fish, no."

"What else, swim to Danzig?"

A jester, the Rabbi thought. "I was told there is an inn in the neighborhood."

"An inn near the Vistula? Where do you come from, the provinces? What are you doing here, looking for a teaching job?"

"Teaching? Yes. No."

"Mister, to walk the Warsaw cobblestones you need strength. Do you have any money?"

"A few rubles."

"For one gulden a night you can sleep in my place. I live right here in number fourteen. I have no wife. I will give you her bed."

"Well, so be it. I thank you."

"Have you eaten?"

"Yes, in the morning."

"In the morning, huh? Come with me to the tavern. We'll have a glass of beer. A snack, too. I'm the coal dealer from across the street." The man pointed with a black finger to a store whose doors were barred. He said, "Be careful, they may steal your money. A man from the provinces has just been taken to the hospital in an ambulance. They stabbed him with a knife."

6.

THE COAL DEALER WALKED UP the few steps to the tavern. The Rabbi stumbled along after him. The dealer opened a glass door and the Rabbi was struck by the odor of beer, vodka, garlic, by the sounds of men's and women's loud voices and of dance music. His eyes blurred. "Why do you stop?" the coal handler asked. "Let's go." He took the Rabbi's arm and dragged him.

Through vapor as dense as in the bathhouse of Bechev, the Rabbi saw distorted faces, ri[c]ks bottles on the wall, a beer barrel with a bras[s] a counter on which sat platters of roaste[d] plates of appetizers. Fiddles screeched, [a]dr pounded; everyone seemed to be yelling "[I] something happened?" the Rabbi asked.

The coal dealer led him to a table and sc[r]e into his ear, "This is not your little village, [b]u Warsaw. Here you have to know your way a[r]u

"I'm not used to such noise."

"You'll get used to it. What kind of tea[c]he you want to be? There are more teachers h[e] pupils. Every schlemiel becomes a teacher. [W]h the good of all the studying? They forget [e]yt I went to cheder myself. They taught me R[a]bi all that. I still remember a few words: '[A]nd Lord said unto Moses . . .'"

"A few words of the Torah are also To[r]a," Rabbi said, aware that he had no right [t]o after having violated so many commandm[e]nts

"What? None of it's worth a cock's cro[w]. T boys sit in the study house, shaking and [g]na crazy faces. When they're about to be draf[t]ed, rupture themselves. They marry and can't [s]u their wives. They breed dozens of child[re]n crawl about barefoot and naked."

Perhaps he is the real unbeliever, th[e] B thought. He asked, "Do you believe in Go[d]?"

The coal dealer placed a fist on the tab[le] do I know? I was never in Heaven. Som[e]bi there. Who made the world? On the Sabl[e] th to pray with a group called 'The Love of [G]oi It costs a few rubles, but how does the say[in]g let it be a *mitzvah*. We pray with a Rabbi barely has a piece of bread. His wife con[s]ul to buy ten pounds of coal. What are ten p[o]u coal in the winter? I add a piece just [a] measure. If there is a God, then why does [H]e the Poles to beat up the Jews?"

"I don't know. I wish I did."

"What does the Torah say? You seem [t]o the time points."

"The Torah says that the wicked are [p]un and the righteous rewarded."

"When? Where?"

"In the next world."

"In the grave?"

"In Paradise."

"Where is Paradise?"

A waiter approached. "For me light [be]er chicken livers," the coal dealer ordered. "[W]ha you want?"

The Rabbi was at a loss for an answer. "[I] "Can one wash one's hands here?"

The coal dealer snorted. "Here you ea[t] washing, but it's kosher. They won't s[e]rve pork."

"Perhaps I will have a cookie," the R[a]bbi tered.

"A cookie? What else? Here you hav[e] everything down. What kind of beer do y[ou] Light? Dark?"

"Let it be light."

"Well, give him a mug of oat beer a[nd]

e." After the waiter left, the coal dealer began
um the table with his sooty nails. "If you
't eaten since morning, that isn't enough.
if you don't eat you'll drop like a fly. In War-
ou have to be a glutton. If you want to wash
hands for the benediction, go into the toilet.
's a faucet there, but you'll have to wipe your
on your coat."
hy am I so unhappy?" the Rabbi asked him-
"I am sunk in iniquity just like the rest of
—even worse. If I don't want to be Jacob, I
to be Esau." To the coal dealer, he said, "I
want to be a teacher."
hat do you want to be, a count?"
would like to learn some trade."
hat trade? If you want to be a tailor or a
aker or a furrier, you have to begin young.
take you as an apprentice and the master's
ells you to pour out the slops and to rock the
in the cradle. I know. I learned to be a car-
and my master never let me touch the saw
plane. I suffered with him for four years and
I left I had learned nothing. Before I knew
ad to go serve the Tzar. For three years I ate
ldier's black bread. In the barracks you have
big, otherwise you have no strength to carry
in. Did I have a choice? When I was dis-
ed, I went to work for a coal dealer and this
een my trade since. Everybody steals. They
you a wagon of coals that should weigh one
ed puds but it weighs only ninety. Ten puds
olen along the way. If you ask too many
ons, they knife you. So what can I do? I
vater on the coal and that makes it heavier.
dn't do it I would go hungry. Do you under-
me?"
s, I understand."
why chatter about a trade? You most prob-
armed the bench in the study house all these
didn't you?"
s, I studied."
you're good for nothing except to be a
r. But you have to be fit for that also. There's
nud Torah on the block where they had a
of a teacher. The boys who study there are
dlums. They played so many tricks on him
away. As for the rich, they want a modern
who wears a tie and knows how to write
n. Do you have a wife?"
orced?"
vidower."
ike hands. I had a good wife. She was a little
ut did her job. She prepared my meals, we
e children, but three died when they were
I have a son in Yekaterinslav. My daughter
in a hardware store. She boards with her
ers. She doesn't want to cook for her daddy.
ss is a rich man. Anyhow, I'm alone. How
ve you been a widower?"
ew years."
at do you do when you need a female?"
Rabbi blushed and then became pale. "What
e do?"

"For money everything can be had in Warsaw. Not here on this street. Here they're all infected. You go to a girl and she has a little worm in her blood. You get sick and you begin to rot. There's a man in the neighborhood whose whole nose has rotted off. On the better streets the whores have to be inspected every month at the doctor's. It costs you a ruble to be with one of them, but at least they're clean. The matchmakers are after me but I can't make up my mind. All the women want is your rubles. I was sitting with one right here in the tavern and she asked me, 'How much money do you have?' She was an old hag and ugly as sin. I said to her that how much money I had saved up was none of her business. If for one ruble I can get a girl who is young and pretty, why do I need such an old bag? Do you follow me? Here's our beer. What's the matter? You're as pale as death."

7.

THREE WEEKS HAD PASSED but the Rabbi still wandered about in Warsaw. He slept at the coal dealer's. The coal dealer had taken him to the Yiddish theater after the Sabbath meal. He had also taken the Rabbi with him to the races at Vilanov.

Every day except Saturday the Rabbi visited Bresler's Library. He stood at the bookshelves and browsed. Then there was a table where one could sit and read. The Rabbi came in the morning and stayed until closing time. In the afternoon he went out and bought a roll, a bagel, or a piece of potato kugel from a market woman. He ate without a benediction. He read books in Hebrew, in Yiddish. He even tried to read German. In the library he found the book that he had first seen in the shop window, *How the Universe Came into Being*. "Yes, how was it created without a creator?" the Rabbi asked himself. He had developed the habit of talking to himself. He tugged at his beard, winced, and shook as he used to in the study house. He muttered, "Yes, a fog, but who made the fog? How did it arise? When did it begin?"

The earth was torn away from the sun, he read—but who formed the sun? Man descended from an ape—but where did the ape come from? And since the author wasn't present when all this happened, how could he be so sure? Their science explained everything away in distance of time and space. The first cell appeared hundreds of millions of years ago, in the slime at the edge of the ocean. The sun will be extinguished billions of years hence. Millions of stars, planets, comets, move in a space with no beginning and no end, without a plan or purpose. In the future all people will be alike, there will be a Kingdom of Freedom without competition, crises, wars, jealousy, or hatred. As the Talmud says, anyone who wants to lie will tell of things that happen far away. In an old copy of the Hebrew magazine, *Haasif*, the Rabbi read about Spinoza, Kant, Leibniz, Schopenhauer. They called God substance, monad, hypothesis, blind will, nature.

The Rabbi clutched at one of his sidelocks. Who

is this nature? Where did it get so much skill and power? It took care of the most distant star, of a rock in the bottom of the ocean, of the slightest speck of dust, of the food in a fly's stomach. In him, Rabbi Nechemia of Bechev, nature did everything at once. It gave him abdominal cramps, it stuffed his nose, it made his skull tingle, it gnawed at his brain like the gnat that plagued Titus. The Rabbi blasphemed God and apologized to Him. One moment he wished death upon himself and the next he feared sickness. He needed to urinate, went to the toilet but couldn't function. As he read, he saw green and golden spots before his eyes and the lines merged, diverged, bent, and passed over one another. "Am I going blind? Is it the end? Have the demons already got hold of me? No, Father of the Universe, I will not recite my confession. I'm ready for all Your Gehennas. If You can be silent for an eternity, I at least will remain dumb until I give up my soul. You are not the only man of war," the Rabbi spoke to the Almighty. "If I am Your son, I too can put up a fight."

The Rabbi stopped reading in an orderly fashion. He would take out a book, open it at the middle, run through a few lines, and replace it on the shelf. No matter where he opened, he encountered a lie. All books had one thing in common: they avoided the essential, spoke vaguely, and gave different names to the same object. They knew neither how grass grew nor what light was, how heredity worked, the stomach digested, the brain thought, how weak nations grew strong, nor how the strong perished. Even though these scholars wrote thick books about the distant galaxies, they hadn't yet discovered what went on a mile beneath the crust of the earth.

The Rabbi turned pages and gaped. He would lay his forehead on the edge of the table and nap for an instant. "Woe to me. I have no more strength." Every night, the coal dealer tried to persuade the Rabbi to return to his own village. He would say, "You will collapse and they won't even know what to write on your headstone."

8.

LATE ONE NIGHT when Hinde Shevach slept, she was awakened by steps in the corridor. Who creeps around in the middle of the night, Hinde Shevach wondered. Since her brother had left, it was as silent in the house as in a ruin. Hinde Shevach got up, put on a housecoat and slippers. She opened a crack in the door and noticed a light in her brother's room. She walked over and saw the Rabbi. His gaberdine was torn, his shirt was unbuttoned, his skullcap was crumpled. The expression on his face was entirely altered. He was bent like an old man. In the middle of the room stood a satchel.

Hinde Shevach wrung her hands. "Are my eyes deceiving me?"

"No."

"Father in Heaven, they're searching for you all over. May the thoughts that I had be scattered over the wastelands. They're already writing abo in the newspapers."

"So, well."

"Where were you? Why did you leave? W you hide?"

The Rabbi didn't reply.

"Why didn't you say you were leaving?" Shevach asked despondently.

The Rabbi dropped his head and didn't a

"We thought you were dead, God forbid. graphed Simcha David but no answer c wanted to sit the seven days of mourning f Heaven save me! The whole town is in an They invented the most gruesome things T even informed the police. A policeman came me for your description and all the rest of i"

"Too bad."

"Did you see Simcha David?" Hinde S asked after a hesitation.

"Yes. No."

"How is he making out?"

"Eh."

Hinde Shevach gulped. "You're as w chalk, all in tatters. They dreamed up such that I was ashamed to show my face. Lett telegrams came.

"Well . . ."

"You can't just get rid of me like this." Shevach changed her tone. "Speak clearly. W you do it? You're not just a street urchin the Rabbi of Bechev."

"No more Rabbi."

"God have mercy. There will be bedlan I'll bring you a glass of milk."

Hinde Shevach withdrew. The Rabbi he go down the steps. He seized his beard and A huge shadow wavered along the wall and After a while Hinde Shevach returned. "" no milk."

"*Va.*"

"I won't go until you tell me why yo Hinde Shevach said.

"I wanted to know what the heretics say

"What do they say?"

"There are no heretics."

"Is that so?"

"The whole world worships idols," th muttered. "They invent Gods and they serve

"The Jews also?"

"Everybody."

"Well, you've lost your mind." Hinde remained standing for a while and stared, walked back to her bedroom.

The Rabbi lay down on his bed fully He felt his strength leaving him not ebbi but all at once and rapidly. A light he nev was there flickered in his brain. His hands grew numb. His head lay heavy on the pillo a time, the Rabbi lifted an eyelid. The ca burned out. A pre-dawn moon, jagged and by fog, shone through the window. In the sky reddened. "Something is there," th murmured. The war between the Rabbi o and God had come to an end.

Sara Davidson

OPEN LAND:



GETTING BACK TO THE COMMUNAL GARDEN

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E FRONT WHEELS DROP and the car thuds down wet, muddy ravine. Thick night fog, raining The car squishes to a stop, front end buried in nd the right rear wheel spinning. I get out and o my ankles. No flashlight. No waterproof Utter blackness, except for the car's dulled under the dirt. I climb back in, but because 45-degree angle, I'm pitched forward against shboard. Turn on the radio. Only eight o'clock ng wait until daylight. Am I anywhere near ler Ranch? Haven't seen another car or a anywhere on this road. I start honking the Cows bellow back from what seems very range. I imagine angry ranchers with shot- Tomorrow is Sunday—eight miles back to the st town, and nothing will be open. Is there an out here? Good God, I'll pay anybody any- If they'll just get me out of this.

ad started north from San Francisco in late oon, having heard vague descriptions of a une called Wheeler's that was much beloved ose who had passed through it. The commune ad trouble with local police, and no one was whether the buildings were still standing or vas there. At sunset, a storm came up, and than turn back, I continued slowly along w, unlit country roads, my headlights occa- ly picking up messages like "Stop War," d on the side of a barn, and "Drive slowly, D. Around," on a fence post. When I reached oodsy, frontier town I knew to be near er's, I stopped in a bar to ask directions. turned. People froze, glasses in hand. A n with an expressionless, milky face said, y, there isn't any sign. You just go up the ix miles and there's a gate on the left. Then ave to drive a ways to git to it. From where you can see their shacks and what have you. u can't see anything from the road."

r six miles, there was a gate and a sign, re of cattle." I opened it and drove down to a icked the left road, went around in a circle ame back to the fork, took the right and d against two logs in the road. I got out and them. Nothing could stop me now. Another o the left the road was impassable—deep ruts cks; to the right, a barbed-wire fence. Rain- rder, darker. This is enough. Get out of here ry to turn the car around, struggling to see n the sickening dip.

into my sleeping bag and tried to find a com-

Sara Davidson

OPEN LAND

fortable position in the crazily tilted car. My mood swung between panic and forced calm. At about 5:00 A.M., I heard rustling noises, and could make out the silhouettes of six horses which walked around the car, snorting. An hour later, the rain let up, and a few feet from the car I found a crude sign with an arrow, "Wheeler's." I walked a mile, then another mile, through rolling green hills, thinking, "If I can just get out of here." At last, around a bend were two tents and a sign, "Welcome, God, love." The first tent had a light burning inside, and turned out to be a greenhouse filled with boxes of seedlings. At the second tent, I pushed open the door and bells tinkled. Someone with streaked brown hair was curled in a real bed on two mattresses. There was linoleum on the floor, a small stove, a table, and books and clothes neatly arranged on shelves. The young man lifted his head and smiled. "Come in."

I was covered with mud, my hair was wild and my eyes red and twitching. "I tried to drive in last night, my car went down a ravine and got stuck in the mud, and I've been sleeping in it all night."

"Far out," he said.

"I was terrified."

The young man, who had gray eyes set close together and one gold earring, said, "Of what?"

"There were horses."

He laughed. "Far out. One of the horses walked into Nancy's house and made a hole in the floor. Now she just sweeps her dirt and garbage down the hole."

My throat was burning. "Could we make some coffee?"

He looked at me sideways. "I don't have any." He handed me a clump of green weeds. "Here's some yerba buena. You can make tea." I stared at the weeds.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Shoshone."

"Mine's Sara."

"Far out."

He got dressed, watered the plants in the greenhouse, and started down a path into the bushes, motioning for me to follow. Every few feet, he would stop to pick yerba buena, listen to birds, watch a trio of pheasants take off, and admire trees that were recently planted—almond, Elberta peach, cherry, plum. They were all in blossom, but I was in no mood to appreciate them. After every ten minutes of walking, we would come to a clearing with a tent or wooden shack, wake up the people in their soggy sleeping bags and ask them to help push the car out. The dwellings at Wheeler's are straight out of Dogpatch—old boards nailed unevenly together, odd pieces of plastic strung across poles to make wobbly igloos, with round stovepipes poking out the side. Most have dirt floors, though the better ones have wood. In one tent, we found a young man who had shaved his head except for one stripe of hair down the center, like a Mohican. He grinned with his eyes closed. "In an hour or so, I might feel like helping you." We came to a crooked green shack with a peace sign on the door and the inside pa[nels] with paintings of Krishna. Nancy, a blond f[ormer] social worker, was sleeping on the floor wit[h] children, Gregory, eight, and Michelle, nine. [They] have blond hair of the same length and it is i[m]possible to tell at first which is the girl and whic[h] boy. At communities like this, it is commo[n] children to ask each other when they meet, "[What] are you?" Nancy said, "Don't waste your e[nergy] trying to push the car. Get Bill Wheeler to pu[ll] out with his jeep. What's your hurry now? [To]day's the best day here. You've got to stay f[or] steam bath and the feast. There'll be lots of visi[tors] She yawned. "Lots of food, lots of dope. It [always] rains for the feast."

Shoshone and I walked back to the main [road] that cuts across the 320-acre ranch. The su[n] burned through the fog, highlighting streaks [of] low wild flowers in the fields. Black Angus [cattle] were grazing by the road. People in hillbilly c[lothes] with funny hats and sashes, were coming out [of] bushes carrying musical instruments and sa[cks] rice and beans. About a mile from the front g[ate] came to the community garden, with a scar[ecrow] made of rusty metal in the shape of a nud[e] girl. Two children were chasing each other from [one] row, shrieking with laughter, as their mother [hoed] cabbage. A sign read, "Permit not required to [camp] here."

BILL WHEELER WAS WORKING in his stud[io], a airy, wood-and-glass building with larg[e] lights, set on a hill. When Bill bought the ra[nch] 1963, looking for a place to paint and live c[heaply] he built the studio for his family. Four year[s] when he opened the land to anyone who wan[ted] settle there, the county condemned his stu[dio] living quarters because it lacked the re[quired] amount of concrete under one side. Bill mov[ed] a tent and used the studio for his painting a[nd] community meetings.

Bill is a tall, lean man of thirty with an [aristo]cratic forehead, straight nose, deep-set blu[e] and a full beard and flowing hair streaked yel[low] the sun. His voice is gentle with a constant [hint] mirth, yet it projects, like his clear gaze, a st[rength] which is understood in this community as [a] grace. Quiet, unhurried, he progresses with [great] confidence toward a goal or solution of a pr[oblem] He is also a voluptuary who takes Rabelais[ian] light in the community's lack of sexual inhi[bition] and in the sight of young girls walking nude t[hrough] the grass. He lives at the center of the ranch w[ith] third wife, Gay, twenty-two, and their infant [daugh]ter, Raspberry. His humor and self-assuranc[e] it easy for those around him to submit to the [ranch] credo that "God will provide," because they [know] that what God does not, Bill Wheeler will.

Bill promises to rescue my car after [I've] chopped wood and started a fire for the steam b[ath]. "Don't worry," a friend says, patting me [on the] back. "Bill's saved people who've given up [and] lost all confidence." A grizzly blond called I[rv]

The photograph of Bill Wheeler and his wife, Gay, on the preceding page was taken by Bob Fitch/Black Star.

"Why don't you let me pull her out?" Bill says, mian, I love you, but I wouldn't trust you with of my vehicles." Later, we pass Damian on the , into which he is blissfully urinating. "Ha," says, "the first time I met Damian he was pee-

ith the jeep and a chain, Bill pulls out the car in than two minutes, and as it slides back onto e road, I feel my tension drain away. Maybe I d stay for the feast. Maybe it really is beautiful I park the car at the county road, outside the gate, and walk the three miles back to Wheel-The access road cuts across property owned by s G. Kelly, a breeder of show cattle and horses, is enraged at the presence of up to a hundred rant hippies on the ranch adjacent to his. He arted court action to block Wheeler from using ccess road, and his hired hands walk around guns slung over their shoulders and their faces ed with bilious hate.

a bluff behind Wheeler's garden, the steam is set to go. Red-hot rocks are taken from the nto a plastic tent that can be sealed on all sides. s of eight or nine people undress and sit on the floor, letting out whoops, chanting and singing. n wine jugs filled with water are poured on the , and the tent fills up with steam so hot and that the children start coughing and no one ee anyone else. After a few minutes, they step overed with sweat, and wash off in a cold er. The women shampoo their hair and soap e children. The men dig out ticks from under in. Much gaiety and good-natured ogling, and as the last shift is coming out, a teen-age visitor ing the underground *Berkeley Tribe* wanders d stops, dumbfounded, staring with holy-fool his mouth open and drooling, at all that flesh air and sweat.

e garden, like a jigsaw puzzle whose pieces floated together, presents the image of a nine-century tableau: women in long skirts and s, men in lace-up boots, coveralls, and patched tied with pieces of rope, sitting on the grass g banjos, guitars, lyres, wood flutes, dulci-and an accordian. In a field to the right are the unity animals—chickens, cows, goats, don-and horses. As far as the eye can see, there are uses, no traffic, nothing but verdant hills, a , and the ocean with whitecaps rising in the ce. Nine-year-old Michelle is prancing about nk shawl and a floppy hat warbling, "It's time e feast!" Nancy says, "The pickin's are sort of because tomorrow is welfare day and every-s broke." She carries from the outdoor wood pots of brown rice—plain, she says, "for the s who are on Georges Ohsawa's ten-day -rice diet"—and rice with fruit and nuts for ne else; beans, red and white; oranges and : yogurt; hash; pot; acid; mescaline. A girl ere are worms in the green apples. Another, studious voice and glasses, says, "That's cool, ns they were organically grown. I'd rather eat m than a chemical any day." They eat with ngers from paper plates, and when the plates are gone, directly from the pot. A man in his forties with red-spotted cheeks asks me if I have any pills. "I'll take anything. I'm on acid now." I offer him aspirin. He swallows eight.

Everyone who lives at Wheeler's ranch is a vegetarian. By some strange inversion, they feel that by eating meat they are hastening their own death. Vegetarianism is, ironically, the aspect of their lifestyle that aggravates even the most liberal parents. ("What? You won't eat meat? That's ridiculous!") Bill Wheeler says that diet is "very very central to the revolution. It's a freeing process which people go through, from living on processed foods and eating gluttonous portions of meat and potatoes, to natural foods and a simple diet that is kinder to your body. A lot has to do with economics. It's much cheaper to live on grains and vegetables you can grow in your garden. When Gay and I moved here, we had to decide whether to raise animals to slaughter. Gay said she couldn't do it. Every Thanksgiving, there's a movement to raise money to buy turkeys, because some people think the holiday isn't complete without them. But an amazing thing happens when carrion is consumed. People are really greedy, and it's messy. The stench and the grease stay with us for days."

'By some strange inversion, they feel that by eating meat they are hastening their own death.'

Gravy, roast beef, mashed potatoes, Parker House rolls, buttered peas—the weekly fare when Bill was growing up in Bridgeport, Connecticut. His father, a lawyer who speculated famously in real estate, told Bill he could do anything with his life as long as he got an education. So Bill, self-reliant, introspective, who loved the outdoors, went to Yale and studied painting. After graduating, he came to San Francisco to find a farmhouse where he could work. When he saw the 320-acre ranch which was then a sheep and Christmas tree farm, he felt, "I've got to have it. This is my land." He bought it with his inheritance, and still has enough money to live comfortably the rest of his life. "My parents would be shocked out of their gourds if they saw the land now," Bill says. "They died before I opened it."

THE IDEA OF OPEN LAND, or free land, was introduced to Bill by Lou Gottlieb, a singer with the pop folk group, "The Limelighters," who, in 1962, bought a 32-acre piece of land called Morning Star about ten miles from Wheeler's Ranch. Gottlieb visits Wheeler's every Sunday for the feast; when I met him, he was walking barefoot with a pink blanket wrapped around him like a poncho and fastened with a giant safety pin. A man of soaring height with crow eyes and a dark, silky beard, he talks in sermonettes, rising on his toes with enthusiasm. Gottlieb and a friend, Ramon Sender, decided in 1966 to start a community at Morning Star with one governing precept: access to the land would be denied to no one. With no rules, no organization, they felt, hostilities would not arise, and people could be reborn by living in harmony with the earth. Gottlieb deeded the land to God, and, shortly, a woman sued God because her home had been struck by lightning. "Now that God owns prop-

erty," her lawyer argued, "He can be sued for natural disasters." It was not until 1967, Gottlieb says, that hippies began to patronize open land.

"From the first, the land selected the people. Those who couldn't work hard didn't survive. When the land got crowded, people split. The vibrations of the land will always protect the community." Gottlieb points to the sky. "With open land, *He* is the casting director." What happens, I ask, if someone behaves violently or destructively? Gottlieb frowns. "There have been a few cases where we've had to ask people to go, but it's at terrible, terrible cost to everyone's soul that this is done. When the land begins to throw off people, everyone suffers." He shakes his body, as if he were the land, rejecting a germ. "Open land has no historical precedent. When you give free land, not free food or money, you pull the carpet out from under the capitalist system. Once a piece of land is freed, 'no trespassing' signs pop up all along the adjoining roads."

Bill Wheeler refers to his ranch as "the land," and talks about people who live on the land, babies that are born on the land, music played on the land. He "opened the land," as he phrases it, in the winter of 1967, after Sonoma County officials tried to close Morning Star by bulldozing trees and all the buildings except Gottlieb's house. Some Morning Star people moved to Wheeler's, but others traveled to New Mexico, where they founded Morning Star East on a mesa near Taos owned by another wealthy hippie. The Southwest, particularly northern New Mexico and Colorado, has more communes on open land than any other region. The communes there are all crowded, and Taos is becoming a Haight-Ashbury in the desert. More land continues to be opened in New Mexico, as well as in California, Oregon, and Washington. Gottlieb plans to buy land and deed it to God in Holland, Sweden, Mexico, and Spain. "We're fighting against the territorial imperative," he says. "The hippies should get the Nobel Prize for creating this simple idea. Why did no one think of it before the hippies? Because hippies don't work, so they have time to dream up truly creative ideas."

I WAS SURPRISED to hear people refer to themselves as "hippies": I thought the term had been rendered meaningless by overuse. Our culture has absorbed so much of the style of hip—clothes, hair, language, drugs, music—that it has obscured the substance of the movement with which people at Morning Star and Wheeler's still strongly identify. Being a hippie, to them, means dropping out completely, and finding another way to live, to support oneself physically and spiritually. It does not mean being a company freak, working nine to five in a straight job and roaming the East Village on weekends. It means saying no to competition, no to the work ethic, no to consumption of technology's products, no to political systems and games. Lou Gottlieb, who was once a Communist party member, says, "The entire Left is a dead end." The hippie alternative is to turn inward and reach backward for roots, simplicity, and the tribal experience. In the first bloom of the movement, people flowed into the slums where housing would be cheap and many things could be obtained free—food scraps from restaurants, second-hand clothes, free clinics and services. But the slums proved inhospitable. The hippies did nothing to improve the dilapidated neighborhoods and they were preyed upon by criminals, addicts and the desperate. In late 1967, they began moving to rural land where there would be few people and life would be hard. They took up what Ramparts Sender calls "voluntary primitivism," building houses out of mud and trees, planting and harvesting crops by hand, rolling loose tobacco into cigarettes, grinding their own wheat, baking bread, canning vegetables, delivering their own babies and educating their own children. They have no electricity, the telephone, running water, gas stoves, even rock music, which, of all things, is supposed to be the cornerstone of hip culture. They learn to sing and play their own music—folky and quiet.

Getting close to the earth meant conditioning their bodies to cold, discomfort, and strenuous exercise. At Wheeler's, people walk twenty miles a day carrying water and wood, gardening, and visiting each other. Only four-wheel-drive vehicles can climb the ranch, and ultimately Bill wants all cars banned. "We would rather live without machines. And the fact that we have no good roads protects us from tourists. People are car-bound, even police. They would never come in here without their vehicles." Although it rains a good part of the year, people in the huts do not have stoves and are not waterproof. "Houses shouldn't be designed to keep out the weather," Bill says. "We want to get in touch with it." He installed six chemical toilets on the ranch to comply with county sanitation requirements. Bill says, "I wouldn't go in one of those toilets if you paid me. It's very important for us to be able to go to the ground, because we are completing a cycle by returning to Mother Earth what she's given us." Garbage is also returned to the ground. Food scraps are buried in a compost pile of sawdust and leaves, where they decompose and mix with the soil. Paper is burned, and metal buried. But not everyone is conscientious: there are piles of trash on various parts of the ranch.

Because of the haphazard sanitation system, the water at Wheeler's is contaminated, and until people adjust to it, they suffer dysentery, just as people do who drink the water in Mexico. There are periodic waves of hepatitis, clap, crabs, pneumonia and streptococcic throat infections. No one brushes his teeth more than once a week, and then they use "organic toothpaste," made from herbs cooked in tinfoil. They are experimenting with herbs and Indian healing remedies to become free of manufactured medicinal drugs, but see no contradiction in continuing to swallow any mind-altering drug they are offered. The delivery of babies on the ranch has become an important ritual. With friends, children, and animals keeping watch, chanting and getting collectively stoned, women have given birth to babies they have named Morning Star,

Covelo Vishnu God, Rainbow Canyon King, Raspberry Sundown Hummingbird Wheeler. e childbirth ritual and the weekly feasts are ious attempts at what is called "retribaliza- ' But Wheeler's Ranch, like many hippie settle- , has rejected communal living in favor of a community of individuals. People live alone monogamous units, cook for themselves, and their own houses and sometimes gardens. e should not be a main lodge, because you get any people trying to live under one roof and sn't work," Bill says. As a result, there are s who eat together, share resources, and rarely ith others on the ranch. There was one group age between two teen-age girls, a forty-year- an, and two married couples, which ended one of the husbands saw his wife with another n the group, pulled a knife, and dragged her elling, "Forget this shit. She belongs to me." h couples, the double standard is an unwritten the men can roam but the women must be ul. There are many more men than women, hen a new girl arrives, she is pounced upon, ed, and made the subject of wide gossip. Mary lia Stevens, or Corky, a handsome eighteen- ld from a Chicago suburb, hiked into the one afternoon last October and sat down by nt gate to eat a can of Spam. The first young who came by invited her to a party where ne took TCP, a tranquilizer for horses. It was ge trip—people rolling around the floor of the moaning, retching, laughing, hallucinating. went home with one guy and stayed with him ee weeks, during which time she was almost ntly stoned. "You sort of have to be stoned to rough the first days here," she says. "Then now the trip." Corky is a strapping, well- tioned, large-boned girl with a milkmaid's d long blond hair. She talks softly, with many s: "I love to go around naked. There's so sexual energy here, it's great. Everybody's on to each other's bodies." Corky left the to go home for Christmas and to officially ut of Antioch College; she hitchhiked back, er own house and chicken coop, learned to do laundry in a tin tub with a washboard, and e cows. "I love dealing with things that are and direct."

Wheeler admires Corky for making it on her which few of the women do. Bill is torn be- his desire to be the benefactor-protector and olerance of people who aren't self-reliant. ontemptuous of people who can't pull their eight," he says. Yet he constantly worries the welfare of others. He also feels conflict n wanting a tribe, indeed wanting to be chief- d wanting privacy. "Open land requires a faith," he says, "but it's worth it, because it tees there will always be change, and stag- is death." Because of the fluidity of the com- , it is almost impossible for it to become ically self-sufficient. None of the communes en able to live entirely off the land. Most are ng to go into cash crops or light industry because in an open community with no rules, there are not enough people who can be counted on to work regularly. The women with children receive welfare, some of the men collect unemployment and food stamps, and others get money from home. They spend very little—perhaps $600 a year per person. "We're not up here to make money," Bill says, "or to live like country squires."

When darkness falls, the ranch becomes eerily quiet and mobility stops. No one uses flashlights. Those who have lived there some time can feel their way along the paths by memory. Others stay in their huts, have dinner, go to sleep, and get up with the sun. Around 7:00 P.M., people gather at the barn with bottles for the late milking. During the week, the night milking is the main social event. Corky says, "It's the only time you know you're going to see people. Otherwise you could wander around for days and not see anyone." A girl from Holland and two boys have gathered mussels at a nearby beach during the day, and invite everyone to the tipi to eat them. We sit for some time in silence, watching the mussels steam open in a pot over the grate. A boy with glassy blue eyes whose lids seem weighted down starts to pick out the orange flesh with his dirt-caked hands and drops them in a pan greased with Spry. A mangy cat snaps every third mussel out of the pan. No one stops it. . . .

Nancy, in her shack about a mile from the tipi, is fixing a green stew of onions, cabbage, kale, leeks, and potatoes; she calls to three people who live near- by to come share it. Nancy has a seventeen-year-old, all-American-girl face—straight blond hair and pink cheeks—on a plump, saggy-stomached mother's body. She has been married twice, gone to graduate school, worked as a social worker and a prostitute, joined the Sexual Freedom League, and taken many overdoses of drugs. Her children have been on more acid trips than most adults at the ranch. "They get very quiet on acid," she says. "The experience is less staggering for kids than for adults, because acid returns you to the consciousness of childhood." Nancy says the children have not been sick since they moved to Wheeler's two years ago. "I can see divine guidance leading us here. This place has been touched by God." She had a vision of planting trees on the land, and ordered fifty of exotic variety, like strawberry guava, camelia, and loquat. Stirring the green stew, she smiles vacuously. "I feel anticipant of a very happy future."

With morning comes a hailstorm, and Bill Wheeler must go to court in Santa Rosa for trial on charges of assaulting a policeman when a squad came to the ranch looking for juvenile runaways and Army deserters. Bill, Gay, Gay's brother Peter, Nancy, Shoshone, and Corky spread out through the courthouse, peeling off mildewed clothes and piling them on benches. Peter, a gigantic, muscular fellow of twenty-three, rips his pants all the way up the back, and, like most people at Wheeler's, he is not wearing underwear. Gay changes Raspberry's dia- pers on the floor of the ladies' room. Nancy takes off her rain-soaked long johns and leaves them in one of the stalls.

"From the first, the land selected the people. Those who couldn't work hard didn't [illegible]"

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It is a tedious day. Witnesses give conflicting testimony, but all corroborate that one of the officers struck Wheeler first, leading to a shoving, running, tackling, pot-throwing skirmish which also involved Peter. The defendants spend the night in a motel, going over testimony with their lawyer. Bill and Corky go to a supermarket to buy dinner, and wheel down the aisle checking labels for chemicals, opening jars to take a taste with the finger, uhmmm, laughing at the "obsolete consciousness" of the place. They buy greens, Roquefort dressing, peanut butter, organic honey, and two Sara Lee cakes. The next morning, Nancy says she couldn't sleep with the radiator and all the trucks. Gay says, "I had a dream in which I saw death. It was a blond man with no facial hair, and he looked at me with this all-concealing expression." Bill, outside, staring at the Kodak blue swimming pool: "I dreamed last night that Gay and I got separated somehow and I was stuck with Raspberry." He shudders. "You know, I feel love for other people, but Gay is the only one I want to spend my life with."

The jury goes out at 3:00 P.M. and deliberates until 9:00. In the courtroom, a mottled group in pioneer clothes, mud-spattered and frizzy-wet, are chanting, "Om." The jury cannot agree on four counts, and finds Bill and Peter not guilty on three counts. The judge declares a mistrial. The county fathers are not finished, though. They are still attempting to close the access road to Wheeler's and to get an injunction* to raze all buildings on the ranch as health hazards. Bill Wheeler is not worried, nor are his charges, climbing in the jeep and singing, "Any day now..." God will provide.

> *We must do away with the absolutely specious notion that everybody has to earn a living.... We keep inventing jobs because of this false idea that everybody has to be employed at some kind of drudgery because, according to Malthusian-Darwinian theory, he must justify his right to exist.... The true business of people should be to... think about whatever it was they were thinking about before somebody came along and told them they had to earn a living.*
>
> —*R. Buckminster Fuller*

HIGHWAY 101 RIBBONING DOWN THE COAST: narcotic pastels, the smell of charbroiled hamburgers cooking, motels with artificial gas-flame fireplaces. Total sensory Muzak. California banks now print their checks in salmon and mauve colors with reproductions of the Golden Gate Bridge, the High Sierras, the Mojave Desert, and other panoramas. "Beautiful money," they call it. As I cross the San Rafael Bridge, which, because the clouds are low, seems to shoot straight into the sky and disappear, Radio KABL in San Francisco is playing "Shangri-la."

South of the city in Menlo Park, one of a chain of gracious suburbs languishing in industrial smoke, Stewart Brand created the *Whole Earth Catalog*, and now presides over the Whole Earth Truck Store and mystique. Brand, a thirty-year-old biologist who was a fringe member of Ken Kesey's Merry ... sters, put out the first catalog in 1968 as a mail ... source book for people starting communes o... nate life-styles. The success of the catalog—it ... ing a thousand copies a day—indicates it is ans... needs that cut across age and philosophica... One of these is the need to regain control o... environment, so that when the refrigerator ... or the electric power goes out, you don't ... stand around helplessly waiting for repairme... dlemen, and technical "experts" to fix things ... expense. The *Whole Earth Catalog* lists boo... tools that enable one to build furniture, fi... learn real-estate law, raise bees for honey, ... your own books, build houses out of foa... tops, or mud, and even bury your own dead ... the rites of passage are simple and meaningf... *Catalog* also speaks to the need to break ou... inflationary cycle of higher earning and hig... spending. It offers books such as *How to Ge... the Rat Race and Live on $10 a Month* and ... *Live on Nothing*, and suggests *The Moonl... Manual* for people who want to earn subs... money with minimum commitment of psyc...

Brand says, "I admit we encourage startin... scratch. We don't say it will be easy, but ed... comes from making mistakes. Take de... babies at home. That's hazardous! We carr... that tell how hazardous it is. People have los... that way, but it won't hit the fan until we lo... mothers. When it works, though, it's gl... Brand, with oversized blue eyes and gaunt ... breaks into infectious laughter as he descr... fantasies. "The city-country pull is behin... thing going on now. An anthropologist Cher... know feels the cycle goes like this: a kid gr... has talent, goes to the city to fulfill him... comes an ideologue, his personality dete... and to recuperate, he goes back to the la... impulse to return to the land and to form ... tional communities," or communes, is bein... the sudden demand for publications like *Th... Revolution*, founded in the 1940s to promo... revival, and *The Modern Utopian*, prod... "Alternatives! Foundation" in Sebastop... fornia, which also runs a commune match... vice.

Brand says there are few real alternat... styles right now: "There's black pride, and ... haired run for the hills. That's it. What we ... alternative economies and alternative polit... tems. Maybe alternative ecologies. You can'... with six people." Brand points out that ne... programs "are always parasitic, like ... babies. They feed off the parent culture unti... strong enough to be self-sustaining." The co... in New Mexico, he says, can eventually deve... own economy by trading goods and serv... paying in tokens, "like the casinos in La ... The climate is great for experiments now. ... no end of resources for promising ideas. Bu... had better hurry, because the avenues will ... ing closed off." He laughs, thrusting his ... "Things are getting weirder and weirder."



society racing through the turbulence of ext several decades will be able to do with- some] form of future-shock absorber: spe- ed centers in which the rate of change is cially depressed. . . . In such slow-paced nunities, individuals who needed or wanted re relaxed, less stimulating existence could t.

–Alvin Toffler, "Coping with Future Shock"

OS ACROSS THE UPPER NORTHWEST are flat l ruler-straight, snowbound for long months, arid and dusty in the summer. At an empty in a poor, wheat-growing county, the road y dips and winds down to a valley filled with s and primitive log cabins. The community in this natural canyon is Freedom Farm. in 1963. It is one of the oldest communes to d on open land. The residents—about twen- adults and almost as many children—are straightforward people who, with calculated ss, say they are dropouts, social misfits, un- unwilling to cope with the world "outside." mmunity has no rules, except that no one can d to leave. Because it predates the hippie nt, there is an absence of mystical claptrap gon like "far out." Only a few are vege- Members do not want the location of the blished for fear of being inundated with delic beggars."

e to the canyon in the morning and, having my lesson, left the car at the top and walked e steep, icy road. The farm is divided into s—80 acres at the north end of the canyon acres at the south. The families live sepa- s they do at Wheeler's, but their homes are borate and solidly built. The first house in h end is a hexagonal log cabin built by Huw Williams, who started the farm when he was nineteen. Huw is slight, soft-spoken, with a wispy blond beard. His face and voice are expressionless, but when he speaks, he is likely to say something startling, humorous, or indicative of deep feeling. When I arrived, he was cutting out pieces of leather, wearing a green-and-brown lumberman's shirt and a knife strapped to his waist. His wife, Sylvia, was nursing their youngest son, while their two-year-old, Sennett, wearing nothing but a T-shirt, was playing on the floor with a half-breed Norwegian elkhound. The cabin was snugly warm, but smelled faintly of urine from Sennett peeing repeatedly on the rug. There was a cast-iron stove, tables and benches built from logs, a crib, an old-fashioned cradle, and a large bed raised off the floor for warmth and storage space. On the wall there was a calendar opened to January, although it was March.

I asked Huw how the community had stayed together for seven years. He said, deadpan, "The secret is not to try. We've got a lot of rugged individualists here, and everyone is into a different thing. In reflection, it feels good that we survived. A lot of us were from wealthy backgrounds, and the idea of giving it all up and living off the land was a challenge." Huw grew up on a ranch 40 miles from the canyon. "I had everything. When I was fourteen, I had my own car, a half-dozen cows, and $600 in the bank." When he was fifteen, his house burned down and he saw his elaborate collections—stamps, models, books—disappear. He vowed not to become attached to possessions after that, and took to sleeping outdoors. He remembers being terrified of violence, and idolized Gandhi, Christ, and Tolstoy. At seventeen, he became a conscientious objector and began to work in draft resistance. While

Sara Davidson

OPEN LAND

on a peace walk from New Hampshire to Washington, D.C., he decided to drop out of the University of Washington and start a nonviolent training center, a community where people could live by sharing rather than competing. He persuaded his mother to give him 80 acres in the canyon for the project, rented a house, called the Hart House, and advertised in peace papers for people to come and share it with him.

The first summer, more than fifty came and went and they all lived in the Hart House. One of the visitors was Sylvia, a fair-skinned girl with long, chestnut hair and warm wistful eyes that hint of sadness. They were married, and Huw stopped talking about a peace center and started studying intentional communities. He decided he wanted a community that would be open to anyone, flexible, with no prescribed rules to live by. Work would get done, Huw felt, because people would want to do it to achieve certain ends. "It's a Western idea. You inspire people by giving them a goal, making it seem important: then they'll do anything to get there." If people did not want to work, Huw felt, forcing them would not be the answer.

The results were chaotic. "Emotional crises, fights over everything. A constant battle to get things done. A typical scene would be for one guy to spend two hours fixing a meal. He had to make three separate dishes—one for vegetarians, one for nonvegetarians, and one for people who wouldn't eat government-surplus food. He would put them on the table, everybody would grab, and if you stood back you got nothing. When people live that close together, they become less sensitive, and manners go right out the window. It was educational, but we knew it wasn't suitable for raising children." The group pooled resources and bought another 120 acres two miles away. Huw and Sylvia built their own cabin and moved out of the Hart House; another couple followed. Then around 1966, the drug scene exploded and the farm was swamped with speed freaks, runaways, addicts, and crazies. A schism grew between the permanent people and the transients. The transients thought the permanents were uptight and stingy. The permanents said the transients were abusing the land. When most of the permanents had built their own cabins, they began talking about burning down the Hart House. I heard many versions of the incident. Some say a man, whom I shall call George, burned it. Some say everyone did it. Some said they watched and were against it but felt they should not stop it. Afterwards, most of the transients left, and the farm settled into its present pattern of individual families tending their own gardens, buying their own supplies, and raising their own animals. Each family has at least two vehicles—a car and a tractor, or a motorcycle or truck. Huw says, "We do our share of polluting."

The majority at Freedom live on welfare, unemployment compensation, and food stamps. A few take part-time jobs picking apples or wheat, one does free-lance writing, and some do crafts. Huw makes about $50 a month on his leather work, Ken Meister makes wall hangings, Rico and Pat sell jewelry to psychedelic shops, and Steve rais- ra- bits. Huw believes the farm could suppor- ts- by growing organic grains and selling them i- m- order, but he hasn't been able to get enough c- op- ation to do this. "It's impossible to have -th commune, where everyone lives and works -ol- tively, and free land, where anyone can sett- says. "Some day we might have a commune -n- land, but not everyone who lived on the land, ou- have to join it."

The only communal rituals are Thanksgi- ng- the schoolhouse and the corn dance, held -n- first full moon of May. Huw devised the corn -a- from a Hopi Indian ceremony, and each year g- wilder. Huw builds a drum, and at sundown ve- one gathers on a hillside with food, wine, th- ol- dren in costumes, animals, and musical instru- en- They take turns beating the drum but must -ep- beating until dawn. They roast potatoes, and -on- times a kid, a pig, or a turkey, get stoned, an- howl, and drop to sleep. "But that's only -ne- year," one of the men says. "We could ha- e- every month, and it would hold the commu- ni- gether." Not everyone wants this solidarity, ho- ever. Some are like hermits and have stak- e- corners of the canyon where they want to -e- alone. The families who live nearby get t- et- for dinners, chores, and baby-sitting. At th- nd- end, the Williamses, the Swansons, and the Ol- pop in and out constantly. On the day I arri- t- are having a garden meeting at the Swans- n- decide what to order for spring planting.

The Swansons, who have three young ch- dr- moved into the canyon this year after buy- g- $1,000, the two-story house a man calle- S- had built for his own family. Steve had ha- f- ing out with Huw and wanted to move to th- se- acres. The Swansons needed a place they c- move into right away. The house has the bes- eq- ment at the farm, with a flush toilet (se- io- off by a blanket hung from the ceiling), ru- water, and electricity that drives a stove, re- to- tor, and freezer. Jack Swanson, an outgoing, ou- faced man of thirty-five, with short hair u- moustache, works on a newspaper 150 mil- a- and commutes to the farm for weekends. H- w- Barbara, twenty-four, is the image of a Mid- we- college girl: jeans cut off to Bermuda length, po- with Peter Pan collars, and a daisy-print- s- around her short brown hair. But it is quick- by- parent that she is a strong-willed noncon- fi- "I've always been a black sheep," she says. supermarkets—everything's been chemical- ly- served. You might as well be in a morgue." I- d- is gifted at baking, pickling, and canning, an- w- to raise sheep to weave and dye the wool. She and Jack tried living in various cities, th- suburb, then a farm in Idaho, where they fou- lacked the skills to make it work. "We wer- e- equipped by society to live off the earth," Ja- "We thought about moving to Freedom Fa- m- three or four years, but when times were g- put it off." Last year their third child was bo- n- a lung disease which required months of hos- pi-

nd left them deep in debt. Moving to the seemed a way out. "If we had stayed in the os, we found we were spending everything we with rent and car payments, and could never ff the debts. I had to make more and more stay even. The price was too high for what we d in life," Jack says. "Here, because I don't nt and because we can raise food ourselves, t have to make as much money. We get help ning, and have good company. In two or three s, this house is all mine—no interest, no taxes. le it would cost me $20,000 and 8 per cent st."

AINSTORM HITS at midnight and by morning ne snow has washed off the canyon walls, the n has flooded over, and the roads are slushy uts. Sylvia saddles two horses and we ride to the south 120. There are seven cabins on lley floor, and three hidden by trees on the Outside one of the houses, Steve is feeding bbits: the mute, wiggling animals are cluster- ound the cage doors. Steve breeds the rabbits l to a processor and hopes to earn $100 th from the business. He also kills them to It's tough to do," he says, "but if people ing to eat meat, they should be willing to kill imal." While Steve is building his new house, moved with his wife and four children into bin of a couple I shall call George and Liz George is a hefty, porcine man of thirty-nine, er who earned a doctorate in statistics, headed vertising agency, ran guns to Cuba, worked vil servant, a mason, a dishwasher, and rode ights. He can calculate the angles of a geo- dome and quote Boccaccio and Shakespeare. had three wives, and does not want his name because "there are a lot of people I don't o find me."

e, a hard-lived thirty-four, has a past that George's for tumult: nine years as an Army er, AWOL, running a coffee house in El Paso, nths in a Mexican jail on a marijuana charge, ng nine-to-five as chief engineer in a fire- factory in New Haven, Connecticut, then ountry to Spokane. Steve has great dynamism arm that are both appealing and abrasive. His veness inevitably led to friction in every situ- until, tired of bucking the system, he moved to m. "I liked the structure of this community," s. "Up there, I can't get along with one out ousand people. Here I make it with one out ." He adds, "We're in the business of sur- hile the world goes crazy. It's good to know build a fire, or a waterwheel, because if the ends, you're there now."

yone at Freedom seems to share this sense of ent doomsday. Huw says, "When the coun- iped out, electricity will stop coming through es, so you might as well do without it now. t believe you should use any machine you ix yourself." Steve says, "Technology can't ll the world's people." Stash, a young man who lives alone at the farm, asks, "Am I going to start starving in twenty years?"

Steve: "Not if you have a plot to garden."

Stash: "What if the ravaging hordes come through?"

Steve: "Be prepared for the end, or get yourself a gun."

There is an impulse to dismiss this talk as a projection of people's sense of their own private doom, except for the fact that the fear is widespread. Stewart Brand writes in the *Whole Earth Catalog*: "One barometer of people's social-confidence level is the sales of books on survival. I can report that sales on *The Survival Book* are booming: it's one of our fastest moving items."

Several times a week, Steve, Stash, and Steve's daughter Laura, fourteen, drive to the small town nearby to buy groceries, visit a friend, and, if the hot water holds out, take showers. They stop at Joe's Bar for beer and hamburgers—40 cents "with all the trimmings." Laura, a graceful, quiet girl, walks across the deserted street to buy *Mad* magazine and look at rock record albums. There are three teen-agers at the farm—all girls—and all have tried running away to the city. One was arrested for shoplifting, another was picked up in a crash pad with seven men. Steve says, "We have just as much trouble with our kids as straight, middle-class parents do. I'd like to talk to people in other communities and find out how they handle their teen-agers. Maybe we could send ours there." Stash says, "Or bring teen-age boys here." The women at the farm have started to joke uneasily that their sons will become uptight businessmen and their daughters will be suburban housewives. The history of utopian communities in this country has been that the second generation leaves. It is easy to imagine commune-raised children having their first haute-cuisine meal, or sleeping in silk pajamas in a luxury hotel, or taking a jet plane. Are they not bound to be dazzled? Sylvia says, "Our way of life is an over-reaction to something, and our kids will probably overreact to us. It's absurd. Kids run away from this, and all the runaways from the city come here."

In theory, the farm is an expanded family, and children can move around and live with different people or build houses of their own. In the summer, they take blankets and sleeping bags up in the cliffs to sleep in a noisy, laughing bunch. When I visited, all the children except one were staying in their parents' houses. Low-key tension seemed to be running through the community, with Steve and Huw Williams at opposite poles. Steve's wife, Ann, told me, "We don't go along with Huw's philosophy of anarchy. We don't think it works. You need some authority and discipline in any social situation." Huw says, "The thing about anarchy is that I'm willing to do a job myself, if I have to, rather than start imposing rules on others. Steve and George want things to be done efficiently with someone giving orders, like the Army."

At dinner when the sun goes down, Steve's and George's house throbs with good will and festivity. The cabin, like most at the farm, is not divided into

"In theory, the farm is an expanded family, and children can move around and live with different people or build houses of their own."

separate rooms. All nine people— Steve, Ann, and their four children, the Snows and their baby—sleep on the upstairs level, while the downstairs serves as kitchen, dining and living room. "The teen-agers wish there were more privacy," Steve says, "but for us and the younger children, it feels really close." Most couples at the farm are untroubled about making love in front of the children. "We don't make a point of it," one man says, "but if they happen to see it, and it's done in love and with good vibrations, they won't be afraid or embarrassed."

While Ann and Liz cook hasenpfeffer, Steve's daughters, Laura and Karen, ten, improvise making gingerbread with vinegar and brown sugar as a substitute for molasses. A blue jay chatters in a cage hung from the ceiling. Geese honk outside, and five dogs chase each other around the room. Steve plays the guitar and sings. The hasenpfeffer is superb. The rabbits have been pickled for two days, cooked in red wine, herbs, and sour cream. There are large bowls of beets, potatoes, jello, and the gingerbread, which tastes perfect, with homemade apple sauce. Afterwards, we all get toothpicks. Liz, an uninhibited, roly-poly girl of twenty-three, is describing how she hitchhiked to the farm, met George, stayed, and got married. "I like it here," she says, pursing her lips, "because I can stand nude on my front porch and yell, fuck! Also, I think I like it here because I'm fat, and there aren't many mirrors around. Clothes don't matter, and people don't judge you by your appearance like they do out there." She adds, "I've always been different from others. I think most of the people here are misfits—they have problems in communicating, relating to one another." Ann says, "Communication is ridiculous. We've begun to feel gossip is much better. It gradually gets around to the person it's about, and that's okay. Most people here can't say things to each other's face."

I walk home—I'm staying in a vacant cabin—across a field, with the stars standing out in brilliant relief from the black sky. Lights flicker in the cabins sprinkled through the valley. Ken Meister is milking late in the barn. The fire is still going in my cabin: I add two logs, light the kerosene lamps, and climb under the blankets on the high bed. Stream water sweeps by the cabin in low whooshes, the fire sputters. The rhythm of the canyon, after a few days, seems to have entered my body. I fall asleep around ten, wake up at six, and can feel the time even though there are no clocks around. In the morning light, though, I find two dead mice on the floor, and must walk a mile to get water, then build a fire to heat it. It becomes clear why, in a community like this, the sex roles are so well-defined and satisfying. When men actually do heavy physical labor like chopping trees, baling hay, and digging irrigation ditches, it feels very fulfilling for the woman to tend the cabin, grind wheat, put up fruit, and sew or knit. Each depends on the other for basic needs —shelter, warmth, food. With no intermediaries, such as supermarkets and banks, there is a direct relationship between work and survival. It is thus possible, according to Huw, for even the most repetitive jobs such as washing dishes or sawing [illegible] be spiritually rewarding. "Sawing puts my [illegible] good place," he says. "It's like a yogic exer[illegible]

IN ADDITION TO HIS FARMING and leathe[illegible] Huw has assumed the job of teacher for [illegible] children of school age. Huw believes schoo[illegible] be a free, anarchic experience, and that the [illegible] should set their own learning programs. S[illegible] given this freedom, the children, who wer[illegible] tomed to public school, said they wanted to [illegible] ride the horses. Huw finally told them they [illegible] at the school house every day for at least o[illegible] They float in and out, and Huw stays half [illegible] He walks home for lunch and passes Ka[illegible] another girl on the road. Karen taunts hi[illegible] you see the mess we made at the school?"

"Yes," Huw says.

"Did you see our note?"

Huw walks on, staring at the ground. "[illegible] me feel you don't have much respect for the [illegible] the school."

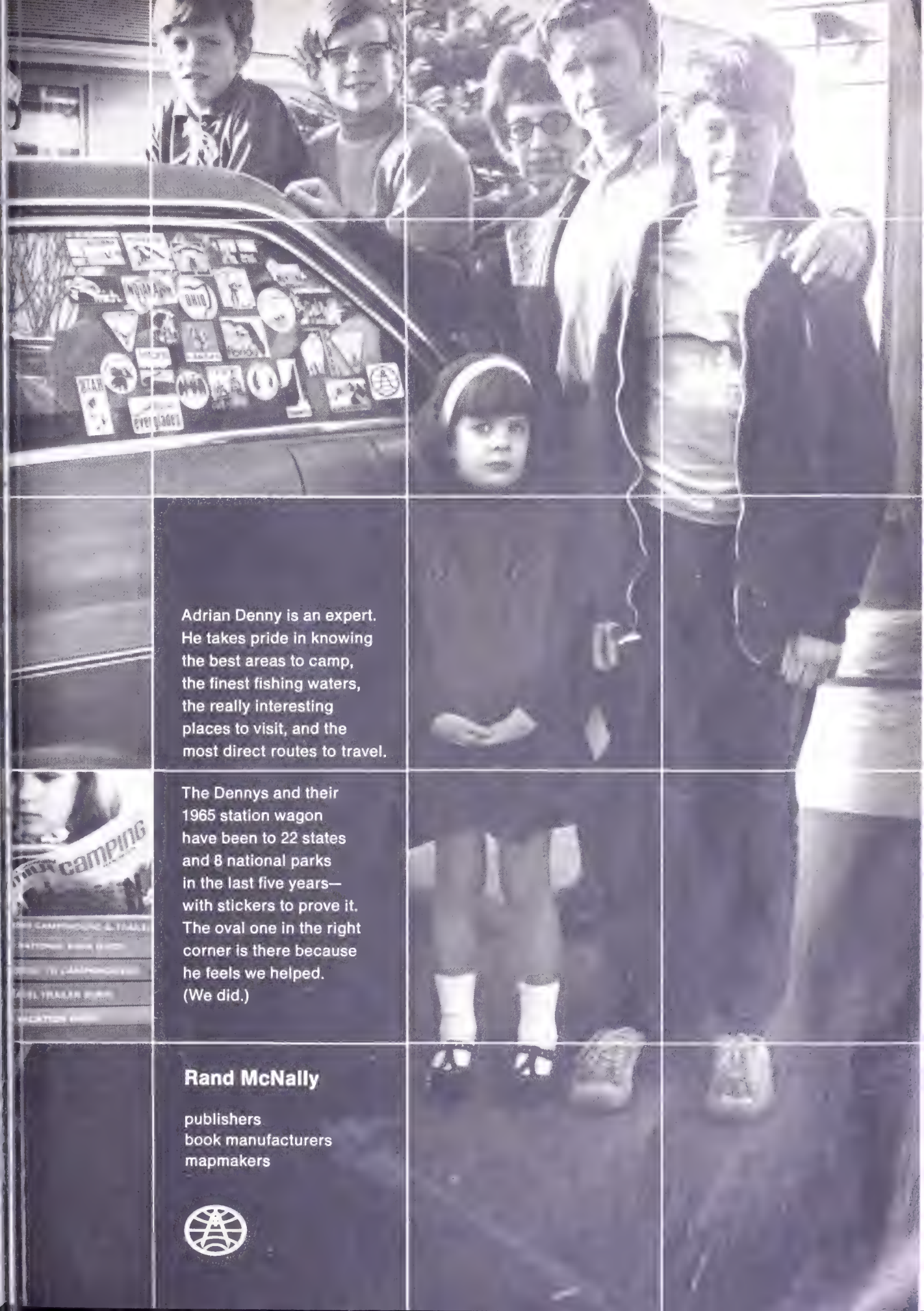
She laughs. "Course we don't have any r[illegible]

"Well, it's your school," Huw says softly[illegible]

Karen shouts. "You said it was your sc[illegible] other day. You're an Indian giver."

Huw: "I never said it was my school. Y[illegible] ents said that." Aside to me, he says. "The[illegible] ting better at arguing every day. Still [illegible] good, though." I tell Huw they seem to e[illegible] menting him. "I know. I'm the only adult [illegible] here they can do that to without getting cl[illegible] It gives them a sense of power. It's ironic, [illegible] I keep saying they're mature and responsi[illegible] their parents say they need strict autho[illegible] discipline. So who do they rebel against? [illegible] going to call a school meeting tonight. M[illegible] can talk some of this out."

In the afternoon I visit Rico and Pat, w[illegible] frame house is the most beautiful and imagi[illegible] the farm. It has three levels—a basement, wh[illegible] work on jewelry and have stored a year's s[illegible] food; a kitchen-living-room floor; and a hi[illegible] ing porch reached by a ladder. The second [illegible] carpeted, with harem-like cushions, furs, [illegible] hangings. There are low tables, one of whic[illegible] reveal a sunken white porcelain bathtub w[illegible] ning water heated by the wood stove. Rico, [illegible] five, designed the house so efficiently that [illegible] winter, when the temperature drops to 2[illegible] zero, it is warm enough for him to loung[illegible] wearing nothing but a black cape. Pat a[illegible] have talked about living with six adults [illegible] form of group marriage, but, Pat says, "th[illegible] one here we could really do it with. The se[illegible] periments that have gone on have been [illegible] compulsive and desperate. Some of us thi[illegible] ousy is innate." Rico says, "I think it's c[illegible] Pat says, "Hopefully our kids will be able [illegible] up without it. I think the children who a[illegible] here will really have a chance to develop fre[illegible] older children who've come here recently [illegible] far gone to appreciate the environment."



Adrian Denny is an expert. He takes pride in knowing the best areas to camp, the finest fishing waters, the really interesting places to visit, and the most direct routes to travel.

The Dennys and their 1965 station wagon have been to 22 states and 8 national parks in the last five years—with stickers to prove it. The oval one in the right corner is there because he feels we helped. (We did.)

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OPEN LAND

In the evening, ten parents and five children show up at the school, a one-room house built with eighteen sides, so that a geodesic dome can be constructed on top. The room has a furnace, bookshelves and work tables, rugs and cushions on the floor. Sylvia is sitting on a stool in the center nursing her son. Two boys in yellow pajamas are running in circles, squealing, "Ba-ba-ba!" Karen is drawing on the blackboard—of all things, a city skyscape. Rico is doing a yoga headstand. Steve and Huw begin arguing about whether the children should have to come to the school every day. Steve says, in a booming voice, "I think the whole canyon should be a learning community, a total educational environment. The kids can learn something from everyone. If you want to teach them, why don't you come to our house?" Huw, standing with a clipboard against his hip, says, "They have to come here to satisfy the county school superintendent. But it seems futile when they come in and say I'm not qualified to teach them. Where do they get that?"

Steve says, "From me. I don't think you're qualified." Huw: "Well I'm prepared to quit and give you the option of doing something else, or sending them to public school."

Steve says, "Don't quit. I know your motives are pure as the driven snow. . . ."

Huw says, "I'm doing it for myself as well, to prove I can do it. But it all fits together."

They reach an understanding without speaking further.

Steve then says, "I'd like to propose that we go door-to-door in this community and get everyone enthused about the school as a center for adult learning and cultural activity first, and for the kiddies second. Because when you turn on the adults, the kids will follow. The school building needs finishing—the dome should be built this summer. Unless there's more enthusiasm in this community, I'm not going to contribute a thing. But if we get everybody to boost this, by God I'll be the first one out to die."

Huw says, "You don't think the people who took the time to come tonight is enough interest? I may be cynical, but I think the only way to get some of the others here would be to have pot and dope."

Steve: "Get them interested in the idea of guest speakers, musicians, from India, all over. We can build bunk dorms to accommodate them."

Huw: "Okay. I think we should get together every Sunday night to discuss ideas, hash things over. In the meantime, why don't we buy materials to finish the building?"

On the morning I leave, sunlight washes down the valley from a cloudless sky. Huw, in his green lumberman's shirt, rides with me to the top road. "My dream is to see this canyon filled with families who live here all the time, with lots of children." He continues in a lulling rhythm: "We could export some kind of food or product. The school is very important. It should be integrated in the whole community. Children from all over could come to work, learn, and live with different families. I'd like to have doctors here, and a clinic where people could be healed naturally. Eventually there shou[ld] ham radio system set up between all the co[m]munities in the country, and a blimp, so we cou[ld] field trips back and forth. I don't think o[f] munity is enough to meet our needs. We [need] world culture."

Huw stands, with hands on hips, the w[eight] back on his heels—a small figure against th[e] field. "Some day I'm going to inherit six [hun]more acres down there, and it'll all be fre[e] should be available for anybody to use lik[e it] with the Indians." He smiles with the righ[t] of his mouth. "The Indians could no mor[e] stand owning land than they could owning t[he]

We've got to get ourselves back to the gar[den]
– Joni Mitchell, from the song, "Woo[dstock]"

LAST HALLOWEEN IN JEMEZ, NEW MEXI[CO] squidlike "rock-drug-alternate-culture" [ch]ground gathered itself together to discuss [what] do with the energy manifested at Woodsto[ck]. can we use that power, they asked, and p[re]vent from being sickened and turned as it was at Rolling Stones Free Concert in Altamont? [The] swer seemed to generate itself: buy land, [give] away the deed, open it to anyone and call [it] People's Park. Hold an earth-warming festival, ecological world's fair—all free. A nonprofit corporation was formed to collect money and [avoid] legal problems. But there would be no au[thority] and no rules in Earth People's Park. Paul Kan[tner], Tom Law, Milan Melvin, Ken Kesey, Mar[ty] Elliot, and the Hog Farm traveling commune [then] led by Hugh Romney fanned out to sell t[he] They asked everyone who had been at Wo[odstock] in body or spirit to contribute a dollar. [Then] they talked of buying 20,000 acres in New [Mexico] or Colorado. In a few months, they were [up] about 100,000 acres in many small pieces, [all] the country. They flooded the media with p[ress] of "a way out of the disaster of the cities, [an] alternative." Hugh Romney, calling himself [Wavy] Gravy, in an aviator suit, sheepskin vest and Donald Duck hat, spoke on television about [sim]plicity, community, and harmony with the [land]. cards, letters, and money poured in. Some [were] hand printed, with bits of leaves and stardust [in] creases, some were typed on business stat[ionery]. One, from a young man in La Grange, [Illinois] seemed to touch all the chords:

Hello. Maybe we're not as alone as I thi[nk]. I am 21 my developed skills are as an adv[ertis]ing writer/producer/director. It seems [a] waste. I have energy. I can simplify my life [and] I want to help. I am convinced that a new [life] style, one which holds something spiritu[al] sacred, is necessary in this land. People c[an] turn to the slow and happy pace of life tha[t] abandoned along with their understandi[ng] brotherhood. Thank you for opening doors.

P.S. Please let me know what site you [pur]chase so I can leave as soon as possible for

)OKS

te to an American poet

CENTENNIAL of Edwin Arling- Robinson—he was born on De- 22, 1869—has passed without a r of public notice. My first reac- this neglect was a feeling of since Robinson is one of the best e have ever had in this country. led by reflection and time, I have) see that perhaps it doesn't mat- ether the writers we most care eceive their "due." Only the liv- d praise. Writers like Robinson in their work, appreciated by who aren't afraid to be left alone old book.

nson himself would hardly have d any other fate, for he was not of man to make demands on this)r the next. Shy of all literary just managing to keep afloat ı a workable mixture of stoicism ohol, he lived entirely for his Most of the time he was very nd all of the time alone, a with- and silent bachelor. He seems to mposed verse with that single- ness the rest of us keep for occa- f vanity and profit. As a result e "too much," and his *Collected* coming almost to 1,500 l pages, has a great deal of ork. But a small portion is very d a group of fifteen or twenty nquestionably great.

to be sure, is not the received judgment—though a few critics, Conrad Aiken in some fine re- f the 1920s and Yvor Winters in lid little book published in 1946, cognized his worth. The public of a Robert Frost, however, n could never hope to match; roval of the *avant-garde*, when it all, came in lukewarm portions, S. Eliot had declared his work negligible" and that, for a time, was that. Robinson stood apart from the cultural movements of his day, so much so that he didn't even bother to *oppose* literary modernism: he simply followed his own convictions. He was one of those New England solitaries—great-grandsons of the Puritans, nephews of the Emersonians!—whose lives seem barren and pinched but who leave, in their stolid devotion to a task, something precious to the world.

The trouble in Robinson's life was mostly interior. Some force of repression, not exactly unknown to New England character, had locked up his powers for living by, or articulating openly, the feelings his poems show him to have had. Even in the poems themselves a direct release of passion or desire is infrequent; they "contain" or emerge out of enormous depths of feeling, but it is a feeling pressed into oblique irony or disciplined into austere reflection. He was not the man to yield himself to what Henry James once called "promiscuous revelation."

Robinson lived mainly within himself, and sometimes near a group of admiring hangers-on who, as he seems to have known, were unworthy of him. Among his obsessive subjects are solitude and failure, both drawn from his immediate experience and treated with a richness of complication that is unequaled in American poetry. For the insights Robinson offered on these grim topics, in poems such as "The Wandering Jew" and "Eros Turannos," he no doubt paid a heavy price in his own experience. But we should remember that, finally, such preoccupations are neither a regional morbidity nor a personal neurosis: they are among the permanent and inescapable themes of serious literature. In his own dry and insular way, Robinson shared in the tragic vision that has dominated the imagination of the West since the Greek playwrights. By the time he began to write, it had perhaps become impossible for a serious poet to compose a tragedy on the classical scale, and as a result his sense of the tragic, unable to reach embodiment in a large action, had to emerge—one almost says, leak through—as a tone of voice, a restrained and melancholy contemplativeness.

At the age of twenty-two, Robinson could already write, half in wisdom and half in self-defense, sentences forming an epigraph to his whole career:

> *Solitude . . . tends to magnify one's ideas of individuality; it sharpens his sympathy for failure where fate has been abused and self demoralized; it renders a man suspicious of the whole natural plan, and leads him to wonder whether the invisible powers are a fortuitous issue of unguided cosmos. . . .*

Like Hawthorne and Melville before him, Robinson came from a family that had suffered both a fall in circumstances and a collapse of psychic confidence. To read the one reliable biography, by Herman Hagedorn, is gradually to be drawn into a graying orbit of family nightmare, an atmosphere painfully similar to that of a late O'Neill play. Tight-lipped quarrels, heavy drinking, failing investments, ventures into quack spiritualism and drugs—these were the matter of his youth. Hagedorn describes the few months before the death of the poet's father:

> *[The elder Robinson's] interest in spiritualism had deepened and, in the slow disintegration of his organism, detached and eerie energies seemed to be released. There were table rappings and once the table came off the floor, "cutting my universe . . . clean in half." . . . Of these last months with his father, he told a friend, "They were a living hell."*

Not much better were Robinson's early years in New York, where he slept in a hall bedroom and worked for a time as a subway clerk. He kept writing and won some recognition, including help from President Theodore Roosevelt, who was impressed by one of Robinson's (inferior) poems but had the honesty to admit he didn't understand it.

is no single book in which one can ntly read all of Robinson's best work. *ected Poems* (Macmillan) is poorly at, and forbidding. Morton Zabel has *Selected Poems* (Macmillan) for e poet James Dickey has written a tic introduction; the choices are some of the best of the middle-length the Arthurian poems had necessarily itted. We need a selection that in- e best of all the kinds of poems.

Mr. Howe's latest book is Decline of the New, *a collection of his essays on modern writers, published by Harcourt, Brace & World. He is professor of English at the City University of New York, and editor of* Dissent.

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Toward the end of his career Robinson scored his one commercial success with *Tristram*, the least interesting of his three lengthy Arthurian poems. This success did not much affect his life or, for that matter, his view of life. He died in 1935, a victim of cancer. It is said that as Robinson lay dying one of his hangers-on approached him for a small loan: life, as usual, trying to imitate art.

II

THE IMPRINT OF NEW ENGLAND on Robinson's sensibility is strong, but it is not precise. By the time he was growing up in the river-town of Gardner, Maine (the Tilbury Town of his poems), Puritanism was no longer a coherent religious force. It had become at best a collective memory of moral rigor, an ingrained and hardened way of life surviving beyond its original moment of strength. Yet to writers like Hawthorne and Robinson, the New England tradition left a rich inheritance: the assumption that human existence, caught in a constant inner struggle between good and evil, is inherently dramatic: and the habit of intensive scrutiny, at once proud and dust-humble, into human motives, such as the old Puritans had used for discovering whether they were among the elect. Writers like Hawthorne and Robinson were no longer believers but since they still responded to what they had rejected, they found themselves in a fruitful dilemma. They did not wish entirely to shake off the inflexible moralism of the New England past; yet they were fascinated by the psychological study of behavior that would come to dominate twentieth-century literature and, meanwhile, was both a borrowing from nineteenth-century European romanticism and a distillation of Puritan habits of mind. The best of the New England writers tried to yoke these two ways of regarding the human enterprise, and if their attempt is dubious in principle, it yielded in practice a remarkable subtlety in the investigation of motives. As for Emersonianism, by the time Robinson was beginning to think for himself it was far gone in decay, barely discernible as specific doctrine and little more than a mist of genteel idealism.

Robinson borrowed from both traditions. His weaker poems reveal an Emersonian yearning toward godhead and transcendence, which is an experience somewhat different from believing in God. His stronger poems share with the Puritans a cast of mind th
tensely serious, convinced of t
ducibility of moral problems,
voted to nuance of motive
scrupulosity his grandfathers
plied to nuance of theology. Ev
early, unimpressive sonnet like "
which begins in a dispirited to
acteristic of late nineteenth
writing,

I cannot find my way; there is no
In all the shrouded heavens anyw

Robinson still felt obliged to e
an Emersonian piety:

I know the far-sent message of the
I feel the coming glory of the Lig

Whenever that "Light" be
flicker, so tenuous a symbol for
of transcendence, it is a sure
trouble in Robinson's poems. A
ing toward an optimism in whic
no real conviction, it would
overshadowed, however, by Ro
darkening fear, as he later wr
long poem called *King Jasper*, t

No God
No law, no purpose, could have h
for sport
Out of warm water and slime, a u
life
That was unnecessary, and far b
Never had been—if man, as we be
him,
Is all it means.

Such lines suggest that Ro
gift was not for strict philos
in verse; he was eminently ca
thinking as a poet, but mainly
his arrangement of dramatic pa
and the casual reflections he
among them. What makes Ro
concern with God and the cos
portant is not its doctrinal conte
as vague in statement and disp
tone as that of other sensitive p
his time, but the way in which h
employ it as the groundwork
miniature dramas. Fairly conv
doctrine thereby becomes th
tissue of suffering and doubt.

It is an advantage for a writer
come into relation with a gre
tion of thought, even if only in i
of decay, and sometimes it is
greater advantage to struggle
problem of salvaging elements
dom from that decayed traditi
while a culture in decompositi
limit the scope of its writers a
them from the highest achieve
offers special opportunities fo
drama to those who can mainta
critical bearing. The traps of
moment are obvious: nostalgia

treme, and sensationalism, on the Most of the time Robinson was enough to resist these tempta- a portion of the old New England persisting in his soul; or perhaps ld resist them simply because he o entirely absorbed in his own of the human situation and there- idn't even trouble about the cul- nnovations and discoveries of his He made doubt into a discipline, ilure into an opening toward com- n. The old principles of his cul- ay have crumbled, but he found ject in the problems experienced se to whom the allure of those ples had never quite dulled.

III

NY OF ROBINSON'S shorter poems -lyrics, ballads, sonnets, dramatic ives—are set in Tilbury Town, his East locale where idlers dream their lives in harmless fantasy, ebels suffer the resistance of a mity gone stiff, and the tragedy of al isolation seems to acquire a sal character, as if speaking for son's vision of American, perhaps life. Other nineteenth-century s had of course employed a recur- etting in their work, and later ter would do the same with Yok- wpha County. Yet Robinson's Tilbury Town is rather different what these writers do: he makes empt to fill out its social world, es little about details of place and it, he seems hardly to strive for cal depth. Tilbury Town is more osphere than a setting, it is barely or provisioned, and it serves to t less a vigorous community than ack of historical continuity. The ound figures in these poems are with two or three harsh, synoptic , but Tilbury Town itself is shad- ading into the past and no longer bind its people. Robinson eyes quely, half in and half out of its aries, a secret sharer taking snap- f decline. To illuminate a world h a glimpsed moment of crisis or him, a mere strategy of com- n; it signifies his deepest moral a nervous signature of reticence spect. He seems always to be ng a persuasion that nothing can wn with certainty and the very t of direct assertion is a falsehood making.

e of these Tilbury pieces, as Rob- once remarked, have been "pick- led in anthological brine." Almost "everybody" knows "Miniver Cheevy" and "Richard Corey," sardonic vignettes of small-town character, Yankee drop-outs whose pitiable condition is contrasted—in quirky lines and comic rhymes—with their weak fantasies. These are far from Robinson's best poems, but neither are they contemptible. In the sketch of poor Miniver, who "loved the days of old," there are flashes of cleverness:

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
That made so many a name so fragrant;
He mourned Romance, now on the town,
And Art, a vagrant.

Such pieces lead to better ones of their kind, such as the tautly written sonnets about Reuben Bright, the butcher who tears down his slaughterhouse when told his wife must die, and Aaron Stark, a miser with "eyes like little dollars in the dark." My experience in teaching these poems is that students trained to flounder in *The Waste Land* will at first condescend, but when asked to read the poems again, will be unsettled by the depths of moral understanding Robinson has hidden away within them.

The finest of Robinson's sonnets of character is "The Clerks." Describing a return to Tilbury Town, the poet meets old friends, figures of "a shop-worn brotherhood," who now work as clerks in stores. The opening octet quietly evokes this scene, and then in the closing sestet Robinson widens the range of his observation with a powerful statement about the weariness of slow defeat:

And you that ache so much to be sublime,
And you that feed yourselves with your descent,
What comes of all your visions and your fears?
Poets and kings are but the clerks of Time,
Tiering the same dull webs of discontent,
Clipping the same sad alnage of the years.

Without pretending to close analysis, I would like to glance at a few of the perceptual and verbal refinements in these six lines. The opening "ache . . . to be sublime" has its workaday irony that prepares for the remarkable line which follows: to "feed" with "your descent" is a characteristic Robinsonian turn, which in addition to the idea of consuming oneself through age suggests more obliquely that indulgence in vanity which claims distinction for one's decline. Poets and kings who are "clerks of Time" are helplessly aligned with the Tilbury clerks, yet Robinson sees that even in the democracy of our common decay we cling to our trifle of status.



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For in the "dull webs of discontent" which form the fragile substance of our lives, we still insist on "tiering" ourselves. Coming in the penultimate line, the word "tiering" has enormous ironic thrust: how long can a tier survive as a web? And then in the concluding line Robinson ventures one of his few deviations from standard English, in the use of "alnage," a rare term meaning a measure of cloth, that is both appropriate to the atmosphere of waste built up at the end and overwhelming as it turns us back to the "shop-worn" clerks who are Robinson's original *donnée*.

Now, for readers brought up in the modernist tradition of Eliot and Stevens, these short poems of Robinson will not yield much excitement. They see in such poems neither tangle nor agony, brilliance nor innovation. But they are wrong, for the Tilbury sonnets and lyrics do, in their own way, represent a significant innovation: Robinson was the first American poet of stature to bring commonplace people and commonplace experience into our poetry. Whitman had invoked such people and even rhapsodized over them, but as individual creatures with warm blood they are not really to be found in his pages. Robinson understood that

> *Even the happy mortals we term ordinary or commonplace act their own mental tragedies and live a far deeper and wider life than we are inclined to believe possible. . . .*

The point bears stressing because most critics hail poets like Eliot and Stevens for their innovations in metrics and language while condescending toward Robinson as merely traditional. Even if that were true, it would not, of course, be a sufficient reason for judgments either favorable or hostile: but it is not true. Robinson never thought of himself as a poetic revolutionary, but like all major poets he helped enlarge for those who came after him the possibilities of composition. The work of gifted writers like Robert Lowell, James Dickey, and James Wright was enabled by Robinson's muted innovations.

His dramatic miniatures in verse spiritual dossiers of American experience, as someone has nicely called them —remind one a little of Hawthorne, in their ironic undercurrent and cool explorations of vanity, and a little of James, in their peeling away of psychic pretense and their bias that human relationships are inherently a trap. Yet it would be unjust to say that Robinson was a short-story writer who happened to write verse, for it is precisely hi the traditional forms he en lo precisely through his d ip stanzas, regular meters, and o li of rhyme—that he released h Robinson's language seldom ch the high radiance of Frost, ar fa his short poems are as beautif ye plexioned as Frost's "Spring Ho "The Most of It." But in Robin n are sudden plunges into the pt experiences, and then stre he earned contemplativeness. th can rarely equal. Here, for ex n the octet of a Robinson son Pity of the Leaves," that deal wi experience—an old man alone t with his foreboding of death—hi "An Old Man's Winter Nigh also treated memorably but no l as well:

Vengeful across the cold Novembe ns
Loud with ancestral shame there an
bleak.
Sad wind that shrieked and answe d
shriek
Reverberant through lonely corrido s
The old man heard it; and he hear pe
Words out of lips that were no more s
Words of the past that shook the d
cheek
Like dead remembered footsteps on th

It is always to "the slow tr e haunted men" that Robinson e turning. One of his greatest n this theme, the kind of hypnoti n tion that *happens* to a poet onc r if he is lucky, is "Luke Hav g grieving man hears the voice o i love and it draws him like an y for death, a beauty of death d e enclosing.

The greatest of these Tilbur n and one of the greatest poems d tragedy of love in our language s Turannos." Yvor Winters apt l e "a universal tragedy in a M ting." It deals with a genteel a l tive woman, advancing in y r never, apparently, a startling h who has married or otherwise n herself to a charming wastre v taste for the finer things of lif

> *She fears him and will alway. S*
> *What fated her to choose hi. I*
> *She meets in his engaging mas I*
> *All reasons to refuse him. . . "*

With a fierce concentration o the poem proceeds to specify t glements in which these pec themselves, the moral confus psychic fears, all shown with balance of exactness and con The concluding stanza reache

bout the human lot such as marks
son's poetry at its best. Those, he
who with the god of love have

hearing much of what we say,
ake what the god has given;
ugh like waves breaking it may be,
ike a changed familiar tree,
ike a stairway to the sea
here down the blind are driven.

king of such poems and trying
lerstand how it is that in their
ess they can yet seem so mag-
t, one finds oneself falling back
ns like "sincerity" and "honesty."
re terms notoriously inadequate
icky, yet inescapable in discuss-
ets like Robinson and Thomas
. It is not, after all, as if one
to say about more brilliant poets
liot and Yeats that they are in-
or lacking in honesty; of course
hat one does want to suggest is
poems like Robinson's "Eros
nos" and "Hillcrest," as in poems
rdy's "The Going" and "At Cas-
erel," there is an abandonment
retense and pose, all protective-
d persona. At such moments the
ems beyond decoration and de-
he leaves himself vulnerable.
o the pain of his self; he cares
g for consolation; he looks at de-
d does not blink. It is literature
l the literary.

IV

VE ALL BUT USED UP my space, yet
st say a word about a few other
of poems that Robinson wrote, in
pe that some readers will want to
to them at length.
inson was a master of a certain
poem, Wordsworthian in tone
erhaps source, which Frost also
but not, in my judgment, as well.
are poems about lost and aging
y people, mostly in New England:
and Archibald," "Aunt Imogen,"
he Poor Relation." The very titles
ely to displease readers whose
tremble before titles like "Leda
e Swan," "The Idea of Order at
est," and "The Bridge." A pity!
ac and Archibald" is the mas-
e of this group, a summer idyll
with shadows of death, told by
re man remembering himself as
who spent an afternoon with two
rmers, lifelong friends each of
now frets that the other is show-
gns of decay. The verse is ex-
:

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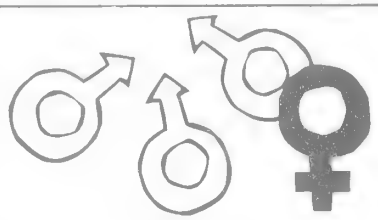
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So I lay dreaming of what things I would,
Calm and incorrigibly satisfied
With apples and romance and ignorance
And the still smoke from Archibald's clay pipe.
There was a stillness over everything
As if the spirit of heat had laid its hand
Upon the world and hushed it; and I felt
Within the mightiness of the white sun
That smote the land around us and wrought out
A fragrance from the trees, a vital warmth
And fulness for the time that was to come,
And a glory for the world beyond the forest.
The present and the future and the past,
Isaac and Archibald, the burning bush,
The Trojans and the walls of Jericho,
Were beautifully fused; and all went well
Till Archibald began to fret for Isaac
And said it was a master day for sunstroke.

Another kind of poem at which Robinson showed his mastery, one that has rarely been written in this country, is the dramatic monologue of medium length. "Rembrandt to Rembrandt," "The Three Taverns" (St. Paul approaching Rome), and "John Brown" are the best examples. The pitfalls of this genre are notorious: an effort to capture the historic inflections of the speaker's voice, so that both conciseness of speech and poetic force are sacrificed to some idea of verisimilitude; a tendency toward linguistic exhibitionism, blank verse as a mode of preening; and a lack of clear focusing of intent, so that the immediate experience of the speaker fails to take on larger resonance. Robinson mostly transcends these difficulties. He chooses figures at moments of high crisis, Rembrandt as he plunges into his dark painting, St. Paul as he ruminates upon his forthcoming capture, and John Brown as he readies himself for hanging. The result is serious in moral perception, leading always to the idea of abandonment of the self, and dignified in tone, for Robinson had little gift for colloquial speech and was shrewd enough to maintain a level of formal diction.

It is Frost who is mainly honored for this kind of dramatic poem, but a sustained comparison would show, I think, the superiority of Robinson's work. Though not nearly so brilliant a virtuoso as Frost, Robinson writes from a fullness of experience and a tragic awareness that Frost cannot equal. Frost has a strong grasp on the melodramatic extremes of behavior, but he lacks almost entirely Robinson's command of its middle ranges. Frost achieves a cleaner verbal surface, but Robinson is more abundant in moral detail and insight.

There remains finally a word to be said about Robinson's Arthuria *Merlin*, *Lancelot*, and *Tristram* two of which are very consider ductions. I am aware of strai readers' credulity in saying th and *Lancelot*, set in the court Arthur and dealing with the l intrigues of his knights, are explorations of human suffering with force and passion.

Tennyson's *Idylls of the Ki* ing with the same materials, i a pictorial representation of w ures, beautiful in the way a might be but not very gri drama. Robinson's Guinev Lancelot, however, are erran beings separated from us onl tume and time; his Merlin is man of worldly power and som who finds himself drawn to th tions of private life. Long p bound to have flaws, in this c sive talk and a spun-thin mora ing that can become tedious. the further problem that any sustained blank verse will, by to padding and looseness of Still, these are poems for ma and women who know that ir we are all as we are, vulner mortal. Here Merlin speaks at his career, remembering his lo

Let her love
What man she may, no other ever th
Shall be an index of her memories.
I fear no man who may come after m
And I see none. I see her, still in g
Beside the fountain. I shall not go b
If I come no
The lady Vivian will remember me,
And say: 'I knew him when his hear
young,
Though I have lost him now. Time
home,
And that was as it was: for much
Between Broceliande and Camelot.'

In my own experience Robi poet who grows through rere perhaps it would be better to grows into being able to reread will never please the crowds, n large ones panting for platitud small ones supposing paradox from platitude. All that need said about Robinson he said a sonnet about George Cra eighteenth-century English also wrote about commonpla in obscure corners of the earth

Whether or not we read him, we ca
From time to time the vigor of his
Against us like a finger for the shan
And emptiness of what our souls re
In books that are as altars where u
To consecrate the flicker, not the

OKS IN BRIEF

her's House, by Philip Kun-
Random House, $5.95.

Kunhardt's father was not, on
ace, an extraordinary man. He
om apparently modest wealth,
the right schools, entered the
vool business as expected, took
ligent interest in the natural
aised a very nice family, imbu-
i with the best traditional values
is an excellent openness to new
ice, and, in his time, died a
rdinary death.

ms likely that his son would
urned his passing with no more
ual intensity had he not, six
fter his father's demise, been
by a heart attack and intima-
his own mortality. However, in
y dark nights of his recupera-
vas given a blessed opportunity
s father's house in order in his
id. What he came to see—and
makes us see in this limpid and
book—is how extraordinary
decency really is.

rldly terms his father was not a
he did badly in the wool busi-
npensated by taking on a great
civic responsibility. But in the
at count, he was as successful
i can be. The big old Kunhardt
igh on a forested hill in New
vas full of the kind of life one
envy—a place of jokes and ex-
s and projects. There was a
irs closet that was the den of an
y bear, invented to charm the
; there were fishing and camp-
full of silences and discoveries;
s a formal garden hacked out
vilderness that was the elder
t's lifelong passion; there were
ises as Christmases should be
arely are; there were sober ad-
onversations between parent
dren that were models of com-
on; there was a tender saving
daybooks, report cards that at-
the way loving care can trans-
trivia of life into history, a
if you will, that can sustain a
time when we must make our
ither. Indeed, it was, I suspect,
r's example that suggested to
is he went through the desk he
cited, the need to order the past
can slip away from him en-

So, possibly, the book was a kind of therapy to its author. No matter: it is a kind of therapy for its readers as well. The measure of its effectiveness for me was this: I raced through the first chapters in a matter of hours. And then put off reading the last chapter for several days because I could not bear to read what I knew was coming—the father's death. I simply did not want to let him—or the book about him—go. I envy Mr. Kunhardt his book. I envy him even more the life it records with such unsentimental love and candor. —R.S.

Exiles, by Michael J. Arlen. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $6.95.

Michael J. Arlen's book is also a family memoir, also mostly about his father, also an excellent book. But so very different from Mr. Kunhardt's work, since it is fair to say that Arlen never really knew his father and that his book is an attempt to piece together the fragments of his memory and find a pattern in them.

Let it be noted immediately that there is nothing effortful about the finished product. Its structure appears to have been dictated by the workings of free association, the tone conversational (but only rarely lapsing into the mannered), the total effect as compelling as any mystery about the search for a missing person.

And there can be no doubt that the elder Arlen—or at least his best self—was mostly missing from his son's life. For one thing, the father was a perpetual immigrant, an Armenian who had ended up in London in his youth, who thereafter wandered a great deal, not necessarily in search of roots, but perhaps for a place where his special gifts could take root and flower as a perennial instead of as the rather exotic one-shot annual he turned out to be. For his father was, at the age of twenty-seven, the author of that famous—and now entirely unread—period piece, *The Green Hat*. It brought him a fame and a wealth that he found impossible ever again to duplicate and his son was born at the tag end of the glory days. His memory contains bits and pieces of blue, white, bright summers on the Côte d'Azur, of servants and great cars and a dashing motorboat and beautiful people gathered round. But the world changed, his father could not change with it, and so the son never knew him at his best, which is a way of saying that he could not fully know him at all.

Instead, he grew up seeing him in the distance—as a dapper *bon vivant*, complete with cane and a perpetual table for lunch at the St. Regis where he entertained a few of his old peers, but mostly celebrity hunters. But these too are only glimpses. Mostly the son was away at boarding school and college. And often the father was away, too—trapped in wartime England, working for M-G-M on the coast, or pacing in his study, looking for the words that would not come anymore. There was no continuity between his experience and that of his children—only civility (thank God for that, at least) across a generation gap, a time warp. Each was an exile in a different way and, indeed, so was Atalanta, the wife and mother.

Even so, the son retains a certain jaunty perspective on what might have been a tragedy. Working through the mine of memory he has found his father, one feels, almost as an archaeologist finds a civilization in a few shards of ceramic. He has resisted the temptation to present him as a romantic figure, resisted the desire to invest him with a greatness that was not there. What he knows was that there was something there, something small and unique that got lost in the world's acclaim, never to be recovered.

The book ends in peace—with a glimpse of his father as he must have been when all was going well. It is a small, perfect stroke, the last of many in this poignant, funny, open, intriguing book that rescues a man from legend, restoring him to our consciousness in a way that he could never manage himself. What finer task for a son to complete? —R.S.

Touch of Wildness: A Maine Woods Journal, by Lew Dietz. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $5.95.

In a day when wildlife conservation is a primary priority, and mass slaughter of animals so mindlessly taken for granted, a book celebrating the glories of hunting is the last thing I would grab off the bookstore shelf. It has always seemed to me that the gratuitous killing of defenseless duck, "game" birds, rab-

"I wanted to turn back, but there was no turning....We were approaching the moment when there would be nothing else to do other than cut out both their hearts, and place one of them—the girl's—within an empty chest of the man."

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bits, foxes, and deer was the mos
tistical, ugly, and meaningless
human pasttimes. On coming u
hunter while nature-walking i
woods, I immediately tag him a
enemy" and pray that his intende
tims have had time to split for th
county. The echo of a single unatt
gunshot has many times broug
close to tears. Lew Dietz would say
no doubt that you cannot really
any more from a woman. In Main
last stronghold of male dominanc
really says it), hunting is a *mar*
minion. And in Maine, where the
was born and bred, that is certain
ing the truth, for better or for wo
the age when we squelched femal
being plied with dolls, little b
Maine are lusting after their firs
and rifles. Dietz doesn't (and I
either) go into the obvious psych
cal implications of such behavior
ditioning.

In this collection of backwoods
(some of which made their de
Field & Stream), Dietz pleads h
well. "I admit to feeling more
with the Maine sporting man tha
his chaste brothers who have
woods-dressed a deer or split a
trout for the frypan. If sinners th
I too am a sinner, for a man is
by the company he keeps." F
author and his comrades in
"sporting" is being "at home wi
ture." Dietz writes of the north
and its human and creature inhal
with a knowledge and love that o
to respect. He has stalked a proc
array of birds and animals: ge
Aroostook County, sea ducks alo
craggy Maine coast, white-taile
woodcock, bear, and wildcat. A
has fished by all available
Maine's rivers, lakes, and stream

Each sport, each county has i
ticular legend and eccentric cel
Maurice was Dietz's guru of the fl
"Daddy Warbucks" helped int
him to the old muzzle-loader gu
the sport of "not-killing" ducks.
there's the story of "Old Mose," t
ler bear of Paddy Mill Creek, a
legend of the Tolmans, resident
since 1769 of The Bog. Word has
members of the Tolman family a
only ones who can get you out
you've found your way in to thi
tected preserve. And then again
Vinalhaven Island, whose
stocked their own hunting groun
trout streams, so as to have rec
from their main business, which
water fishing.

people are notoriously posses-
t their state; even ten million
voods and wild animals can be
nd destroyed. Natives keep the
ı line by guiding them to sport-
s, while keeping the best hunt-
; to themselves. I guess it is
›-a-year hunters and pseudo-
n who constitute a poor game
worst enemy. To a resident of
ne rules of the game are in-
ınd apply equally to man and
still cannot condone what a
n does for his fun, but I confess
enjoyed Dietz's statement for
se. —D.K.

fter and the Laird, by John
Farrar, Straus and Giroux,

cPhee's little book about the
Colonsay in the Scottish Heb-
ıere a remote ancestor perished
in the clan wars) is not so bril-
ɔtted as his *Levels of the Game*,
ne best book ever written about
ıt never mind. I've learned not
Mr. McPhee; for whatever his
lt is usually sport—he will pre-
bring to it a visual precision
ıce of language that are quite
Crofter and the Laird is no
ıtment. Like Ronald Blythe's
', it is a beautiful portrait of a
ctured but threatened British
ty, entirely deserving such
rbal amber.
ay is withering, its population
g, so the grainy old crofters
ɔecause the new laird (who
is not running quite the feudal
father did. But the real ailment
—in that Colonsay is perched
'e miles at sea, but not beyond
of television, and you can't
young down on the croft once
ɛen Edinburgh or London, or
ɛgow.
ı swan song, it is a fine place—
e schoolmarm chases unruly
r auto and straps them; where
ters are pulled snapping and
from the tidal pools; where
an acquired tongue, is pure
Adam spoke it," says an old
ammar); where the tempera-
rs between 40 and 60 degrees
d, touched just enough by a
ut Gulf Stream to nurture
re there are only 130 people
place names full of history
ly poetry, and even a resident
of great skill. It is, writes Mr.
n typical exactitude, "less like
wn than like a large lifeboat,"

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A New Voyage to the Country of the Houyhnhnms, Being the Fifth Part of the Travels into Several Remote Parts of the World, by Lemuel Gulliver, &. From an Unpublished Ms. by Jonathan Swift. DD. Edited by Matthew Hodgart. Putnam, $2.95.

At the end of the fourth part of Swift's great book, Lemuel Gulliver returns to England from his sojourn among the benevolent, reasonable horses and the revolting, bestial Yahoos; alienated from civilized humanity by the satiric revelation of its disgustingness, he is nonetheless thereby partially dehumanized himself. In Professor Hodgart's newly discovered (and from now on let us abandon the fiction) continuation, "Wherein the AUTHOR returns to find a New State of *Liberal Horses* and Revolting Yahoos," it is the sense of revolution as well as revulsion that lies behind the satiric intention, and the topicality is pointed up rather crudely by several deadpan footnotes referring to outbreaks of student uncouthness at certain American universities last year. Swift's own vision of master horse and humanoid livestock involves disconnecting and reassembling emblems of two phases of human existence. In this new voyage, we have Gulliver returning to the land of the Houyhnhnms only to encounter new breeds of wild Yahoos and younger horses who, with a vicious primitivism, strive to ape the crudities of the primates. The focus here is much narrower: literate men often refer to violent, mindless ones as "yahoos," and the new book has merely extended the convention (Gulliver's Yahoos-protesting students) in his parabolic fantasy of the decay of universities. If this new Gulliver feels visceral disgust at the howling, coprophilic students, the force of his, and of his author's, moral contempt is most strongly directed at the younger, and weaker older, faculty (if I am not reading the fiction too reductively).

Professor Hodgart has maintained throughout this book the elegance of almost perfect pastiche, even to the spelling and typography. Thi somewhat the rage in whic clearly written, not a true Sw age indignation, of course, some sense of the world of re ing come apart. There are a did moments: what looks, for as if it is to be merely a tired topical reference is redeem Swiftian kind of trap: the Yah we are told, "would fall below while the pubic Hair swept d knees." Gulliver adds that h distinguish their sex "as I hac been able to do by noting the of the Females." The level o joking is high, with many fa tations casually passed off; t is that those who can best this satire are in no need of tions. There is none of the par fable of *Animal Farm*, for ex broaden the base of applica there are some sharply p stances and anyone should b for the reminder, by quotati relevant couplet from Dr. *London:* "Here Falling House on your Head, / And there a dent talks you dead."

Encounter, by John Mann. Publishers, $6.95.

It seems that, for some re great and dangerous forces o tury have generally, like the f reaction which took place football stadium, been unleas most incongruous settings. that the first T (for Trainin was held in the old and gent possessed town of Bethel, Mai heretofore as the home of Go emy, one of the most res Maine's system of semiprivat and of the huge, antique, ram exceedingly well-kept Bethel original idea was to teach (tra nessmen to relate to one anot so that there would be less fri more profits. To this end, they in groups and told to talk, but couraged from talking abou problems and situations so would end up talking about t ings.

The idea spread like the H flu in a debilitated, undernouri unimmunized population. So have been telling us for years since the Pilgrims this has been inhibited about expressing its the miraculously rapid spread stitution whose sole purpose i vide a formalized situation in

emotive seems to confirm this. rly mutant of the T group was ounter group, created on the e that *anybody* could profit rning more about his emotions ting better to others. It is much eewheeling in the methods it ring us together, and places like nstitute grew up to house such s. *Encounter* professes to be a onal account of one such week- tten by and gleaned from the ce of a man who has led and ited in many.

are numerous possible pitfalls g a book of this kind, and Mr. equently falls into them. It is a semi-journalistic account eals with nothing, essentially, ed emotion, to degenerate into al pornography. To avoid this. acterization must engage and he reader; but Mann's charac- so flat that our interest in them, t is, remains entirely voyeuris-

latness stems, I think, from a ault of the book, namely that well have falsified the real ex- in order to make it more at- According to this diary, the members of the encounter ll benefit, some a little, some ch, from holding, punching, talking, and listening to each actual practice, however, it is ard-of for a person of marginal to commit suicide in the face lisapproval or hostility of a whom (he feels) he has bared est fears and feelings. The au- s about possible dangers, but like that happens here. On the , a strongly Catholic girl spends naked in bed with one of the up members; and while it is at this might be a significantly g event, she is (according to unt) much better for it.

positive effects of group interac- mystical and highly personal, n to a religious experience, and (the author admits) difficult be. But he has neither the skep- ntion to detail of the journalist novelist's ability to get inside ience and *make* us believe.

os, though, it is the fault of en- groups themselves that *En-* sounds so unreal: they may in ide no more than a voyeuristic ce for most of their partici- hose interest in each other is ie; the gains may be ephemeral, shattering of illusions often

Unfortunately, only God can make a tree.

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ECLOGUE AT NASH'S GROVE
by James Wright

Cui dono lepidum novum libellum?

This is just one more
Of them, you can find them all over
America, just outside of town,
If you walk far enough.

It looks virgin, a sigh
Of maple and box-elder leaves so long held back and now mourning.
And the sun seeming kindly to the nibblings of rats at last.
As though by a change of heart.

I walked down this path, believing it.
No doubt the name belonged to some soft-eyed, sympathetic
Son of a bitch banker who stamped a Norwegian
Out of his money, this green place.

Virgin America, all right.
I wonder how much they cost, these cheap
Stones blackened in a short century.
No need to worry about standing on the dead.

The whole place is a grave, a virgin
Whose belly is black stone.
Not even the granary rats come out here any more.
Just me.

A man whom I never saw told me
The best days are the first
To flee away. I softly following
His elegy edge down the gully a little further.

He sang of war and the young prince
Far away from north Europe.
Since his day rose, I loved
The old mourner, and I wish he could mourn

For the granary rats gone home long ago.
For the Norwegians who worked this green place and cowered
till the winter
Wind made them nervous wrecks.
For Nash, whether he was a land gouger
Or not. For my sons, who sound as unhappy as the old poet

Sometimes. For the lives who are eaten away
By the plump rats of brief years.
Whatever is left of them, it will see into the salt cloud
When the sea comes back. And for me.

There was another with curls that clouded
His temples lonely as rich marble
And the black cement here
In Nash's Grove.

He killed his heart for the sake of living
Forever. But they do not live there, whoever
They are, and wherever forever is. This poem is a little
Darkness for them, where they do not have to weep.
Not for me, anyway.

damaging and needless. Mr. [illegible] clearly wants us to believe in the [illegible] olence of these groups, but desp[ite] good intentions, and in fact pr[ovoke] because of them, one is not conv[inced] —. [illegible]

New Reformation, by Paul Goo[dman] Random House, $5.95.

Mr. Goodman believes that th[e] illusionment of our age with its [tech]nological managers presages a [New] Reformation," "a kind of rel[igious] transformation" that will be rad[ical] anti-centralizing, suspicious of "v[iolence]" as the route to its salvation, and in [some] reminiscent of Martin Luther in [Rome] in 1510. His parallels are inge[nious]. "The dissenting seminarians o[f the] Pacific School of Religion . . . are [con]gregationalists. Shaggy hippies a[re] self-conscious Adamites . . . Heac[ed] Pentacostals. Those who spindle[, fold] cards and throw the dean down[stairs] are Iconoclasts. The critique of th[e] ganization is strongly Jansenist. . .

The trouble, he believes, is tha[t] ence and technology have ceas[ed to] function as "branches of moral p[hil]osophy, with the criteria of prud[ence], efficiency, concern for remote e[ffects], safety, amenity," and must profess[ion]ize themselves under these canons. [He] is no Luddite; he is even a mod[erate] fan of space exploration.) It is i[n] part of Mr. Goodman's somewhat [old-]charm that he can call himself a[n] fashioned anarchist on one page a[nd] "neolithic conservative" on the [next], summoning Prince Kropotkin o[r] mund Burke to the witness stand [to] demands. Yet there is no deep i[n]sistency here; his prescriptions fo[r] modern malady owe inspiration to [both] those substreams of the romanti[c] dition. ("Man is born free but e[verywhere] where he is in chains," as Rou[sseau] stated romanticism's basic premis[e].)

Thus authority must be sweep[t] decentralized and debureaucra[tized]; education reformed in vaguely D[ewey]esque directions so that learning o[ccurs] "incidentally," in settings where [the] vation is natural and not imposed.

Given the suicidal inertia of m[odern] technology, these sane and modest [pro]posals may be vain, but I am glad [that] Goodman is trying to jar us a bit [out] way. I suspect the real impact of [this] appealing and pertinent book lie[s] in the program than in the astute, sympathetic, yet critical, observa[tions] on the youthful counterculture. It i[s a] reformationist fringe, if we have [one].

USIC IN THE ROUND

onventional Mozart

ired, edited, and conducted by ard Bonynge, a splendid new **Don anni** *is faithful to the original, in shion.*

HERE ARE THOSE who call Mozart's *Don Giovanni* the greatest of all as. Be that as it may, there is no ting its eminent position. It has thing—comedy, tragedy, a heroic e (Don Giovanni, after all, may be ier, but he also elects to go to Hell r than change his principles), great and ensembles. It was the one rt opera wholeheartedly adopted e romantics of the nineteenth cen- and one of the results has been that rmances tend to be romantic in e. That means a big orchestra and eenth-century dynamics, with little attention paid to eighteenth-cen- ornamentation and other aspects performing practices of Mozart's day.

w, for the first time on records, has come a *Don Giovanni* that in respects approximates the forces tyle of Mozart's time. The originat- ffort seems to have come from ard Bonynge, who is Joan Suther- husband and erstwhile vocal and accompanist, and who in re- years has been the conductor for her operatic performances (in- ng the highly successful revival of *a* at the Metropolitan Opera last h). Bonynge is, in all truth, not regarded as a conductor, but body admits his expertise as a ar. He knows more than any other ctor about performance practice canto opera, about its history and ions, about the way singers of the nineteenth century went about ing their roles.

d now Bonynge has turned his ion to Mozart, bringing to *Don Giovanni* a great deal of the knowledge he has displayed in music of a slightly later period. He has used a small group, the English Chamber Orchestra, and backed it up with a harpsichord not only in the recitatives, as is customary, but also throughout the opera, including the overture. That was customary in Mozart's day, but the tradition was dropped in the nineteenth century. (But would Mozart in 1787, the year of the *Don Giovanni* premiere, have used a harpsichord? By that time the piano was his instrument. However the harpsichord was not yet obsolete, and many theater orchestras probably still had them.) Bonynge has also edited the score, inserting appoggiaturas and other ornaments in relation to the period, using double-dotting (that is, giving the first note of a dotted rhythm a value longer than marked, which appears to have been customary in the eighteenth century), and trying to achieve an authentic kind of sound. He has also provided the most complete *Don Giovanni* ever recorded, even restoring the scene in Elvira's house where Leporello is tied and escapes. Mozart wrote it in, after the Prague premiere, for an easy laugh, and it is seldom encountered today, for good reason. It is mostly recitative, and it stops the action.

Bonynge's cast for this album (London OSA 1434, 4 discs) has Joan Sutherland (Donna Anna), Pilar Lorengar (Elvira), Marilyn Horne (Zerlina), Gabriel Bacquier (Don Giovanni), Donald Gramm (Leporello), Werner Krenn (Don Ottavio), and Leonardo Monreale (Masetto). The choice of Horne for the role of Zerlina at first glance seems *outré*. A mezzo-soprano in this light, lyric role always sung by high sopranos? But there again Bonynge is being faithful to the original. The first Zerlina was a mezzo.

The conducting, and Bonynge's general approach, have already raised some eyebrows in critical circles. The criticism has been that while his planning and groundwork are "authentic," his actual execution is anything but. The long ritards he takes are considered "romantic," and so is the freedom he gives his singers. Yet is the case so open and shut? Cocksure critics, who condemn any kind of leeway in preromantic music, are on uncertain ground. More and more evidence is turning up that eighteenth-century composers, from Bach through Mozart, gave their performers a great deal of freedom and that they themselves interpreted their own music in a manner that would today be condemned as vulgar and romantic. It is hard, for instance, to believe that the ritard is a purely romantic invention; and we know, from Mozart's own writings in his letters, that he employed a great deal of rubato in his playing.

Bonynge's conducting in this *Don Giovanni* can be faulted on certain grounds—his rhythm, which is sometimes limp; his tendency to accent upbeats, throwing the metrical patterns off. He is not one of the great orchestral technicians. But it nevertheless seems to me that this is one of the most satisfactory performances of *Don Giovanni* that I have ever encountered. For one thing, everything can be heard. Wind instruments are in relation to strings, not drowned out, as so often happens. Balances are meticulously observed. Textures sound light, and yet the big moments of the opera are captured. As for the ritards and other expressive devices that Bonynge takes, all I can say is that they sound unforced and, in some cases, inevitable; and that I prefer them to the up-and-down, straitjacket, metronomically rigid conducting that in some circles is considered "the Mozart style."

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It should also be remarked that the r
corded sound is breathtaking in
realism.

As EXPECTED, Joan Sutherland
work as Donna Anna has con
under criticism. The charges are f
miliar: mushy diction, swooping, slu
gish rhythm. All of which may be tru
But does any soprano today produce
lusher, richer, more sensuous sound
The trouble is that the name of Suth
land arouses a conditioned respons
with the inevitable attacks, among ce
tain voice critics. It so happens th
Sutherland sings the role of Don
Anna accurately, with great dignity, t
mendous conviction, and vocal splend

With one exception, the cast for th
Don Giovanni is outstanding. Pilar Le
engar is the weak member. Her singi
is a little shaky and fluttery, breath
often with a spasmodic attack that
consorts with the poised vocal prod
tion displayed by the other singe
Horne provides a marvelous Zerli
one with a great deal of character. A
what secure, soaring sound she p
duces! In the title role, Bacquier is
all times intelligent, suave, sensitive.
acts with his voice, from the seduct
sound he produces in "*Là ci darem*
mano" to the threatening commands
Leporello in the Graveyard Scene. Th
have been singers with more sheer vo
than Bacquier (though he is fully up
all the demands of the role), but
many with equivalent understandi
And there can be nothing but praise
the sweet-voiced Krenn (who also
the breath control to take many of
phrases in "*Il mio tesoro*" in
breath); for the admirable Gran
that underappreciated artist; and
the bluff, hearty Masetto of Monre

To some, this may be an unconv
tional performance of *Don Giovan*
And in all truth it *is* unconventio
Traditionalists will find that it ta
some getting used to. But nowhere
there any evidence that Bonynge
been anything but faithful in his
proach, and in many respects this
cording gives a new view of Moza
great opera. It should be stressed ag
that, despite the small orchestra t
Bonynge uses, none of the mus
strength is lost. Perhaps there even
gain. Certainly when the Commenda
comes marching into the Don's ca
and grasps him by the hand, it is wit
effect that I have not heard in any op
house: sheer terror and power.
world comes to an end.